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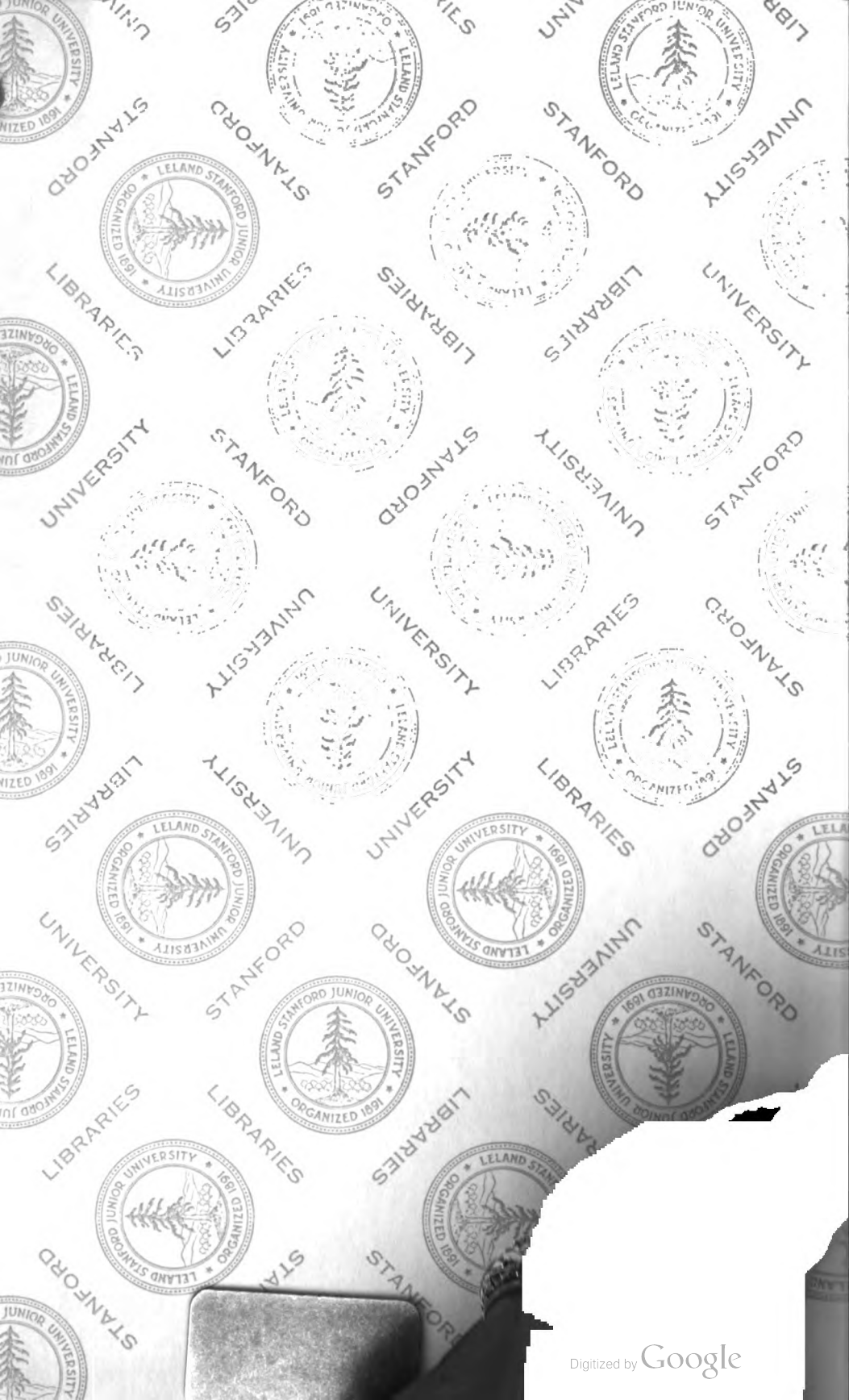
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. XXII.

JULY—DECEMBER 1887

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXXV.—July 1887.

AFTER SIX YEARS.

In the month of September 1881, just before starting for the East, I took leave of the Elgin District of Burghs, in a speech the purpose of which can best be described by a sentence near its commencement:—'To-night must be given to a review, as brief as I can make it, of the position in which the country seems to me to find itself at this moment, when a veil is about to fall before the eyes of one who has long been a deeply concerned spectator of the vast and varied field of our national activity.'

I remained more than five years in India, which I left on the 7th of December, 1886, and returning slowly, arrived in England on the last day of February in this year. During the whole of my absence, my friends did their very best to keep me acquainted with what was going on at home and abroad, but I found that the pressure of business was such as to make it utterly out of the question to acquire more than a general knowledge of the course of events outside India.

On my homeward journey, more especially in Egypt and in Italy, I picked up some dropped threads, and as soon as I landed in England set to work to try and understand the present position of our national affairs, pursuing very much the same methods which I should have adopted if I had found myself, when I landed on the Kentish coast, in a region whose politics had been hitherto quite unfamiliar.

It has occurred to me that it might not be wholly uninteresting to some if, disengaged as I am from all the Parliamentary ties and combinations of the moment, I were to construct a sort of *pendant* to the speech alluded to, by summarising the impressions I have received as to the existing state of affairs.

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The first change which I may note is one in the climate of opinion. It was well put by a friend who, writing to me early in 1885, said, 'You will come back to an England where thoughts are current and things are discussed which were not current or discussed when you went away; and perhaps in our present difficulties we are paying the inevitable penalty for our inhospitality to ideas while they are still ideas only.'

The first place where, after landing in Europe, I met anyone connected with my old House of Commons life, was the station of Lentini in Sicily, and the cheering subject of conversation, which he selected, was the spread of Socialism in Scotland.

Already in 1868 I said that, after the changes of that and the preceding year, all our institutions would have 'to restate the reasons of their existence.' Some were immediately asked to do so, such as the Irish Church, Purchase in the army, University tests, and our system or no-system of primary education. The election of 1874, the warlike fervour which succeeded it, and Ireland, stopped the useful process that had gone on during Mr. Gladstone's first administration, and many institutions obtained a breathing time, not, I fear, in the interest either of wise Liberalism or wise Conservatism; for, as far as I can see, instead of having had to restate the reasons of their existence to an audience which desired to destroy nothing that was not manifestly unsuited to the times in which we live, they have now got to restate the reasons of their existence to a very angry audience, a large portion of which is prejudiced against all our old political institutions, not because they are working badly, but because they exist.

I began my review in 1881 with the two Houses of the Legislature, and I may do the same now.

Long ere that date, judicious friends to the Constitution had again and again pressed upon the Hereditary Chamber the necessity of reform; but nothing of importance has been done in that direction, although the speech of Lord Rosebery in 1884, and the proceedings which followed thereupon, show that a number of its wisest members see, as clearly as anyone else, the absolute necessity for a change.

It is to be feared that the last six years, which have passed without anything being done, have not permanently strengthened the defensive power of the Upper House. The expediency of having a Second Chamber at all has been called in question in many quarters, and the *relatively* moderate writer of the 'Radical Programme' says:—

> For the moment, indeed, the agitation against the House of Lords is at an end; but on what terms is it at an end, and what does its cessation prognosticate? So far from recognising in it any omen of hope, the Tories would be wise to see in it reason for discouragement. No one now menaces the peers with legislative disestablishment, because they have acquiesced in the national will. So long as they are prepared on future occasions to reduce themselves to nullity whenever it is desired for them to do so, no one will care to attack them.

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Neither stupid resistance nor stupid acquiescence seems to me, however, the function of a House of Lords. It is not the business of such an institution to curb representative democracy by insisting on an appeal to pure democracy, whenever the humour seizes it—a detestably bad form of a bad thing, the Swiss *Referendum*—but to co-operate with the other Chamber in making good laws, and overseeing the affairs of the Empire.

Everyone admits that business is well done in the House of Lords by its business members, but their number is very small. What you want is to increase that number. The House of Lords against which exception can be justly taken, is the House of Lords which we see only a few times every year, crowded with men who usually take no part whatever in public affairs, but merely appear at distant intervals to register their votes at the bidding of this or that party leader.

During Mr. Gladstone's first premiership, a gentleman came into the House of Commons, and sitting down on the Treasury bench, asked one of its occupants which was Lord Salisbury. The person addressed thought he must be a new member a little off his head, when the doorkeeper appeared behind the Speaker's chair, frantically gesticulating. The intruder was a peer from the wilds of the country, who did not know the way to his own House. Of course there are not many noble lords who know so little about Westminster as did the personage to whom I refer, but there are a reasonable number who do not know much more. He spake a true word who said 'What will really kill the House of Peers is not the progress of democracy—it is the progress of five o'clock tea!'

The House of Lords, even if the House of Commons became much more democratic than it has yet done, would still be the place in which might best be discussed before the constituencies a hundred matters of vital importance to the Empire.

No one desires to see the Upper House sit anything like the number of hours which the Lower does, even when no obstruction is going on. Why should it? Six speeches out of seven made in the latter assembly are not made to it at all, but to constituents.

If the House of Lords be led by a man as wise in his generation as was the Duke of Wellington, it will never throw itself across the path of the Lower Chamber, when the majority in that body is considerable, and has obviously behind it a large following, if even not quite certainly a majority in the country. Least of all will it do so on questions on which the prejudices of its hereditary members are in the nature of things opposed to those of the popular party; but, after all, a great and increasing number of questions have nothing at all to do with these prejudices.

It is high time that the question of the reform of the House of Lords should be set about, in its own interest as well as in that

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of the people at large, every effort being made to give, in the settlement of it, no advantage to either party as such; and a Conservative Government is in a better position to undertake such a work than any Liberal Government could be.

Every reasonable man, whether he be a Tory of the Tories or a Radical of the Radicals, must admit that the present plan of electing Scotch and Irish representative peers is an absurdity; but the Liberals, in altering that method, might appear to be actuated by party animosity, and the same would be the case with many other obviously necessary improvements.

The bad practices, which, not unknown in the House of Commons elected in 1868, grew familiar in that of 1874, were then first labelled as obstruction, and were already very formidable in 1881, have become much more alarming, and threaten by themselves to destroy the efficiency of the Parliamentary machine.

I observe, too, in the minds of some of the most farseeing of my acquaintance, an anxiety which had not made itself felt at the time of my departure. Putting obstruction quite on one side, garrulity has, they say, increased to an amazing extent; not, as far as I can learn, that men are more anxious to hear themselves speak than were the great bores of old, of whom those who sat in the Parliaments of 1857 and 1859 remember some choice specimens, but because the demands of constituents that their members shall be vocal have so portentously multiplied.

The changes in the House, in all ways, as far as I can learn, are not for the better, and it has become distinctly a less good school for young political ability than was formerly the case.

Nothing, again, strikes me more than the increased importance, in the last six years, of platform-speaking as compared with speaking at Westminster. A few years ago the tendency was to attach too much importance to mere debating readiness, to a power of rapid mobilisation, so to speak, of a man's store of facts and arguments. Now, if I am rightly informed, one gentleman, who was not 'inside politics' in 1881, has risen to a first-rate position in his party, almost exclusively through his power of addressing large audiences.

With wilful obstruction and with breaches of decorum stern rules may deal, especially if the graver transgressions are visited with seriously penal consequences, at least as severe as those by which the ordinary courts enforce respect; but it is difficult to see how it will be possible to combat garrulity, unless by a large diminution of the number of members, and by very sweeping measures of delegation.

It has been evident for a whole generation, that all private business should be transferred to tribunals created *ad hoc*; but are we much nearer that great and obvious reform than we were? There is, too, a great deal of public business of a local character which could be transacted just as well at Edinburgh, and I doubt not just

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as well at York or Liverpool, as it is in the House of Commons, very much to the advantage of that body.

So far the demands for decentralisation are perfectly reasonable. Some very sensible articles on this subject appeared in the *Scotsman* in February of this year, have been collected in a pamphlet, and would make a fair basis for discussing such a scheme as far as the northern part of the United Kingdom is concerned. The seat, however, of any such assembly as is therein suggested would be Edinburgh; and certainly, before I ceased to represent a Scotch constituency, I had not been led to the conclusion that there was any desire, in the parts of Scotland far removed from Edinburgh, to have to look to it rather than to London as the centre of Scotch affairs. All this may very likely be changed, and if it be so, I cannot see that even a large delegation of Parliamentary powers to a body meeting at Edinburgh could lead to evil consequences, always providing that the limits beyond which such a body might not pass without entailing *ipso facto* the non-validity of all it attempted to do, and, if necessary, much severer penalties, were most clearly laid down. Its field of action should be perfectly well defined, but should, if it is to be created at all, be very wide.

It is obvious, however, that what might be perfectly safe in Scotland or North England would be, after all that has passed, entirely unsafe in most parts of Ireland; and that, if power to settle local matters there, such as have hitherto been settled at Westminster, be given to any local body, it must, if frightful injustice is not to be done, be removed for a long time beyond the sphere of political influences.

The cheapening of elections is another change of the last five years, as to the working of which no one can as yet have very full information. As, however, the best-considered Acts of Parliament will hardly extinguish the horse-leech's daughter, it will be interesting to see in a few years whether the average expenses of a Parliamentary life have much decreased—whether the greater frequency of contests, and the amiable desire of constituencies to be continually 'nursed,' do not pretty well square the account.

Of course the great change of all, in connexion with the House of Commons, is that of 1885—the raising of the constituency, in round numbers, from three millions to five millions, coupled with the redistribution of seats, which shattered so many old combinations.

Meantime, it is interesting to observe that, whereas twenty years ago the commonest reproach brought against Mr. Bright was that he was trying to Americanise English institutions, the most distinguished publicist in England, whose sympathies are mainly Conservative—Sir Henry Maine—has been recently pointing out that the American people is governed by a far less uncontrolled democracy than that which was installed in power in 1885, not by the single-handed action of the Liberals, but by a combination, for that purpose, of the two parties.

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Passing from Parliament to the work which it does or supervises, we may first look at finance. If we compare the pecuniary condition of our own with that of other nations during the last six years, we shall find many causes for congratulation. If, on the other hand, we compare our present with our not very distant past, the result of the survey will be, at first sight, less cheering.

In April 1881, Mr. Gladstone complained that we were rather losing than making ground. In April 1887, Mr. Goschen sadly contrasted the present want of elasticity in the revenue with the golden age between 1870 and 1875, when taxes—the produce of which is now hardly increasing at all—were increasing at the rate of 24 per cent.

It is satisfactory, however, that much of this inelasticity of the revenue arises from what the philanthropist would call the blessings, and the financier might be pardoned for calling the ravages, of temperance.

Meantime, the expenditure grows and grows, and I come back to find the same appeals addressed to hon. members not to throw costly duties upon Government, to which I used to listen when, about half a generation ago, we were spending 68,000,000*l.* instead of 91,000,000*l.* per annum.

A mere review, however, of the payments into and out of the national treasure-chest only tells part of the truth. We are getting our money's worth for a very considerable portion of our increased expenditure; and if the yield of some sources of revenue is falling off, there are obvious compensations, while the yield of others is steadily increasing. Each penny of the Income-tax never produced so much.

Perhaps in no six years of our history has the statement 'the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer' been so directly the opposite of the truth as it has in the last. A sovereign now goes at least as far in the purchase of all the articles which the artisan and labourer buy, as did twenty-three shillings only a short while ago. Necessaries and cheap luxuries never cost so little. Witness sugar, and flowers—to take only two out of innumerable instances.

A huge redistribution of property is going on in Great Britain by the simple working of economical laws, and with the most beneficial results to the masses, nearly as rapidly as the wildest Socialist dreamer, who has the faintest regard for the eighth commandment, would attempt to effect it by methods which would soon stop the beneficent change now in progress.

Mr. Morley was quite justified in saying, a few weeks ago, that our society was economically sound, and that its soundness was in great part due to the adoption of Cobdenic principles; though I should part company with him if we were to draw up a list of Cobden's leading principles, and to speculate with regard to the line which the colleague of Mr. Bright and the teacher of Sir Louis Mallet would have taken at the present conjuncture.

The wealth of the country steadily accumulates; and my brief

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absence was enough to make me perceive a distinct increase in comfort, and in the kind of civilisation which comfort brings with it, especially in the lower middle class.

It is necessary, however, to come home, and to look about a little, before the fact that we are prospering as a nation forces itself upon the mind; for the most visible portion of society has not, for a long period, had such a bad time of it. Already in 1881 a very serious fall in the value of English land had occurred, and men of large property had to face the question whether their tenants could go on at all. Scotland, however, had not suffered nearly so much. Now I return to be told that things are almost as bad in the North as in the South, and to hear landlords who, when I went away, had practically no arrears, complaining of the loss of very large sums, while others say that they are compelled to reduce their rents by something like 40 per cent. As with the landowner so with the merchant, the manufacturer, and the great majority of people in the higher walks of business. Although its volume is ever growing greater, the profits it leaves behind, in the hands of those who direct it, are much smaller. The profits, which once would have stayed with them, now find their way into the pockets of others.

The England of 1887 is vastly richer than that of 1881, and the chances and changes of politics have taken to the Treasury a financier who recalls the Gladstone of his great decade. To the Liberal party, using that word not in its present party sense, but in its old acceptation, as the party which represented the best intelligence of the country, it is of unspeakable importance that such a financier should sit in a Government which numbers amongst its supporters so many economical heretics.

The tendency to hand over to the Executive much that used to be done by individual effort is so strong, that even Mr. Goschen may find it difficult to resist it; but we may be very sure that, as long as he is at the Exchequer, reasonable people will have as good a guarantee as they could possibly desire against any dallying with fair trade or its kindred follies.

Amongst the causes of expenditure which are ever increasing, to the discomfort of those who have to raise the revenue, but to the great advantage of the country at large, education has a prominent place. Those who are best entitled to speak about its progress in the last six years, tell me that the numbers attending primary schools have largely increased, that juvenile crime diminishes in a most gratifying manner, and that a kind of elementary cultivation is spreading, through their children, among classes that used to be too much neglected. On the other hand, they do not give so cheering an account of the curriculum. Grammar, the least educative of all subjects to the very young mind, still occupies a most disproportionate place amongst the subjects taught, and extremely little is done

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towards diffusing the first notions of science—notions out of which alone a more educated industry, one able to keep us in front of our continental rivals, can be expected to grow.

I note with pleasure the decidedly increased interest in technical education, the action of some of the City Guilds, and the striking building which has risen, in consequence of that action, in Exhibition Road; but it is clear that the vast majority of those who direct industry in this country have not yet realised how absolutely indispensable it is to its prosperity that the rule-of-thumb skill of our artisans should be supplemented by the preliminary training, which is enabling some foreign countries to compete with us on far more equal terms than would be possible, if we were once thoroughly awake to the dangers which we run.

I hear of much better dispositions being entertained with regard to more wide and liberal training in some of our great public schools than was the case even six years ago; though I dare say there are still head-masters, and that of institutions which could not allege in their favour the claims of long custom, who would say, as one actually did a few years ago, 'It is impossible to excite a boy's ambition on the modern side!'

At the universities the whirl of change becomes ever more fast and furious. This has its inconveniences, but it is inevitable. These great institutions have been making, with increasing haste, since 1850, changes which should have been slowly and gradually introduced through the last hundred years, and must continue to make them till they are at least abreast of their rivals.

In Scotland, under an Act which passed in 1882, very considerable progress has been made, under the guidance of Lord Shand and other enlightened men, towards putting the educational endowments upon a sound footing.

Out of a sum of 185,000*l.* a year, 110,000*l.* has been already dealt with, while the consideration of how the remaining 75,000*l.* can be made to do the utmost possible amount of good, is far advanced.

Ireland was the burning question during the year that preceded my departure, and I return to find Ireland the burning question.

The position, however, of those who thought as I did six years ago, and whose opinions have remained the same, is entirely changed. We asked our constituents, before the Session of 1881 commenced, to support us in enabling Mr. Gladstone, and the very strong Cabinet by which he was then surrounded, to grapple with and remove out of the way any real Irish grievances which might, after full inquiry, be considered still to exist; but we promised them that Mr. Gladstone and his government would deal no less vigorously with persons who attempted to disturb the public peace than they did with institutions which could not be defended before the tribunal of reason.

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I myself put it in this way:

'We must not forget, however, that behind any reasonable demands for the redress of grievances with regard to land there are communistic and unreasonable demands with regard to it; and behind these communistic and unreasonable demands there are dreams of a separate and hostile Irish nationality, on which, if they begin to translate themselves into acts, Great Britain must and will stamp. All wise and just men should pray that their patience be not exhausted before all proved grievances are put in the way of being redressed. If it ever be exhausted, Ireland will find out that Cromwell is by no means dead, but only asleep, and Cromwell in these days of household suffrage would represent, not a party, but a nation. There is no difficulty in governing Ireland, the only difficulty is in governing it well; that is, on the free principles on which Great Britain governs herself. If that becomes impossible, with Mr. Gladstone in power, the Irish will only have themselves to thank for it.'

During the Session of 1881, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues acted in conformity with the views which were held by so many of his followers. They went to the very outside edge of reasonable concession in the Irish Land Bill, probably even beyond it; but they brought in measures calculated to restrain the anarchic forces. And certainly, when I addressed my constituents in December 1880, it seemed to me, they, at least, were even more anxious to restrain those forces than to remedy grievances. Now, however, I come back to find Mr. Gladstone, who in the summer of 1881 was most anxious to hand over the worries and responsibilities of power to younger men, in the closest alliance with the very anarchic forces which he was then trying to repress, and apparently desirous, not only to regain power, but to hold it.

I was always one of those who wished to redress every Irish grievance. I listened with deep admiration to Mr. Bright's great speech made in 1866, when we were called together on a Saturday to pass through all its stages the Bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. It was the finest speech I ever heard in Parliament, and one of the wisest. Now, however, the whole situation is altered; the grievances the consideration of which Mr. Bright then urged upon us are all redressed. Measures are proposed by the present Government for further dealing with the Irish land question. They may be wise or unwise, but they cannot be properly described as directed against grievances. They are large and extremely risky speculations, which may possibly result in a balance of good.

No doubt a few years hence people will say, that very much stronger measures than those authorised by the Crimes Bill would have saved in the end much unnecessary misery to Ireland, and perhaps to the sister country. Politicians, however, must work with the instruments which they have got; and it would require, I suppose,

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some new tragedy, worse than that of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, to drive this country to give to the disturbed part of Ireland that system of polity under which alone, after all that has passed, it might hope to return to relatively sane ways, and commence an era of comparative prosperity.

We receive much advice from the other side of the Atlantic, given by persons who know little and care less about the particular facts with which we have to deal, but who are tremblingly alive to the importance of the Irish vote. Those of us who watched, a quarter of a century ago, Transatlantic events, had an admirable opportunity of learning how patient a Government, which respected itself, could be with persons who menaced the internal unity of the State, and how it considered it right to act when patience had had its perfect work.

The whole thing is put in a nutshell by a writer of Home Rule opinions in this Review for May last:—

> An absolutist government has not been tried in Ireland since the days of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell kept Ireland quiet for his time. Have Ministers the nerve to try an absolutist government again? One sometimes hears it said, 'Lord Wolseley is the man for Ireland.' Have Ministers the courage to send Lord Wolseley and Lord Dufferin to Ireland as absolute rulers for twenty years? Can they do this? Dare they do it in the face of English public opinion? If not, then the game of Union is up.

The question could not be more fairly stated. The British people has honourably tried to govern Ireland as it governs itself; it has failed. Except in a small portion of the country, which may be treated for practical purposes as a part of Scotland, the choice now lies between a prosperous subject and a miserable hostile Ireland—a miserable hostile Ireland which, if we call it into existence, we shall most certainly have to reconquer, perhaps at a most inconvenient moment, with the expenditure of much human life, and make, at last, subject and prosperous.

It may take some time to get this into the mind of the British constituencies, and a variety of half measures may be tried before they see that they have come to the parting of the ways; but come to it they have.

We have been exhorted to imitate the example of Austria, and make our relations with Ireland like hers with Hungary. By all means let us consider about doing that, if we can reproduce, with reference to Ireland, the circumstances in which Austria found herself in 1866.

In order to do this, Ireland must drive every British soldier, except a garrison here and there, beyond her borders; must invade England, occupy Oxford, and threaten London. Then the French must come to our rescue, and the Irish commander-in-chief surrender, not to Lord Wolseley, but say, to General Boulanger.

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Next, we must have a great series of executions in Ireland, and hold it down, by overwhelming force, for sixteen years. Then, after we have been invaded by Germany, and have lost the greatest battle we have fought since Waterloo—somewhere in the eastern counties—the Queen must send for Mr. Parnell and say, 'Well, what is to be done now?' To that question he must reply, 'Restore the Constitution to Ireland and make peace.' Whereupon she must rejoin, 'If I restore the Constitution to Ireland, will Ireland give me soldiers to continue the war?' On that he must observe, 'No, madam, it is too late;' and the Queen, in her turn, must say, 'Well, so I suppose it must be.'

Historical parallels are exceedingly useful, but we should see that they are parallels.

Not the least of the many difficulties in dealing with Ireland, is its extreme weakness. If troops break into mutiny, even the most humane of mankind kill them down till all is quiet. Witness Castelar and Carthagena, or, for that matter, a most distinguished and amiable Irishman in the Punjaub. No one, however, thinks of shelling a school in which there is a barring-out.

Turn and twist the Irish problem as you may, there are three features in it of which we shall certainly not get rid.

1. The land cannot support its present population. Emigration aided by migration within the country, must go on, on a gigantic scale, if famine is not to cut the knot. No political changes, wise or foolish, will enable anyone, prince or peasant, to live on the produce of an estate whose merit is not agricultural but residential. It seems absurd to talk of the wretched holdings of some hundreds of thousands of people in Ireland as residential estates, but that is what they have been from time immemorial. The people have lived on them, not out of them, their poor resources coming from work done by themselves or by their connexions elsewhere.

Improved agricultural implements have destroyed the market for Irish agricultural labour in England, and the flow of money from America cannot be perpetual.

All changes in the land laws are mere palliatives. They cannot make Ireland permanently support in decent comfort even four millions of people, unless some altogether unexpected resources are discovered.

2. The new departure with regard to Ireland initiated by Mr. Gladstone, be it right or be it wrong, has inspired such terror in the English capitalist that he no longer dares to invest anything whatever in that country. Out of, I think, 118 projects before the Irish Board of Public Works, for which capital was likely to be advanced when Mr. Gladstone's altered views became known, only four, I understand, have come to the birth, and those under very exceptional conditions.

3. The demoralisation and pauperisation of the people which

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have resulted from the spasmodic efforts of English Governments, for the last fifty years, to atone for the errors of the past, and to pet and foster everything which philanthropy gone mad can suggest as an object of petting and fostering in Ireland, have proceeded to an extent which the best Irishmen contemplate with horror.

'Yes,' say some reasoners, 'but let them have Home Rule, and their government will never make the mistake of petting and fostering.' If it does not, how long will it remain a government? and if it could do so, and allow the country to work out its own salvation through half a dozen famines like that of 1846, and two or three civil wars, what would the civilised world say to an England which looked calmly on?

The first rumour that reached me in India with reference to the change in Mr. Gladstone's ideas about Ireland came from a friend, who reported that he had talked with a gentleman fresh from Hawarden, who stated that the late Prime Minister had been studying the history of the Irish Union, and that his conscience had been much troubled by the facts that came to his knowledge with reference to the manner in which that great event had been brought about. It is an interesting problem in the barren but attractive science of hypothetics, whether the recent history of England would have been in any way altered, if Mr. Dunbar Ingram had published, some eighteen months sooner, the work in which he has recently shown that the amount of bribery used to bring about the Union has been, to say the least, most crazily exaggerated, and that, in point of fact, nearly all the corruption exercised was exercised, not to bring it about, but to impede it.

Recent events are trumpet-tongued in denouncing our folly in not having established long ago the most cordial diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Just at present, however, it might be difficult to do so, lest we should convey the wholly false impression that we are inclined to recede one inch from our policy of close friendship with the Kingdom of Italy.

To us, the temporal power of the Pope was, a quarter of a century ago, an anachronism and an absurdity; but with the Pope, as a spiritual ruler, all sane English statesmen must desire to live on the best possible terms.

The Queen rules over millions and millions of Catholic subjects. All governments of all parties are, *quâ* governments, profoundly indifferent to the views of these millions with regard to the next world, if only they will be peaceable and prosperous subjects in this. In no empire have the Pope and his clergy more absolutely unfettered action. They never cease to acknowledge this; but to satisfy some old-world scruples, which have hardly any living force in the minds of the most idiotic bigots, we throw away the immense advantage of being able to keep the Head of the Catholic Church fully and officially informed of what it concerns both of us that he should know.

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We hold at arm's length a personage whose interests touch ours at a thousand points, and could rarely, if ever, conflict with ours, if both parties fully understood each other's drift.

As far back as the beginning of 1876 it was clear enough to anyone in Rome who took the trouble to look about him, that an arrangement between the Pope and the King was merely a matter of time. It could not be the work of Pius IX., hardly of his successor, more probably of his successor's successor. This forecast seems likely to be justified by events. I have not observed any notice in this country of a curious pamphlet which appeared in the beginning of this year, under the title of 'Il pensiero intimo di S. S. Leone XIII., confidato al presunto suo successore.' It takes the form of a dialogue, has all the appearance of having been sent up as a *ballon d'essai* by some one who really knew the views of the Supreme Pontiff, and breathes the most conciliatory spirit.

My belief is that a union between the Vatican and the Government of Italy is commanded by circumstances, and must, before very long, come about.

A good deal of the fighting that now goes on is like the fighting of the old *condottieri*—no one is much hurt; and it would be odd if they were, for in Rome everybody is everybody's cousin, and the interests of black and red are knit together by a thousand unseen threads.

Such a consummation can only be advantageous to English interests, if we allow ourselves to be guided by the plainest maxims of common sense, and have the most intimate relations with both sides of the Tiber.

In speaking of home politics in the autumn of 1881, I complained of the great arrear of legislation. I returned to find that arrear grown to far more formidable proportions, and whereas at that time I could not with any justice have blamed the Liberals for having had much to do with the accumulation of these arrears, it would now be monstrously unjust to deny that a good many of those with whom I used to act cannot be acquitted of grave blame in this matter.

One instance I gave in 1881 was the delay in doing anything effectual about the land laws. Now at length, in 1887, a serious reform has been proposed. Who, however, has proposed it? Not the statesman who was at the head of the Cabinet of 1880, and had behind him so powerful a majority, which would willingly have seen such a reform put in the forefront of his programme.

Nevertheless, however much we may have regretted seeing great opportunities lost, what is most important is that necessary reforms should be made by some one or other, and it is pleasant to see that sensible Cobdenic opinions about land have been spreading widely and rapidly.

In 1879 I was sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons,

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listening to the debate which was raised by the present Lord Fife, in a very excellent speech, which came with double effect from one of the greatest of Scotch proprietors. A German statesman, M. de Roggenbach, who was of the party, leaned across and said to me, 'This debate is the beginning of a quite new period.'

His prescience has been justified, for now, in 1887, we have opinions which were then considered to affix to those who uttered them the stigma of 'viewiness' endorsed to a great extent by a Conservative Lord Chancellor.

How much mischief in the past, and alas! how much mischief which has, too probably, yet to come, might have been saved to the landlords of this country, and of Ireland, if their elbows, so to speak, had been set free a quarter of a century ago.

But no; they dreamed dreams that their exceptional social and political position, which, from 1832, had been slipping ever more rapidly from them, could be bolstered up by a land system which, while it cruelly injured the community, injured themselves almost more cruelly.

I do not know where I have seen the absurdity of the gyves which they kept fastened around their own limbs, and which their family solicitors persuaded them were not gyves, but ornaments, better set forth than in the little book on the English Constitution just published by M. Boutmy, who remarks:

> Spectacle singulier! Nous avons suivi le grand propriétaire dans l'exercice de ses innombrables fonctions publiques, nous avons mesuré son crédit, fait longuement le tour de son autorité. Quand, l'esprit occupé et comme distendu par l'image de cette toute-puissance, nous revenons avec lui sur son domaine, ce personnage, ce *roi*, se révèle à nous comme le plus impuissant des hommes. Usufruitier timide, il ne peut ni vendre une parcelle, ni consentir une hypothèque pour couvrir les avances que la terre réclame. Il ne peut pas couper un arbre, il n'a pas le droit de consentir un long bail. Un homme de loi l'accompagne en toutes ses démarches, déconcerte par objections juridiques ses projets les plus sensés et les plus utiles, ou l'aide subtilement dans les plus simples actes de propriétaire, devenus matière à grave responsabilité. Sa seule ressource est de se pourvoir, dans les cas rares où cela est permis, d'une autorisation devant la cour de chancellerie. Le contraste éclate à tous les yeux.

To one returning from Madras, the progress which the ideas of Mr. Henry George have made in many half-educated minds is exceedingly amusing. In that portion of Her Majesty's dominions, as in many others, the land is nationalised—never was anything else—and I should be very sorry to see a change made in the arrangement. It works sufficiently well, just as half-a-dozen other tenures of landed property work sufficiently well, but there is no magic in it. Doubtless the Madras peasant is, in spite of declamations about the poverty of India, better off in many respects than his brethren in the northern temperate zone; but his relative prosperity depends upon causes which have nothing to do with the system under which he holds his land.

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To hear that system, or anything like that system, treated as 'good tidings of great joy' is irresistibly comical.

Amongst the many dangers ahead, the small number of the electors who are directly interested in preventing injustice to the landowners is not one of the least serious.

I should be very sorry to see anything here remotely resembling the French system of compulsory division of land; but the *morcellement* which is from so many points of view to be deprecated, is at least a conservative force, the want of which we may one day have to deplore.

I see no reason whatever why the present Government, so long as Mr. Goschen and those whom he represents in the Cabinet exert a powerful influence on its deliberations, should not treat successfully county government, the government of London, and a great many other things which sorely want attending to, both in England and Scotland.

Decentralisation, for example, in the interests of the latter country, is a neutral measure, which might be carried either by Liberals or Conservatives, just as the creation of a Scottish Secretary of State might have proceeded from either party.

It is almost inevitable that a country like ours should oscillate between giving too much and too little attention to its external affairs. During the years that preceded the election of 1880, we were far too largely occupied with discussions—and too often very ill-informed discussions—about many matters which were geographically foreign to us, and might, with great advantage, have been foreign to our thoughts.

Since that time we have had two separate epidemics; the one foreign—the Egyptian fever; the other domestic—the Irish fever.

Not till this year, however, when a sequence of articles has appeared in one of our contemporaries which could only have proceeded from some one who had the opportunities, as well as the intelligence, of a statesman, has any person, who could lay claim to the authority which that name presupposes, asked Great Britain to take a calm survey of her international position. And yet that position is one which calls for the serious attention of a serious people.

Italy remains as she was six years ago, our only real friend. An Italian statesman once remarked to me, 'I was thinking to-day a long way back in the history of this country, and I could not remember one single occasion on which the interests of Great Britain and of Italy had been opposed.'

'It is curious,' I answered, 'that you should say that to me to-night, for only this morning, in Giusti's collection of proverbs, I came across the lines:—

Con tutto il mondo guerra,
E pace con Inghilterra.'

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Italy is not only disposed to be our very good friend, she is, for reasons of her own, the enemy of the only Power that can be dangerous to us. Her mighty ironclads, movable fortresses to protect her coast, are intended, not to attack anyone, but to ward off invasion. When she is urged to increase her army unduly, we may deprecate her doing so, lest she should overstrain resources which, since she achieved her unity, have turned out less extensive than we had supposed; but, as far as we are concerned, the more powerful and ready she is for war, the better.

It is also extremely desirable for us that she should come to a better understanding with the Vatican.

The old and steady friends of Germany in this country have watched with more regret than surprise the growth of an anti-English feeling beyond the Rhine. We were always a small minority. During the years in which the events were occurring which led to the formation of a great and powerful Germany, the sympathies of this country were never really interested in favour of her unity. The cause is not far to seek. It was the profound ignorance of Germany's language, literature, and history which prevailed on this side of the North Sea forty years ago. That was, I suppose, inevitable, and it would be idle to reproach the statesmen of that day for being what they were; but it is curious to speculate on the effect, which might have been produced on European affairs, if half-a-dozen of the leading persons on each side of politics had known in 1848 as much German as Carteret is said to have done last century.

We cannot blame Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and their contemporaries for having had so much Latin and so little Teutonic cultivation, but the impartial historian will not acquit them of great want of insight in not perceiving that, 'though Prussia sometimes drove to the left, sometimes to the right, and was very provoking, yet that the millions of Protestant Germany were behind her.'

That was the key to the whole politics of Central Europe, and that key should have been in their possession. We may deplore the past, but we cannot alter it. Happily the interests of nations are more potent than their feelings, and the interests of England are identical with those of Germany.

Let us hope that the wave of dislike to us and to our ways which is now passing over the Fatherland may not be a long one. Some of it is probably due to the dislike entertained to the idiosyncrasy of a single English statesman; much to the *crassa ignorantia*, which prevails in the German public, with respect to England and to the laws which govern the wealth of nations.

I believe it would have been much better for Germany if her unity had been brought about, not by blood and iron, but by milder and more slowly working agencies. There the unity is, however, and we Englishmen would have nothing to complain of in the present

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policy of the great Chancellor if we thought it as well calculated to steer Germany through her economical troubles as it is to maintain her European position. The mere fact, however, that the representation of Berlin is so largely in the hands of Socialists, while that of London is predominantly Conservative, raises in our minds reflections by no means of a wholly tranquillising character.

Still, whatever we may have to regret or criticise, there is in 1887 no less than in 1878 no better maxim for an English statesman to remember than 'sine Germania nulla salus.'

We are the only two thoroughly peaceful and Conservative Powers in Europe. We want nothing from each other, and nothing from any one else on this continent. Why we should grumble if Germany were to annex every unoccupied portion of the planet which we do not want ourselves, outside this continent, is more than I can see. It may turn out very inconvenient for her to have an opera box in New Guinea, close to so enormously powerful a neighbour as will be the Australia of 1987; but considerations of that kind belong to the domain, not of politics, but of providence. I hold that wherever we can help on German interests we should help them on, and that every act, public or private, that can be done towards bringing about a better comprehension of each other by England and Germany, or by Englishmen and Germans, is just so much added to the sum of good influences which are working in Europe.

With regard to any treaty obligations which might, under certain eventualities, bring us into hostile relations with Germany, we should let it be understood, and that speedily, that obligations which are taken by all Europe must be considered as binding by all Europe, for the common advantage of all Europe, or not binding on any one. No eventuality that could arise, in a war between France and Germany, should ever be allowed to lead to a breach of good understanding between us and the latter Power.

With Russia our relations have got worse since 1881, as they have done through every six years since the *quinquennium* that followed the Crimean war. The blame must be divided between the two nations, and our own share will perhaps not be the least.

If, in 1867, we had listened to the advice of Lord Strangford and others, who told us that we ought to know all that Russia was doing in Central Asia, but should not prematurely disquiet ourselves about what might be the result, remembering the wise maxim that cure is often better than prevention, we should have had nothing to reproach ourselves with, and have avoided a number of damaging mistakes.

May we venture to hope that, as both sides, first the Liberals and then the Conservatives, have been led into disastrous follies in Afghanistan, both may agree to remember henceforth the Spanish saying, 'Let him attack who wills; the strong man waits'?

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Assuredly, what occurred last year in India, at the time of the Penjdeh incident, ought to make it clear to even the veriest fire-eater, that the nearer we can fight to our own borders the better; while at the same time, our own difficulties in getting supplies to the front, with all the vast resources of our huge Indian Empire behind us, should comfort those who believe that Russia can send vast masses of men to drive us into the Indus.

This, however, should be kept in mind: 1867 is twenty years ago, and dangers, which should have been treated as remote then, are not so remote now.

To Austria we have come nearer. Unfortunate incidents in 1880, and the *rancune* which was supposed to linger in certain English breasts in connexion with the old domination of Austria in Italy, had done harm. All that has now passed away, and we might at any time see the closest alliance between Vienna and London. If reasonable stipulations could be entered into with respect to our trade—stipulations which would be even more useful to Austria than to ourselves—it would be absolutely immaterial to this country what share our old ally might take of the Balkan peninsula, when that politically volcanic region is once more violently disturbed.

That the military strength of the Empire is not so great as could be desired seems undoubted, but, on the other hand, I cannot believe that her enemy is capable of bringing against her, south of the Carpathians, such gigantic forces as some believe. The profound corruption of Russia is worth many battalions to her foes.

Whatever we, who, although we were not philo-Turks, were anti-anti-Turks, may have hoped or desired, Mr. Gladstone's action in the early autumn of 1876, and all that followed it, settled the question in a sense adverse to our views, and, as reasonable men, we have had nothing to do since but to accommodate ourselves as best we could to the highly provisional state of affairs which was thus inaugurated.

We have not the slightest feeling of ill-will either to Turkey or to any of the numerous heirs, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, and all the rest of them, who desire to profit by her dissolution as a European power; but if there ever was a state of affairs in which the policy of *alors comme alors* was a sensible one, it is so in the present condition not only of the Balkan peninsula and its neighbourhood, but of all the Turkish States.

I much regret the circumstances that took us to Egypt; but I think that our going thither was inevitable, and can only deplore that divided counsels, a burst of popular enthusiasm which, unhappily yielded to, first placed a heroic but utterly unsound man of genius in an impossible position and then deserted him, should have cast an atmosphere of something worse than ridicule over operations admirably devised and, in so far as depended upon the army and

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navy, brilliantly executed. The errors were made at the centre of affairs. When the secrets of Cabinets become revealed, we shall know exactly on whom should fall the responsibility for many of the checks and misfortunes with which we met in Africa.

Now, I suppose, all sensible Englishmen wish the same thing with regard to Egypt.

1. They wish to see the Suez Canal put exactly in the position of a strait of the sea, with this difference, that no one should be allowed to fight in it or its approaches.

2. They wish us to retain, under all circumstances, absolute freedom of isthmus transit.

3. They wish to get rid of our responsibilities in Egypt as soon as they can—provided always we do not shuffle them off in a way which will bring about all or more than the mischiefs to which our intervention of 1882 put a temporary end.

4. They would be very sorry to see the internal condition of Egypt slip back to what it was six years ago.

Speaking to me in the January of this year, at Cairo, an Egyptian statesman said:—'When you were here last in 1873, Egypt was governed by three words—Kurbash, Corvée, and Bakshish. Since that time we have almost altogether got rid of the first, and half got rid of the second. To get rid of the third will take a generation or so longer.'

Some of our Continental critics sneer at our caring about the internal condition of Egypt. Into the right or wrong of our doing so, so far as questions of morality are concerned, I will not enter; but I am ready to argue the question on the lower ground, and to say that, considering how much we have to do with Egypt, it pays better for us to have that country three parts civilised than not civilised at all.

In a civilised Egypt, an Arabi, at least, would be an impossibility; other troubles there might be, and plenty of them, but not the particular trouble of having at the head of affairs a barbarian whose ideas were those of the Arabian past, the desert, the camel, and the palm-tree.

I do not agree with the widely-spread opinion that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by Germany made all the difference in the feeling of France towards her victorious neighbour. If Germany had retired, leaving to France every inch of her territory, and every stone of her fortresses, the desire for revenge would have been very much the same as it is now.

Nearly fifty years after Waterloo I was speaking to M. Prévost Paradol about the feeling which had been excited in England by the belief, at one time prevalent, that the Prince de Joinville was very hostile to this country.

'You will find,' he replied, 'a little of that at the bottom of every French heart.'

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'But there is no corresponding feeling,' I said, 'at the bottom of every English one.'

'Ah, monsieur,' he remarked, 'vous n'êtes pas les derniers vaincus!'

The shock to the national sentiment when the greater part of the French army was taken into safe keeping beyond the Rhine, and returned after the war 'unbeschädigt,' as Moltke put it, was that which really rankled, and rankles, in the Gallic breast. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine made Germany physically stronger, while it did not materially increase the hunger and thirst of France for vengeance.

Six years have by no means improved the relations between this country and France. It is a great misfortune. The free-trade policy inaugurated in 1860 did much to promote friendly feeling during the last decade of the Empire, and made indeed some people rather too much inclined to overlook many things that could not be approved. During the decade which followed the war France was weak, but with returning strength the old and deep-seated hatred of England has cropped up again, and become a factor in politics. Long ere this it is probable that the two nations would have been at war, if it had not been for the fear that a quarrel with us might have given an opportunity to Germany to prevent her quiet being disturbed for at least a generation. This fear of Germany is, no doubt, to us a great collateral security, but it would be extremely unwise to reckon too much upon it. Of course, in a long war we could weary France out, take from her every colony she has got, and destroy all her sea-going commerce; but these are not the days of long wars—they are the days of short, sudden wars, and we are very far from being so thoroughly armed as to make it impossible that a great disaster should be inflicted upon us by France at the commencement of a quarrel.

To put ourselves into an unassailable position would be very easy, and far from costly; but whether we shall do so while our attention is distracted by matters of much less moment is more than doubtful.

We often hear it said that the really controlling power in France is now the vast mass of the peasant voters, and that they are essentially peaceful. They are; but it is also true that, 'like the beasts of the field, they do not know their own strength.' If they did, they would soon make an end of the ghastly Moloch of general military service, to which they and their children are sacrificed. They let their thinking be done for them, in all critical moments, by Parisian journalists at a white heat. The fear of immediate invasion may sometimes make those gentlemen hear reason, as it did a few weeks ago, when France had what a witty prince of the Church called 'a paroxysm of good sense'; but nothing short of the fear of

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immediate invasion would have that sobering effect; and there is no question of our invading France.

The changes which have taken place in Europe during the period I am considering, with reference to the relations of the greater Powers, have tended to increase the importance of military and naval questions.

It is a sad thing for those of us who hoped to see Europe become more pacific, when reasonable national aspirations had been gratified, to find ourselves living in a state of affairs in which all other international questions sink into insignificance when compared with the questions, 'What is their comparative fighting strength; what the comparative quality of the brain power and moral force which directs that strength?'

Nevertheless, however much we may regret that the period of national co-operation is postponed to a happier century, it is idle to try to blink the unpleasant realities around us.

Every mail that met me, as I found my way home from India, spoke of the possibility, not to say the probability, of immediate war—war which might be brought about by any one of half-a-dozen not at all unlikely eventualities.

This naturally suggested to my mind the inquiry, 'Assuming that our own intentions are as pacific as I should wish them to be, assuming, that is, that we only desire to maintain the *status quo*, pursuing a mission of self-improvement and civilisation—how far is our military and naval strength adequate to make our peaceful attitude respected by those whose intentions are not peaceful?'

I have been trying since my return to arrive at some answer to that inquiry which might be satisfactory, at least to myself, and this is what seems to me the state of the case with regard to our navy and army.

Even Sir R. S. Robinson, severe critic as he is of the department with which he was formerly connected, admits that much has been done within the last two years, and considers the British navy to be superior to the French.

That is good so far as it goes, but we want more. It should be a cardinal maxim of policy that the British navy should be stronger than at least any two other navies.

In the first Gladstone administration, in the days of Mr. Childers and Mr. Goschen, there is reason to believe that it fulfilled, and something more than fulfilled, that demand; nor should any money be grudged to either party in the State, so long as it is employed honestly and intelligently to arrive at that result.

Sir R. S. Robinson proposes an elaborate plan for enabling Parliament to scrutinise Admiralty expenditure with a fuller understanding of the subject than is now possible. I confess I have very little hope of any good coming out of the re-casting of accounts and estimates,

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from which he expects so much. If the present supervision of work within the department is not sufficiently skilled or intelligent, make it more skilled and more intelligent. To obtain more continuity in the tenure of office by its Parliamentary chiefs is past praying for, without revolutionary changes in our methods of government. Able Parliamentary chiefs will bring fresh minds to the consideration of Admiralty policy, and will do no little good by an intelligent and unsparing use of the monosyllable 'why'; but to imagine that the very ablest statesman can get, in a year or two, the power of forming an independent judgment upon a thousand matters of great importance to the efficiency of the navy, is a dream. That he should have absolutely free hand in the choice of his subordinates, uncontrolled by any consideration except the efficiency of the service, is indisputable.

Sir R. S. Robinson says:

> I should state as my opinion, leaving others to judge what it may be worth, that in fighting power the unarmoured ships of England are decidedly superior to those of our rivals; but if the *raison d'être* of the French navy is, as has been frequently stated in that country, and by none more powerfully and categorically than by the French Minister of Marine, the widespread, thorough destruction of British commerce, and the pitiless and remorseless ransoming of every undefended and accessible town in the British dominions, regardless of any sentimentalities, or such rubbish as the laws of war, and the usages of civilised nations, and if at least one of the *raisons d'être* of the British navy is to defeat those benevolent intentions, and to defend that commerce on which depends our national existence and imperial greatness, then I fear that perhaps they have prepared to realise their purpose of remorseless destruction rather better than we have ours of successful preservation.

I have no doubt that the mischief done in this way by the French would only be limited by their power, and by prudential considerations, but Sir R. S. Robinson has omitted the obvious qualification that two could play at this game.

The foolish policy, or want of policy, which prevented our following up the Declaration of Paris by lending ourselves to the suggestion then made by America, to get rid of the abomination of belligerent rights at sea, would most grievously—if ever we had a long war—affect the interests of this country, but it would not affect us in the way that many people suppose—would not throw such multifarious duties upon our navy as is often maintained.

Great numbers of British ships would pass into the hands of neutrals, and they would drive a roaring trade, while our shipowners were being ruined; but, although I am very far from being otherwise than rejoiced to see the multiplication of our swift cruisers, the use of these would have its limits, and the main employment of the navy would be as a first line of defence, to make attacks on our own coast as difficult as possible, and to defend our various coigns of vantage all over the world.

Meantime it is consolatory to hear Lord George Hamilton say, as

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he did at the Academy dinner, that the fleet which is to be gathered this month at Spithead, to be inspected by the Queen, will be the most powerful which any sovereign ever beheld in time of peace.

As, however, the next great sea-fight will assuredly have many surprises, it would be satisfactory to know that, if any of our huge machines were badly injured, they could find absolute security under the guns of our arsenals. Is it, however, at all certain that they could? Are not our fortifications still very imperfect and quite unfit for the exigencies of a sudden attack—the only kind of attack, that is, which we have occasion to fear?

Turning to the army, after giving what appears to me due weight to much severe criticism of it, the truth seems to be something like this. Up to 1868 we had really no army in the modern sense of the term. We had a large number of soldiers, but we had no thoroughly organised military body, every part of which was instinct with the life of the whole. The system of recruiting, of mobilisation, of transport and commissariat, were all to the last degree defective. It was assumed as axiomatic, that we were always unready at the beginning of a war, but that, as the war went on, our strength increased, while that of allies and adversaries was very apt to decline.

To the clear intelligence of Lord Cardwell such a state of things seemed absurd in a world which had seen the battle of Königgraetz. I remember his telling me that he was not a little startled, when he went to the War Office, by finding that there was no such thing as a plan for the joint defence of the country by the army and navy. He set to work, he made himself master of the difficult details of a subject not specially congenial to a man whose training had been that of a scholar, a lawyer, and a Parliamentary politician; he collected round him the ablest advisers, and supported them when they were collected. Amidst much ignorant abuse, he took advantage of the cannon fever of 1870 to lay the foundation of a military system calculated to hold its own on a planet in which might was destined for some considerable time to overrule both right and reason. On the foundations which he laid broad and deep, other War Ministers, on both sides of politics, among them Lord Hartington and Mr. Childers, have built. Lord Stanley of Preston and Mr. W. H. Smith deserve very especial mention, both for what they did and for the party temptations which they resisted.

The object set before himself by the last-named Minister was, if I understand his intentions correctly, to have two complete army corps and a division of cavalry ready for active service.

I am under the impression that we could now mobilise that force in a brief period, if war were to break out in Europe, although horses—a very important item—would be a difficulty.

If we were a Continental Power, with only an imaginary frontier,

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that difficulty, like many others, would have to be faced at any cost; but the sea, though no longer so strong a defence as it was, is at least an inestimable blessing as giving us time. We have still, however, a great deal to do that ought to be done; we have not yet got nearly so far forward with our *matériel* as with our men, though much has been effected in the last twelve months.

I think no expense should be spared to put these two army corps and the division of cavalry, of which I have spoken, into perfect order, and to supply them with all the appliances of every kind which they want; since, allowing liberally for all the assistance that would be derived from our militia and our 250,000 volunteers, Great Britain cannot be made safe against invasion, even by the most competent commander, with a smaller force.

And an attempt at invasion is as far as possible from being out of the question. It will continue to be a great and real danger as long as France remains anything like as strong as she now is, and while a good many influential Frenchmen continue to be animated with the malignant hatred against this country on which I have already commented. To make such an invasion a disastrous failure depends simply upon ourselves, and great progress towards doing so has been made of recent years. Schemes have been prepared for the defence of all our military ports, and for operations to be undertaken, in case a landing were attempted. Every possible place where such a landing could be attempted has been carefully reconnoitred, and positions have been fixed where our troops could fight to the best advantage; but it would be mere madness to relax our preparations, and it is infinitely desirable that the freest hand should be given to the reforming element in the army and the War Office. This is really a matter far too serious to allow either party or personal considerations to stand in the way of making our relatively small army as nearly perfect, for its purposes, as anything human can be.

Such a determination has nothing to do with militarism, or Chauvinism, or Jingoism, or any other 'ism,' save the best sort of patriotism. If we are but safe from sudden attack, from disaster at the very commencement of hostilities, the chances are that we shall not be involved in hostilities at all, for the most ignorant of our ill-wishers knows that, of all powers on earth, England is incomparably the most powerful in a long struggle. *Timor Anglicæ initium sapientiæ* is the truest of maxims, after a war has lasted for a few months.

Of course, if Mr. Gladstone's plans for Ireland, or anything like them, were in evil hour to be carried into effect, our whole military system would have to be revised in the light of the certainty of having, at no distant period, to put down armed rebellion in Ireland, assisted, probably, by a foreign force. This would complicate not a

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little all our military questions, and probably end in making the calamity of some form of conscription a necessity.

As to the questions open between Lord Randolph Churchill and his late colleagues, with regard to the efficiency of War Office or Admiralty expenditure, it is next to impossible for anyone who has not been long behind the scenes in Pall Mall and Whitehall to form any judgment worth having, but it certainly would be very comforting to that large portion of the public which considers, as I do, that the colossal armaments of the Continent force the most Cobdenic of us to approve of largely increasing our national insurance fund, to know, from authority, that that insurance fund is really being expended to the best advantage.

In the present state of Europe even vaster sums than those now voted would be voted with alacrity, if only it could be proved that we are really getting twenty shillings' worth for a pound. We are certainly not doing that; but it is quite possible that we are getting very much more than the critics of the two great spending departments say. The failure of costly experiments is not peculiar to England; but, after what has occurred, it would be to the advantage alike of the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War to have the facts, in so far as they can properly be published, set forth in the reports of a couple of strong committees or commissions.

Whatever faults there may be within the departments, they are as nothing compared to the difficulties which are inherent in our system.

In ordinary times these difficulties are next to insuperable. A powerful Opposition, normally nearly equal in number to the party in power, is ever ready to say that the Government is recklessly extravagant. There is not a penny to choose in this matter between Liberals and Conservatives. Military and naval men fancy that there is, and that Liberal Governments are inclined to starve the services. That is all nonsense, as anyone, whatever be his political predilections, knows, if he has been behind the scenes. All Ministers, of whatever colour, want to make their own departments as efficient as possible, in their own interest. They all hate the Treasury, the natural enemy of all. Over all of them the abhorred necessity of keeping down their estimates, often at the cost of efficiency, hangs like a plague cloud.

These, however, are not ordinary times.

The state of parties at this moment, eminently unsatisfactory from many points of view, is perhaps such as to make it easier to deal with questions relating to the defence of the country in a broad national spirit, than it has been for a very long time. For the present Government can rely on an amount of support outside its own ranks, of the most exceptional kind. There is every reason to

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expect that Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Stanhope, both men of ability, and both with their spurs to win as cabinet ministers, will not let slip a great opportunity of doing a notable service to the commonwealth.

They would be more than human if they were not also to remember that, for years to come, the fact that they had taken hold of the skirts of happy chance, to spend whatever their best advisers think necessary for our security, will be a feather in the cap of the political connexion to which they belong.

If we who so long sat opposite them have to regret that they have obtained the credit which might have been won for us, had the laws of perspective been more regarded in the pictures put before the country by some of our leaders, whose fault is that?

In the summer of 1881 the colonies had already begun to attract a greater amount of attention than had been the case for some time, and an honourable member put upon the paper a motion in favour of confederation, on the basis of a commercial union, and under the control of a legislative assembly, in which the whole Empire, with its colonies and dependencies, should be represented.

If this motion had ever come on, it would have been my duty, as being then in charge of colonial affairs in the House of Commons, to have replied to it. I should have had no difficulty, I think, in showing that the discussion raised was of a purely academic character, and that proposals of that kind, though a natural outcome of an increased interest in the colonies, were altogether premature and visionary. During the six years that have elapsed since the motion, of which I am speaking, was handed to the clerk at the table, there has been a great deal of discussion, and a step has been taken by the present Government which deserves to meet with general approbation.

Among many advantages which will arise from the recent Colonial Conference, I consider that the better understanding established between the Colonial Office and the colonies must have a high place; and henceforward, I trust, that extremely well-organised and intelligent department will receive more credit than has hitherto fallen to its lot.

It is curious to observe how often even well-informed public writers underrate its efficiency. All agree that Sir Henry Holland presided over the deliberations of the Conference with great tact and skill; but I am very sure that he was helped in doing that, not a little, by his long training in the Colonial Office, and his intimate relations with its *personnel*.

No one who has been accustomed to the transactions of business, in which two or more governments are engaged, can have failed to observe the immense advantages that accrue from bringing, from time to time, the people who direct these governments into personal communication, provided always they do not distinctly desire to dis-

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agree. It is incredible how many difficulties, which are caused by maladroit turns of phrase in written communications, by the ill-temper of subordinates, or by pure accident, are brushed away when differences can be talked over round a table.

In another matter connected with the colonies I observe a very great advance. When in August 1879 the formation of an Indian and Colonial Museum was brought before the House of Commons, very few people cared anything about the matter.

It was then said: 'We want a place to which not only members of Parliament and other privileged persons can go and learn without cost and without trouble what our colonies and dependencies are, where they are, what sort of things they produce, what chances the inquirers or persons in whom they may be interested have of bettering their condition or pushing their fortunes in those countries, what attractive advertisements with regard to our colonies and dependencies are mere Wills of the wisp, what little known and unregarded sources of wealth there may be in those regions which have not yet received bold advertisement. What we want is a place, to the creation of which the mother country on the one hand, her colonies and dependencies on the other, shall contribute, the object of which shall be to bring them nearer each to each for the common advantage of all. It appears to me that there is hardly any knowledge which is more likely to be useful to a British citizen, whether born in the colonies, India, or at home, than a wide knowledge of the gigantic Empire to which he belongs. That knowledge and the feelings that naturally come of it are true Imperialism, the best antidote to false Imperialism.'

Now, views, which had then very few defenders, are taking shape under the most august patronage, in the Imperial Institute.

An unpretending, but important, change has been made by the establishment, under the supervision of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, of the Emigrants' Information Office.

Meantime the Empire has gone on steadily growing. North Borneo was added just before I went away, but that is a small affair, not so big as Scotland. In 1884 we took over Bechuanaland, equal to about six Scotlands, and in the same year assumed the protectorate over the vast Niger districts, in which is the theatre of the operations of the Royal Niger Company (under the enlightened guidance of Lord Aberdare), which received in 1886 enormous powers of administration.

We have acquired, too, another outlying farm in New Guinea, not quite equal in size to three Scotlands, and only the other day the Governor of Natal took over a large slice of Zululand.

In 1881 I had a good deal to say about Cyprus, then recently transferred to the department with which I had been connected. It may have cost us, from the 1st of April, 1881, up to the end of the

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last financial year, something like a quarter of a million, but the revenue creeps up, and none of its inhabitants have, I apprehend, any real reason to regret our occupation of their island, unless it be the locusts and the goats, who are having, it would seem, a much worse time than they had a few years ago, when I used to hear more about their proceedings.

A great and far-reaching change has been recently inaugurated by the opening of the line of communication across Canada, between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

It would be easy to conceive circumstances under which the possession of this alternative line of communication might be of the greatest possible importance to Great Britain.

Meantime, all Europe has been engaged in a game of 'catch who catch can,' in which almost everybody has got something in the way of colonies, even Spain, who has been moderate enough to content herself with the not very promising acquisition of the Western Sahara.

Quite the strangest political development which has taken place in the last six years is the formal constitution of the Congo Free State, under the sovereignty of the King of the Belgians, but not in any way connected with Belgium or its Government. This pleasant little Royal peculium, which could not well have a more kindly or intelligent ruler, is just about the size of our possessions in India, including our recent annexation of Upper Burmah, but the population is comparatively small, say about that of Italy.

In India little has occurred during the last six years which requires notice in a brief summary like this. Men have come and gone, policies have been introduced and modified; but the one great fact to be kept in mind is this: that, in spite of the embarrassing proceedings of the rupee, the last six years, by comparison with those which preceded them, have been years of splendid prosperity. In so huge a country there will be always something to create trouble and anxiety; but the last six years have seen nothing faintly comparable to the hideous misfortunes which saddened their immediate predecessors—the Afghan war, with its expenditure (well on to twenty millions), and the South Indian famine, which, in spite of efforts such as no government that has existed, since the earth turned on its axis, ever made, cost the peninsula something like the population of London.

We have added during this time somewhat to our national responsibilities. I am one of those who deprecated for years the annexation of Upper Burmah, but acquiesced in it, at last, as a sad necessity, and it looks now as if, in spite of the troubles from rebels and brigandage, it were going to turn out, on the whole, a better financial bargain than was expected.

'T is strange to me how people in this country ever imagined

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that Burmah would settle down without giving us a good deal of trouble. Lower Burmah did not; why should Upper Burmah have done so? If the violent storm which broke over Madras, just before Sir Harry Prendergast and his troops embarked, had lasted twenty-four hours longer, it would have cost us many more lives to get to Mandalay, for the boom on the Irrawaddy, just above our frontier, would have been completed, and behind it the Italian engineers in the service of Theebaw would have quietly finished all the very strong works which they had begun to construct, right up to the capital.

Sir Harry Prendergast said to me, the night before he started, 'Our real difficulties will begin when we have got to Mandalay,' and he turned out to be a true prophet.

On the whole, although we have lost many valuable lives, and spent much money, I think we have thus far got off not badly, and that Lord Dufferin may be congratulated upon a series of measures in which, ably seconded by Sir Harry Prendergast, the lamented Sir Herbert Macpherson, and Sir Frederick Roberts, he has shown himself at once prompt, resolute, conciliatory, and fortunate, as equal to 'the occasion sudden, and the practice dangerous,' as to all other combinations of circumstances, with which he has had to deal, in his long and brilliant career.

The passing of the small island of Socotra from the status of a protected to that of a dependent territory, and the extension of our protectorate over the Somali coast, are recent results of our position in the Indian seas which can hardly excite either satisfaction or regret.

If, passing from the great concerns of the nation, I inquire in what spirit these great concerns are likely to be treated, I find it very difficult to frame an answer. If anyone were to ask me, 'Are the Anglo-Indians of 1887 materially changed from those of 1857; would they, if anything like a new mutiny were to break out, meet it as their predecessors did?' I would reply, 'They have acquired a good many fresh merits, and some fresh defects, but substantially they are the same. You may count on them for the old high-hearted resolution in trouble, and, if you do not hamper them by the telegraph, for the same wise severity in stamping out rebellion.'

But how is it in England? I hear some of the ablest people 'inside politics' say, 'Yes, we fully admit all you urge. The paralysis of the House of Commons is frightful, and threatens the very existence of representative government in this country. The Queen's authority has practically ceased to exist in various parts of Ireland, and there are ominous symptoms in some portion of Great Britain that any accident may let loose anarchic forces, with which the ordinary law cannot cope. We know all that; we know that strong measures are necessary if we would not drift on to frightful calamities, but we know also that the people won't stand strong measures. Tell a

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gathering of local wire-pullers that strong measures are necessary, and see what they will say!'

Now, is this true, or is it not? If it be true, surely the duty of all men who have attained a position which enables their opinion to count for anything in the country, and who believe that strong measures are necessary, is to say so. It may cost them their political careers, if the nerveless spirit, which has dictated some recent utterances, has really gone as wide as it has gone deep in certain sections of our society; but if there ever were a cause in which it was worth while for honest men to sacrifice their political careers, surely this is that cause.

And in doing so, not one of the persons, of whom I am thinking, would abjure a single opinion which he held in 1881. The old Liberal party, in which every one of them grew up, the offspring of the good traditions of Whiggism, enlightened by the wise teaching of Bentham and his followers on the one hand, as of Cobden and his followers on the other, had absolutely nothing in common with the neo-Radicalism, or whatever else it is to be called, which is lineally descended from the teaching of Rousseau.

This neo-Radicalism is not a development of Liberal principles; it is as far removed from them as are the views of the party which was finally overthrown in 1832. The Liberal party existed to incorporate in our Statute Book and in the management of our national affairs, without haste, yet without rest, the teachings of those whom it accepted as its theoretic guides; but neither Rousseau nor any of his children, whether of the gushing or blood-drinking order, were ever amongst these.

When we have incorporated in our national life all the best things they had to teach, then by all means let us go further afield and see if there is anything in the neo-Radicalism which we can assimilate. 'Seu vetus est verum diligo sive novum.'

Till, however, that time arrives, let us keep our well-matured views before the country, and try to get them carried into effect. There never yet was a democracy which took, and there never will be a democracy which will take the right road, unless it is led by right-minded, highly-instructed leaders; and he is a traitor to the democracy, as well as to his own conscience, who, believing that anarchy is ruining the House of Commons, ruining Ireland, threatening Great Britain, and distracting her attention not only from her internal affairs but from those defensive measures which are required to make this Empire and all parts thereof reasonably secure from attack, does not say so with as much energy as he can command.

MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

Two years have now elapsed since I published[1] a paper in this Review on the relations which exist between modern Catholicism and scientific freedom. My object then was to show that Roman Catholics are as free as other people to hold the doctrine of evolution generally, and the natural evolution of the human body in particular; and I founded my argument upon the facts which concern the erroneous and unjustifiable condemnation at Rome of that illustrious confessor of science, the aged and unfortunate Galileo. Knowing well how many estimable persons were at that time in a state of great anxiety and distress respecting the question to which I then addressed myself, I purposely (to set their minds at rest as far as I possibly could) so stated my case as practically to challenge censure should the evolutionary doctrine be thought to require it. There were not wanting persons who fully anticipated that I should myself incur severe blame, and I have reason to know that others earnestly solicited my condemnation. That the latter were deemed, by those they addressed, to be more zealous than wise, is what events have so far shown; for, up to the present time, I have not received even a private hint of disapprobation from any ecclesiastical authority. On the other hand, I have been gratified by the receipt of warm thanks from members of the clergy, most varied as to rank and position, and I have also received thanks from a much smaller number of the laity. Early in the present year a most esteemed Superior of one of the mediæval religious Orders wrote to me as follows:—

> Since your *Nineteenth Century* article I have very frequently had occasion to explain your views both in England and elsewhere. There is not a shadow of a shade of unorthodoxy about them. That also is the opinion of Cardinal ——, with whom I had a conversation thereanent. Your article was most telling in the right direction, even for theological science. What a pity it is to find so much narrowness amongst those whose duty it is to teach the noblest science of all! . . . Deep and far-seeing theological thinkers are rare, but there are some to be found, though they write comparatively little. They have, I am happy to say, more

[1] 'Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom,' *Nineteenth Century* for July 1885, p. 10.

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influence at headquarters than people think. Those who make a good deal of noise know, as a rule, very little even of the *nature* of theological science. Their shallowness, inconsistency, aggressiveness, and haughtiness are simply appalling. Whatever may be said against the schoolmen, they certainly tried to master the physical sciences of their day, and the decline of scholasticism began with a neglect of those sciences. Roger Bacon's prophecy was then realised, and the Peripatetic philosophy culminated in the absurd condemnation of Galileo.

From the evidence which I have now obtained, it is abundantly clear to me that all danger of conflict between the Church and biology is for ever at an end. But if so, is all danger of conflict between science and ecclesiastical authorities also at an end? I am far from thinking that such is the case. If biological science is, as regards Catholic controversy, now an affair of the past, controversy respecting historical science, in the department of Biblical criticism, is, unless I am strangely mistaken and misinformed, an affair of the near future. There are men of mark, whose opinions cannot be lightly regarded, who think the coming conflict between authority and criticism will be the most momentous controversy in the whole history of Christianity. Some of them are convinced that the great Catholic Church —the ship of Peter—after successfully riding the swelling billows of physical science, will at last be engulfed in the whirlpool of Biblical criticism.

Such an event would of course be very naturally and very properly hailed with satisfaction by persons convinced that the influence of that Church is simply hurtful to mankind. Others who, while disagreeing with Catholicism, nevertheless regard it as a useful barrier against yet greater evils, would naturally deplore its destruction. Another section of society will be careless as to the result of the conflict, yet interested in it as a phase of historical evolution; but a large number of persons will be either simply indifferent about it, or even impatient at being called upon to pay any attention whatever to it. Before entering upon the question itself, then, I propose to say a few words in the hope of calming the impatience of the latter and arousing the interest of the former.

Roman Catholicism is generally taken to be that form of Christianity which is most hostile to scientific progress. It is the Church which seems most hampered by the bonds which the bigotry and ignorance of antecedent ages have bound round it, and most imbued with the prejudices and superstitions of pre-scientific times. It is also the Church which the opponents of Christianity generally regard as the most worthy of their steel and most deserving their hostility. That Church, then, may be taken as affording a sort of 'proof case.' If the progress of historical and Biblical science need not be fatal even to it, then, under its shelter, all other Christian religious bodies may hold their own in peace. If, however, even the dexterity, acumen, secular experience, and varied resources of its most skilled theologians

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should prove unequal to its defence, then the champions of every other form of dogmatic Christianity will indeed have to look to their armour and the strength and temper of their own weapons. Secondly, the Catholic Church is so vast a body that from the mere fact of its mass it must long survive at least the existing generation of mankind. Its influence, therefore, upon human progress will for a prolonged period be very considerable. Past history shows us how many transformations it has undergone, owing to the influences through which it has passed, and we can safely thence conclude that it may also in the future conform itself to yet new environments. This consideration of the power it must for a long time wield may well lead persons who are not themselves Catholics to desire that 'men of light and leading' should be able still to find their spiritual home within it.

They should desire this, as it must seem to them that a body thus capable of stimulating or of checking so many activities will be able, if rightly directed, to do so much to ennoble and elevate, and, if ill directed, to pervert and degrade. As I before observed,[2] 'it seems plainly to the advantage of science in the future, as well as in the past, that no needless supposition, opposed to the perfect intellectual freedom of Catholics, should be permitted to subsist.'

There is yet a third and a far more important consideration—namely, the relation which Catholicism bears to Theism. To the mere external observer of the Catholic cultus, of popular devotions, or of popular devotional books, the worship and contemplation of the First Cause may appear not only overlaid, but obscured, or even hidden, by multitudinous forms of creature-worship, and by cumbrous or trivial ceremonies and devotional practices. Nevertheless, beneath all this, and beneath the abuses and superstitions which, as Cardinal Newman has so well shown,[3] must attend every popular religion of many races persisting through many centuries, lies a profound Theism. It is a Theism which is the deepest, the most completely developed, the most logical and heart-satisfying which the world has ever known. It is the priceless inheritance of the monotheism of the Hebrews, transfigured by the intellect of Hellas, and enriched and perfected by the devout thoughtfulness of the acutest and holiest minds of Western Europe.

Under its influence have been developed a vast multitude of men who have been, as regards righteousness, the *élite* of humanity, the purest, justest, most self-sacrificing of mankind. The popular philanthropy of our day would lose its surest stay were the, often invisible, support of that profound conception denied it.

It is difficult for anyone thoroughly acquainted with this faith to see how any new form of religion can now arise so capable both of satisfying the intellectual requirements of the cultivated minority,

[2] *Loc. cit.* p. 36.

[3] See his work on *The Difficulties of Anglicans*, Lecture IX.

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and of successfully appealing to the sentiments of the multitude. Even the merely unprejudiced spectator of existing religious phenomena can, I think, hardly avoid the conclusion that some form of Christian Theism will continue to be the religion of the best part of mankind. Every consistent follower of the doctrine of evolution must at least allow that Christianity has been, so far, its ultimate positive outcome, while it makes us no promise of an altogether new religious product; and what other existing religion contains elements so noble, so consoling, so morally sustaining and ameliorating, so replete with all that promotes whatever is most fair, lovely, and of good report, and which is so able at the same time to satisfy the aspirations of the most cultured and the most unlettered of mankind? The essence of Catholicism I believe to be a Theism such as that which I have above endeavoured to indicate, and in the professed principles and authoritative teaching of Catholicism we have a most potent agent for its support and propagation. If such is indeed the case, then the disintegration and dissolution of the Catholic Church would be an event justly calling for sincere regret on the part of all those persons who have the cause of Theism strongly at heart.[4]

The three foregoing considerations—namely, the relations between the Catholic Church and other religious bodies, her necessary long enduring power, and her influence on Theistic belief—appear to constitute three good reasons why persons who have the welfare of their fellow-men at heart should take a considerable interest in the question whether or not that Church can or cannot reconcile herself with the latest advances in historical as well as in biological science. And here I would venture to point out how great a responsibility now rests with Catholics themselves, as has been lately well said by Mr. W. S. Lilly:[5]—

> The religion of these modern times must correspond with our growing culture, and must not content itself with being merely patristic, or mediæval, or puritan.

[4] A much esteemed friend who is possessed of profound theological knowledge, the broadest philosophic views, the widest experience and the kindliest sympathies, writes to me, on this subject, as follows:—'It is a matter of Providence in which religious body a man may find himself; but that which has the largest treasury of goodness, that which holds out the surest possibilities of living in the world unto God, is undoubtedly the Roman Church. She has an insight into the charity of Christ, a power of moving, enlightening, and cleansing the heart which I do not perceive elsewhere. I do not say what a born philosopher, like Spinoza, can do for himself apart from every ordinance, and there have been multitudes of saints that never knew Christ. The heart of religion is union with God, union as direct and immediate as our servitude to the elements of things, the phenomenal order, will allow. But when we have once known Christ, we should not let Him go; the loss would be irreparable. In like manner, the Holy Scriptures are a record of Divine experiences only the more edifying and attractive the better we understand how they came to be—when we have learned to separate the wheat from the chaff in them. And so it is with the Church viewed as a spiritual brotherhood, and, in the true sense of the word, a great sacrament, that is to say, a grace-giving symbolism.'

[5] *The Forum*, vol. ii. p. 327.

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. . . In the spiritual order, as in the physical, to cease to change is to cease to live. . . . The greatest peril of the present age lies in this: that those who profess to be teachers of religion and defenders of the faith so seldom endeavour honestly to follow out the lines of thought familiar to earnest and cultivated men of the world. . . . Who can measure their responsibility, whose incredible traditions and discredited apologetics estrange men of intellect from Christianity?

These remarks of a pious Catholic layman so zealous and persistent in the defence of his religion as is Mr. Lilly, may well serve as an invitation to educated Catholic laymen to interest themselves in an inquiry which they must quickly undertake, if they would not abandon the field entirely to their opponents. It is certainly the declared wish of their ecclesiastical superiors that they should be abreast of the science of their day, whether it be physical, metaphysical, or historical.[6] And this brings me to speak of a fourth ethical advance which science has effected in modern times in addition to the three to which I have before called attention.[7] I refer to our awakened perception of the sin of rashness in assent. It is now evident to us that we have a moral obligation to withhold assent from what is not adequately proved, no less than to give assent to and to affirm that which is evidently true.

Doubt has acquired, for men of science who are Theists, a distinctly religious character. Few things seem to them more shocking than to be called upon to give assent to propositions which are not only neither self-evident nor certainly proved, but are even declared to be possibly untrue. Every man of science worthy of the name must not only refuse to give such assent, but must declare that he holds even things he considers proved only in such a way as to be ready to examine and weigh whatever seemingly important evidence may be freshly brought to light against them. For he doubts in obedience to a sense of duty, and must regard as nothing less than a blasphemy the assertion that God can possibly approve of any trifling with the highest faculty He has bestowed upon us, and for the right use of which we are responsible. Such a man will deem the acceptance of any irrational belief in compliance with an emotional temptation, to be fully as culpable as the harbouring of an irrational scepticism due to some other unworthy motive. He will also regard the assertion that no one ought, in the plenitude of his age, to review doctrines which as a young man he may have assented to, as a monstrous assertion. Nothing in our day could well be more prejudicial to religion than that any of its distinguished representatives should show hostility, or even indifference, to scientific truth. It is unfortunately impossible to deny that both indifference and hostility have been shown to it by such persons, and to this it is due that some of the choicest and most estimable minds

[6] See the words of a letter from Leo the Thirteenth, quoted (August 18, 1883) in the beginning of my *Nineteenth Century* article before referred to.

[7] *Loc. cit.* p. 41, note 15.

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have been estranged from what the majority of us regard as the most perfect embodiment of the religious spirit. But Catholics, at least, are bound to desire that such estrangement should be minimised. I, for one, greatly rejoice at the conservative influence which the abstinence on the part of supreme authority from any condemnation of evolution has, to my certain knowledge, exerted upon not a few minds. I anticipate with no less satisfaction the immeasurably greater conservative influence which will most certainly be produced by a similar abstinence from a condemnation of modern Biblical criticism. But, under any and all circumstances, I would venture to urge upon those who may feel such intellectual and moral trials the most keenly, that this is, in the words of a valued friend, 'a time of drawing together of all religions and philosophies, and of the rapid growth of a universal religious consciousness with the development of human introspection. We see on all sides of us that ceaseless, invisible magic of thought—thought profoundly scientific and no less profoundly spiritual—which is casting its net over all religions.' There never was, then, a time when any fresh separation into a multitude of so-called religious sects was less justifiable or more futile. It is an age of synthesis and of a naturally augmenting Catholicism. The evils which separation in the sixteenth century entailed upon both the south and north of Europe ought to warn us to do all we can to promote the spirit of conciliation, sympathy, and brotherhood, and to cultivate above all a large-hearted charity, while remaining scrupulously zealous for every atom of scientific truth.

With these introductory remarks I will now endeavour briefly to set before my readers what appear to be some of those main results of Biblical criticism which have the greatest controversial interest with respect to the teaching of the Catholic Church as hitherto popularly understood. The critics to whom I shall specially refer are Reuss,[8] Colenso,[9] Wellhausen,[10] and Kuenen,[11] whose works are easily accessible, and should be carefully studied by all those who may feel interested in the question. The general results of their studies may be expressed as follows:—

The account, as we read it, of the deliverance from the Egyptian captivity is unhistorical, although it is not doubted that Moses

[8] *L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi.* Par Edouard Reuss, Professeur à l'Université de Strasbourg. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1879.

[9] *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined.* By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1882.

[10] *Prolegomena to the History of Israel.* With a reprint of the article 'Israel' from the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' By Julius Wellhausen, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Marburg. Translated from the German, under the author's supervision, with a Preface by Professor W. Robertson Smith. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1885.

[11] *An Historico-critical Inquiry into the Origin and Composition of the Hexateuch.* By A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology at Leyden. Translated from the Dutch, with the assistance of the author. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

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existed and did lead the Israelites from Egypt. But it is not deemed probable that a line of the Bible was written by him, and the whole Levitical legislation is regarded as an invention which dates from the Babylonian captivity and times more recent.

The most ancient fragments of the Bible are probably the Songs of Moses and Deborah. Important sections of Judges, Samuel, and Kings are also very old.

The Hexateuch (that is, the Pentateuch, with the addition of the Book of Joshua) evidently contains three legal codes, which are not only distinct, but contradictory—the contradiction affecting points of capital importance.

The first and earliest code—that of the 'Book of the Covenant'[12]—mainly refers to matters of civil life. It is expressed in Exodus, beginning with the 22nd verse of chapter xx.—'And the Lord said unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel'—down to the end of chapter xxiii. It is distinctly marked off by an introduction and termination of its own, as is quite perceptible in the English translation. It deals mainly with morality, and only to a small extent with ritual, and the ritual, such as it is, is in flagrant contradiction with the later codes, while it agrees with all our knowledge of early Hebrew religion and civil history, or it may be learned from Judges, Samuel, and Kings, and the early prophets. It freely permits sacrifice throughout the Hebrew territory, and has no word to limit the right of offering sacrifice to any caste. It says nothing, moreover, of any special function reserved for Levites.

'An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt offerings, and thy peace offerings, thy sheep, and thine oxen: in all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee' (Exodus xx. 24).

And sacrifices were offered at a multitude of places, by men set up as examples of piety; as, for example, at Bochim, Ophrah, Zorah, Mizpah, Ramah, and Bethlehem. David and his family, with others, sacrificed freely apart altogether from Ark, Tabernacle, or Temple. In fact, they performed without suspicion of evil a multitude of acts which were treated as most deadly sins by the later codes, although the latter were attributed by their authors to Moses.

Contemporaneous with this first code is a document which consists of a blending together of two earlier writers. One of them is known as the 'Jahvist,' because he uses the name 'Jehovah' or 'Jahveh,' from the beginning of his narrative. The other is termed the Elohist, because he employs the term 'Elohim,' to denote God, before his account of the Divine appearance to Moses in the burning bush The former document is supposed to date from the ninth or beginning of the eighth century B.C. The Elohist document is placed by Kuenen about 750 B.C.

[12] Exodus xxiv. 7.

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To the Jahvist we owe that account of the creation (Genesis ii. 4 to the end of chapter iv.) which represents the earth as having been at first dry, and Eve as having been formed from Adam's rib, after the insufficiency of mere animal companionship for him had made itself felt. He is also the author of that account of the flood which declares that Noah was ordered to take into the Ark clean beasts by sevens, and unclean beasts by twos. Large portions of Genesis and small portions of Exodus and Numbers, and very likely a part of Joshua, are due to the same author. Older fragments are either incorporated or lie side by side with these; one is the blessing, or rather cursing, of Levi (Genesis xlix.), and curious archaic fragments, such as that which describes God as 'walking in the garden in the cool of the day' (Genesis iii. 8), and as fearing, lest man, by eating of the tree of life, should become God's equal (iii. 22); also God's coming 'down to see the city and towers which the children of men' had built (xi. 5), and similarly descending to see whether the inhabitants of Sodom had 'done altogether according to the cry of it which has come up to me.' Another such passage is that curious mythological passage (Genesis vi. 1–4) which tells of the loves of the 'sons of God' for the 'daughters of men,' and that singularly enigmatical fragment, Exodus iv. 24–26. The Jahvist is full of genuine prophetical spirit, dwells on the consequences of sin, and transforms the old legends of the patriarchs till, in their trials and virtues, they become models for the pious Hebrew.

The Elohist was full of interest in Holy Places (especially those of North Israel), in dreams and in appearances of angels. Sometimes he sinks into a gross mythology, as (Genesis xxxii. 24–32) when he relates how Jacob successfully wrestled with God, and extorted a blessing from him. To the Elohist we owe large portions of Genesis —including the account of Jacob's dream (xxviii.)—as also of Exodus and parts of the Book of Numbers. He is decidedly less anthropomorphic than is the Jahvist, and tends to substitute dreams for distinct objective Divine apparitions or Theophanies.

This period was that of the conflict of Israel with Assyria, and of the prophets Amos, Hosea, and of parts of Zechariah, Isaiah and Micah, and Obadiah. All the prophets defended the exclusive worship of Jehovah, who had been rising by degrees from a mere local and tribal god to the sovereignty of Heaven. They insisted on his essentially moral character, and on the absolute need of morality as the chief element of all true worship. They knew nothing of any priesthood with exclusive rights, and had never heard of any ritual law with a divine obligation attaching to it and promulgated by Moses. Nor, again, did they know of any necessity for limiting sacrifice to the Temple at Jerusalem. Possibly the statement in Kings that Hezekiah tried to do away with the high places throughout the land,

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and to centralise the sacrificial worship at Jerusalem, may be true; but, if so, the effort had no permanent effect.

We next come to the *period of the conflict of Israel with Babylon.* A great religious reform was effected in the eighteenth year of Josiah (B.C. 623), when the 'book of the law,' which must have been written shortly before, was published. This is the second code, and is called the *Deuteronomical* Code, because it makes up the bulk of the book of Deuteronomy, especially chapters xii. to xxvi. This code was plainly unknown to the early prophets, and is ignored in the history of Israel as given in Judges, Samuel, and Kings, as those books originally existed. It was a moral and religious code, and though much more ceremonial in its nature than the first code, the 'book of the covenant,' nevertheless differed less from the latter than did the subsequently evolved third code differ from the code of Deuteronomy. The second code was mainly directed to the exaltation of Jerusalem, and the limitation of sacrifice to its Temple, and to the ministration there of the Levites. It thus attempted, and ultimately achieved, the abolition of the 'high places,' and consequently deprived of their functions the religious ministers of those scattered sanctuaries, unless they came to Jerusalem. Exodus xii. 21–27, xiii. 3–10, xxxiv. 10–17 are also connected with or akin to this second code. Contemporary with Josiah and his successors, down to the exile (597 and 586 B.C.), was Jeremiah, whose whole spirit is in harmony with this second code; the little book of Zephaniah belongs to the same period.

Evidently the old historical records of Judges, Samuel, and Kings could not be left unmodified and plainly in contradiction with the new code. They were therefore re-edited in the spirit of Deuteronomy. But the old books were added to, not falsified, and this constitutes their inestimable value. A variety of explanatory criticisms and reflections were inserted, and the old tales received a new framing and quasi-historical connection from the standpoint of Deuteronomy. But the ancient passages remain enshrined therein and unaltered.

In a later contemporary prophet, Ezekiel, we find a distinct advance towards a more intense sacerdotal spirit. In the last eight chapters of his book he passes clean beyond the legislation of Deuteronomy. For, in the first place, he commands, in the name of Jehovah, that a distinction should be made between priests proper and Levites, the former—reputed descendants of Zadok—being alone permitted to offer sacrifice. In the second place, he promulgates a ritual code of his own, which was never adopted, and never came into operation. Ezekiel was a priest, for years an official at Jerusalem, so that, if anyone knew the subsequent third, or Levitical code, *he* must have done so. He could not have ignored the Levitical law willingly, for his spirit is just that of the third code, which we shall have directly to consider. It was absolutely impossible that he

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would have dared to propose a code of his own (as in his chapters xl. to xlviii.), if he knew that God, through Moses, had already enjoined the perpetual observance of a different but in many respects similar code on the same subject, and had enjoined this under the most fearful penalties.

The book of Ezekiel is a most important book, as it forms the bridge, or transition, between the older, more moral, and less ritualistic codes of the Covenant and Deuteronomy, and the third, or highly sacerdotal, 'priestly code.'

We now come to this third, or priestly, code, and to the *period after the exile*. The restoration of the Jews began under Cyrus, B.C. 536, and under Darius in B.C. 520. Other exiles returned under Ezra (458 B.C.) and Nehemiah (445 B.C.)

To the first of these four dates (Cyrus) belongs the later Isaiah (chapters xl.–lxvi., with parts of xiii., xiv. and xxi., xxiv.–xxvii., with xxxiv.–xxxvi.)

To the period of Darius belong Haggai and i.–ix. Zechariah. Those parts of the books of Ezra and Nehemiah which are written in the first person are their authentic writings; the parts in the third person were added in the opening of the Greek period.

Under the influence of Ezra and Nehemiah, the third code, called the Levitical or priestly code, was written and promulgated. It forms a well-preserved and very easily distinguishable narrative, running through the whole Hexateuch. Therein the Levites are sharply distinguished from the priests, and the distinction which Ezekiel tried to enforce as a thing avowedly new is boldly attributed to Moses. This third code promulgates an elaborate legislation which is, on the whole, of a quite novel character. It relates to tithes and the income of the, now Aaronic, priesthood, and the Levites (whom it provides for with munificence), to the methods of sacrifice, to the feasts, including the never before heard of Day of Atonement, and to the year of Jubilee, which was utterly unpractical and was never practised. This code also presupposes the existence of only one lawful place of sacrifice, and represents that a tabernacle had existed for this purpose in primitive times. Yet nothing of the kind can, in reality, be found in the early history. All the priestly legislation about the tabernacle, vestments of the priests, and similar ecclesiastical details, belong to the third, or priestly, code. Its writer is dry and fond of dates and genealogies, and never lets the interests of the priesthood (which he no longer represents as the descendants of Zadok, but of Aaron) go out of sight. Whereas in Deuteronomy tithes were only imposed on vegetable produce, they are here imposed on animals also, and with the first-born are made the property of the clergy. We have, in fact, in the priestly code no longer to do with a nation as a politically independent body. We have only to do with a subject population, henceforth distinguished by their religion alone, and

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forming what was termed the 'congregation' and which may be called the Jewish Church.

The Deuteronomical code was a reformation of a mode of worship actually existing. It therefore took for granted the details of its performance, and only corrected it in certain respects. But when the priestly code was written, the Temple had been destroyed, and the worship that had been therein practised had to be written down to escape oblivion. This was evidently a most convenient opportunity for adding and enjoining the sacerdotal changes and additions which, following Ezekiel, had been thought out and projected in Babylon itself. To the priestly writer we also owe the celebrated and justly admired account [13] of the creation in the first chapter of Genesis, which represents the primitive earth not as dry, but as covered by the waters, and which narrates the apparently simultaneous creation of man and woman, and says nothing about the fall, the serpent, or the mystic trees of life and knowledge. He gives also a different account of the deluge, and ignores any distinction in the introduction of clean and unclean beasts into the Ark, a distinction which from his point of view ought not then to have been known.

After the promulgation of this third, or priestly, code, it was united with the before described twofold document (made by the blending of the Jahvist's writing with that of the Elohist's), and the Pentateuch then became parted off, edited and subdivided. Not, however, that it thenceforth remained altogether free from subsequent emendations and alterations. The priestly code thus worked into the Pentateuch became the so-called 'Mosaic law' about the year 450 B.C., and with the help of Nehemiah (cup-bearer and favourite of Artaxerxes) was promulgated in Jerusalem and accepted at or soon after B.C. 444. The book of Chronicles is considered as a thoroughly unhistorical work (certainly not older than 320 B.C.), the history contained in it being habitually falsified in accordance with the point of view of the priestly code and history. Indeed fiction is therein said to be carried even further. Thus a great part of what is still commonly considered to be authentic history must, according to modern criticism, be deemed to be mythical, legendary, or quite false. It is thought to be in the highest degree unlikely that Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob ever really existed, and no passage of the history of any one of them is of the slightest historical value, in the old sense, though of course every old writing has historical value in some sense. Similarly Daniel, dating as it has long been concluded to do, only from about B.C. 164, is, of course, thought quite untrustworthy, and little more than a

[13] It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Gladstone should have involved himself in a controversy about the bearing of science on the first chapter of Genesis, without taking any notice of the antecedent question concerning the date of that chapter—a question necessary to consider indeed, since the date here assigned it renders his whole contention evidently vain.

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mass of fiction. The book of Judith is regarded as a mere romance, as also the more edifying book of Tobias, which was apparently unknown to Josephus, and is first mentioned by Clement of Rome.

Such is what I believe to be a fair statement of the results and views at which the more learned and accomplished of modern Biblical critics have, up to this time, arrived. It is of course impossible here to give the evidence adduced in support of the views cited. It may be confidently affirmed, however, that they seem satisfactorily to solve a number of problems which otherwise appear insoluble. It is as if the pieces of a broken mosaic had been so put together as to form a picture which by the harmony of its parts shows that the fragments composing it have been properly adjusted. Moreover, a refutation of these views has not even been seriously attempted by Catholics. Nevertheless, as I before said,[14] 'Exegesis is not my study.' It would be a monstrous presumption on my part to affect to judge about dates and details of authorship where such questions hang upon nice points of scholarship. I would not therefore be understood to accept and endorse all the views I have just presented to my readers. Indeed I should be inclined strongly to suspect that many of them will be found to require much modification in detail, and some portions of them may be rash, exaggerated, or even quite erroneous. Yet there can, I venture to think, be little doubt that, in the main, they represent the truth, and certainly are, at any rate, indefinitely nearer to it than are the older beliefs which are still most widely accepted in the Christian world and were universally accepted till the middle of the last century. Though long aware in a general way that Biblical criticism was making great advances, I had paid little attention to the subject, because I was under the impression that a good knowledge of Hebrew was a necessary condition for being able to form any satisfactory judgments respecting it. Nevertheless in my former paper I took occasion incidentally to point out[15] that the freedom for Catholics 'so happily gained, through Galileo, for astronomical science, has, of course, been gained for all science—geology, biology, sociology, political economy, history, and Biblical criticism—for whatever, in fact, comes within the reach of human inductive research and is capable of verification.' Since writing these words my attention happens to have been strongly called to the labours of modern critics, and I find that it is quite possible to form satisfactory judgments about many Biblical matters, and especially about the main results of modern criticism, without having any recourse to the Hebrew tongue. It has been with great reluctance, and only after much anxious inquiry, that I have come to recognise the necessity for grave modification in the Biblical views generally received, and nothing but a conviction of imperative duty has impelled me (in deference to the advice of learned theologians having strong claims on

[14] *Loc. cit.* p. 43. [15] *Ibid.* p. 41.

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my acquiescence) to call attention to the results of modern criticism. Those results, as above stated, are certainly strangely different from the views which are still commonly taught to Catholics and to the great majority of English Christians. Nevertheless it would, I think, be a mistake to suppose that their perusal would have, at first, much effect upon the English Catholic laity. They are commonly so little acquainted with Scripture that I should not be surprised if some of them were even disposed to chuckle over a disproof of the Bible's truth as being a matter likely to 'dish' the Protestants, and so to make their own religious position more secure and more evidently the true one. With Catholic ecclesiastics, however, it will of course be a very different matter, and especially with some of those venerable from age and of high position in the hierarchy. Certainly to them, the appearance of a serried phalanx of calm and learned critics, who without haste, but without hesitation, advance views as to the Bible which are more and more startling, and which seem utterly incompatible with the old traditional beliefs, must be an unwelcome apparition. The outlook does certainly, at first sight, seem very threatening; for those traditional beliefs repose on positive decrees of the Councils of Trent and of the Vatican. The Council of Trent anathematised, indeed, all those who denied that the sacred books, with all their parts, were 'sacred and canonical.' For all that it did not define the meaning of those two terms which admitted several wide interpretations. The Vatican Council, however, has drawn the lines much closer,[16] and has declared that it is not enough to affirm those books with all their parts to be sacred and canonical 'as approved by the Church,' or 'as containing revelation free from error,' but that they must be held to be such for the reason that they, 'being written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, have God for their Author and have been presented to us, as such, by the Church.'

As to the meaning of 'having God for their author,' one of the most distinguished and generally deferred to of recent theologians, Cardinal Franzelin, has said:—

> If in the (inspired) book there were inserted by the human writer any statement, even though true, which God had not inspired him to write, much more if . . . there were contained therein statements not in themselves true (as a recent theologian has dared to affirm to be possible concerning those matters which we have called 'revealed *per accidens*'), then God would not be the author of these statements.

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[16] 'Qui quidem veteris et novi Testamenti libri integri cum omnibus suis partibus prout in ejusdem Concilii [of Trent] decreto recensentur, et in veteri Vulgata latina editione habentur, pro sacris et canonicis suscipiendi sunt. Eos vero Ecclesia pro sacris et canonicis habet, non ideo quod sola humana industria concinnati, sua deinde auctoritate sint approbati; nec ideo dumtaxat, quod revelationem sine errore contineant; sed propterea quod Spiritu Sancto inspirante conscripti Deum habent auctorem, atque ut tales ipsi Ecclesiæ traditi sunt.'—From the Constitution 'Dei Filius,' as printed at Parma, 'typis rev. Cam. Apostolicæ,' 1870.

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Further than this, great importance is attached to what is called 'the consensus of theologians' and the 'ordinary magisterium or teaching of the Church,' and there can be no question but that a 'consensus' of the kind may be quoted in favour of a rigorous view, such as is ordinarily taught to Catholics, about the authority and inspiration of every one of the canonical books, amongst which are some of those known to Protestants as the Apocrypha. The danger of conflict seems also all the greater because the Church habitually appeals to texts of Scripture in support of her own authority, and therefore might hardly be expected to allow the authenticity of those texts to be called in question by modern Biblical criticism. It would seem, then, to be an impossible thing that the highest authority at Rome should even silently tolerate such views as those which have been above quoted as the latest results of modern historical science. Here, then, we seem to have reason to expect a combat to the death. But a little patient consideration of past experiences may make those confident of a fatal issue pause in their sinister vaticinations.

That we may be the better able to estimate what may be in store for us in the future as to this matter, let us briefly consider certain analogous facts of past history. There have been three conspicuous instances in which the Church seemed committed to views which science afterwards showed to be untrue; one as regards the celestial spheres; another as regards the structure of the earth; and the third respecting the world's living inhabitants.

It is not probable that science will again be the occasion of so great a disturbance to prevalent 'pious beliefs' as when it first introduced heliocentric astronomy to the Christian world. The earlier notion of the universe had in its favour alike the convictions of the learned, the plain meaning of the sacred books, and the enormous force of a habit of thought entertained from immemorial antiquity. More than that, the whole conception of a heaven 'above' a world beneath the surface of which lay the abyss of hell, harmonised with a religious teaching which represented that world as the centre of creation, and as formed purposely to be the abode of man, the one special object of the Creator's care and predilection. Yet the uprooting of this whole physical conception, far from destroying the Church, seemed to demonstrate experimentally that it had been so preorganised as to be able successfully to withstand even so vast a change.

This great astronomical revolution of the seventeenth century was followed by a geological revolution in the eighteenth. The views which science then brought forward about the natural genesis of this planet, its vast age and the gradual formation of its crust, accompanied by changes on its surface out of all relation with the six creative days of Genesis, mightily scandalised the weak. Buffon

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had to recant in obedience to the Sorbonne, while other men of science were censured and reproached. Some persons, with imprudent confidence in seemingly established views, even ventured to treat the geologists of their day either with fierce scorn or with mild irony, like our own gentle poet, who complained of those who ransacked the bowels of the earth to prove that 'the God who made it, and revealed its date to Moses, was mistaken in its age.' It must, however, be allowed, as has been allowed by our illustrious Sir Charles Lyell, not only that Catholic teachers had no monopoly of narrowness in this matter, but that some of them contrasted favourably with ministers of other denominations. Italians of the strictest orthodoxy freely ridiculed narrow Biblical cosmologies such as those of our Bishop Burnet. Vallisneri exclaimed against the injury inflicted on religion, no less than on science, by such a use of texts. Generelli, a Carmelite friar, addressing, in 1749, a learned assembly at Cremona, observed: 'I hold in utter abomination, most learned academicians, those systems which are built with their foundations in the air, and cannot be propped up without a miracle; and I undertake to explain geological phenomena without violence, without fiction, without hypotheses, and without miracles.' No wonder, when such a spirit animated distinguished members of its clergy, that the Church passed safely through this second scientific ordeal. So complete has been its adjustment to modern science in our day, that no doctor of divinity would now venture to maintain the theological certitude of the universality of the deluge, even as regards the human race, or to censure any geological view whatever.

The third scientific ordeal which the Church has undergone is the promulgation and general acceptance of the doctrine of evolution; and this probably supplies us with as good a test as could be devised of the Church's capacity to survive future developments of science. Till the other day, the belief that all existing kinds of animals and plants were miraculously and suddenly created, as affirmed in Genesis, was generally accepted; and of course the writers of the Middle Ages were all thoroughly imbued with it. Here, then, we might well expect to find the Church of to-day bound by antecedent authoritative statements which it could not repudiate. Yet the very reverse is, in fact, the case, and the actual words of early and mediæval ecclesiastical writers of authority may be quoted [17] in favour of the modern doctrine.

Viewing, then, the present situation in the light to be derived from past experience, it seems to me that even an ordinary external observer will find that he has no valid reason for concluding that the Catholic Church is on the eve of shipwreck, through history, when he considers what has before taken place as regards Copernicanism in

[17] See my *Lessons from Nature* (John Murray), p. 448.

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astronomy and evolution in biology. Who, in pre-Copernican times —say the thirteenth century—would have expected that the Church could accommodate itself to so great a change in all its ways and habits of regarding the Universe? Who, in the sixteenth century, would have deemed it possible for the Church to allow that her doctrines concerning the Biblical narrative of the creation of Adam and the miraculous formation of Eve from his rib, could accord with a belief that the ribs of both Adam and Eve were formed by natural generation in the womb of some non-human animal? Yet we have lived to witness both these events. Why, then, may it not be that, as regards Biblical criticism, we are living in what may, by analogy, be called a pre-Copernican period? The Biblical teachings of Kuenen, Wellhausen, Colenso, Reuss, and their allies, may startle and offend 'pious ears,' now, as the doctrines of the earth's motion and of Adam's brute ancestry would have startled and offended the 'pious ears' of bygone generations; but it is at least conceivable that the alarm at present felt is as groundless as we now know the alarm of older days to have been.

But, it may be replied, 'these instances refer to physical science, whereas the interpretation of Scripture pertains to the domain of moral truth.' Well, in matters of morals, what could have been more unequivocal than the most authoritative and distinct decrees of popes and councils against usury? Yet, what ecclesiastic has now a single word to say against it?

It may, however, yet further be objected that I have taken no notice of the fact that the Church often refers to Scripture as a support for various doctrines and a sanction for matters of discipline. This is most true; but the consequences which such an objection supposes to follow from the fact, are by no means necessary consequences, as experience shows us. Every competent person knows that it is freely admitted by all theologians that even Ecumenical Councils and Popes may err in quoting Scripture in support of their decrees. The failure of the basis on which a decree, opinion, or practice may have been based by no means discredits the decree, opinion, or practice itself. It may suffice, in this matter, to refer to what happened with respect to the famous 'forged decretals.' Matters both of doctrine and discipline were largely based upon them and received very efficient support from them. The authenticity of the decretals was long defended. It was maintained by a distinguished Jesuit, Father Turrianus, in 1572, and even in the seventeenth century Father Liberius à Jesu (a leading Carmelite of his day, high in favour with Pope Clement the Eleventh) was zealous in their defence. Now, however, everyone admits them to have been forgeries. Yet, not a single point of doctrine or matter of discipline which they were invoked to support has fallen with them!

The mystical theology of the Church has been largely built up

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on the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite. He is now thoroughly discredited, and has probably no longer a single supporter. Yet none of the mystical theology itself has suffered from, or been discredited by, his fall.

It must never be forgotten that the position of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to Scripture is different from that of any Protestant body. She claims to have existed before a line of the New Testament was written, to have had authority to determine what was and what was not 'canonical' and 'inspired,' and she still claims full power to place her own interpretation on whatever may therein be contained. She also, very reasonably, regards as God's teaching, his providential action with respect to the foundation, formation, and perfecting of the organisation of the Church herself, and she is thus already provided beforehand with other bases of support than that afforded by the texts to which her theologians or doctors have so frequently appealed.

But a much more important matter remains to be noticed: the decrees of Trent and the Vatican really leave, after all, the essence of the question quite unsettled. A distinction has been long familiar to theologians between the parts of Scripture which relate to 'faith and morals' and the rest; the former being spoken of as *scripta propter se*, and the latter as *scripta propter aliud*. Now it is simply unquestionable that, as yet, no decree whatever binds Catholics to regard as inspired anything but such passages as may turn out to have been *scripta propter se*, and it is, of course, conceivable that they may consist only of brief sentences scattered at wide intervals through the sacred books.

In the matter of Biblical criticism Cardinal Newman has himself taken a step [18] which, though a very cautious and short one, as befits his responsible position as a prince of the Church, yet seems to indicate a road along which persons less officially fettered may boldly advance. In the publication referred to he makes [19] the following observations:

> I am not here affirming or denying that Scripture is inspired in matters of astronomy and chronology, as well as in faith and morals; but I certainly do not see that because inspiration is given for the latter subjects, therefore it extends to the former.

As to the restriction of inspiration to 'faith and morals,' he asks:

> How otherwise are we to account for the remarkable stress laid on the inspiration of Scripture in matters of faith and morals, both in the Vatican and at Trent, if after all faith and morals, in view of inspiration, are only parts of a larger gift?

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[18] See his article in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*, 1884, and also a postscript thereto (published by Burns & Oates) entitled 'What is of obligation for a Catholic to believe concerning the inspiration of the Canonical Scriptures.'

[19] See his *Postscript*, pp. 8, 10, 11, 23, 24, and 25.

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Otherwise, he continues:

> What is gained by singling out faith and morals as the legitimate province of inspiration? . . . It is a paradox to say that the Vatican declarations about Scripture are in their wording so much of a *facsimile* of the Tridentine only because they mean so very little. Even when a phrase is not easy to translate, the identity is preserved; for instance, the clause '*in rebus fidei et morum, ad ædificationem doctrinæ christianæ pertinentium*,' not '*pertinentibus*,' is found in both Councils.

As to the nature and extent of inspiration he pertinently adds:

> Inspiration of Scripture *in omnibus suis partibus* is one thing; *in omnibus rebus* is another.

It is, indeed, a fact which no one can truthfully deny that there is as yet no decision as to what the word 'inspiration' really means. Is it compatible with error? The idea that it is so may at first seem absurd, but on no hypothesis can it be considered as a gift confined to good men; for, as the Cardinal significantly remarks, 'Balaam and Caiaphas' were 'inspired,' and he contends that, since it is evident that the Holy Spirit does not hinder varieties and errors in transcribers of Scripture, it is not clear that even the original writers should have been altogether freed from error. If we had literally to believe what the Bible says, we should be compelled to affirm that God himself 'hardened the heart of Pharaoh' and prompted, rewarded, or condoned mendacity on many occasions—notably in the instances of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Jael and Judith. Indeed no one who maintains the old-fashioned view of Biblical inspiration can venture to deny, in the face of the 24th verse of the xxii. chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, the shocking statement that God not only could, but actually did, inspire prophets who prophesied falsely, and not only could, but actually did, allow men to be thus deceived.

As I have said, no one at present knows what the term 'inspiration' really signifies, while no reasonable person, even though not a Christian, can deny that in some sense the Scriptures are 'inspired'—that they contain a vast deal more that is likely to be of value to man than any other body of religious literature. If, then, Catholics at present are free to hold as inspired, in some undefined sense of that word, only certain portions, or passages, of the books set before them as canonical, then no difficulty to faith can arise from any historical research whatever, and no detriment to science can spring from any such religious belief.

But, in fact, principles are already freely admitted which are amply sufficient to insure our complete scientific freedom in this matter; for if any Scripture narrative is detailed and distinct, it is that of the deluge, which is also referred to in the New Testament. Nevertheless no one now,[20] of any account, even professes to believe

[20] Anyone interested in seeing the absurd lengths to which a childlike faith may carry well-meaning people is referred to a variety of letters on this subject which appeared in the first quarter of the *Tablet* of 1884.

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the truth of the narrative we read, although it may be based on a tradition of some considerable local inundation.[21] But if an inspired narrative, which has God for its author, can be thus deemed entirely unhistorical and untrustworthy, without prejudice to Catholicism, why may not the various other narratives which Kuenen, Wellhausen, Colenso, and Reuss criticise be unhistorical likewise? I recollect that, as long ago as when I was a boy at Oscott, I was taught that the book of Jonah was only a parable,[22] and, as a very learned priest observed to me only a few days ago, 'God can teach us by symbols as well as by facts, ideal characters can serve for instruction as well as real ones.' A man must be blind who does not see that the Bible, as a fact, has served in a supreme degree to promote the religious education of the world, to encourage belief in the Fatherhood of God, and has, by both stimulating and satisfying the conscience, most powerfully 'made for righteousness.' What, then, if the advance of critical science shows that many events deemed miraculous were not so, or never even took place at all, or that utterances for centuries deemed prophetical were not really such? The Scripture has none the less served its purpose by having arrested attention to, overcome prejudice against, and compelled belief in, permanent religious truths which might otherwise have failed to attain that hold on the Christian world they have in fact attained; nor can a Theist refuse to regard as providential the times and modes of the promulgation, preservation, and temporary, most reasonable, acceptance in their entirety, of the books which constitute the Bible. No Theist, who must believe that a Divine purpose underlies and manifests itself in the course of human history, can fail to regard such a book as inspired, and as a priceless guide to faith and morals, whatever may have been the number of its writers, the order, method, or date of composition of its various parts, or the extent or number of emendations, recensions, and additions it may have undergone and received. Nor can even the greatest stickler for literalism deny it to be a fact that our knowledge of truth in relation to the Bible has gained by the increase of scientific knowledge, nor that such gain was intended and is the result of a Divine purpose.

The liberating influences of the instructive case of Galileo are thus wonderfully supplemented by the advance of historical science,

[21] I well recollect dining at a priest's house (in or about 1870), when one of the party, the late accomplished Mr. Richard Simpson of Clapham (a most pious Catholic and weekly communicant), expressed some ordinary scientific views on the subject of the deluge. A startled auditor asked anxiously, 'But is not, then, the account in the Bible of the deluge true?' To which Mr. Simpson replied, 'True! Of course it is true. There was a local inundation, and some of the sacerdotal caste saved themselves in a punt, with their cocks and hens.'

[22] That wide views are also now practically tolerated by authority in England is shown by the publication of a very remarkable article on the 'Pentateuch,' published in the *Tablet* for June 12, 1886, vol. xxxv. p. 928.

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and any fear which the weak amongst Catholics might feel as to the harmony of modern criticism with their religion is shown to be unnecessary by our experience as to that never-to-be-forgotten case. For, as I before pointed out,[23] God has taught us by the actual facts of the history of Galileo that it is to men of science that He has committed the elucidation of scientific questions, scriptural or otherwise, and not to a consensus of theologians, or to ecclesiastical assemblies or tribunals. Such authorities at that time sought to impose, and more or less succeeded in imposing, on Catholics a belief as to God's word which was erroneous, and it was men of science alone who delivered them from it. Similarly, it is the men of historical science now, and not theologians or congregations, who are putting us in the way of apprehending, with some approach to accuracy, what the truth is as to the dates, authorities, and course of development of the writings which were inspired, for our spiritual profit.

These instances have an especial value since they appear to give (as regards questions of science) the *coup de grâce* to those two bugbears of timid Catholics which are known as a 'consensus of theologians' and the 'ordinary teaching.' Nothing will one day appear more strange and unreasonable than the opinion that a body of men, admittedly fallible, could not by any possibility have fallen into a common error, due to a common ignorance about matters of which it was impossible for them without a miracle to have any knowledge whatever; or that the ordinary teaching of such men need not have been limited by their very limited knowledge. True, doctors of divinity know well that 'theology' is not 'infallible,' and that what has been universally taught for centuries may not have a shadow of foundation in fact. We thus seem—as I before pointed out in the case of Galileo—to be most happily liberated from every bond save the formal decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff teaching the whole Church *ex cathedrâ* as to faith and morals. And to that benign and sagacious rule his spiritual children may look with the fullest trust and confidence. For, little by little, the invincible advance of historical, as of other, science permeates and transforms the whole Catholic body, and ultimately reacts upon its supreme head. While the general sentiment of Catholics remains unchanged, the Holy See remains, as a rule, sympathetically unaltering in its action. But it follows, with attention, though slowly and warily, the course of scientific thought and investigation. It cannot be expected to anticipate by positive pronouncements what is greatly in advance of general Catholic opinion. I have what seems to me sufficient evidence that broad views are not in disfavour at the Vatican, though sudden or abrupt action is neither to be expected nor desired. It is amply sufficient if a gradual change in the knowledge, the ideas, and

[23] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1885, p. 41.

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the convictions of the Catholic body in due time overcomes a natural reluctance to forsake a beaten path, and by degrees induces conformity to a new environment. The slow, silent, indirect action of public opinion does in time infallibly produce its effect; and if now and again authority has yielded unduly to retrograde and obstructive influences, yet, as experience has shown us with respect to Copernicanism, it may end by thoroughly adopting what was at first resisted and denounced. No doubt it may astonish and vex some persons to be told that he who is officially the leader allows himself thus to be led. But he does so by a wise prescience which is the ordinary characteristic of the Supreme Pontiff. The Vatican decree as to Papal infallibility does not invest the Pope with any higher power than that which was before recognised as pertaining to the Universal Church. Yet that Church never claimed inspiration, but only a certain 'assistance,' which in no way dispensed it from making use of all ordinary human means of arriving at truth; and the Pope, therefore, must employ such ordinary human means also. The very possession of a recognised official infallibility is likewise a strong guarantee for extreme prudence on the part of supreme authority. The Holy See is no mere head of any school of philosophy, and no slave to the opinions or interests of any party of the Church, least of all of narrow-minded dogmatists. Papal Rome is essentially a spiritually imperial power, and its great task is to preserve the organic union of Christendom. And all men are debtors to the Papal chair for the course it has thus, on the whole, pursued. By maintaining the Catholic Church in one close-knit organisation, it has alone been able to preserve, through barbarous ages, the essentials of Christianity; and by upholding, as it has upheld, not only the idea, but the existence, of a Church essentially extra-national and aspiring to be universal, the Holy See has set before the world an ideal of the very highest moral significance. A ruling power of this kind is not likely voluntarily to narrow the basis of a world-wide sway. We cannot, therefore, refuse to believe that there is in store for the Catholic world a transformation of opinion in the domains of history and criticism, similar to the transformations which it has antecedently experienced in the fields of astronomical, geological, and biological science.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

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MR. GLADSTONE AND THE INCOME TAX.

I HAVE no wish to enter into a general examination of Mr. Gladstone's very courteous article on my last two volumes, but as there is one point on which Mr. Gladstone considers himself personally aggrieved, I ought, perhaps, not to leave his remarks without a few words of reply. Referring to his election address of 1874, I wrote: 'We have ourselves seen a Minister going to the country on the promise that if he was returned to office he would abolish the principal direct tax paid by the class which was then predominant in the constituencies.' Mr. Gladstone, in the first place, says that these words are inaccurate, for there was no question of 'returning to office,' and he informs me, as of a fact of which I was wholly ignorant, that when he issued his address he was Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is surely sufficient to answer that I expressly stated that Mr. Gladstone's offer was the offer of 'a Minister.' I was fully aware of the very elementary fact that Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister when he went to the country, but a succession of reverses had, as he acknowledged, diminished his power, and, to the great surprise of the nation and, it is believed, of his own colleagues, he suddenly resolved to sacrifice his present majority, to dissolve Parliament, and to endeavour to regain his ascendency by large offers of financial relief. Part of these offers consisted of a general and undefined promise to reduce duties and assist the rates, but the part which at once and especially riveted the attention of the country by its conspicuous novelty and boldness was a definite pledge that if he recovered his position, and returned to office after the election, he would abolish the income tax.

Mr. Gladstone next says that the income-tax payers were not the predominant class in the electorate. It is true that even in the comparatively restricted constituencies of 1874 they were not the most numerous, but there is, I believe, little question that they were still the most influential class, and it was perfectly well known on both sides that a general movement of the income-tax payers would be sufficient to establish or to destroy the ministry. Is it irrelevant to add that they were the voters whose allegiance to the Liberal chief

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was notoriously wavering? Every elector of this class who went to the poll had been informed that he had a direct, personal, money interest in the triumph of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone maintains, on several grounds, that his offer was legitimate and laudable. It was merely, he says, consulting the country on questions of taxation, just as it had formerly been consulted about reform, or the Chinese war, or the Irish Church. He dilates upon the well-known injustices and inequalities of the income tax. He urges—what I at least never dreamed of disputing—that the promise he made would be tested in a few weeks, and would be faithfully fulfilled; but he especially relies upon the fact that twenty-one years before this election he had joined a ministry which had promised that the tax should not be permanent. This pledge, it appears, which had long been sufficiently dormant, revived in its full vitality at the eve of the election, and Mr. Gladstone represents his offer to the constituencies as prompted by a solemn and imperious sense of moral obligation.

I regret that I am wholly unable to regard this matter in the light in which it presents itself to Mr. Gladstone. I have neither the right nor the wish to dispute Mr. Gladstone's motives, nor do I deny the force of the arguments that have been adduced against the income tax. If Mr. Gladstone had made its abolition a part of one of the budgets he introduced into the House of Commons, no one could have objected on grounds of political morality. But the election address of a party leader is necessarily a bid for power, and the bid which Mr. Gladstone made in 1874 appears to me to have been of a kind which no statesman ought to make. A minister who (to speak very plainly) tries to win an election by telling the most important body in the electorate that if they support him each individual among them will be freed from a specific pecuniary burden, and who does this without any clear or definite statement of equivalent burdens to be imposed, is as evidently endeavouring to govern votes by motives of direct personal interest as if he distributed banknotes. There could be but little doubt of his intention. There could be no doubt whatever of the manner in which his offer must have presented itself to the mind of an average elector or the nature of the influence it was calculated to exercise on his conduct. No one in fact who followed the election could fail to observe that the boon offered to the income-tax payers was continually put forward as Mr. Gladstone's great title to their applause and to their votes.

Mr. Gladstone, however, here accuses me of a somewhat serious suppression. 'Mr. Lecky,' he says, 'ought to have known and to have stated that with the proposal to repeal the income tax came a proposal to reconstruct and enlarge the death duties. Direct taxation of a kind most vexatious to trade and industry was to be removed;

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direct taxation the least of all unfavourable to trade and industry . . . was to be imposed.'

After this remarkable statement, the reader will probably be surprised to learn that Mr. Gladstone's election address did not contain a word about the death duties. There was an intimation, it is true, that some further adjustment or imposition of taxes might be required, but the whole of the information vouchsafed on this subject is contained in the following not very luminous sentence: 'I have said nothing to preclude the Government from asking Parliament to consider, in conjunction with those great remissions, what moderate assistance could be had from judicious adjustments of existing taxes.' In a speech made a few days later, Mr. Gladstone became more clear, and stated that, in consideration of the repeal of the income tax and the reduction of the rates, 'property ought, in some shape, and to some considerable and equitable extent, to make some fair contribution towards the public burdens.' But the nature and magnitude of this contribution, the form it was to take, and the area over which it was to be distributed, were never revealed up to the date of the election. Mr. Gladstone's usually very accurate memory has, I believe, on this point, wholly deceived him. Everything relating to the contribution was left perfectly vague and shadowy. One point only was brought before the electors in clear, vivid, unmistakable relief. It was that if Mr. Gladstone won the day the income tax would cease.

I have endeavoured to point out, in the passage to which Mr. Gladstone refers and in other portions of my book, that the manipulation of taxation for party purposes is one of the special and characteristic dangers of modern politics. It is an evil which may assume many forms, and it ought to be watched with an unceasing vigilance. An election promise to relieve a great class of wavering voters from a specific tax if they would vote for the Minister, appears to me to be a typical and conspicuous example of this danger, and one of the most pernicious precedents that could have been introduced into English politics. I do not, I repeat, impugn Mr. Gladstone's motives, but this was the nature of his act. He must excuse me if I add my opinion that the decisive and somewhat indignant rejection of his offer by the constituencies was an encouraging sign of the sound political morality of the nation.

W. E. H. Lecky.

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A KITCHEN COLLEGE.

KITCHEN College! Well, why not? We have a College of Music, of Surgeons, of Physicians, of Preceptors; why not a College of the Kitchen?

It seems a little absurd at first sight, and yet the only absurdity is that no one ever thought of it before. For many years the servant grievance has been before the public. The scarcity and inefficiency of domestic servants have been talked about till we are almost as weary of the subject as of our incapable cooks and housemaids, but nothing seems to have been done to remedy the evil; there has been no improvement except in wages, for no matter how incompetent the servant may be, she demands and gets high wages, and gives very general dissatisfaction.

I do not mean to touch here on the facilities offered of late years by classes and schools of cookery—doubtless servants can learn much from a course of clever practical lectures—but I would venture to point out that in the majority of cases the persons attending the classes are not servants, but ladies—mistresses in many instances—who go with the praiseworthy intention of learning how to be practical cooks by seeing a practised instructor roll out pastry, or bake fancy bread in a gas stove, and then go home and attempt to teach their own cooks; the second-hand instruction frequently taking a negative form, such as, 'Cook, that's not the way to make puff pastry, that's not the way to make a custard, or truss a chicken;' the mistress herself having only a very indistinct recollection of what *is* the way.

However much good the schools and cooking classes may have done, they do not seem to have reached the real root of the domestic servant difficulty; they have caused no perceptible improvement in servants as a class. Servants are still scarce and unsatisfactory, and there is still the same evident distaste for service amongst the young women of the working classes from which we naturally expect to draw our supply. Business of any sort, no matter how unhealthy, precarious, fatiguing, and unremunerative, is preferred to domestic service. A girl will work twelve hours a day and half starve rather than become a housemaid or kitchen-maid, with good food, a comfortable home, and comparatively easy work.

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Now there must be a strong reason for this very widespread dislike for service. It is not the love of personal liberty and feeling of independence. No working woman in the world has less liberty, independence, and comfort than the out-of-door business girl in London. She has to serve not one but many masters, her work gives her neither time for pleasure nor means of enjoyment; her life is one long round of toil, the only variation being from seams to button-holes, from button-holes to seams, yet she clings to 'business' with the strongest tenacity! Why? In the first place she thinks it respectable; 'business' is such a delightfully vague term. It may mean anything. But 'service,' there is no mistaking the meaning of that word. 'Only a servant' is considered the most contemptuous designation. To an uneducated and untrained girl the rules and regulations of service seem very rigid. Service entails neatness, order, politeness, industry, truth, honesty, morality; in short, all the qualifications that go to form a good woman and a good citizen; and where, we may reasonably ask, are young women to acquire all those good qualities before going to service? Failing in them they fail to give satisfaction to the employer, and hence the everlasting complaints. Besides considering it a disgrace to be a servant, girls have an idea that in domestic service there is no chance of 'getting on,' while 'business' of any sort is full of possibilities; and a third and prevalent objection is that they lose all opportunity of *bettering* themselves by marriage, their prospects are limited strictly to their own class. Those are the weightiest objections young women have to service, and it must be confessed they are not entirely unfounded. No doubt there has been much done of late years to help servants, both physically and morally, but I am not aware that anything has been attempted from a sociological point of view; their position is in many respects worse than it was a hundred years ago. Then, though a servant was ill-paid and more frequently not paid at all, there were compensations, there existed a certain amount of intimacy between master and man, mistress and maid; there was kindly feeling, interest, confidence on the one side, fidelity on the other, the servant was not unfrequently the counsellor, and very generally the companion of the master, and took a keen personal interest in all his affairs. Now there is mistrust and suspicion on both sides; the maid thinks the mistress makes it the pastime of her idle moments to worry and find fault with her, while the mistress believes the maid's chief pleasure in life is to cross and annoy her; both misunderstand each other, and the result is mutual discomfort. Without exactly wishing to recall the days of 'Caleb Balderstone,' one cannot help desiring a better feeling between persons who have to live in such very close contact as mistresses and servants. In no other calling whereby a woman earns her bread is she brought into such strictly personal relations with

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her employer as in service; under no other circumstances is an employer bound to be so careful in investigating the character of the person employed. Our children, at the most tender and impressionable age, are left almost exclusively to the care of servants; our food, on which so much of the health and happiness of our lives depend, is entirely at their mercy. We entrust them with everything we value most, with no better guarantee of their efficiency than the word or the letter of a complete stranger. In short, we expect a great deal from our servants, and it is reasonable to ask, What do we give in return, what have we ever done for a class on whom we are so dependent, what effort has been made to raise the tone of service, what inducements are offered to respectable young women to enter the ranks? None, or comparatively none! High wages do not prove a sufficient attraction; in no case is the remuneration high enough to secure a competence for old age without many, many years of toil; there are no fortunes to be made, no special advantages even to be gained by special skill or integrity. An extravagant, inefficient cook gets as well paid as a capable, economical one, specially among the middle classes, who cannot afford to pay for the very best service.

Most people will admit that average servants of late years have deteriorated, partly owing to the fact that they are drawn from an inferior class, and partly because in the terrible march of mind of the last twenty years they have been left behind, their position as a class absolutely ignored; though their failings are ever before us, nothing has been done for their improvement. In one respect the middle classes are unfortunate, they have to suffer for the faults of the upper classes; the kitchen-maid of Belgrave Square becomes very often the cook of a less aristocratic neighbourhood, and the waste and extravagance permitted in the kitchen of a rich man is ruinous in the professional man's semi-detached villa, and the cook gets blamed for what after all is only the result of improper training. In short, at the present time servants are either badly trained or not trained at all, and therefore we want a Kitchen College.

In other words, we want a thoroughly organised and recognised centre, school, college—the name is immaterial—where servants can study and pass such an examination and gain such a certificate as will be a proof of skill and competence not only in one special department, but of general capacity and respectability; that qualifications should be given according to merit; and that the institution should be so managed that a woman would feel as proud of a degree from the 'College for Domestic Servants' as from any other college open to women. Cooks, housemaids, parlour-maids, and nurses have all well-defined duties, and a competitive examination is the best method of testing their skill. A nurse frequently knows less about children than any other living creature; she has the haziest ideas

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about draughts, the most supreme contempt for ventilation, and firmly believes a baby never cries unless it is hungry, and forthwith gives the inevitable bottle, frustrating nature's efforts to exercise and expand the lungs. A general servant who can cook tolerably and knows a little about housework is the exception; as a rule, she is deplorably ignorant of both. Up to the present a good character has been the only guarantee of efficiency, but it is clear that it is by no means an infallible test; a servant that one mistress may have thought satisfactory may prove quite the reverse to another. But a trained and certificated servant, who knows her work and does it, would be in a position to ignore fault-finding, or, still more satisfactory, not deserve it, she would be less liable to dismissal for imaginary faults, and she would be to a great extent independent of 'characters.' As it is, the domestic servant is a sort of shuttlecock tossed from one mistress to another, leaving a different impression on the mind of each. In short, the servant has no standing, no ideal of excellence, no ambition; her life is monotonous and often sordid in its details, her mental and social condition are both uncared for. Surely this ought not to be, and the wives, mothers, and daughters of England should consider it. We live with our servants as if they were aliens, and then wonder they do not serve us with love and gratitude.

It may be objected that training, general education, and the granting of degrees, would make a class already difficult to deal with still more so, and that servants would consider themselves the equals of their employers. I think the effect would be just the reverse: a sensible and liberal education would teach women not only what is due to themselves, but what is due to others; and a feeling of independence that the thorough knowledge of his business gives to every worker in every craft would make servants much less suspicious and less resentful. Honest service without servility, cheerful politeness without undue familiarity, cleanliness, economy, and truth, are what we most desire in our domestics; and without education and training how can we reasonably hope to get them? It may be argued against this college scheme, that the effort made years ago to induce better-class women to enter servitude under the name of 'lady-helps' proved a failure. A little reflection would have shown that it could not have proved anything else. The lady-help was an artificial growth, and could not possibly meet a real want. We do not want ladies to become servants, neither their habits nor instincts fit them for the occupation: pride and prejudice, sensitiveness, and I might add ignorance, are bad foundations; but it may not be *too Utopian* to hope that servants may become more like ladies, or at least that the ignorant, slip-shod, sullen 'slavey' who works without hope, and idles without enjoyment, may disappear from amongst us, and that the time is not far distant when a domestic

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servant can hear herself spoken of as such, if not with honest pride, at least without shame or discontent.

Therefore we want a Kitchen College for women, not a school of cookery or a conglomeration of unorganised 'classes,' but a school of everything a servant ought to know; a school or college with exhibitions and scholarships and diplomas, with clever lecturers, and clear, simple text-books, and fees that will come within the means of women who have to work for their daily bread.

The starting and conducting of such a college ought to be woman's work; women suffer most from the ministrations of inefficient servants, women benefit most by the attention of good ones; and I have no doubt that there are in England women enough—generous, warm-hearted, thoughtful women—to found such an institution; women enough, from the very highest lady in the land, down to the poorest mother of a family, waited on by a nameless little maid-of-all-work from St. Luke's, to stretch out a helping hand to their sisters in service, and give them what every woman has a right to, the means of improving their social standing.

One word more, Kitchen College must be no charity. To make it a success, it must be as much a national institution as the University of Oxford; its degrees, certificates, and prizes must be worked for, fought for, and won, by the most deserving, not as an 'imperfect favour, but a perfect right.'

H. Brooke Davies.

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ART SALES AND CHRISTIE'S.

ONE more of the healthy intellectual appetites of our time is the love of art and the desire to live amongst the beautiful things which art creates as another world—a world of beauty which the genius of man adds to nature as a supplement of enjoyment and happiness. This want, we shall be told, is for another luxury that can well be dispensed with; but, increasing by what it feeds on, it has grown into such a necessity for the wealthy, and, let us hope, a requisite for the poor, that our houses would be dull and our daily life stale without the salt of art. Not that the desire and the want to gratify it are anything new, for they are as old as the race, to say nothing of art as a means of expression, which is altogether another matter equally old; but that the vast expansion of the taste for art and the formation of collections is a comparatively new and distinguishing feature in modern civilisation. If we look no further back than the last thirty years, the number of private and public collections of pictures and works of art of every kind which have been formed, in the great manufacturing districts especially, is astonishingly large. Since the great Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857[1] set the example, there is scarcely a commercial man of position in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Northumberland, and in Scotland who has not his collection of pictures, and every town or provincial city has its picture gallery and museum. Ten years passed with increasing movement in this direction, marked by that other remarkable exhibition at Leeds when, as at Manchester, besides the finest modern pictures from newly formed collections, there were some of the best examples of the works of the old masters contributed from the collections of the aristocracy, those old homes of taste and art culture, both in pictures and the original drawings and studies of the great painters which possess such unspeakable interest.

It is remarkable of these modern collections that, although there may have been a sidelong glance at a possibly good investment, they show a very striking feeling for all that is beautiful in nature; land-

[1] The metropolis of manufacture distinguished itself again by another Art Treasures Exhibition in 1878, and in this Jubilee year has added another art laurel to her civic crown.

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scape, both in the grander scale of oil-paintings and in the delicate and refined style of water-colours, taking the highest place. This is sufficiently told by the evidence of price, which is a sort of thermometer of public taste. Even in the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds, very fine landscapes by such masters as Claude, Poussin, Cuyp, Ruysdael, and Hobbema were to be bought for two or three hundred guineas, and the highest for a Claude was 520*l.* for that beautiful picture known as 'The Enchanted Castle,'[2] in the sale of M. de Calonne's (the French Ambassador) collection in 1795 in London, and 500*l.* for the companion picture, described in the sale catalogue as 'equally beautiful,' but which has now not been identified. The prices, which evince a high estimate of Claude before the days of modern landscape, are positively insignificant compared to those paid at auction during the last twenty years for landscapes and sea-pieces by Turner, Constable, David Cox, Copley Fielding, William Collins, W. Muller, Stanfield, and Linnell. These go by thousands instead of hundreds of guineas. And Gainsborough comes into this honourable account *now*, though his landscapes while he painted them were thought little of; and he died leaving the passage and staircase of his rooms in Schomberg House, Pall Mall, encumbered with them. Yet have we not seen at Christie's his 'Market Cart' bought for the National Gallery so far back as 1828, at close upon 1,200*l.*, and just twenty years ago his 'Harvest Waggon' for 3,147*l.* 10*s.*; in 1875 his 'Rustics on a Road' for 3,465*l.*, and in 1883 'Peasants and Colliers going to Market,' 2,835*l.*? These are prices worthy of his genius. High prices for pictures by Crome, Patrick Nasmyth, George Vincent, Cotman, and others of the old school, might also be quoted. And still more forcibly to show the increased appreciation of landscape at the present time, there are not to be forgotten 'The Chill October' of Sir John Millais, which sold for 3,255*l.* in the Mendel sale, 1875, and in the present season, his 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' for 5,250*l.*

But it is in the works of Turner, the great master over land and sea as a naturalistic and poetic painter, and in those of David Cox, less daring and ambitious in his flight, never heroic in his style, though with a charm of homely truth and rural beauty entirely his own, that we have to record the most remarkable rise in value. Turner, like most great painters of the past, died without ever enjoying the proud satisfaction of receiving these large prices for his pictures or of seeing them paid in public competition. Had he lived in these halcyon days he might have enjoyed both, though certainly he cared more for his art than for fame, and perhaps more

[2] This celebrated picture (size 34 by 58½), painted in 1664 for the Conestabile Colonna at Rome, afterwards passed into the collection of Mr. Walsh Porter, and was sold at Christie's in his sale for 945*l.*, purchased by Mr. Wells of Redleaf, and sold in his collection in 1848, when it was bought by Lord Overstone, and remains in the fine collection of Lord Wantage at Carlton Gardens.

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than for money. And this was shown with singular courage and determination when he sat in Christie's room at the sale of Lord de Tabley's collection in 1827, and bid for his own pictures, buying 'The Blacksmith's Shop' for 147*l.*, and 'The Dutch Fishing Boats—Sun Rising in Mist,' for 514*l.* 10*s.* This picture he refused to part with, bequeathing it to the National Gallery, along with his 'Dido building Carthage,' as his own chosen masterpieces with which he matched himself with Claude. Turner was often watching the sales at Christie's, and he must have seen his pictures bring double and treble what he had been paid for them. But there were few that went above 400*l.* before 1851, the year he died, and the highest prices he could have known were 593*l.* for the 'Sheerness and Sheppey;' 693*l.* for the 'English Ship stranded on the French Coast;' and 703*l.* 10*s.* for 'Walton Bridge.' Within three years after his death they began to run up into thousands—2,100*l.* for the 'Cologne,' 2,520*l.* for 'The Grand Canal, Venice'—the Munro picture, for which, when it came up in the Mendel sale, Lord Dudley bid himself against Mr. Agnew, and gave in at 7,000 guineas, afterwards buying the picture at the usual trade advance of 10 per cent. This stands at present as the top-price, but it was not reached, as will be observed, by one bound; for in 1856 Lord Delamere sent his fine sea-piece 'Carrying out an Anchor to a Dutch Man-o'-War,' painted in 1803–4, to Christie's, and it brought 3,000*l.*; and in 1863 the fine Bicknell collection came to the hammer, in which there were no less than ten first-rate Turners which averaged 1,737*l.* apiece. This collection may be regarded as a typical one of English taste for modern pictures and the unaffected indulgence of it for the pure love of the thing, free from the ostentation of display; for when it was formed, in the twenty years before, prices had not risen to such a height, and it came to be sold simply as a matter of property settlement. Mr. Bicknell was the son of a schoolmaster at Tooting, who deserves the credit of having had for his pupil Thomas Wilde, destined to be Lord Chancellor. He was fond of the country, and was learning to be a farmer when he was induced to join in carrying out a process of utilising spermaceti waste, by which a large fortune was made. He cultivated the society of the leading painters; Turner painted pictures for him, so did David Roberts who married his daughter, and it was in his charming house at Herne Hill Mr. Ruskin first studied the works of Turner. The collection was always to be seen upon introduction, and it is to be named in importance with those of Mr. Wells of Redleaf, Mr. Vernon and Mr. Sheepshanks, the two last-named being long well known in the National Collection, to which they were bequeathed, while that of Mr. Wells was sold at Christie's. It was the sale of the Bicknell collection in 1863 that sounded the first high note of price. Besides the fine Turner pictures and drawings, above referred to, there were pictures by other

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artists which brought prices never before approached. 'Selling Fish,' by W. Collins, R.A., 1,228*l.* 10*s.*; 'Interior of St. Gomar,' by David Roberts, R.A., 1,438*l.* 10*s.*; 'Good Night,' by T. Webster, R.A., 1,207*l.* 10*s.*; 'Beilstein,' by C. Stanfield, R.A., 1,575*l.*, and 'Pic du Midi,' 2,677*l.* 10*s.*; Landscape by Callcott, with Cattle by Landseer, 3,097*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Prize Calf,' by Landseer, 1,890*l.*; 'The Highland Shepherd,' 2,341*l.* 10*s.*, and 'Two Dogs looking for Crumbs,' 2,415*l.*; 'The Heiress,' by C. R. Leslie, R.A., 1,260*l.* For all these pictures comparatively very small prices had been paid to the artists—from 150*l.* to 300*l.* For Landseer's two dogs, which was bought for the Marquis of Hertford, the painter had 300*l.* only. It should be said, however, that some very high prices had been paid for Landseer's pictures before the Bicknell sale, the highest being for the beautiful 'Titania,' from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, painted for Mr. Brunel's (the great engineer) Shakespeare Gallery, 2,940*l.*, at Christie's in 1860, when Lord R. Clinton bought it for Earl Brownlow. He, however, consented to part with it not long ago for a *solatium* in the shape of several thousands from Mr. Agnew, and it has since passed into the fine collection of Mr. W. C. Quilter, M.P.

The next decade in the annals of picture sales is marked by an advance still more remarkable than in the Bicknell sale; this was when the collection of Mr. Gillott came to be sold, after his death, in 1872. This was a collection doubly interesting for the character of the man who formed it and as one representative of the English school and English taste. Joseph Gillott rose from the humblest rank of working men; born in 1799 at Sheffield, of poor parents, he soon showed his mettle as a very young lad by making the best penknife blades in the trade. When the cutlery trade suffered from American competition, he went to Birmingham, and set to work making polished steel buckles and other useful ornaments, in which his natural taste enabled him to furnish the market with prettier and better things very much to his advantage. He made money, and about the year 1822 he heard that experiments were being made in the making of steel pens, by Josiah Mason and Mr. Perry, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, with John and W. Mitchell as the practical men. In Birmingham women have long been some of the most skilful artisans, and a sister of the Mitchells assisted them in their work. Gillott became acquainted with her, and observed what was going on, when he soon saw that the process they employed was too tedious to be very profitable. He adapted a 'press' to stamp out pens like buttons, and this he did with such perfect success that he quite captivated Miss Mitchell and married her. They kept their method a secret, and used to work by themselves in a garret, allowing no one to enter. In after life Mr. Gillott was very proud of telling his children how, on the morning of his wedding, before breakfast, he made a gross of pens, and sold them for 7*l.* 4*s.*,

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the price then being a shilling a pen. This industrious couple then made money so fast that they were afraid of its being known, and so placed their earnings in several different banks. Such was his success, that by the year 1836 Mr. Gillott was indulging his fancy for pictures, having also built a large factory where in that year were turned out 36,000,000 pens, not at a shilling a piece, but at a penny a dozen; and this went on increasing, till at the time of his death five tons weight of pens was the output per week. Few more remarkable instances could be cited of such vast utility of manufacture returning such enormous gain by small profits, and these to be so largely expended upon beautiful things. Mr. Gillott's collection sold for 164,530*l.*—made up of English pictures 130,548*l.*, water-colours 27,423*l.*, pictures by old masters 6,559*l.* His collection of 150 fine old violins and violoncellos, which was unique of the kind, though he was not a musician, sold for 4,195*l.* at Christie's.[3] His garden abounded with the most beautiful and rare plants and flowers, and he loved excellence in any form; one of his favourite jokes was to say, 'The best of everything is good enough for me.' Birmingham then had a good name in art matters, and well maintains it now. David Cox was born there, and was the centre of an early art circle, of which Mr. Gillott, Mr. Dawes, and Mr. Birch, all manufacturers, were constantly principal figures. But Gillott was the more enterprising, and he succeeded better than his rival amateurs in getting pictures from Turner, which was not so easy, for he was proud and chary of selling his finest pictures. In fact, the great man lived in dudgeon in his house in Queen Anne Street, nursing his grievance of having had to take home from the Academy exhibition his 'Dido building Carthage,' unsold at 200*l.*, and he had rescued his 'Sun rising in Mist,' at Christie's, by buying it himself.

Few persons who wanted to buy of Turner could get into his house at that time, and he had a sort of female Cerberus in the shape of his old housekeeper, who kept stealthy watch at the door. Mr. Gillott, however, was an original in his way, and liked a joke as much as anybody, and he planned an attack upon Turner's stronghold which is amusing, and most characteristic of the two men. When Gillott knocked at the door the old housekeeper opened it only just enough to see who it was, and gave the usual answer, 'Mr. Turner's particularly engaged; he won't see anybody.' Gillott, however, contrived by parleying with her to get a footing on the door-mat, and soothing her with the charm of a piece of silver in the palm, persuaded her to go and tell Mr. Turner that a man from Birmingham wanted to speak to him. While Gillott was standing in the passage, presently Turner came out looking very surly, and eyeing

[3] A Straduarius violin, 1715, for 290*l.*; a J. Guarnerius violin, 1732, for 275*l.*; a Straduarius violin, 1717, 194*l.*; a J. Guarnerius 'cello, 121*l.*; a Straduarius, 1686, 165*l.*; and many at more than 100 guineas.

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the stranger as he came close up to him, when Gillott addressed him with, 'My name's Gillott. I've come from Birmingham to see your pictures.' 'What, the pen-maker?' exclaimed Turner. 'What do you know about pictures?' 'Oh, I know enough to like yours.' 'Ah, but you can't buy of me,' said Turner, gruffly. 'No, I know that, but I want to swop with you.' 'Swop! what with?' 'Oh, some pictures.' 'Pictures! what pictures?' 'Well, I've got my pictures in my pocket,' said the Birmingham wag, as he pulled out a handful of 1,000*l.* notes, and waved them before the eyes of the grim painter, whose face broke into a smile at the sight and the humour of his new visitor, while he said, 'You're a rum chap; come in and have a glass o' sherry.' With this Turner led him into his room, and Gillott soon began to point to this and that picture he should like, at which Turner generally replied with, 'Ah, don't you wish you may get it!' One of these was the 'The Building of Carthage,' which attracted Gillott's eye especially. Gillott said, 'I should like that, and that,' pointing to 'Sun rising in Mist,' and held out his bunch of banknotes as he said, 'Come, Mr. Turner, I'll swop these with you for those two.' 'No, thank ye, I'll never sell 'em. They might have been had in the Academy for a couple o' hundred apiece, but the press made fun of 'em, and wrote 'em down, and now nobody shall have 'em.' As the story goes Mr. Gillott looked round at the pictures piled against the walls and on the floor, some being stuck in the window to stop a broken pane, and said, 'Well then, Mr. Turner, what will you take for the lot, without those two?' 'Oh, I don't want to sell 'em, and I wouldn't take less than 35,000*l.*,' said Turner, thinking to frighten his visitor out of it; but to his astonishment Gillott quietly pulled out his pocket-book and counted out the sum upon the table. Then Turner's heart failed him, though the sight was so tempting, and all he could be persuaded to do was to part with some dozen pictures at his own price, about 200 guineas each, and these Gillott carried off in a cab triumphantly.[4] It is not quite certain that these were the identical pictures afterwards in the sale, but at any rate there were no less than nine, two of which were of first-rate importance—'The Junction of the Thames and Medway,' which sold for 4,567*l.* 10*s.*, and 'Walton Bridge,' for 5,250*l.* There were pictures by other artists which marked this

[4] The fact of this offer of 35,000*l.* 'for the lot' is so related in a biography of Gillott published in *Old Yorkshire*, but I think there is some confusion, as I was told by Mr. Cox, the well-known picture dealer, an intimate friend of Mr. Gillott's, at the time of the sale, the account above given, except as to this offer, which according to my informant was—several years after this visit Mr. Gillott, hearing that Turner was in ill-health and wishing to go abroad, called on him and offered the 35,000*l.* for the contents of the painting room, with an engagement to provide for the old housekeeper to the end of her life. Turner said he would take a week to consider it, and then declined the offer; no doubt all the while intending to leave his pictures, as he did, to the nation, as well as the large funded property he left 'to found an Institution for the benefit of decayed artists.'

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annus mirabilis of Turners, when for his pictures alone sold at Christie's 28,490*l.* was paid, and for water-colours 25,246*l.*, making altogether the enormous value of 53,736*l.* Amongst the sellers of Turners in that year was Mr. Ruskin, who sent to Christie's his 'Venice,' an upright picture of the 'Grand Canal and Rialto,' which Turner painted for his father, and the price it brought could hardly have disappointed him, for it was 4,000*l.* 10*s.* Neither could 'The Slave Ship,' which Mr. Ruskin sold in 1869, at Christie's, for 2,042*l.*, and which is now in Mr. Seymour Haden's collection. The eminent art-critic was equally accurate in his appreciation of the merits of a picture when he purchased in the French Gallery Exhibition, 1869, Meissonier's 'Napoleon I. in the Campaign of Paris' for 1,000 guineas, which he submitted to the arbitrament of the hammer at Christie's in 1882, when it confirmed his judgment by selling for the glorious price of 6,090*l.* The little gem is only 12¼ by 9¼.

The other pictures in the Gillott sale were Muller's 'Dolgarog Mill,' 1,312*l.* 10*s.*, 'Bay of Naples,' 2,100*l.*, Slave Market,' 1,585*l.* 10*s.*, and 'The Chess Players,' 3,950*l.* This last Mr. Gillott had taken in exchange for Turner's 'Mercury and Argus' with his friend Mr. Birch, and we have just seen the same Turner sold for 3,780*l.* in the sale of Mr. J. Graham's collection. Linnell's 'Hampstead Heath,' 1,743*l.*, and 'The Woodlands,' 2,625*l.*; Stanfield's 'Wooden Walls of Old England,' 2,835*l.*; Maclise's 'Author and the Players,' 787*l.* 10*s.*, and 'Bohemian Gipsies,' 934*l.* 10*s.*; Peter Graham's 'Cattle Tryst,' 1,554*l.*, and Webster's 'Roast Pig,' 3,727*l.* 10*s.* This was the sensation price of the sale, and even the modest artist himself thought it an extravagant one, for when he was told what his picture had sold for, he bluntly said, 'Why the man must be a d——d fool!' There was evidently another in the room besides the buyer, Mr. Bolckow, who had a fancy for the picture, and liked roast pig, a dish which Charles Lamb pronounced of all delicacies the *princeps obsonium.*

Such high prices were a surprise, but they only foretold those that were to surpass them a few years after, when in 1878 the famous 'Munro Turners' came to be sold in the Novar collection. From these, however, some five Turners had been previously sold at Christie's by Mr. Munro's executors in 1867 and at considerable prices, though the highest was only 3,465*l.*, for the 'Modern Italy.' This picture was bought by Mr. Fallows and bought back the following year in his sale, by Mr. Butler Johnston, for less money—2,961*l.*, finally appearing in the Novar sale, 1878, when it redeemed its transient disfavour by bringing nearly double, viz. 5,250*l.*, being bought by Mr. David Price, to take an honourable place in his beautiful collection. The other Turner pictures in this sale were 'Ancient Italy,' 5,460*l.*; 'Campo Vaccino,' 4,672*l.* 10*s.*; 'St. Mark's Place by Moonlight,' 5,460*l.*; 'Van Tromp's Shallop,' 5,460*l.*; 'Rome from Mount Aventine,' 6,142*l.*, making no less than 32,444*l.* for six pictures.

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This golden roll of Turners has an interest far above that which attaches to mere high price, for it tells of an intellectual appreciation of landscape in its highest style, the poetic, which at its best Humboldt so well named 'heroic landscape.' It shows us also how true was Turner's insight in his art when he took Claude for his exemplar, and how just his claim to be compared with that master. Indeed, it may fairly be said that he was a greater master in his transcripts of Nature, stronger, and more profound in his ideal, withal far more various in his perception of beauty and choice of subject. Still, it must be remembered that Turner was not like Rossini, who refused to listen to any music but his own: he looked at Claude's landscapes and admired; and so he did at Gaspar Poussin's, or he would not have painted that admirable picture, 'The Departure of Venus and Adonis for the Chase,' which we saw sold for nearly 2,000*l.* in the Munro collection. Recurring to the dry test of price, it will be observed that whenever master-works of Claude have come up for sale at auction they have maintained a high value, as when the two famous Altieri pictures were sold in the Leigh Court collection in 1884 at Christie's—the 'Landing of Æneas' bringing 3,990*l.* and the 'Sacrifice to Apollo' 6,090*l.*[5] It is true that these prices were nearly 2,000*l.* less than these two beautiful pictures were sold for privately about the year 1810; but they had previously been sold at a Custom House auction as 'unclaimed goods' to pay expenses for 1,200*l.*, the owners not having been informed of their arrival. They were recovered, and were afterwards for some years in Mr. Beckford's collection at Fonthill, from which they passed through Mr. Hart Davis's hands to Leigh Court. There can, however, be little hesitation in saying that the call now is for Turner before Claude, and thus the English landscape-painter's works go on rising in value, as was seen in the recent sale of Mr. J. Graham's collection, when the 'Antwerp, Van Goyen looking for a subject' brought 6,825*l.* This charming sea-piece, which will certainly bring more whenever it comes to be sold again, has the additional interest of showing that Turner knew Van Goyen too, and respected him.

Turner's water-colour drawings were rising in favour quite as remarkably as his oil-paintings, but here he is not beyond compare as regards the estimate of price, for the works of David Cox, Copley Fielding, and De Wint have in several instances fairly rivalled him. Thus David Cox in his 'Hayfield,' in the sale of Mr. Quilter's collection, 1875, brought 2,950*l.*,[6] above which Turner holds his own

[5] These two fine pictures are now in the collection of Mr. W. C. Quilter, M.P.

[6] For this drawing, 'The Hayfield,' Mr. Vokins paid Cox his price, 50 guineas, when it was exhibited in the Water-Colour Society in 1850, and so pleased was Cox that he insisted upon giving Mr. Vokins another drawing as a present. It is remarkable that David Cox's oil pictures, which were seldom larger than his drawings, brought his highest prices—'Peace and War' (18½ by 24), landscape near Lancaster,

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with his 'Bamborough Castle,' 3,307*l.* 10*s.*, in the Gillott sale, bought by the late Earl Dudley, the great picture plunger of his time, and who on the same occasion bought 'Windermere,' 2,047*l.* 10*s.*, 'Heidelberg,' 2,782*l.* 10*s.*, and 'Ehrenbreitstein,' at the same figure. These are the highest Turner ever scored, in water-colour. The latest prices would seem to show that the direction in which Turner's water-colours advance is towards those of his middle and later time, as in the Leech collection, sold recently, those magnificent drawings of his early time—1800–10—'The Falls of the Clyde' and 'Snowdon,' went, the first for 1,470*l.*, the other for 651*l.* only, both in excellent condition, the latter perfect. It was the sale of Mr. Quilter's large collection of water-colours that first brought out the high prices of water-colour drawings. Besides the 'Hayfield' and several other works of Cox, which brought high prices, from 700 to 1,550 guineas, there were fine drawings by G. Cattermole, S. Prout, W. Hunt, whose highly finished pieces of still-life and figures went as high as 750 guineas; J. F. Lewis, R.A., 'School at Cairo,' 1,239*l.*; 'Prayer of Faith,' 1,176*l.*; 'Lilium Auratum,' 1,060*l.*; De Wint, 'Southall, Notts,' 1,732*l.* 10*s.*, for which the artist had 35 guineas only in 1850; Copley Fielding, 'Rivaulx Abbey,' 997*l.* 10*s.*, 'Loch Awe,' 892*l.* 10*s.*, which was once an Art Union prize of 80 guineas, and the 'Mull of Galloway,' 1,732*l.* 10*s.*, a price more than three times what it cost Mr. Quilter. It was an important collection, as the proceeds of the sale showed 70,983*l.* for 417 drawings. And it had the effect generally caused of throwing another large collection on the market next year, in that of Mr. Albert Levy. But the result was not equally successful, and the highest prices reached were for 'The Skylark,' 1,365*l.*, 'Changing Pasture,' 1,333*l.* 10*s.*, 'Ulverston Sands,' 1,732*l.* 10*s.*—all large drawings by David Cox; and there have been no such prices since for other than Turner drawings, with the exception of one by De Wint, 'Lancaster,' belonging to Lord Lonsdale, which brought 1,417*l.* 10*s.* In saying this, however, it must not be omitted that some drawings by the late Fred Walker, that most promising of any painter of what may be called the pastoral domestic sentiment, brought extraordinary prices in the recent sale of Mr. Leech's collection; as much as 2,000 guineas for the 'Spring,' a charming idyll of the primrose, one of a set of the Seasons commissioned by Mr. Agnew at 400 guineas each. And it will be remembered that last year in the Graham sale his oil-paintings brought very high prices, 'The Bathers,' 2,625*l.*, 'The Sunny Thames,' 1,218*l.*, and 'The Vagrants,' 1,858*l.*, which gained something higher than price in the honour of a place in the National Gallery. And this was a graceful mark of fellow-feeling on the part of the Director, Sir F. W. Burton, him-

soldiers marching, in the Gillott sale, 3,601*l.* 10*s.*, and 'Outskirts of a Wood' (28 by 36), 2,315*l.*, 'Caer Cennen Castle' (38 by 28), 2,625*l.* This last was sold in the Levy collection, 1876.

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self a distinguished water-colour painter and quondam President of the Society. It was also an appropriate and well-merited tribute to the genius of the artist and the English school. Too much can hardly be done for setting forth the merit of our water-colour painters as inventors who have added immensely to the achievements of art, revealing, with an expression entirely their own, beauties denied to the severer hand of the oil-painter. And there were brave painters of this ilk before our Agamemnon whose lordly prices threw them into the shade; such pioneers as Dayes, Girtin, Glover, Robson, Cotman, Clennell and Barrett deserve the mark of higher prices than the few guineas they generally stand at in our sales. There are, however, some instances of a worthier appreciation; Girtin's views of cathedrals have brought as much as from 115*l.* to 163*l.* of late years in the sales of Mr. Vine, Sir W. Tite, and Mr. Bale. By Glover, 'A View in Borrowdale' (10412), in the Duke of Hamilton's sale, 210*l.*; by G. Barrett, R.A., several in the Quilter sale went for over 150*l.* and one for 300 guineas; and so far back as 1863 his 'Solitude' brought 420*l.* in Mr. Allnutt's sale, while in 1886 a sunset lake scene sold for 225*l.*, in Mr. Addington's collection. Robson has frequently sold for more than 200*l.*, once bringing 283*l.* for an evening view of Durham Cathedral.

It is the exception in the sales at Christie's to see anything like an historical representative collection of the old English painters in water-colour or oil-painting; for this we must go to the National collections, where happily they find a heaven amongst the chosen of those dispersions of the sale-room which afford us such constant interest and instruction. But while we go to the National Gallery when an hour can be snatched from the busy hive for 'silent worship of the great of old,' Christie's room affords us a view of contemporary art which for completeness and piquant interest is not to be found elsewhere. From time to time, too, we see noble examples of what may be called the old masters of our school—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Richard Wilson—coming from old family collections of their time, and sent into the market generally for the sake of the enormous gain arising out of the increased appreciation awarded by modern taste and culture to the works of these painters. All honour to those self-taught men who passed away and left no rivals to succeed them in that fifty years of vapid academics and decadence that preceded the era of modern painting as we know it. That time, about 1842, might well be called the English renaissance, and it is remarkable that it was an effort of vast commercial enterprise and large national expenditure upon railways and public buildings; the Houses of Parliament especially giving rise, at the suggestion and under the auspices of the Prince Consort as President, to a Fine Arts Commission that created a new school of painting and brought out men who have left their mark upon the age—Maclise, Dyce, Ward, Herbert, Watts.

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We may not stop to discuss the interchange and conversion of energy between art and wealth, but it will be enough to observe how great was the impetus given to art-production, as we saw in noticing the collections formed by Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Gillott, and there were others springing up in every direction where money was accumulating. The modern collection of repute is indeed generally the creation of wealth rather than of cultivated taste and well-informed knowledge, for the plutocrat collector only admires and pays; his gallery is furnished for him by the advice of another who 'knows a hawk from a hand saw.' His pictures are always costly, he would think nothing of them if they were not; and the collection of our *nouveau riche* is made as rapidly as his fortune, which, though great, is not often monumental.

Two remarkable instances of splendid collections of this kind broken up under the hammer of Christie were those of the late Mr. Mendel in 1875, followed in 1877 by that of Baron Albert Grant, who was the purchaser of some of the most important pictures in the Mendel sale. It was truly said by the auctioneers that so many masterpieces of the English school had never before been seen in their rooms, and it might have been added of the Continental schools also, for there were Louis Gallait's 'Vargas taking the Oath,' 2,677*l.* 10*s.*, and 'The Last Honours to Egmont and Horn' (the smaller replica), 1,155*l.*, besides five works of P. Delaroche, Baron Leys and other eminent painters. To name the principal pictures in the Mendel collection: W. Collins' 'Skittle-players' sold for 2,415*l.*; Leslie's 'Scene from Henry the Eighth,' 1,365*l.*; P. Nasmyth's 'Glen Shirah,' 1,470*l.*; R. Wilson, 'Lake Scene,' 735*l.*; J. Linnell, 'Midday Rest,' 1,365*l.*, and 'Tramps,' 1,113*l.*; Millais' 'Jephthah,' 3,990*l.*, and 'Chill October,' 3,255*l.*; Frith's 'Boswell's Lodgings,' with portraits of Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, &c., painted 1868, 4,567*l.* 10*s.*; O'Neil's 'Last Moments of Raphael,' 1,102*l.* 10*s.*; T. Faed, 'Wee bit Fractious,' 1,995*l.*, and 'Only Herself,' 1,732*l.* 10*s.*; Landseer's 'Deer Family,' 3,045*l.*, afterwards sold with some of Lord Dudley's pictures in 1886 for 3,202*l.* 10*s.*, and Turner's 'Venice,' 7,350*l.* The pictures alone making a total of 101,834*l.*, while the statues, other works of art, plate (15,731*l.*) and wines (6,239*l.*) make up 150,186*l.*! Besides this enormous investment thus measured by the auction gauge, it is well known that many fine water-colour drawings by Turner and other painters were disposed of previously by private sale to Messrs. Agnew for a large sum. The owner of all this wealth of art treasures seems to have regarded them much as he did his silks and calicoes, and though he may have parted with them without regret, it could not have been without profit, as they brought much more than they cost; though this, it is sad to think, did not save him from the utter ruin that befel him and cut short his life. From the wreck of this extraordinary collection came some of the

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best pictures in the Baron Albert Grant's sale, styled 'The Kensington House Gallery,' as Mr. Mendel's was 'The Manley Hall Gallery'; the one huge pile was soon mingled with the bricks of Babylon, and the other with its fine gardens was turned into a people's palace for the Metropolis of Manufacture. The noticeable pictures in Baron Grant's collection were—Leader's 'Mountain Solitude,' 535*l.*; C. R. Leslie's 'Falstaff personating the King,' 1,522*l.* 10*s.*, which cost over 2,000 guineas; Goodall's 'Head of the House at Prayer,' 1,203*l.* 10*s.*; Calderon's 'Queen of the Tournament,' 645*l.*; Stanfield's 'Lago di Garda,' 1,532*l.*; 'Morning of the Wreck,' 2,687*l.* 10*s.*, and 'Roveredo,' 2,520*l.*, which cost him 4,000 guineas; 'George Herbert of Bemerton,' by W. Dyce, R.A., 1,092*l.*; three fine works of John Phillip—'Scotch Baptism,' 1,575*l.*; 'Spanish Flower Girl,' 1,890*l.*, and 'La Lotería Nacional,' 3,150*l.*, which it was said cost him 4,000 guineas; Ary Scheffer's 'Hebe,' 1,438*l.* 10*s.*; a landscape by old Linnell, 1,522*l.* 10*s.*, and 'Milking Time,' 1,396*l.* 10*s.*; St. Francis preaching to the Birds,' by H. S. Marks, R.A., 1,155*l.*; 'Charles V. at Yuste,' by A. Elmore, R.A., 1,260*l.*; four fine works of Millais—'Winter Fuel,' 1,785*l.*; 'Scotch Firs,' 1,837*l.* 10*s.*; 'Victory, O Lord,' 2,047*l.* 10*s.*; 'Knight Errant,' 1,522*l.*; Frith's 'Boswell's Lodgings,' which brought such a tremendous price in the Mendel sale, went for more than a thousand less. Landseer's 'Otter Hunt,' painted originally for Lord Aberdeen, brought the highest of all, 5,932*l.* 10*s.*, and the 205 pictures and drawings gave a total of 106,262*l.*, making the extraordinary average of nearly 520*l.* These are prices that may seem to be extravagantly high for modern pictures, even of such first-rate quality, but it must be remembered that in these forced sales it is the exception to find prices exceed those often paid in private sale; and it was proved that the limit had not been touched when, in the sale of some capital works of Landseer, only three years after, belonging to the late Mr. Coleman, of Stoke Park, much higher prices were reached. 'Well-bred Sitters,' Landseer's pet dogs and himself painting, sold for 5,250*l.*; and one of his grandest works, 'Man proposes, God disposes,' the bears tearing the relics of Franklin and his companion Arctic voyagers, 6,615*l.*;[7] while a large crayon drawing of 'A Stag pursued by a Deerhound' brought 5,250*l.* Stanfield's 'Battle of Roveredo' sold for nearly a thousand more than it brought in the Grant sale, and his 'Pic du Midi,' 2,677*l.* 10*s.*, precisely the sum it fetched in the Bicknell sale in 1863. These two fine pictures were bought for the Gallery of Holloway College as well as the Landseer 'Bears,' and on the same occasion that most interesting picture by Millais of 'The Princes in the Tower,' for close upon 4,000*l.* (3,990*l.*). The purchase of these and many other

[7] This is the highest as yet reached at auction, the nearest being 6,510*l.*, for the 'Monarch of the Glen,' bought by Mr. Eaton, M.P., in the sale of Lady Otho Fitzgerald's pictures at Christie's, 1884.

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fine examples of modern painting, to the extent of about 100,000*l.*, by Mr. Holloway as part of his scheme for the education of women, is a most remarkable sign of the necessity felt for providing fine works of art in the promotion of special study and general culture; and this, it must be remembered, by a gallery which may be considered a public institution.

It remains to be said of the development of modern art, as shown in sales by auction, that there have been some collections devoted specially to the works of painters who have struck out a path outside the academic territory. And, strange to say, it was not the leaders of public taste who first took up these artists, and of course, *then*, it was not the picture-dealers, for their *métier* is to see which way the wind sets, and the time was to come when the new school and the peculiar painters would have their public, and command considerable prices in the auction-room. The first man to buy the Preraphaelite essays of young Millais was not a dilettante; he was a simple unpretending person, who happened to have a fortune thrust upon him by that popular domestic comfort, 'Godfrey's Cordial.' This Mr. Godfrey Windus bought the 'Isabella,' 'Mariana of the Moated Grange,' 'Ophelia,' and several smaller works. It is true he put them up pretty soon at Christie's in 1862; 'Isabella' was knocked down for 682*l.* 10*s.*, 'Mariana' 383*l.*, 'Ophelia' 798*l.*, the only one that was sold, and this to Mr. Graves for engraving. The 'Isabella,' better known as 'The Kick,' was afterwards sold by his executors at Christie's, 1868, for 420*l.*, but to a dealer, and in 1875 it appears again at Christie's and sells for 892*l.* 10*s.* Then it becomes the property of the Fine Arts Society, and is sold to Mr. Ionides for 1,400*l.*; finally it comes up at Christie's in 1883 and is sold for 1,102*l.* 10*s.*, and passes to an honourable resting place in the Liverpool Corporation Gallery. Mr. Windus bought it of the young painter for 150 guineas—*sic vos non vobis*, the now eminent Academician can say, but happily not *tulit alter honores*. The 'Mariana' was sold at the same time for 850*l.* 10*s.* and 'St. Martin's Summer' for 1,365*l.* Then there was another heretic buyer in a Mr. Plint, who purchased 'The Carpenter's Shop,' 'The Proscribed Royalist,' and 'The Black Brunswicker,' and whatever he gave for them, it was certainly less than they brought when sold at Christie's after the death of Mr. Plint, which was, 'Carpenter's Shop,' 551*l.* (sold again last year for 892*l.* 10*s.*), 'Proscribed Royalist,' 551*l.*, 'Black Brunswicker,' 819*l.* Mr. Plint also bought Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple' at a large price, it was said 7,000*l.* This was afterwards sold privately to Mr. Matthews, in whose fine collection it remains. Mr. Windus had the 'Scapegoat,' painted 1854, which was sold at Christie's by him for 498*l.* 15*s.* in 1862, and it has just recently appeared at the same place with the 'Valentine and Sylvia' and 'The Awakened Conscience,' all three belonging to Sir T. Fairbairn. The 'Scapegoat' was knocked down

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at 1,417*l.* 10*s.*, the 'Valentine and Sylvia,' 1,050*l.*, and the 'Awakened Conscience,' 105*l.* These were prices that cannot be said to evince a high increasing ratio, and as regards the last-named picture, which was painted expressly for Sir T. Fairbairn, the evidence of price spoke volumes, and said pretty plainly that art cannot be put to preach on unpleasant things in an ugly form. In this way the auction-room can sometimes administer a wholesome corrective. Still more remarkable in this connection was the collection formed by the late Mr. W. Graham, another very plain-sailing lover of pictures, without any pretensions to transcendentalism in any direction, unless it were for the pictures he collected, and these were almost entirely the works of Millais, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Burne Jones, and Fred Walker, as modern painters, with a large collection of pictures by the old masters, chiefly of the early Italian schools. Of Sir John Millais' early works there were two important examples—'The Vale of Rest' (the nun and lay sister digging a grave in the evening light), which brought the large sum of 3,150*l.*, and was bought against all our dealers and amateurs for an American collector. The other was a picture called 'Apple Blossoms'—young ladies seated and reposing under apple trees in an orchard—exhibited in the same year, 1859. For this only one bid was made of 1,000 guineas, and at this the hammer fell. This was a price quite 400*l.* less than it sold for before, in 1876. Of less importance, but very charming in sentiment and in the painting, was a small picture painted in 1855, a year before 'Autumn Leaves,' of a blind beggar girl led by her little sister, playing an accordion, on some village green shining in the brightest summer sunlight, with a rainbow in the sky. This pathetic little picture brought a worthy price—830 guineas. There was also an excellent copy by Miss Solomon of 'The Carpenter's Shop.' By Holman Hunt there were small replicas of his 'Light of the World' and 'The Scapegoat.'

Of Dante Rossetti's art it was quite a representative collection, containing thirty drawings and pictures, and including some of his capital works, such as 'Dante at the Bier of Beatrice' (1,050*l.*), 'Beata Beatrice' (1,207*l.* 10*s.*), 'La Ghirlandata' (1,050*l.*), 'Found' (756*l.*), 'Ecce Ancilla Domini' (840*l.*, for the National Gallery), 'Mariana' (661*l.*) It was equally remarkable for representing Mr. Burne Jones, of whose works, decorative and pictorial, there were thirty-four, including the decorated pianoforte. The large and much increased prices obtained for these were a sufficient and convincing answer to those carping critics who complain that Mr. Burne Jones' art is borrowed from the great of old. The 'Chant d'Amour' (3,207*l.* 10*s.*), 'Laus Veneris' (2,677*l.*10*s.*), 'The Feast of Peleus' (945*l.*), and the 'Days of Creation'—six panels (1,732*l.* 10*s.*)—with several others, selling at more than 700 guineas; the whole of the modern part of the collection coming to nearly 50,000*l.*, while the old master pictures came to 23,409*l.* Another Mr. Graham, who was an uncle, also had

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a similar liking for the pictures of Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Rossetti, and for the early works of Sir John Millais. In his collection, sold at Christie's this season, there were 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' by Millais (1,365*l.*), 'Venus Verticordia,' by Rossetti (472*l.* 10*s.*, sold in 1885 for 577*l.* 10*s.*), and by Burne Jones, 'Pandora' (577*l.* 10*s.*); 'Fides' (462*l.*, sold in 1885 for 577*l.* 10*s.*), 'Sperantia' (672*l.*) These belonged to a set of decorative panels *in tempera*, representing the Virtues, originally bought by Mr. Ellis, the well-known collector of rare books. This Mr. Graham, who, like his nephew, was a great Glasgow merchant, and lived in a castle yclept Skelmorlie, had a more liberal feeling for pictures; and many years before his death had paid the highest price ever known then (6,615*l.*) for the beautiful Gainsborough portrait piece of 'The Sisters,' the Misses Ramus, which we saw sold the other day for 9,975*l.* to Mr. Agnew. His four fine Turner pictures also brought large prices, the 'Mercury and Argus,' 3,780*l.*, the 'Antwerp Van Goyen,' 6,825*l.*; the collection of ninety-five pictures making a total of 62,297*l.* 17*s.*

Striking as are these records of the demands of modern taste, as told by the high prices and the enormous sums expended upon collections of pictures largely the work of living artists of repute, who show every sign of keeping up the supply, it is remarkable that the fathers of the school, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Wilson, are far more highly esteemed than ever they were in their own time. And that this is not a mere success of esteem out of any dutiful regard, but from a downright supremacy of their own, unquestioned and undeniable in all and every artistic consideration, is to be admitted upon the same evidence of price. Their works come into the auction-room comparatively seldom, chiefly because family portraits are the last things parted with under the pressing exigencies of *meum* and *tuum*. When we come to look back upon the auction sales of Sir Joshua's pictures in his lifetime, it is to find that some of his noblest works brought prices lower than Turner's, and have since been sold for prices far above anything ever paid for the best of Turner's pictures. For example, the picture of 'Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy' was actually sold by Lord Halifax in 1782 at Christie's for 262*l.* 10*s.*; it passed into the Angerstein collection, and remained in the family until recently, when it was sold privately for a sum which rumour says was about 15,000*l.*, and rests in a place worthy of its high merit amongst the fine pictures in the gallery of Lord Rothschild. Another famous work of Sir Joshua's, 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,' painted for M. de Calonne, Ambassador of France, as a commission at 800 guineas, and one of the sixteen splendid pictures he sent to the Exhibition of 1784, a picture of which Tom Taylor justly says, in the Life of Reynolds, 'outshone all the other pictures of the day as completely as its original surpassed all her compeers of the stage,' was actually sold in the auction-room of Messrs.

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Skinner & Dyke, in Spring Gardens, for 320*l.*, more than 500*l.* less than the price paid to Sir Joshua, notwithstanding that the great painter was then dead. It was bought by a Mr. W. Smith, M.P., a frequent buyer in the sales of that day, and he sold it to Mr. G. Watson Taylor, whose pictures came under Christie's hammer in 1823, and then this noble work brought a worthier price, 1,837*l.* 10*s.*, being bought by Earl Grosvenor to become the great ornament of the magnificent gallery of Grosvenor House, the Duke of Westminster's.

For the sake of illustrating the point of increased and increasing value of pictures of this high stamp, it might be said that they are to be estimated, not by units, but tens of thousands, in the same category with those prices recently paid for masterpieces of Raphael, Rubens, and Vandyck. Pictures by Sir Joshua of this mark are not likely to come to an auction competition; there was a fine one in the Blenheim Palace collection—'The Fortune Teller'—but it was amongst those which could readily be disposed of, and probably at a higher price than by open competition, and the sum paid for it by Sir C. Tenant is known to have been something in five figures. Then it occurred only quite lately that the famous Sir Joshua portrait-piece of the Ladies Waldegrave was sent to Christie's by the then owner, Lord Carlingford, and duly advertised for sale. But when it came to the point the picture was withdrawn and disposed of by private contract, through Messrs. Agnew, for a very large sum—it has been said 13,500*l.*—to Mr. D. Thwaites. This picture was in the great Strawberry Hill sale, 1842, by George Robins of grandiloquent memory, when the Lord Waldegrave of that day dispersed all Horace Walpole's treasures, except the family portraits by Sir Joshua, which were bought in. Here 'The Ladies Waldegrave' figures for 577*l.* 10*s.* only, while the portrait of Maria, Lady Waldegrave, who became Duchess of Gloucester, brought 735*l.* Sir Joshua's works began to find favour in the auction room at the sale of Lady Thomond's pictures, to whom, as his niece, he left them. Most of these sold at from 100*l.* to 500*l.*, some fine pictures for less, as 'Contemplation' (Mrs. Stanhope), 152*l.* 'The Snake in the Grass,' 535*l.*, sold afterwards (1828) by Lord Carysfort at Christie's for 1,260*l.* The highest was 1,575*l.* for 'The Shepherds,' of the Oxford window, bought by Lord Normanton, who was the buyer of most of the set, and they are still in the present Earl's collection at Somerley. In 1850, the 'Miss Bowles,' with her little dog, sells for 1,071*l.* to the Marquis of Hertford, who afterwards, in the sale of the poet Rogers' collection, 1856, bought 'The Strawberry Girl,' 2,205*l.*, and again added to his gallery in 1859 the 'Mrs. Hoare Nursing her Infant,' 2,677*l.* In the Rogers' sale 'The Mob Cap' only brought 819*l.*, and was sold again at Christie's within three years, when Earl Dudley bought it for 1,155*l.*, and it was subsequently sold privately to Mr. D. Thwaites for a very much larger sum. When the family portraits belonging to Colonel Morris were sold at Christie's in 1873,

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the portrait of Mrs. Morris was bought by Mr. Wentworth Beaumont for 3,622*l.* In the next year Mr. Bentley's 'Mrs. Hartley and Child' brought 2,520*l.*, and was soon afterwards sold privately at a much higher price to Lord Rothschild. The only other high auction price is that paid for the 'Mrs. Stanhope as Contemplation,' the beautiful engraved picture, in the Munro sale, 1878, which was bought for the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild at 3,150*l.*

Of Gainsborough's portraits and landscapes we named some important sales, but there remains to be noticed the portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, the beautiful Miss Linley whom Sir Joshua painted as St. Cecilia in the lovely picture at Bowood, the Marquis of Lansdowne's. This portrait belonged to Mr. George Grote, and was sold at Christie's, 1872, for 3,150*l.* But all prices were surpassed by the memorable sale of the picture of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire in the Wynn Ellis collection at 10,605*l.* An extraordinary sensation was created by the exhibition of this picture, when Christie's rooms were besieged by crowds of rank and fashion for a whole week and St. James's Square was blocked with carriages, while the sale proved a most exciting affair. Notwithstanding the disputed authenticity of the picture, and the fact that it was a much bepainted picture, and had never been esteemed by its owner as worth so very much more than he paid for it—viz. 60 guineas—it was said that Lord Dudley was determined to buy it. And it has since become known that he gave a commission of 10,000 guineas for it, and that sum was bid against Mr. Agnew, when he surpassed it by 100 guineas. The nine days' wonder of the picture being stolen in the night and never recovered is too well known to be told again. This most notorious picture of the greatest *lionne* of her day flashed upon the town like a comet, and like that cosmic conglomeration vanished.

Hogarth was so little thought of in his day, except by a few such admirers as David Garrick and Mr. Lane, that he could not find purchasers of his pictures, and as there was no place of exhibition but the sign-painters' market in Harp Alley, Shoe Lane, which he was above resorting to, he invented a sort of auction of his own, and also raffled some of his works. It was advertised in the *London Daily Post* that this auction would take place at 'The Golden Head,' Leicester Fields. This was his own house, over the door of which he placed a bust of Vandyck cut out of pieces of cork by himself and gilt. The biddings were not oral, but entered in a book opposite each picture, with the price offered and the name of the bidder. On the day of sale, he requested, as his room was small, that no one would come but the bidders, and the sale was to be managed by a clock that struck every five minutes. When this clock, which acted like the hammer of an auctioneer, struck at five minutes after twelve, the first picture was sold. Then the next followed in five minutes, and so on with the whole. The set of six, 'The Harlot's Progress,'

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sold for fourteen guineas each (88*l.* 4*s.*); 'The Rake's Progress,' eight, at twenty-two guineas (184*l.* 16*s.*) These were bought by Alderman Beckford, the father of *Vathek* Beckford; but four of 'The Harlot's Progress' were lost when Fonthill Abbey was burnt in 1755; the remaining two were sold at Christie's in 1878 in the Munro sale for 546*l.* Alderman Beckford sold 'The Rake's Progress' set at Christie's to Sir John Soane in 1802 for 598*l.* 10*s.*, and they are in the museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here, too, are the set of four, 'The Election,' which Sir John Soane bought at Christie's in 1823, at the sale of David Garrick's effects by the widow after his death, for 1,732*l.* 10*s.* It was this set that Hogarth raffled at two guineas the chance; but, though a few subscribers put down their names, they cared so little about the pictures that on the day named no one came but Garrick, probably the busiest man in London. Hogarth was angry at this slight, and Garrick refused to throw the dice alone, but yielded at last, and went through the formality of casting, and of course the pictures were then his at the price of his chance. But Garrick had too much sympathy for the painter and too generous a spirit to allow such a bargain to be struck. He hurried home and wrote a note to Hogarth, saying he could not allow himself to possess works of such value and which he admired so much without acquitting his conscience of the obligation he felt due to the painter, and therefore he had placed to his credit at his banker's two hundred guineas, which would remain there at the disposal of his heirs if it were not accepted by himself. Garrick knew Hogarth was so proud that he would have sent back a cheque. Poor Hogarth had to endure the same mortification at the neglect of a far finer set of his works, the 'Marriage à la Mode,' at his auction in 1750. He had these framed in fine 'Carlo Maratti frames' at a cost of four guineas each, but even this decoration did not attract the bidders on the day of sale; and it would seem that only one did actually attend, as 'all picture dealers' were rigidly excluded, and this was Mr. Lane. He was too liberal to take advantage of this, and he proposed to extend the time for an hour, while he would raise his bid from 120*l.* to guineas; but no one else came, and Hogarth then proudly said, 'Sir, I wish you joy of your purchase, and I hope it is an agreeable one.' He begged one promise, which was that his pictures might never be touched by the 'cleaners' and never be sold without his knowledge. Mr. Lane accordingly refused all offers made, and bequeathed the pictures to his nephew, Colonel Cawthorne. This gentleman had them put up at Christie's in 1792, when they were 'bought in' at 955*l.* 10*s.*, and again in 1796, probably at a lower sum. But in the next year they were offered at Christie's and bought by Mr. J. J. Angerstein for 1,050*l.*, afterwards passing with his collection to the National Gallery. Pictures or portraits by Hogarth do not often come up at Christie's,

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but when they do it is to show a decided rise in value. The little portrait (15½ by 14½) of himself at his easel, sold by Mr. Willett at Christie's, 1869, brought 378*l.* for the National Portrait Gallery; and the portrait of Mrs. Hogarth in the same sale, 351*l.* In 1874, Sir Arthur Helps sold at Christie's 'Recruits before Justices Shallow and Silence' for 390*l.*, and in the same season were sold by Lord Charlemont, whose grandfather bought them of Hogarth, 'The Lady's Last Stake,' 1,585*l.* 10*s.*, and 'The Gate of Calais,' 945*l.*, bought for the National Gallery. In the sale of the Leigh Court collection by Sir Philip Miles, in 1884, the portrait of Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, as 'Polly Peachum,' brought 840*l.*; and the life-size sketch in oils of 'The Shrimp Girl' was bought for the National Gallery at 262*l.* 10*s.*

Hogarth was terribly angry against the taste for the old masters —'the Black Masters,' as he was pleased to call them—and when he was painting the picture of 'The Lady's Last Stake,' for which Lord Charlemont paid him 100*l.*, Sir Richard Grosvenor (afterwards the first Earl) gave him a commission for a picture of 'Sigismunda mourning over the heart of her murdered lover Guiscardo,' upon the same terms. But Hogarth, observing that a picture of this subject, attributed to Correggio, sold for 404*l.*, in the sale of Sir Luke Schaub's collection in 1758, to Sir T. Seabright, determined to charge the same price for his own work. This led to Sir R. Grosvenor declining to take the picture; but Hogarth was firm, and kept it till he died, leaving strict injunctions to his wife never to part with it for less than 500*l.* And she faithfully obeyed as his loving wife and the daughter of a painter, Sir James Thornhill. Alas! that when she died the picture was sold to Boydell for fifty-six guineas. But poetic justice was done to the painter, for the picture is now with his finest works in the National Gallery, having been bequeathed by the late Mr. Anderdon.

The sales of pictures by the old masters offer a wide field of interest abounding in curious discoveries and strange vicissitudes of ownership and value, with great variety of historical relations. Any attempt to deal with these, however, must be deferred to some future occasion.

GEORGE REDFORD.

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THE GREATER GODS OF OLYMPOS.

III.

ATHENÊ.

I. Rank of Athenê in the Olympian Thearchy.

The greatness of the Homeric Athenê cannot be adequately estimated from a mere consideration of her rank among the other gods. Still there are certain indications which show that prerogatives of precedence were assigned to her.

The most remarkable of them is that in the Olympian Assembly she had a place by the side of Zeus. Whether it was on his right hand or on his left is not expressly stated, but the place of highest honour would be on the right, and was probably assigned to Herê. The occasion on which the precedence of Athenê over other deities is indicated is the visit of Thetis, in answer to an invitation, at v. 100 of *Il.* xxiv., where we are told that in a full Assembly (98) she seated herself next to Zeus, Athenê making way for her. It is the only case of Olympian precedence expressly recorded in the Poems.

There is also a singular occasion, on which Athenê takes into her own hands the police of Olympos, and this apparently with general approval. After the order of neutrality, backed with menaces, from Zeus, has been issued, Arês, having learned the death of his son Ascalaphos, calls for his chariot and puts on his armour, that he may repair to Troas and avenge him. He is prepared to face whatever penalties Zeus may impose upon him (*Il.* xx. 110–22). But Athenê, to avert such a catastrophe, 'moved with strong fear on behalf of all the gods,' rushes after him, strips him of his arms, and, reproaching him as utterly mad, sets him down in his seat again (121–42). The proceeding, of which there is no other example in the Poems, appears to be recounted as one perfectly normal on her part, and it seems to bear testimony to her remarkable ascendency.

There is one among her titles which I will here notice as it appears to bear upon her elevated station in the Olympian Court. While the epithet *kudistos*, distinctively applied to Zeus, is also distinctively given to Agamemnon as head of the community of men, so in the feminine (*kudistê*) it is used for Pallas Athenê, and for her

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only, among the deities that surround the throne. This is the more remarkable because, on the two occasions when it is employed (*Il.* iv. 515, *Od.* iii. 378), it is combined with the remarkable title *Tritogeneia*. This word is of uncertain construction; but it may mean head-born, according to a derivation marked by Liddell and Scott as dubious, from *trito*, an archaic word meaning the head. On this, without any too positive assumption it may be, observed as follows.

1. There is no other derivation for the epithet supported by the smallest amount of evidence.

2. To assign a local title to Athenê would be certainly out of harmony with the Homeric scheme and scale of the character.

3. In the Olympian system Athenê alone, in her generation of deities, has no mother.

4. The reproaches of Arês to Zeus in *Il.* v. 875–80 have for their object to fasten upon Zeus an exclusive or special responsibility for having brought into existence a troublesome goddess, and they would be wholly wanting in sense had Athenê sprung in the ordinary form from a double parentage. This idea is most clearly shown in v. 880:—

ἐπεὶ αὐτὸς ἐγείναο παῖδ' ἀΐδηλον.

It seems difficult here to give to *autos* any other sense than that of *solus*. A speciality of fatherhood in some shape is, then, undeniably Homeric. This being so, it is worth while to observe that the word *Trito* is expressly expounded as head by the author of the hymn-fragment xxviii. 4, with apparent reference to *Il.* v. 880:—

Τριτογενῆ, τὴν αὐτὸς ἐγείνατο μητίετα Ζεὺς
σεμνῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς·

'The Trito-born, whom Zeus himself produced from his august head.' Such are the lofty ascriptions of Homer to this transcendent goddess.

It may be worth while further to notice the fact that, while Apollo sometimes takes the *aigis* in hand on the command of Zeus, it is always assumed spontaneously by Athenê, and this even when she is in company with Herê (*Il.* ii. 447, v. 738; *Od.* xxii. 297). Her thundering, in concert with Herê, for the honour of Agamemnon (*Il.* xi. 45), is an act analogous to this use of the *aigis*.

As the amount of power possessed is in some degree a measure of rank and station, it may be well to refer here to two passages in the *Odyssey*. In book xvi. 260–5, she and Zeus are the deities whom neither men nor the other gods can withstand:—

ὥτε καὶ ἄλλοις
ἀνδράσι τε κρατέουσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.

In the second passage, *Od.* iv. 752–3, Eurukleia exhorts Penelopê in her grief to pray solemnly to Athenê, for that goddess could save her husband, ay, even from death:—

ἦ γάρ κέν μιν ἔπειτα καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσαι.

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If, as seems probable, the passage speaks of deliverance from a death in the course of nature, I am not aware that an ascription so high is ever made to any other deity.

II. Character of Athenê.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to describe in a single word the base, or leading idea, of the Homeric Athenê. The shortest account, perhaps, that can be given of her so as to convey a living idea is that she is the Olympian reflection of Odysseus. Like him she is *polutropos*; many-sided, and full of resource. Like his, her purpose is of iron, her methods are of the material, be it hard or soft, best adapted to the purpose whatever it may be. Like him, she cannot be small, she must be large, but she may be either true or untrue as the occasion requires. Like though even beyond him, she is full of forethought, has no waste of power, is always in measure, never in excess. In fact, these types of character are so wedded to one another that we may go a long way with the absolute parallel before we reach those points, as it were upon the fringe of each, where the lines diverge; where the human would pass from consummate art into exaggeration, if it were absolutely assimilated to the divine. In him, as a man, limitation is necessary; in her, it is less traceable, as to her relations with the earth and man, than in any other deity. Though he never fails, yet he may put up with a drawn battle, as in the Games. Her success, from a practical point of view, is always assured. The culminating threat of Zeus to the assembled gods (*Il.* viii. 18–27) is forthwith softened down for her (39, 40). Odysseus is, in more than one case, carried away by passion into pure error of judgment with destructive consequences. The nearest approach to error that I can find in the conduct of Pallas is in the eighth Iliad. It is in the case where Zeus, having laid down (v. 10) the rule of rigid neutrality, proceeds himself to fill the Trojans with strength and spirit (335). Remembering her own services to her sire, Zeus, in the case of Heracles, she cannot repress her feminine jealousy, nor endure his showing such an amount of subserviency to Thetis (360–70). Hence a second time she joins with Herê in the magnificent descent of the chariot; which, perceived by Zeus from Ida, leads to a message of portentous menace aggravated by its being conveyed from the mouth of Iris (413–24). But even here the extorted proposal to give way is put into the mouth of Herê, and is only accepted by Pallas in silence. Thus she is kept in the shade, and escapes from direct personal disparagement.

She has no grace, but much tact. She is not, except in jealousy, womanish; but she never wholly ceases to be feminine; never is she rough or coarse in her dealings with men. She never enters personally, like Herê, into collision with Zeus. The reproach against

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Herê by her husband, that she would like to eat Priam and his children raw (iv. 35), is one that would be utterly incongruous if addressed to Athenê. The incessant activity of the intellect of Athenê is indicated by a line of frequent recurrence which has no analogue in the case of any other deity (*Od.* ii. 382, 393, vi. 112, *et al.*):—

ἔνθ' αὖτ' ἄλλ' ἐνόησε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.

She is perpetually thinking of the affairs and interests of those she cares for, when they are themselves unmindful; and she makes provision for them by unsolicited as well as by solicited intervention.

She never enters into mere contests of the tongue, never wastes a word. Athenê of the flashing eye presents to us a marked contrast between the different internal centres of responsible action. Her intellect is a bow always strung; it is ever ready and alive; but her emotional nature is as constantly under bit and bridle. The worst threats of Zeus do not stir any passion, not even fear; they are received with a low murmur (*Il.* iv. 20) or in silence (viii. 436). She is only bored or vexed (*tetiemenê*) at the obstacle placed for the moment in the way of her plans. With so much power, and such regulation of it, it is in her nature to inspire the human mind with a degree of faith and confidence, of which we have no other equally striking example. The trust of Odysseus in his divine patroness is immovable and is also commonly without bounds. In *Od.* xiii. 390 he is ready with her aid to face the suitors if three hundred strong. When in *Od.* xv. Telemachos has carefully detailed the full number, which is 108, and has proposed that they shall seek for aid against this overwhelming force (247–57), Odysseus, with the very finest irony, bids him reflect whether Athenê, with Zeus her father, will suffice, or whether he will look out for some defender other than these (260). These two are they, replies the emboldened Telemachos, who prevail against both mortals and immortals. Thus she is allied with Zeus in supremacy of power, and is felt to act from the same level. With her acts, as with those of Apollo, Zeus is from time to time associated; sometimes on a footing of equality (*Od.* xx. 42), sometimes as if Zeus were only second, and she the principal in the action (xvi. 292). And the Poet has given us various indications in the same direction.

On the other hand, it is the character of Athenê which, on account of its elaborate magnificence and enormous force, illustrates most of all the moral weakness of the Olympian system. While in her the conception of power is expanded and elevated to the very highest point, and while she is far above the influence of the mere passions of sense, there is on the other hand a striking absence of the purely moral element from her character. Divine government in Homer is a thing generally good; but it is much better than the divine personages. Athenê's large share in it is operative in both the Poems for the cause of righteousness, and yet, in her character,

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neither truth as such, nor any fervid love as such, is to be found. She could not speak the noble sentiment of Achilles (*Il.* ix. 312), who hated the dissembler like the gates of hell. Neither is there manifested in her that element of parental gentleness, by which Odysseus had always been directed in the administration of sovereign power (*Od.* ii. 46–7) over his kingdom.

She may be excused for resenting the pliability of Zeus to the counsels of Thetis (*sup.*), because it entailed a postponement of triumph for the righteous cause, in which she had both a lofty and also (xxiv. 29) a meaner interest. She may be forgiven the taunt (in *Il.* v. 420–5) against the wounded Aphroditê, on the ground that that base impersonation always deserves rebuke. When she joins with Poseidon and Herê in resisting the compassionate desire of the Olympians generally for the rescue of Hector's body from indignity, it is more difficult to shield her, for it seems to admit of no explanation except that which the Poet assigns to it; she still implacably cherishes the remembrance of mortification felt at the judgment of Paris, and extends it from Paris to his family: in common, it is true, with Herê, but then that character is constructed in every sense on a lower level. The majestic Pallas, we see, condescends to cherish the smallest jealousies of women. And if on the one hand this is a serious descent from the elevated type, it is on the other a pointed exhibition of the lively manner in which Homer established reciprocal communication between the natures of the deity and of man. On the other hand it is material to remark that it is the agency of Pallas in the government of men, which gives the Poet scope for the exhibition of the loftiest among all the features of his or of any theology, namely the close and inward personal relation between a divinity and the individual human soul. It is impossible, so far as I know, to find any parallel for the attitude of Athenê in relation to the Odysseus of the later Odyssey, without searching the pages of Scripture, and especially the unrivalled treasures of the Psalms. These indeed rise as far above the Homeric picture, as heaven is above earth. Still there is a likeness, and that likeness is not, I believe, to be found elsewhere in the records of antiquity.

It is a likeness of closeness, not of tenderness. There are multitudes of verses in the Psalms that may suitably be applied to the care of Pallas Athenê for Odysseus. 'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; and He that keepeth thee will not sleep. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord Himself is thy keeper: He is thy defence upon thy right hand. O Lord God, thou strength of my health; thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.' In ceaseless care, the watchful eye, the constant supply of strength, the baffling or prostration of enemies, the ready suggestion of wise resources; in all these the Homeric Athenê, following the path of her chosen ones, and hanging over them in shadow, disclosed

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to them when necessary, but not less their friend when undisclosed, exhibits to us a marvellous type, wholly without analogue, I believe, in classical literature.

And yet her love is a love without tenderness or softness. It is the careful conscientious tutor, as compared with the gentle mother. The care and previsions of Athenê are directed to the warding off of enemies and to the supply of strength for mind and body. She does not rear in man the graces which spring from love, and which attract love. I cite a few other verses from the Psalms pitched in a key which is never sounded by the voice of Athenê. 'Keep me as the apple of an eye: hide me under the shadow of thy wings. The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture; and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He shall convert my soul: and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake. O taste and see how gracious the Lord is. Hold thee still in the Lord, and abide patiently upon him; but grieve not thyself at him whose way doth prosper, at the man that doeth after evil counsels' (Ps. xxxvii. 7). These citations might be multiplied without limit. There is a great elevation above the common Hellenic standard in what may be called the soul-teaching of the *Odyssey*; but the space, which still divides it from that of the Psalms, cannot be measured.

The building up of a moral and spiritual nature into a divine likeness, by a training especially internal, and by a continual converse of the Divine voice with the human soul, is an idea beyond the compass of the Poems. The Homeric Chief, when in tranquil prosperity, does not seem to want, and has little need to own, a god. The limited teaching I have endeavoured to describe, addressed to defence outwards, and to a discipline of Spartan strength and self-assertion inwards, is sufficiently remarkable. The commerce with deity in Homer is as vigilant, as clinging, as friendly as in the Psalms; but the finer and more ethereal element has escaped. The word 'love' (φιλέειν), used by the Poet to describe the sentiment of gods towards man, falls wholly short of the sense with which the Christian Church is familiar. It may perhaps be defined as regard, warmed by admiration and benevolent concern, and leading to corresponding acts.

This close and clinging governance of Athenê is manifested to some extent towards Diomed in the *Iliad*, but principally towards Odysseus in each of the two Poems, and supremely from the landing in Ithaca (book xiii.) down to the very close of book xxiv. But this most remarkable form of theistic action has another side to it, which is dark and terrible. Twice is repeated in the *Odyssey* a passage of three lines (xviii. 345–7, xx. 284–6) which runs as follows: 'But Athenê did not let these high-handed Suitors desist from their biting insolence, in order that the sting should go deeper yet into the soul of Odysseus.' Here we have to observe first the immediate, inward, inscrutable

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character of the power exercised by this great goddess on the human soul. It is modelled on what Christians hold to be the true; in that it is like the wind that 'bloweth where it listeth,' and 'thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.'[1] Next, the purpose assigned is to deepen and sharpen the discipline of the righteous man: but the limits of the Homeric system do not allow us to assign to these words any meaning but one. The pang of Odysseus was to grow sharper and sharper still, in order that his purpose might also grow: that it might ripen and harden into an absolute completeness of unsparing vengeance. And harden it did, for when Leiodes, the Seer of his palace, pleads that he had joined in none of the evil acts, but had dissuaded them, the stern answer is that, if he were the Seer, then he must have offered many a prayer that Odysseus might not return, and that Penelope might be his; so he shares the common fate, and perishes even while yet speaking, by the sword (*Od.* xxii. 329).

It is to be borne clearly in mind, what were the offences of the Suitors. They had feasted on and wasted the substance of Odysseus: they had cowed the young Telemachos, its rightful heir: they had vexed the noble soul of Penelopê with perpetual solicitations for marriage: and they had corrupted a portion of the maidservants. But, worldly and greedy, unscrupulous and overbearing as they were, they had not proceeded to bloodshed, nor had they contemplated it unless when they thought Telemachos might himself have it in view. They had never thought of using force to Penelopê, and had even shown a qualified respect to her incomparably lofty womanhood.

This divinely interposed bar to the repentance of offenders pointedly recalls the hardening of Pharaoh's heart in the Book of Exodus. But as, on the loving side, the divine action under the Olympian system falls far short of that in the Psalms, so, on the judicial and penal side, it greatly exceeds what the Book of Exodus presents to us.

The hardening of Pharaoh's heart is predicted in Exodus iv. 21; but nothing of the kind takes place, until a solemn demand has been made upon him in the name of God (Exod. v. 1), and contumeliously refused. From this point down to ix. 34, we have two forms of statement intermixed: the one, that the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, and the other, that He hardened His own heart (see vii. 13, viii. 15, 22, ix. 12, 34). From this stage onwards, he seems to have fallen into an incurable obstinacy; and we are told (in x. 1, 20, 27) only that God hardened his heart. And so it is that would not ever passes into could not; that, under the stern law of mental habits grounded in our nature, the evil we have chosen takes deeper and deeper root, and at last passes beyond our choice to recall. But, in the Book of Exodus, (*a*) the gradations of impenitence are marked; (*b*) an opportunity of free pardon is offered, before either menace or punishment appears; (*c*) lighter punishments foreshadow the greater; whereas in the

[1] St. John iii. 8.

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Odyssey retribution descends like an avalanche in a mass in a moment, and unforeseen, upon the heads of the guilty.

There is yet another curious aggravation of penality in the narrative of the *Odyssey*. Athenê herself advises that the hero, appearing in his own house as a beggar, and soliciting alms, shall thereby test the comparative characters of the Suitors (xvii. 368). Yet she did this, says the Poet, without the intention to save any of them (364). The trial is made; with very partial success, yet not with absolute failure. Before the battle with Iros, none show him regard. But, after his victory, Amphinomos, already noted[2] as the Suitor most agreeable to Penelope, 'for he had a good disposition,' drank his health, wished him prosperity, and spoke compassionately of his condition (xviii. 119–23). Odysseus replied in a speech of mingled acknowledgment and admonition (124–50). Amphinomos passed down the hall, vexed at heart and prognosticating mischief (153–4). He seemingly had the intention to withdraw from the evil company. But Athenê fastened (*pedêse*) or entangled him, to fall by the hand of Telemachos (155–6); and he went back to the seat from which he had risen. Here we have, so far as words go, the absolute quenching, by divine action, of a feeble desire towards right, and the plunging of a sinner, who leans to repentance, into continued sin and final punishment. There is nothing in Exodus that may not be explained as a bilingual expression of one and the same law, an alternation of judicial and moral phrases, each describing on different sides the same phenomenon: but it is difficult to bring this last-named point of the Homeric narrative within the scope of a similar explanation. The climax of poetic power in the *Odyssey* is reached by the progressive thickening, round the heads of the Suitors, of those clouds which finally break into so terrible a tempest; and Homer has gathered from every region of thought, as well as from external nature, whatever might deepen and darken the horror of the scene.

Such then is the character of the Homeric Athenê, the chosen impersonation of ordered mental force. It has not been possible to sketch it without glancing at certain portions of her action, in which it is most pointedly and profoundly displayed. I now pass to the mode in which this wonderful character is developed at large in the schemes of the Poems.

III. Attributes or Functions of Athenê.

The attributes or functions of Athenê differ from those of Apollo, and of every other prominent deity in the Poems, as to this important particular, that they are all directly related to the groundwork and essence of her character as a true *logos*, as the divine impersonation

[2] *Od.* xvi. 396–8, *φρεσὶ γὰρ κέχρητ' ἀγαθῇσιν.* The same expression is used respecting Klutaimnestrê; but it is also applied to Eumaios, *Od.* xiv. 421.

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of intelligent force. Apollo, as we have seen, has an outfit of Olympian offices which have no consistent relation to one another, or to that conformity with the will of Zeus which is the central idea and motive power of his being. We may in like manner draw a list for Athenê; but the different items are simply so many exhibitions of mental energy directed in the most effective manner to the attainment of ends.

The Athenê of Homer is

1. The goddess of war.
2. The goddess of polity.
3. The goddess of industrial production and of Art.
4. The goddess of personal discipline and superintendence.

As the goddess of war, she brings up the Achaians to the Array in *Il.* ii. 446, and animates them for the battle (iv. 439), where she is pitted against Arês. Again she appears on the Shield (xviii. 516) as his counterpart: she gives direct assistance to Diomed against him (v. 856); she arms herself on Olympos (v. 738–44); and she carries the spear (*Od.* i. 99) on an occasion when there is no direct use for it.

That she is the goddess of polity appears

(*a*) From her numerous epithets involving the idea. She is *laossoos* (*Il.* xiii. 128; *Od.* xxii. 210), people-stirring (*al.* but less probably people-saving); *ageleiê* (*Il.* vi. 269, *al.*; *Od.* iii. 68, *al.*) leader of the people: *alalkomeneïs*, protectress (*Il.* v. 908); *erusiptolis*, saviour of cities (*Il.* vi. 305); *leïtis*, people-leading, as sometimes interpreted. But this epithet, used only in *Il.* x. 460, stands in direct connection with booty, and seems therefore more naturally referable to the war attribute of Athenê.

(*b*) From the solemn procession in the Sixth Book, and the prayer to her, as *erusiptolis*, to save the Trojans and their wives and children. This, it would seem, could only have been addressed to her in virtue of a general protective office; since in the war she was bitterly opposed to them.

(*c*) The resort of Athenê to Athens, on quitting Scheriê, in *Od.* vii. 80, may be taken as another indication of her care of States.

(*d*) A probable inference to the same effect may be drawn from her proceedings at the close of the Odyssey (*inf.* IV.).

As the goddess of industrial production, she instructs Penelopê (*Od.* ii. 116–19) and the women of Scheriê (*Od.* vii. 110); she gave the accomplishment to the daughters of Pandaros (*Od.* xx. 72); is taken as the model of excellence by Achilles (*Il.* ix. 390), and actually wove her own robe (*Il.* v. 734), and embroidered richly the robe of Herê (xiv. 178–9). Nor is her office confined to the works of women, as some have thought;[3] for she taught Epeios how to build the wooden

[3] Crusius on *Il.* ix. 390.

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horse (*Od.* viii. 493), and shared with Hephaistos the business of instructing the goldsmith (*Od.* vi. 232–4, repeated xxiii. 160–2).

The personal care, consolation, and defence afforded by Athenê are not only the most remarkable but the most peculiarly Homeric of her attributes. The other three provinces are in possession respectively of other properly Olympian divinities. Arês has war, but her immeasurable superiority is shown in the Theomachy (*Il.* xxi. 400–14). Themis has polity for her office, and is even used as the messenger of Zeus, on the occasion when the entire Olympian community is to be summoned (*Il.* xx. 4). And Herê is pre-eminently the national goddess, but for the Achaians only. The third function supplies exclusively the domain of Hephaistos; and Hermes seems, as the god of profit and increase, in part to occupy the same ground. There is no sign that any one of these offices fulfils the part of a root-idea for the others; still less for the fourth of them, which has the appearance of being the peculiar conception of the Poet himself. They are all alike manifestations of the great mind-power which has mere force for its servant, and of which the development and application are without limit, and are ever at the call of occasion, as in the correction of Arês in the Fifteenth Iliad.

IV. Action of Athenê.

As the manward action of Herê is national, so that of Athenê is distinctively personal, as a general rule, in both the Poems. While Apollo exercises a divine power on the Achaian army in the Fifteenth Iliad, and, as easily as a boy kicking down the little sandhills he has erected on the beach, infuses panic to scatter them,[4] we never find Athenê inspiring the soldiery at large with courage, or bewildering the Trojans at large with terror. As war-goddess, she is said generally to stir up the Achaians, but the representations of this kind are faint and altogether without particularity. When she appears in the debate of the first Book, to restrain the controversy between Agamemnon and Achilles in the public Assembly, her care is not for one rather than the other; and accordingly it is not her own sole or spontaneous act, but the initiative is given to Herê:[5]—

Ἥρη με προέηκε.

And Herê has thus acted, because she cared for both alike:—

ἄμφω ὁμῶς θυμῷ φιλέουσά τε κηδομένη τε.

But, in the Tenth Book, when Diomed with Odysseus undertakes the solitary nocturnal expedition, each chief invokes Athenê separately, and she actively befriends them after sending an omen to encourage them.[6] So again she gives to Diomed effectual aid in his combat

[4] xv. 366 *et alibi.* [5] *Il.* i. 208. [6] *Il.* x. 272–95.

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with Arês,[7] and also to Achilles in the fight with Hector, going so far as to say 'The hour is come, I trow, for us two to reap great honour for the Achaians.'[8] In these cases, her conduct is always original and spontaneous.

In the *Odyssey*, the action is yet more strictly of the same personal nature; and from the moment when, and in proportion as, she becomes free to act by the withdrawal of Poseidon (*Od.* v. 386) from the scene, it is close and continuous, in the form either of suggestion or of help. Once, indeed, it is suspended with the quaint simplicity which we often find in Homer; for, in the Twentieth Odyssey, when Odysseus falls asleep, she takes her opportunity,[9] and goes back to Olympos. But she is ready again for her office, so soon as action is resumed.

It would be tedious to follow Athenê through the whole of her varied and almost incessant action in the Poems. It may be generally described as a system of individual contact, the continuous and ever effectual expression of superintending care. Some detail, however, is necessary to show its patient, unwearied, closeness, and its penetrating inwardness. These will be best exhibited by running rapidly over the particulars of her proceedings, for and with Odysseus, from his landing in Ithaca up to the final consummation; passing lightly, for the moment, over her exercise of preternatural powers.

On his being landed in Ithaca, she takes precautions (xiii. 187–93) against his being prematurely recognised. She appears to him as a noble youth; when he endeavours to pass himself off as a Cretan, and in reply, as it were, to this, she becomes a woman. The battle of wits ends with her acknowledgment that she in heaven, and he on earth, are respectively supreme in craft and counsel (221–310). She explains to him why her care had been in abeyance from his leaving Troas to his reaching Scherië; and supplies him with local information (329–52). In his prayer to the Nymphs of Ithaca, he promises them that they shall have offerings as before, if Athenê, his Providence, shall favour him. She bids him not fear, and proposes to take counsel with him for the direction of the great affairs before them (355–65). She places his valuables in safety (363–71), and they sit down together (372) to form their plans against the Suitors. He entreats her to stand by him and strengthen him, as she had done in the capture of Troy (387–8). Having effectually provided against his detection by transforming him, and having supplied him with the first details of the plan, she withdraws to look after Telemachos in Lakedaimon, and puts Odysseus on the way to the dwelling of Eumaios (392–440). She then instructs the young prince to repair home (xv. 73).

But, as she never wastes power, she does not accompany Odysseus to the dwelling of the loyal swineherd, nor come near him while

[7] *Il.* v. 353–8. [8] *Il.* xxii. 216. [9] xx. 55.

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they remain together. For, as to what was to happen there, he could depend on his own resources. On his approaching the house, the four dogs rush forward to attack him, and he adopts the expedient of lying down and casting away his staff for safety (xiv. 29–34), which it would have been scarcely consistent with her dignity to suggest, while it is thoroughly in accordance with the character of the many-sided man, for whom nothing is too great, and nothing too small.

She only rejoins him in the Sixteenth Book, where she has to advise that he should reveal himself to his son; a step which his traditional circumspection might have induced him to delay. She promises to keep hard by him in the fight, and she retransforms him for the recognition (xvi. 155–71). He predicts (269–307) to Telemachos what will happen in the palace on his repairing thither, with a precision which can only be referred to a divine gift of knowledge, derived from her in the consultation of the Thirteenth Book. Providing Penelopê with sleep (451), and Telemachos with an unspeakable grace (xvii. 63), she transforms Odysseus for the third time to prevent recognition by Eumaios, and urges him to test the Suitors by begging from them so as to ascertain which of them may be well-disposed (361). In view of the conflict with Iros, she stoutens, or fills out, the limbs of Odysseus (xviii. 69). After the battle, she prevents one of the Suitors, better disposed than the rest (155), from withdrawing. Next (158), she puts it into the mind of Penelopê to exhibit herself, so as to win admiration from the Suitors, and increased favour from her husband and her son. Sending her to sleep accordingly, Athenê endows her with a principle of immortal beauty (*kallos ambrosion*, 192) and makes her larger and more full, with a skin whiter than polished ivory (196). Then, just as in the case of Odysseus above (xiii. 439), having provided her with means for fulfilling her purpose, the goddess departs, since she never wastes her energies (197); and the enchanted Suitors send their heralds to bring gifts for each, to commend him to the notice of the Queen (291). Yet are they not suffered by Athenê (346) to desist from their overbearing insolence.

Though the goddess had quitted Penelopê, she remains present to the mind of Odysseus (xix. 2), as he moodily devises the coming slaughter. From this deliberation proceeds the plan of stowing the stock of arms away (4–13). Nor does she disdain to light the armoury by a golden torch (33), possibly with a light invisible except to Odysseus and his son. Telemachos, being startled, observes on the instant to his father that it is like a blaze of fire, and Odysseus, enjoining silence, tells him, 'This is in the manner of the gods that hold Olympos' (43), still continuing, in conjunction with Athenê, to ruminate on his deadly project (51–2):—

μνηστῆρεσσι φόνον σὺν Ἀθήνῃ μερμηρίζων.

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The expression σὺν Ἀθήνῃ is very remarkable. Athenê is not visibly in his company, but is dwelling spiritually in his mind. I doubt if this expression would have been applied by the Poet to any other deity.

After this occurs the famous recognition of Eurucleia the nurse, by means of the scar on the leg. Odysseus, with his wonted presence of mind, seizes her throat to prevent her telling Penelopê. But his protectress had been beforehand with him, and had already sent her wits abroad (*noon etrape*, 479) so that she could not see, nor identify, the Queen; whom shortly after, for the third time, apparently in preparation for the coming crisis, the goddess lulls into a gentle sleep, while her husband (20–5) pursues his terrible meditations, his soul remaining steady though his body tosses to and fro (23–30). He has misgivings as to his sufficiency for the work before him. But she has come down again from Olympos (whither she had apparently repaired for the night), and tells him that, were fifty ambushes at once to break out upon them, and seek to slay them, her close companionship, in every effort he might have to make, would still suffice. So she sends him too to sleep, and now again she is in Olympos (30–55). But though there, here also; for, when the next day's feasting has begun (245–56), we come to the repetition of the awful lines xviii. 346–8, and the Suitors are not permitted to stop in their mad career (284–6). Then follows the terrible and final manifestation, in which she bewilders and befools the minds and senses of the Suitors (346–9), while Apollo, speaking through the mouth of his servant *Theoclumenos*, completes the tragic horror of the scene by a crowd of surrounding signs (350–7).

It will have been observed that the withdrawals of their presence by deities are, like nearly everything else in Homer, regulated by marked proprieties or by rules; and one of these rules is that, when preparation and preliminary aid have reached a certain point, they recede, and leave a sufficient scope to the free will and agency of man. So the Twenty-first Book of the *Odyssey* is one of the few, in which the agency of Athenê is withdrawn, nor does she again appear upon the scene until in the Twenty-second, when the battle with the Suitors has actually begun, and three leaders, Antinoos, Eurumachos, and Amphinomos, have already fallen (19–22, 86–8, 94). Then, as the mass of them are about to be attacked, she reappears in the form of Mentor, and Odysseus at once recognises with joy the divine presence (210). Probably a special reason for the interval of absence had been that the great incident of Book xxi. is the exploit of the bow, which was under the special care of Apollo. The functions of these two deities never overlap. With the consummation of the great tragedy, what may be termed the grand action of the Homeric Athenê comes to a close. The last book of the Odyssey

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carries many characteristic marks of the Poet's workmanship, yet it is wrought with a feebler and more uncertain hand.

In perfect consistency with her usual methods, the goddess has encouraged the old Laertes to hurl his spear. Then, under the charge of Odysseus and his son, the Ithacans who fight against them would, the Poet tells us, have been all slain, had not Athenê cried aloud, and bid them cease from the battle. Panic seizes them, and Odysseus prepares for further havoc, when Zeus discharges a thunderbolt. This falls at the feet of Athenê, who warns Odysseus of his danger; and he, his passion being thus arrested, joyfully refrains, while she assumes the form of Mentor to conclude a regular accommodation.[10]

The excitement of Odysseus does not wholly consist with his usual self-command, nor does the fierceness of his attack agree with his gentle and paternal character as a ruler. Nor is there anything else in the Poems like this intervention of Zeus, who discharges his thunderbolt when Athenê was already on the ground, and engaged in arresting the progress of the fray. The shout of Athenê in the Theomachy (*Il.* xx. 48) is altogether supernal, but her shout in v. 530 to the Ithacan combatants seems wanting in the usual dignity of her proceedings towards mortals. The fundamental conception, however, of her interposition is conformable to her office as the goddess of political society.

V. Properties common to Athenê with Apollo.

Of all the striking features of the Olympian scheme in Homer, the most salient and the most significant is that assemblage of qualities which are assigned jointly to Apollo and Athenê, common to the two, but distinctive from the rest, and impossible, as I conceive, to be accounted for without repairing to sources, which lie beyond the limits of the traditions most commonly explored for the elucidation of the Greek mythology.

These accordances are the more remarkable, because in point of personal traits the two deities are strongly contrasted rather than allied. The personality of Athenê is rich, original, and diversified, but no one of the three epithets can be applied to the personality of Apollo. Around the respective personalities are grouped the qualities or properties by which they are jointly distinguished, and which upon the whole (such is my main contention) give to these deities such an exceptional portraiture and position in the Olympian scheme as to demand an exceptional interpretation.

I. The first of these accordances in its natural order is that these two deities have a special and exceptional parentage. Athenê in that she is without a mother, born from Zeus alone, and apparently,[11]

[10] *Od.* xxiv. 516–48.

[11] *Sup.* Sect. I.

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in agreement with the later tradition, from his head. Apollo, in that his mother Leto is treated in a manner different at every point from that which the Poet applies to the other mothers of deities as such, without any ground of rational and probable explanation of this treatment from within the circle of the ordinary tradition. Here we have the inception of a system which places the pictures of Athenê and Apollo under a kind of construction peculiar to themselves.

II. In treating of the Olympian station of Apollo, I have already had occasion to notice the peculiar and exclusive association of the two deities, Apollo and Athenê, with Zeus in the worship offered them, which evidently implied a special and paramount reverence. This is seen specially in the formula *αἰ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, κ.τ.λ.* (*Il.* ii. 371, and in eight other passages), and in another used by Hector *τιοίμην, κ.τ.λ.* (viii. 540, xiii. 827).

Bearing carefully in mind the august origin and rank of several other deities, let the reader again and again ask himself what could have been the origin of a form of thought, which lifted these two divinities so far above, and set them so far apart from, the Olympian order in general.

But there is another form in which both Athenê and Apollo are distinctively associated with Zeus as though they were sharers of his supreme power, in a sense far different from that in which it was enjoyed, as to regions of external nature, by Poseidon and Aidoneus under the Trichotomy. It is this, that there is a sort of dual exercise of the divine government in the case of Apollo with Zeus, or Athenê with Zeus; but in no other cases. Zeus and Athenê were the allies to whom, in a striking passage of the *Odyssey*, the hero had to look. Athenê and Zeus (and in Homer the mere precedence of names is not wholly insignificant) aided the assault of Achilles on Lurnesos (*Il.* xx. 191–2). The Pylians marched to battle with prayer to Zeus and to Athenê (xi. 736). 'Should I slay the Suitors,' says Odysseus to her in *Od.* xxi. 42, 'by the will of Zeus and your will.' The same conjunction may be seen in the case of Apollo. It was, *e.g.*, in conjunction with him that Zeus had defended Hector (*Il.* xxii. 302).

III. Both Apollo and Athenê, and these deities alone, carry the aigis, or symbol of supreme sovereignty. In *Il.* xv. 229 it is entrusted by Zeus to Apollo. In xxiv. 20 he uses it to shield the body of Hector from injury. In the Array of Book II., it is brandished by Athenê. She uses it apparently to fill the Achaians with an eager courage (446–54), and she assumes it (v. 737) for the descent from Olympus, and also for the discomfiture of the Suitors in *Od.* xxi. 297. Either she uses the aigis of Zeus without special permission, or this is an *aigis* of her own. The latter supposition is favoured by the detailed description in Book II., where she first assumes it. It was most precious, subject neither to age nor death, with a hundred all-golden tassels, each of them well plaited, each of them

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worth a hundred oxen. If this supposition be correct, it elevates to a still higher point the prerogative of Athenê, and places her in this particular even before Apollo.

This use of the *aigis* cannot be regarded as an isolated fact. It is rather one among the various indications that the two deities, apart from their general powers, were admitted to a share in the special prerogatives of Zeus under the Olympian scheme.

Among these none is perhaps so special as the use of thunder and lightning. Yet we find that on the arming of Agamemnon (*Il.* xi. 45), Athenê and Herê thundered in his honour. Upon Herê, as a wife, there is evidently a reflection of his Olympian, though not of his higher, prerogatives; but the participation of Athenê in this office cannot be accounted for by any purely mythological idea, and is grounded on the larger conception of the goddess as a sharer in the powers of the Supreme.

The same observation applies to the exercise by both these deities of power in other ordinary operations of nature outside their particular Olympian prerogatives; as when Apollo sends a toward breeze in *Il.* i. 429. Athenê does the like in *Od.* xv. 292. At other times she sends a stiff north-wester or north-easter (*Od.* ii. 421, v. 385), and against the Achaians, when they have offended her, a storm outright (*Od.* v. 108).

IV. The office of a Providence, directing generally the affairs of men, was deeply rooted in the mind of the Poet, and is variously handled by him in the extremely numerous passages which refer to it. It is sometimes assigned in the abstract to *theos*, the divinity. Often its depositary is expressed in the plural, and it becomes *theoi*, the gods, or *athanatoi*, the immortals. The idea is largely concentrated upon Zeus. The proem of the *Iliad* does not close without ascribing to him the issue of the Wrath (*Il.* i. 5):—

Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή.

In *Od.* i. 32–43 it is referred to the Olympian Court; but with Zeus as the central figure. No other deity is ever referred to in this capacity, with the exception of Athenê and Apollo. They alone share this high moral prerogative of Zeus in the exercise, not of an occasional power of intervention, but of a general superintendence over the affairs of men. In the *Iliad* Apollo may be said conjointly with Zeus to represent this Providence for the Trojans, and Athenê for the Achaian chieftains whom she loved.

In the *Odyssey* it is by the good providence of Apollo that Telemachos comes to maturity (xix. 86) and a Suitor threatens the swineherd with what will befall him 'if Apollo and the rest of the immortal gods be propitious to us' (xx. 362–5). Such is Athenê for Odysseus throughout the crisis in Ithaca. In this character he refers to her when addressing the local Nymphs (xiii. 359), and when

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anticipating the defeat of the Suitors (*Od.* xx. 42). In *Od.* iii. 62, when, at the Poseidonian festival, she has prayed to Poseidon in the character of Mentor, she fulfils all her own prayer :—

ὣς ἄρ' ἔφατ' ἠρᾶτο, καὶ αὐτὴ πάντα τελεύτα.

V. Another form in which Athenê and Apollo share prerogatives of Zeus, untouched by any other deity, is in the use of signs ; one particular development, in effect, of their providential office, as a manifestation to mortals, in the seen world, of their power in the world unseen.

Thus Apollo exhibits the wheeling falcon (*kirkos*) to Telemachus ; that he may embolden him in his return homewards (*Od.* xv. 525–34) ; and Athenê, in answer to the prayer of Diomed and Odysseus, sends (*Il.* x. 274) a heron to cheer them on their nocturnal expedition : which, as unseen by night, is made known to them by the flapping of its wings.

VI. Neither Apollo nor Athenê appears ordinarily to make use of instruments or secondary causes in producing mental or corporal effects. Apollo infuses courage directly into Hector (*Il.* xv. 262), and into Glaukos (xvi. 529). Athenê does the same in sending sleep, and in cases purely mental (*Od.* v. 491–3, xvi. 451 *et al.*, xix. 2, 52, 479, xx. 345), whether she interposes to strengthen or to build up the mind. So with corporal operations, as when she gives lightness and swiftness in the race (xxiii. 772). But Poseidon (*Il.* xiii. 60) puts courage into the Aiantes by striking them with a staff, and gives the Achaian army heart for the battle by shouting as loudly as nine thousand or ten thousand men (xiv. 147).

VII. Ordinarily, when deities have received offence from mortals, they appeal to Zeus to give or sanction the redress which they think to be due. So Poseidon, respecting the rampart (*Il.* vii. 445), and with reference to the over-boldness of the Phaiakes in supplying men with transport (*Od.* xiii. 125–64) : subject to an exception in the case of Odysseus at sea within his special domain, whom he assails spontaneously in *Od.* v. 291–8. And so the Muses directly punished Thamuris (ii. 594–600) for an offence in their own province. But Arês appeals to Zeus against Athenê and Diomed (*Il.* v. 881). Helios does the same in the affair of his slaughtered kine (*Od.* xii. 377). Aïdes repaired to Olympos, not his usual abode, evidently with the same purpose (*Il.* v. 395). But Apollo and Athenê punish of and from themselves ; Apollo in the Plague (i. 43), and against the children of Niobe (xxiv. 605), Athenê in the Return of the Achaians (*Od.* iii. 134, v. 108).

VIII. In the system of Homer, there are deep-laid foundations of a divinely decreed moral Order, whereof the Erinues are the special guardians. They arrest, as contrary to nature, the exercise of the gift of speech, the momentary use of which (*Il.* xix. 407, 418) had

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been conferred by Herê on the horse Xanthos in derogation from that order. In no department does this order receive in Homer such marked and various recognition, as in respect to the constitution of the family. Iris boldly urges as a portion of this fundamental law, against Poseidon, the duty of the younger to obey the elder; and, when thus pressed, at the last even he does not fail to acknowledge it, and desists from his rebellious language (xiv. 200–10). But, in Athenê and Apollo, this order receives a purely spontaneous recognition. She will not manifest herself to Odysseus in Scherië out of regard for Poseidon, her exasperated uncle (vi. 228–31). And, though (in xxi. 461–7) Apollo gives the wretched insignificance of mortal man as the reason why deities should not go to war about them, his real reason, says the Poet, was the reverence which forbade him to come to blows with his uncle (468).

IX. The merely Olympian functions of Athenê and Apollo differ in this one point, that with her, if we consider her as the living representative of mental force working for an end, all of them can be referred to this one basis, whereas his will not admit of any single explanation. But they agree in these two other remarkable features: *a.* A scope and magnitude far beyond those of any other divinity; *b.* They both alike, and they only, overlap the provinces of other deities, even in cases of the most marked speciality. Particulars have already been given, for Athenê in Sect. III.; and see 'Apollo,' Sect. III.

X. Athenê and Apollo, and these alone, are set free from the limitations not only of space, but of sense in general; and this in many ways.

a. Prayer is addressed to them in and from all places; and it is expressly asserted by Glaukos of Apollo (*Il.* xvi. 515) that he may be in Troas, or in Lycia, but wherever he is he has the same power to hear and aid a suppliant in distress. Poseidon, Artemis, Spercheios, are invoked, yet only in connection with their specialities; but these deities are invoked without any reference to peculiar attributes or places. We have for example the case of Athenê, who is invoked by the Pylians in the Epeian war (*Il.* xi. 736). She is here joined with Zeus, who shares with none except these two the character of the supreme. No less than eleven prayers are addressed to her, six in the *Iliad*, and five in the *Odyssey*, all of them wholly independent of distance or local suggestion; for the case of Nestor is hardly an exception, who prays after seeing her (iii. 371–74) take her departure in the form of a bird.

b. In the matter of locomotion, we find that there are no stages in their journeys; nothing intermediate between the setting out and the arrival. This is especially remarkable in the grand passage on the Plague in *Il.* i. 43–7, because that passage is perhaps more

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solar than Olympian. Hephaistos occupies a day in falling from heaven to Lemnos (*Il.* i. 592). Poseidon passes in four strides from Samothrace to Aigai, and is then drawn by his horses along the sea at a very rapid pace (*Il.* xiii. 20, 27), but Athenê and Apollo have no rapidity because they have no pace, and distances do not exist for them. Specially unlike are the case of Herê (*Il.* xiv. 225–30), and that of Hermes, who, having come down from Olympos on his message to Kalupso, passes over the region of Pierië, sweeps down upon the sea and skims it like a cormorant (*Od.* v. 51). Apollo is likened indeed to a hawk, swiftest of birds, when he descends from Ida to the battlefield, but no local point ever intervenes. I do not clearly find even a partial exception where Athenê touches Marathon on her way to Athens (*Od.* vii. 80) from Scherië. On this I have touched elsewhere.

c. Again as to personal needs.

The most widely applicable of these limitations in Homer has regard to the senses of taste and smell. To the gods in general is ascribed habitually delight in banquets, and delight in the sacrifices offered by men, so that the favour accorded to individuals is often based upon their punctuality in the matter of hecatombs. So with Hector (*Il.* xxiv. 33–4), and with Odysseus (*Od.* i. 61–3, 65–7) for the gods at large. But neither Athenê nor Apollo is ever said to take delight in the reek and flavour of the offerings. Apollo finds his pleasure in the hymn (*Il.* i. 474) and Athenê in her being selected among the gods for priority (*Od.* iii. 53).

Neither of these deities is ever stated to eat, drink, or sleep. Athenê receives the cup in the festivities at Pulos, and hands it to Telemachos; but we are not told that she drinks it, and she is disguised as Mentor. On the other hand eating and drinking, and delight in these functions, are assigned to the immortals generally (*Il.* i. 601–2). Calupso prepares a table with nectar and ambrosia for Hermes (*Od.* v. 92), exactly as if he had been a human guest. Iris is invited by the Winds to join their banquet (*Il.* xxiii. 207) and begs off for fear (as she says) she should lose her share of the Olympian hecatombs.

d. Again, neither Athenê nor Apollo on any occasion is wearied or wounded, or suffers pain, or is swayed by passion. Zeus ascribes to Herê almost a brutal and infuriated passion against Troy:—

> ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις (*Il.* iv. 32).
> τότε κεν χόλον ἐξακέσαιο (*ibid.* 36).

Troy is hateful to her as well as to Herê (ἀπήχθετο, *Il.* xxiv. 27), but her hatred is without excitement. 'Irritate me not,' says Aphroditê to Helen, and her use of such language at once marks an inferior stamp of deity (*Il.* iii. 414).

e. The other note set upon Olympian personages generally, of sexual susceptibility manifested mainly by human progeny, does not

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appear to be found in Apollo,[12] and is rigidly and effectually excluded from the conception of Athenê. Pallas, only second among her names to Athenê itself, has reference to her as a maiden goddess,[13] a character which she retained down to the latest days of the Olympian mythology.

XI. Neither of these deities is associated with a local home such as that of Hephaistos in Lemnos, Poseidon in Aigai, Arês in Thrace, Aphroditê in Paphos; the two last especially (*Od.* viii. 359–66).

Among the very few passages in the Poems which are, in my view, subject to suspicion, are the two which, one of them in each Poem, assign incidentally to Athenê a distinction and importance either inconsistent with, or at the least nowhere borne out by, the general strain of the Poems. These are *Il.* ii. 547–51 and *Od.* vii. 78–81. In the first, autochthonism is assigned to Erechtheus, who is reared by Athenê, deposited in her rich temple, and periodically propitiated with offerings of bulls and lambs. Now autochthonism was the claim, and regular hero-worship was the idea and practice, of a later age. In the second passage, Athenê leaves Scherîê, passes over the sea, reaches Marathon and Athens, and enters the dwelling of Erechtheus. The introduction of Marathon is appropriate, for it marks by a Phœnician name the passage of the goddess from the outer to the inner geographical zone, from the foreign to the Achaian sphere of life. Marathon and Athens again are stated as if they were for her one geographical point only. 'She reached Marathon and wide-wayed Athens.' Now, in no other place, I think, is either Athenê or Apollo said, though Apollo quits Hector (*Il.* xxii. 213), to quit one place in order to arrive at another. But her entrance into the hall or palace of Erechtheus is a much more suspicious note. We hear nowhere else of this *domos*, and the resort to it as if a place of usual sojourn is altogether out of keeping with the majesty of Athenê and her freedom from local ties. The passage seems to bear palpably on the face of it the purpose of compliment, in the blooming age of Athens, to those who at the date of the Poems were among the least prominent members of the Achaian nation.

XII. The worship offered to Athenê and Apollo does not appear to have been subject to any local limitation. Even in Scherîê, beyond the limit of Hellenic life and experience, though she is not made manifest (*enargês*), she freely exercises powers, while on the other hand in Troas, the land of the Nature Powers, she holds a very high position. She thought it necessary to offer to Odysseus in *Od.* xiii. 341–3 a special reason, which had led her to abstain from helping him during his journey in the outer zone. This seems to imply that wherever he went she had the power to help him.

[12] See 'Apollo,' Sect. IV.

[13] See Liddell and Scott. It has the same root as *pallakis* and *pallax*. In Strabo (916) Pallades are virgin priestesses, of whatever deity.

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In the case of Apollo, the affirmative evidence is more strong and clear. We may almost with literal truth say that he is worshipped, according to the Poems, in every country where mention is made of any worship whatever. He has temples at

Chrusê, *Il.* i. 39; Troy, v. 445–8; Putho, ix. 404, *Od.* viii. 79.

He has a priest and therefore also a temple at Ismaros, among the Kikones (*Od.* ix. 197).

And we have also notices of his worship, or his power, at

Killa, *Il.* i. 32	Aitolia, *Il.* ix. 560
Tenedos, *ibid.*	Mount Sipulos, xxiv. 605, 615
Zeleia, *Il.* ii. 824–7	Pierië, ii. 766
Delos, *Od.* vi. 162	Lukiê, or Lycia, v. 105.
Ithaca, *Od.* xvii. 251, *et al.*	

Again, as Apollo was the god of Seers, we may regard him as a deity acknowledged wherever they exercise their profession (*Od.* ix. 508, xv. 223–56; *Il.* ii. 831). Only in Scherië and Pulos have we worship mentioned, without any mention of Apollo; but in both we have mention of the gods generally, as well as of particular divinities (*Od.* iii. 419, vi. 10), so that this silence in no way implies exclusion.

XIII. There remains one important point for consideration. It is the exercise of powers not lying within the ordinary course of nature or of human experience. Under some of the heads of this collocation of the two deities, the evidence has been more copious in the case of Apollo. In this important branch, the development of power is most remarkable in the case of Athenê.

a. I observe in the first place that the Theophanies of Apollo and Athenê are much more free and frequent than those of any other deity. In a religion which has for its inspiring genius close approximation between godhead and manhood, the power of assuming human form will not be considered as any special mark of what may be termed the higher godhead. Accordingly it is exercised (but very imperfectly, *Il.* iii. 386, comp. 396) even by Aphroditê, whose relative Olympian rank is as low as her standard of action. There are, however, notes attaching to the transformations and manifestations of Athenê and Apollo, which are distinctive. They transform themselves not only into the form of men, but into that of birds; and they appear at will either in their own form or in one not their own. Athenê, for example, at least six times in her own form (*Il.* i. 194 *et al.*; *Od.* xiii. 299 *et al.*). Not less than seventeen times she appears in various human forms. These instances are scattered over books i.–xxii. of the *Iliad*, and books i.–viii. and xiii.–xxiv. of the *Odyssey*. Apollo appears four times in his own form, and six times in human form (*Il.* iv. 239–62 *et al.*; *Il.* xvi. 715–26 *et al.*). She also appears as a vulture, in concert with Apollo, sitting on the *Phegos* to watch the

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battle of *Il.* vii. (22, 58–61). In *Od.* i. 320, iii. 371, xxii. 240, she assumes the form of various birds: possibly also, though less probably, this is meant in *Il.* xix. 350: and in *Il.* xv. 236 of Apollo. It is also observable that in Theophanies they become visible or known to particular persons at will without being recognisable by others in the same company. See for Athenê *Il.* i. 198, and for Apollo *Il.* xvii. 322–35.

b. We observe, in the cases of Apollo and Athenê, a free exercise of creative power not accorded to other deities. Thus Apollo, when Aineias has been wounded, produces an *Eidolon* or counterpart of him, sufficiently substantial to pass for him on the field of battle (*Il.* v. 431–53); and Athenê consoles Penelopê when disconsolate by sending to her while sleeping an *Eidolon* in female form of her sister Iphthimê (*Od.* v. 795–803).

c. It is, however, a point of still greater weight that in dealing with phenomena purely physical these deities, and these alone, exclusively can turn in whatsoever direction they will the established processes of nature.

I must not omit to notice an apparent exception, which by its particulars confirms the rule. It is the case of the kine of the Sun, slaughtered by the crew in the Twelfth Odyssey. The roasted flesh lowed upon the spits, and the hides crept about the island (*Od.* xii. 394–6). It is to be remembered that this was in a region where the worship of the Sun was dominant, and which was indeed consecrated to him. But it was not the Sun who effected these prodigies: they were exhibited by the supreme power of the gods at large:—

θεοὶ τέραα προύφαινον.

The principal manifestations of this abnormal, and so to speak despotic, power over nature are, on the part of Apollo, few but decisive. One is when, without labour, or even the use of a symbolic medium, he turns the mouths of the eight enumerated rivers of Troas upon the Achaian rampart to destroy it (*Il.* xii. 24–32). The other is the case of the portents which complete, in the sensible sphere, the terrible moral preparations for the coming slaughter. When Athenê has done her part with the minds and persons of the Suitors, Theoclumenos, the Seer and servant of Apollo, enumerates a series of attendant phenomena. Darkness envelopes the company at their banquet: there is lamentation, there are tears: the walls and recesses are blood-besprinkled: *eidola* move about on their way to Erebos. Whether or not we are to suppose that these objects were seen by the Suitors, they were evidently presented, out of the order of nature, to the inspired vision of the servant of Apollo who describes them. They must therefore be considered as due to the agency of the god (*Od.* xx. 350–7).

In the more fully developed case of Athenê, I shall distinguish degrees or kinds.

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We are, perhaps, not surprised when the goddess of war

(1) Diverts the arrow of Pandaros, *Il.* iv. 130–140.

(2) Guides the spear of Diomed against him, v. 290–6.

(3) Averts the spear of Arês, and impels that of Diomed, viii. 53–6.

(4) Stays the spear of Sokos hurled at Odysseus, xi. 437.

(5) Diverts the spear of Hector and makes it return to him.

(6) Recovers the spear of Achilles and returns it to him, xxii. 275–7.

Yet it is to be observed that none of these offices are ever performed by Arês, the god of war proper in the Olympian scheme. Further, in the games, she restores to Diomed his whip, breaks the yoke of his competitor's chariot, and infuses courage and speed into his horses (xxiii. 388–405).

In the scene of *Od.* xx. 345, besides acting on the minds of the Suitors, she causes them to shed tears, and defiles with blood the mouthfuls of flesh which they are eating. She gives stature, and beauty, or plumpness to Odysseus (*Od.* vi. 229, viii. 218, 223), to Penelopê (xviii. 187), and to Laertes (xxiv. 367). She is said also in xiv. 216 to have given muscular force to the Pseudodysseus. In these cases instantaneous change of physical features appears to be implied, but it is not sharply expressed. Nothing in the way of instrument or second cause, such as the *kestos* of Aphrodite (*Il.* xiv. 214), is employed.

But there are a series of transformations and retransformations of Odysseus himself which are, even profusely, employed in the *Odyssey*, and which deserve particular notice, first for the trenchant nature of the operation, which amounts to the production in a moment of a complete *metastoicheiosis*, as far as feature and general appearance are concerned. Secondly, because here at length, perhaps with reference to the radical nature of the change, we find the introduction of an instrument or symbol. But it does not extend to all the cases.

Here is the series of the facts.

(1) She undertakes to transform Odysseus in eyes, flesh, and hair, so as to make him repulsive in appearance, and incapable of recognition by any one (*Od.* xiii. 397–403). She strikes him with a rod, and it is done (429–33). He is also clothed in wretched garments.

(2) In *Od.* xvi. 172, again using a rod, she restores his hair and his person, together with excellent clothing (comp. 207–12).

(3) In 454–6, the second transformation is effected, and the stroke with the rod is a third time used.

(4) For the battle against Iros, without removing the transformation (xviii. 68–74), and without the use of the rod, she restores his limbs, and, so to speak, the fighting man, to force and fulness.

(5) Finally in *Od.* xxiii. 156 she retransforms him for the great recognition by Penelopê, restoring him to fulness of beauty, and

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augmenting his stature. In this final miracle there is no use of the rod.

Taking the entire series together, there is no such exercise of power over nature, even by Zeus himself, in any part of the Poems.

One remarkable act remains for notice. In *Od.* xxiii. 242–6, to give time for the conversation of the husband and wife, she detains the night, and stops the morning, not permitting Eōs to harness her horses. A function analogous to this, that of requiring the sun to set, is exercised by Herê, either as a reflected prerogative of Zeus or (in *Il.* xviii. 239) on another basis, implying supremacy, which has to be examined in connection with the other properties of that divinity.

Under these thirteen heads I hope that I have now given a body of evidence sufficient to show the difference, which (subject to important reservations in the case of Zeus) is really an enormous difference, between the position of these two divinities in the Poems, and that of the other gods generally. And likewise sufficient to sustain the proposition that an explanation of this difference will in vain be sought for within the limits of the Olympian system. I close, however, by observing that the picture I seek to draw is that of the Homeric or Olympian Athenê; and I do not doubt that, in some of his touches, the Poet-painter may have availed himself of suggestions conveyed to him from the solar or light system; of which, in a variety of forms, he appears to have been more or less cognisant.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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A REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

THE condition of an infantry regiment of the line as we now find it is the outcome of several important changes in the systems of recruiting and organisation effected during the last sixteen years, and grafted on to the old regimental system previously existing. The first of these changes inaugurated, in 1871, the principle of a short term of service with the colours, followed by a period in the reserve, in place of a long engagement with the former alone, which had been found no longer to attract the required number of recruits, while it possessed the further serious disadvantage that it did not allow an efficient reserve to be formed. The second introduced, in 1873, the localisation scheme, having for its object the permanent association of regiments with certain defined districts from which the recruits required by them were to be, as far as possible, exclusively drawn. The Militia and Rifle Volunteer Corps situated in the respective districts were also brought into the system and affiliated to the line formations.

The last of the series of changes was effected in 1881, and aimed at the amalgamation of the units of the line and Militia, situated within each of the several recruiting districts created by the localisation scheme, into territorial regiments, having in the majority of cases a local title. Each of these regiments—with one or two exceptions, which were not brought under the system—consisted of two line battalions, one or more Militia battalions, and a depôt, common to all, situated in the regimental district that was to form the recruiting area for the entire regiment. The Volunteer corps in these districts were attached to the territorial regiment, the title of which they have in a large number of cases adopted, in place of the distinctive titles they previously possessed.

The period that has elapsed since the introduction of short service has allowed of many modifications, shown by experience to be desirable, being effected in the scheme, amongst others the very important one lengthening the term with the colours from six to seven years; and it may now be fairly regarded as in complete working order. The localisation for recruiting purposes, of which the institution of territorial regiments was the complement, has not had an equal advantage in point of time; while from the nature of the case its

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development must of necessity be more uncertain and gradual. Nevertheless, the system has taken firm root and made good progress in many parts of the United Kingdom, the large majority of the recruits required annually for the territorial regiments being in many instances drawn from the districts to which they respectively belong.

Many years may probably elapse before it will have attained to its full development in every part of the country; and some districts, on account of their shifting population, can never be expected to give such satisfactory results as others more favourably situated. A fair estimate, however, of the normal conditions resulting from the system may be gathered from the analysis of a regiment belonging to a district in which the circumstances are favourable, as we find it at the present time. It must not be inferred from this that the most favourable instance will be cited, or that it is an exceptional one, for this is not the case. There are other districts giving still better results, and it was stated by the Inspector-General of Recruiting in his last annual Report, that on the 1st of January there were forty-one regiments supplying themselves with recruits from their own districts exclusively.

The one selected has been chosen as a type of those whose recruiting area embraces chiefly an agricultural district, and in which consequently the population are, generally speaking, stationary. The regiment connected with this district has one of its line battalions stationed in the United Kingdom and the other in India; the Militia of the county forms its third and fourth battalions, and it has four Volunteer battalions attached to it.

The establishments of the line battalions and the depôt have been fixed by the estimates of the current year at the following numbers, and the strength of each of them is actually in excess of these figures, so far as the privates are concerned.

	Home battalion	Battalion abroad	Depôt
Officers	24	28	5
Warrant officers . . .	2	2	1
Sergeants	40	46	11
Corporals	40	40	10
Drummers	16	16	2
Privates	690	880	40
Total	812	1,012	69

These establishments are fixed on certain definite principles. The battalion at home has three important functions to perform. Of these, the first is to form on mobilisation, with the help of its regimental reserves, a field battalion numbering one thousand rank and file, all fully trained soldiers of a year's service, and over twenty years of age; the second to furnish annually the draft required to

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make good the deficiencies in the battalion abroad; and the third to provide for the practical military training for war of both officers and men. These considerations have unfortunately been too often neglected; the establishments in the past having been a very variable quantity, changed constantly according to the immediate requirements of the estimates, and fixed frequently at a strength quite inadequate for efficiency. With the present strength, the requirements can be fulfilled in the battalion referred to, which has a present strength of 772 rank and file, whereas the regimental reserves comprise 458 in the First-class Army Reserve and 344 in the Militia Reserve. These requirements could equally be met in each of the twenty-five battalions of which the infantry of the First Army Corps for service would be composed; but of the rest there are many not at present in a position to fulfil them.

The battalion in India has to be maintained at a strength to admit of its taking the field at short notice, without previous reinforcements from home, and to ensure this the establishment has lately been increased by 100 men.

The depôt is provided with a small permanent establishment, sufficient to perform the necessary barrack duties, and to provide for the training of the recruits, all of whom receive their first instruction there after enlistment, and are in excess of the permanent strength.

The following is the distribution of the home battalion, as regards age:

	Sergeants	Drummers Rank and file	Total
24 years and upwards . . .	29	74	103
21 „ and under 24 . . .	9	198	207
20 „ and under 21 . . .	—	134	134
Under 20 years of age . . .	—	304	304
Boys under 18 years of age . .	—	18	18
Total	38	788	826

The services of the non-commissioned officers and men are as follows:

	Sergeants	Drummers Rank and file	Total
Over 10 years	17	24	41
3 years and under 10 . . .	21	81	102
1 year and under 3 . . .	—	441	441
Under 1 year	—	242	242
Total	38	788	826

The average age of the sergeants is about twenty-nine, and the

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average service eleven years; of the corporals twenty-three years with five years' service, and of the privates twenty and a half years with two years' service. So far as the non-commissioned officers are concerned, these averages are not unsatisfactory; there is no sergeant with less than three years' service, and a fair proportion with really long service exists. In this respect the battalion is somewhat exceptionally favoured; for, owing partly to non-commissioned officers not always extending their service in sufficient numbers beyond the obligatory minimum of six years with the colours, and partly to the serious drain from the battalions to meet the requirements of the Militia for its permanent staff, and of the Volunteers for their sergeant-instructors, many regiments have been put to great straits to complete their non-commissioned ranks with men possessing the necessary qualifications.

Turning now to the private soldiers, the average age and service are evidently not all that could be desired. The minimum age at which recruits are accepted is eighteen years, though they are as a fact often younger, and it has been ruled by high medical authorities, and confirmed by practical experience, that a youth of less than twenty years of age is ordinarily not fitted to bear the hardships and privations incident to service in the field. So far, therefore, as the fighting strength of a battalion is concerned, the men under that age must be regarded as non-effective. This must be carefully borne in mind when considering the proportion of very young soldiers in the ranks of our regiments at home; but at the same time it should not be lost sight of that the strength of these has been so increased during the last few years as to go a certain way to make up for this. Unfortunately for efficiency the current estimates show a decrease, which, though only of 20 men per battalion, can be very ill afforded.

In the battalion under consideration there are 382 men who, in the event of mobilisation would, on account of youth and short service, have to be transferred to the depôt, where they would serve to form the nucleus of a reserve battalion, and eventually become available to be drafted to the battalion in the field. After deducting from the strength remaining a percentage for sick and men unfitted for active service, there would remain less than 400 men to accompany the battalion into the field. About 600 men would, therefore, be required from the regimental reserves to complete it to 1,000 rank and file. This proportion is too high, and would in some regiments have the effect of taking all the reserve men available, whereas it is very necessary that the Militia reserve should be left intact, ready to furnish the first drafts required to replace the waste of the battalion in the field.

It is not the system chiefly that is at fault, though the term of six years' colour service in force up to 1881 has contributed to the result. The causes that have led to it are twofold. The first is that

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the establishments in the past were fixed at so low a figure that, when they were raised to the strength required for efficiency, it necessitated an unusually large influx of recruits. The second is the necessity that arose in 1885 for sending extra drafts to augment the strength of the battalions in India, and this increased the evil. The defect, however, is, we may hope, only a temporary one, which is in course of rectifying itself—a result that will be hastened by very few men passing to the reserve during the current year, owing to the extra year's service with the colours imposed in 1881.

The battalion in India, in common with all those serving abroad, is much more favourably situated in respect to the age and service of the men. In it the average age of the privates was, on January 1, from twenty-three to twenty-four years, and their average service four years. This is owing to the circumstance that men are not ordinarily sent to India until they are twenty years of age, and often not until they are older.

If some exception must be taken to the age of a large proportion of the men in the home battalion, there is nothing to complain of in regard to their physical qualifications, and the battalion abroad is naturally better situated in this respect also. Taking the non-commissioned officers and men of the former together, the average chest measurement was, on the 1st of January, thirty-six and a half inches, and the average height five feet six inches, which, considering the large proportion of young soldiers, is not unsatisfactory. These figures are taken from the regimental measurements, and are a fair sample of regiments that obtain their recruits from agricultural districts. There are many regiments, particularly those dependent mainly upon manufacturing towns for their recruits, that cannot show so favourable a record; but this is owing in a great degree to the unprecedented number of recruits it has been necessary to take to complete the establishments during the past two years, and to the fact that the great majority of more developed soldiers have been sent abroad. If only the establishments be kept in future at a fixed and adequate strength, the necessity will not exist for recruiting at high pressure, and a stricter selection will become possible.

It is not in physique alone that the agricultural districts have, generally speaking, the advantage. The recruits drawn from them come from a steady and orderly class, and give little or no trouble in the regiments they join. The average effectives during the past year in the home battalion numbered nearly 800 non-commissioned officers and men. The total number of trials by court-martial, which represent all the more serious offences, was only twenty-eight, of which all except two were for purely military transgressions, while summary punishments were awarded to ninety-nine men for offences sufficiently serious to entail an entry in the regimental defaulters' book and to 252 men for trivial derelictions of duty, dealt with in a

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large proportion of cases by simple reprimand. During the same period only fifty-two men were fined for drunkenness.

That this good conduct is continued by the men of this regiment during their subsequent service is evidenced by the fact that in the foreign battalion, where the longer service of the men allows of their obtaining good-conduct badges, there are as many as 697 men wearing them, and the deposits in the regimental savings bank amount to over 3,000*l.*

This is eminently satisfactory, and though regiments differ very much in this respect as in others, there is no doubt that serious crime has materially decreased of late years in the army; though the record of court-martials is unfortunately still swelled by deserters during the first years of service. The important modifications introduced by H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief a few months ago in the system of dealing with offences in the army have already in the short period that has since elapsed, had a marked effect in diminishing the number of courts-martial, and consequently the number of men in our military prisons; and it may confidently be anticipated that at the end of the present year the statistics of crimes and punishments will compare very favourably with those of past periods.

So long as the previous career of a man offering himself as a recruit has to be taken on trust, it will not be possible to guard against bad characters being admitted, but it is very desirable that such men should not be allowed to remain in the army, and of recent years increased facilities have been given for getting rid of them. A considerable proportion of this class are men who have already served and been dismissed, or who while actually belonging to one regiment enlist fraudulently in another. They give a great deal of unnecessary trouble and entail much useless expense, which could be easily avoided by the adoption of the simple expedient, so often recommended, of an indelible distinctive mark to be borne by all officers and soldiers. This simple measure would confer an inestimable boon on the men themselves, for it would have the effect of absolutely preventing fraudulent enlistment, and would remove from the barrack-room a class of men who have the worst influence upon the young soldier, and whose presence often deters men of a better class from joining.

In one respect this regiment and others recruiting under similar conditions are at a like disadvantage. The standard of education is not high, and, though much is done to remedy this in the regimental school after the men join, the standard attained to does not ordinarily bear comparison with that obtaining in regiments recruited in town districts.

We find, for instance, in the home battalion on the 1st of January, 275 men of inferior educational attainments, against 584 holding

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school certificates of the various grades. Even this is a vast improvement over the number in possession of certificates a few years ago, and may be attributed, in part at least, to the working of the Education Act. As the effects of this measure become more generally felt throughout the country, this will be rectified, and in the meantime the excellent schools with which our regiments are provided go far to rectify the deficiency.

Taken altogether, there is little doubt that a better class of men does join the infantry than was the case formerly, though this is more apparent in some regiments than others, according to the conditions under which they recruit. The more it is carried out in the regimental district alone, the more this will come to be the case, for the indifferent characters will not care to join the regiment belonging to their own locality. The regiment with which we are more particularly concerned is an instance of this. The number of recruits who joined it last year from its own district was 292, being 82 per cent. of the total number enlisted for it, and, on the 1st of January, of the 2,055 non-commissioned officers and men serving in the regiment and its depôt, 1,421, or nearly 75 per cent., were born in the district.

The great majority of the men enlisted in the district were agricultural labourers, of whom there were 259, the balance being made up of men belonging to the following miscellaneous trades:—

Fishermen	4	Furrier	1
Boot- and shoemakers	3	Engine-drivers	2
Machine-presser	1	Plumber	1
Shoeing- and blacksmiths	3	Musicians	3
Bakers	3	Sawyer	1
Painters	5	Fishmongers	2
Grooms	16	Seaman	1
Tailors	3	Servants	2
Watchmaker	1	Weaver	1
Drover	1	Gardener	1
Carpenters	4	Machinists	2
Wheelwright	1	Coachsmith	1
Stoker	1	Porter	1
Grocer	1	Clerk	1
Bricklayers	3	Waiter	1
Butchers	3	Dairyman	1
Timman	1	Shipwright	1
Warrener	1	Brickmaker	1

In each district the class of men joining the infantry varies according to the occupations of its inhabitants. To instance another district embracing a manufacturing area, we find that the recruits enlisted last year were drawn from the following classes:—

Labourers, servants, &c.	283
Trades, principally cotton operatives and ironworkers	132
Mechanics	58

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Shopmen and clerks	19
Professional occupations	4

And, taking the whole number of men offering for enlistment and passed as medically fit during the year, classified in the same manner, there were—

Labourers, servants, &c.	26,777
Manufacturing artisans	6,058
Mechanics	5,089
Shopmen and clerks	2,429
Professional occupations	559
Boys under 17 years of age	1,218
Not stated	5

Generally speaking, the proportion has not changed much during the last few years. Such fluctuation as there is takes place mostly amongst the manufacturing artisans, who are, as a class, perhaps more affected by the conditions of trade.

There is one class not specially enumerated in the above list, though most of those belonging to it who enlist may probably be included under 'professional occupations.' This is that of the young men of good birth and education who enter the ranks of the infantry with a view to gaining commissions. The number of these has much increased of late years, and it may be hoped it will continue to do so. They make good soldiers and have produced an excellent effect by their moral influence in the barrack-room. Nothing can tend more to foster a high tone in a regiment than the presence in it of men of a superior class, and they are uniformly treated with respect by their comrades.

The fact of their serving, as they do, for some years in the ranks goes far in itself to show that the barrack-room is no longer what it was in former years, and we may expect that, in proportion as the great ameliorations which have been made and continue to be introduced in the soldier's life come to be more generally known and appreciated, men of the better class will be found to choose the army as a profession in greater numbers than at present.

H. T. HILDYARD.

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ARTISAN ATHEISM.

THE article on this subject in the February number of this Review has brought to its writer many letters, chiefly from clergymen, who say (with Socrates to Callicles), 'I ask you not for a love of contention, but because I really want to know in what way you think that affairs should be administered among us;' and in reply I cannot but think of the words (also of Socrates) to Alcibiades, 'Did you ever know a man wise in anything who was unable to impart his particular wisdom?' though I do not mean that I have any wisdom to impart, but that my correspondents have and by their office profess to have. One writes to me: 'I should be really grateful to you if you would tell me what you exactly mean by "preaching God as the living Ruler of the world," and why doing so would be a special means of getting at artisans.' Another: 'I fail to understand what you mean by calling upon us to preach God as the living Ruler of the world apart from Bible, Church creeds, &c., or how we are to preach a declaration of God governing the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven, whose influence is found in everyday life, unless that knowledge is derived from sources given by God and applied by means appointed by Christ.' A third: 'We know next to nothing of the so-called atheistic artisan; there are insurmountable obstacles to any real sympathy between us;' and further: 'How am I to know what the working man really thinks and wants? What am I to read? What periodicals truly reflect his mind?'

There are many correspondents not clerical—one busily engaged in business, who proposes a practical solution of the difficulty by a radical method; that of spending 20,000*l.* for the collection, arrangement, and comparison of all that can be collected, arranged, and compared about the Scriptures, so that it shall be settled once for all what is their value. The earnestness of the writer commands all respect, and he has discussed at considerable length the merits of this proposal.

All this takes me back to my early life. I am in a famous city church, listening to a sermon I cannot understand; and walking home I ask my brother, two years my senior, whether, if I went to the rector's house to ask enlightenment, the footman would kick me down the four white steps. As a practical compromise, the next Sunday we

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came out when the sermon began, and spent the forty-five minutes hanging on to the church railings, pretending to be omnibus conductors, and calling out 'Paddington and Bank,' then almost the only omnibus route. Had some Gabriel announced to me that the time was to be when rectors would write on crested paper with big seals, to ask guidance of me! I was then ten years old, and till I was twenty I lived in the same house, never sleeping a night out of London; but all that twenty years I never saw out of the church either rector or curate. But a few years later, in 1854, a clergyman does speak to me, as to so many others, 'as one having authority, and not as the scribes;' I am one of the audience at St. Martin's Hall listening to Maurice as he delivers the inaugural lecture of the Working Men's College, of which, from that, the first day of its life till now, I have been a member. What the lecturer, afar off, is talking about I have no idea; but that there is being revealed to me a new world, one until now utterly unknown, is quite clear, though I am at the very door, afraid (as well as unable) to enter. But though I get no nearer Maurice then, from that moment my life is altered, for it has a purpose; and from that moment till now, God and Maurice are inseparable to me—the thought of one brings with it the other. From that moment my faith has been, 'There is but one God, and Maurice is his prophet.' It has been said by one of his most intimate friends that Maurice was not popular with the great body of artisans, despite his energy, earnestness, and power; that his lectures at the College were attended only by a few. Does not this show, what I so passionately urge—that the want of power to think, the cramping life of London, the monotony of daily town life, is the great enemy to religion, the almost immovable obstacle to that higher life of which so many talk, and which so few of us can reach, except in happier moments, unhappily so few and brief? But, also, were not the few that did come to Maurice so far exceptional that every one has become in his way a centre of real free-thought, chiefly by the spirit they caught from him?

As one of the working committee, I was surprised by the comparatively small number of real artisans who came to the College; and I knew it was meant especially for them, for at one council meeting it was discussed whether the students might not have some kind of gown to wear over their working dress, there being always a vague idea that working men would come straight from their work and leave their tools at the door of the class-room. I went over the whole roll of students, some 2,000 in number, and made two discoveries: that one-third only were really handicraftsmen, and that the vast majority of these lived in South London. From this sprang the idea of the South London Working Men's College, which has become the South London Free Library and Fine Art Gallery, and which staggers along under every possible discouragement, but with

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the consciousness that it is doing needful work which no one else is doing.

In South London, therefore, it seems we must look for the great artisan body of London. If you stand on any of the bridges, from London to Westminster, any morning between six and nine, you will see a vast exodus from south to north; in the evening, about the same hours, the great army of workers return to the endless array of brick walls with little square openings, amongst which, in one-tenth of the space covered by London, a third of the population lives, or rather spends so much of its time as is not occupied in work. Let a prophet, then, stand on one of these bridges and declare aloud to these workers that 'God is the real living Ruler of the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven, whose influence is found in the daily life even of the poorest.' Let him declare, further, that all science but shows how great is God's power, that all noble art is inspired by Him, that all noble literature is the expression of divine inspiration. Then, if some secularist says, 'Has God then forgotten South London; or is it the last place made, where all the rubbish was shot? If art, science, and literature are so important, how is it that in all our part of the town we have neither pictures nor books, that not one brick of public building is with us to elevate our thoughts? Has God forgotten us, as our brethren seem to have done; or has his appointed servants, who claim us as their sheep, forgotten to deliver his message? Some of us read Darwin, and have a dim idea of what is meant by survival of the fittest (which phrase about sums our knowledge of Herbert Spencer), and we ask what is the daily life best fitted to our surroundings?'—what will our prophet of God, declaring all men to be brothers, say to this? Will he point to the architectural glories of London, the finest city of the world, and say, 'All this is yours as Londoners. The endless array of museums, picture galleries, libraries, are for all'? Let him stand on London Bridge and compare King William Street with the Borough, the Royal Exchange with the Borough Market; then on Southwark Bridge—to the north he will see Guildhall, to the south a brewery; on Blackfriars Bridge, and compare Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill with Blackfriars Road and the New Cut; on Waterloo Bridge—on the north Somerset House, on the south a flour mill; on Hungerford Bridge, and compare Charing Cross with Belvedere Road; on Westminster Bridge, look one way at Whitehall, the other at Westminster Road; on the one end the Palace of Westminster, at the other the Hospital, which is at the west what Guy's Hospital is at the east—the place to repair the broken-down workman for his work. Then ask how many of the women and children of Camberwell or Bermondsey are likely to see much of the British Museum or National Gallery, South Kensington Museum or the Zoological Gardens; and how much their daily life is a preparation for the full use of these even when seen.

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Will not the dull plodding workman, the man who is content to be a mere machine, find existence more in unison with his monotonous sordid surroundings—will not the man who wants to live as well as work, to live in his work as well as by it, find his aspirations, his ambition, so out of place that they will soon be crushed, and he will slowly, with desperate struggles it may be, find the lower level? Will not the number who feel this desire to be each a living soul grow smaller and smaller by Darwinian laws of heredity and environment? How, then, can God's prophet, declare he his mission ever so nobly, hope to have a prompt and full response? When he speaks in passionate language of the fulness of heaven's peace, the power of good over evil, is he not like a man talking the deep truths of geology to a man who has never had an elementary idea of the science?—like one who speaks of the brilliant stars to a very shortsighted man? I remember that quite thirty years ago I was walking at midnight with a man now known all over Europe, who had been telling me of some wonderful astronomical discovery; and when I said, 'How very bright Orion is! have you ever seen it brighter?' he replied, 'I have never seen it at all, or any other star; I'm too shortsighted.' So when one speaks of religion to the ordinary artisan, he may say, 'I have never felt it; my sympathies are too shortsighted.' But my clerical critics will at once denounce, in general chorus, the idea that religion is a matter of mental power; will declare, with a unanimity not common on all points, 'It is just the poor and struggling, the grieved and troubled, that find God most readily. It is not the earthquake nor the fire, but the still small voice, that makes its way to the heart.' And many artisans will reply, 'That still small voice we often hear; but it does not speak the same language as you use. It does not speak of creeds or formularies, or tell us that church is the only place where we can find God. Moreover, our education—that of the workshop—if rough and ready, is vigorous and practical as far as it goes; and it seems to us that all we find in our lives is at variance with your theories. So far as we can understand you, God and heaven are something belonging to some other world, and we feel that it is here that we want Him. And those who have read history for us, tell us in lectures and periodicals how the clergy have in all times and in all places been the enemies of free thought, burning and banishing all who presume to think for themselves.'

Here is the ordinary handicraftsman, placed between his secular club and paper on the one side and the clergy on the other. If he listens more readily to the one than to the other, why is it so? and to which does he incline? One clergyman, a man of wide experience of east and west London, tells me he thinks there are very few ılarists; probably these few go from club to club and make a great · with scanty materials. Another, living in South London, tells ıe thinks education has so widely spread that there is scarcely a

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secularist to be found. It may be so. My only knowledge is derived from my own experience, during some thirty-five years spent in London, in addition to my early life; and of this the greater part has been spent in the work of the Working Men's College and the Free Library, and during the last five years in lectures in various parts of London. What this experience is I have said in the previous paper.

If the workman is a reasonable being, influenced by the light and leading the clergy give him, why is there so much said about the spread of infidelity? Why do clergymen write to me, not denouncing me as a blunderer, but asking what they are to do? A friend in high official office, one who cares with intense earnestness for both clergy and artisan, writes, 'The many letters you have from the clergy show that they are in earnest, that there is in them what Tennyson calls a "divine despair," out of the depth of which they are calling.' If they are so successful, whence this despair? If, on the other hand, the great body of artisans do not listen to the clergy so willingly, do listen, if at all, to the secularist lecturer and read the newspapers and periodicals least devoted to the Church, why is it so? The clergy have great advantages—leisure, ability, knowledge, and an official position which gives them the respect and help of the middle and wealthy classes. The secularist lecturers have great disadvantages; in many cases they have but little ability or knowledge as compared with the importance of the subjects of which they speak. But their earnestness, the real living faith they have, the response they find in the minds, rather than the hearts, of their hearers—these seem to be the sources of their influence. They are, moreover, in many instances, men who have been Sunday-school teachers, and they speak with all the zeal of converts, or perverts. In a letter from an old Sunday-school teacher, an earnest evangelical Christian, who has given some attention to science, I have this: 'There is nothing more remarkable in this age than the ignorance of our spiritual teachers. The one book they do not *study* is the Bible; their whole aim being at finding pretty analogies for the comfort and edification of the elect, and awful warnings of damnation for everybody else. I am deeply in earnest when I thank God that my hopes of finding the truth, and of future and present happiness, do not depend upon the parsons (of course, I speak of them as a body).' Here is a man intensely anxious for religious faith, who has not become a secularist, or anything like it, but this is the outcome of his many years' experience of the Church.

To come back to our South London artisan and his surroundings. Architecture, if not represented in much else, is strong in board schools, edifices often with some pretensions to taste, roomy, well ventilated, and well furnished. There are several of these near the South London Art Gallery, New Road, Battersea Park, and hundreds of children come in daily to look at the pictures, engravings, &c., and

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in the evening the elder boys and girls come in to read. They have also their lectures. Seventy boys came to a lecture on Mr. McCallum's large painting of the Siege of Jerusalem. Regularly every Monday they come to hear fairy stories, not read, but told to them. They come in every variety of rags and dirt. Some are clean, and come with the approval and help of the parents; some come with grimy faces and rags that scarcely hold together. Perhaps the greatest simplicity of costume was reached by the young gentleman who approached so nearly to the 'smile and shoestring' stage of dress as to wear only a piece of a shirt, a part of a pair of trousers, and a fragment of one brace. But this was somewhat exceptional. To send them out to wash means either that they smear their faces in the nearest puddle, or that they hold an indignation meeting at the doorpost. Their customary language may be inferred from that of an elderly gentleman of about three years, not yet promoted to knickerbockers, who in pure gaiety of heart, and without the slightest ill-feeling, invited me to 'come outside and he would punch my b—— nose.' I am speaking of a thoroughly artisan neighbourhood, one of the newly developed 'building areas,' where all the tiny houses are but a few years old, where are no backslums, but a great many broken windows, much drinking, and language of which the one specimen I have given is a fairly representative brick of the whole building.

We have had nearly twenty years of board schools and of payment of teachers by results; at least one generation of children have become themselves parents of school children. I have the profoundest sympathy with the teachers, for I know what their difficulties are; I have all possible respect for the earnestness of school managers and school boards; but is it not one result of all this work that imagination and fancy are, if not extinct, quite dormant?—let us hope only dormant. Take a hundred artisan children at random, and ask how many know the story of Jack the Giant Killer. I found only three. Well, what then? Fairy tales can go with other superstitions; our children will find in science a hundred stories more marvellous and, moreover, true. Talking dragons and walking trees are not facts; we are better without them. Let them go with other superstitions. But do other superstitions go? Two days ago I brought into an invalid's room a fine bunch of snowdrops, and the nurse, a young woman, and one above the average, cried, 'Oh, how can you? a sure sign of death!' The next moment I pulled up the blind that the invalid might see the bright stars and the newest of new moons. 'Oh, dear, you shouldn't look at the new moon through the window! Open the window and turn your money in your pocket.'

Let the fairy tales go; the board schools provide better reading. But what if the hard work, mental strain, and brickwall surroundings

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of large town schools deaden the desire to read, often associate books with ideas of unpleasant and enforced work? I am told by a high authority that it is found in examinations that the town children of town parents cannot hold their own with the children who have come to London from villages, though it has always been supposed that London children have boundless advantages in intellectual sharpness. Education is not a mechanical process; and if a hundred children can be properly taught on one acre of ground, it by no means follows that two hundred children can be properly taught on two adjoining acres. So it by no means follows that what is taught in school is the whole of education.

But what if fairy tales have a real bearing on religion? What if the loss or decay of imagination is one great factor of artisan atheism? What if our young men are incapable of regarding the Bible as anything but an official record of historical events; if they are incapable of regarding religion as anything but barren belief in the occurrence of these events? No teacher can teach what he does not know; neither can he teach what his pupils cannot understand. It is as hopeless as lecturing on Italian poetry to a child knowing nothing of either Italian or poetry, to expect lofty thoughts when the mind has been dwarfed by sordid surroundings and the sympathies atrophied by disuse.

But if fairy tales should have even a more direct connection with religion than this? What if they can help us to understand some parts of the Bible which it seems hopeless to understand in any worthy sense. There are many parts of the Old Testament seldom, if ever, spoken of by the clergy; just the very passages selected by secularists when criticising the Bible. The clergy seem anxious to forget these passages, to evade them, to put them on one side as not really important; the secularists insist on taking them as representative, and judging the Bible by them. Is the story of Balaam true? Did his ass possess the gift of speech and better eyesight than his master? Was Jonah swallowed by a whale? Is it not known that a whale could not swallow a child, much less a man? (That the Bible does not say anything of a whale is a mere detail.) Did the sun and moon stand still? Is the story of the Flood really true? To talk of any but the most literal interpretation is to speak of what a large number of young men, from mere intellectual atrophy due to sordid surroundings, cannot grasp in any fulness.

But if the fairy stories of talking animals can be traced back at least to the age of Balaam, probably to far greater antiquity?—if they be, not pretty stories for children, but survivals of national literature, of a primitive character indeed?—Is this to degrade the Bible, or to raise fairy stories to their proper level? But it will throw a side light on the story of Balaam which will surely be a gain. What if Red Riding Hood and other stories of devouring, such as Quog and Qat,

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one swallowing the sun, the other cutting it out with a piece of red obsidian; the Negro story of the child swallowed by the snake and rescued by its mother alive,—what if these can be traced to remote antiquity—will not the story of Jonah be read in a new light? Cinderella is said to be found in every European language, though in strangely diverse forms; and Jack and the Beanstalk can be traced in every Aryan nation, to the Zulus of South Africa and Indians of North America. The Negro legend of the small crustaceans who, indignant at being trampled on by the careless elephant, bored so many tiny holes in the earth that the waters rose and flooded the world, together with the Canadian legend of a great flood, and the Ojibwa legend of the man who was swallowed, canoe and all, and with him all the rest of mankind but one,—may all probably be traced to a common origin as old as our Biblical legends, which will surely be read with a new interest; and the New Zealand legend or myth of Maui being swallowed by his grandmother, and of his escape by means of a bird singing, may possibly eventually connect the story of the Flood with that of Jonah. The New Zealand legend of Maui and his miraculous jawbone, if followed up, will surely give a ray of illumination to the story of Samson; and the legend of Maui and his miraculous fire, coupled with the legend of Prometheus, will surely give new light to the account of the Fall of Man. That New Zealand should give us light by which to read what we so fondly call our own Bible will surely give a deeper sanctity to our words when we speak of the brotherhood of men. And who can read the Hottentot legend of the lame god without a hope of some help towards understanding Jacob's change to Israel?

I am offering no opinion whatever on the rising science of mythology; I am not a partisan of either school of interpretation. These matters I speak of only as helping to explain why the clergy and the artisans do not understand each other, if (as I think) they do not. Nor am I now concerned with the attitude of the Church towards the new science (a friend in the supposed form of an enemy), but rather with the use made of the scraps of this new knowledge by the active secularists. Just as the new astronomy, the new geology, the new biology were each in turn used against the Church (secularists say the Church abused its power to keep the world ignorant, in every instance), so now the same experience comes in the new struggle; and such scraps of mythology in its new aspect as come to them are eagerly used as missiles by the active opponents of what they suppose to be Christianity, and used to pelt the clergy, who as usual are not first in the field, using for religion what is misused against it.

After this long digression I may come back to my correspondents who have paid me so high a compliment as to ask my advice. I recognise in this, to use the words of a friend, 'an anxiety to do the work

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committed to them, at any sacrifice of the conventionalities and proprieties.' To turn, then, to the first question, 'What I exactly mean by preaching God as the living Ruler of the world?' The knowledge that so many regard Christianity as simply a belief in the events recorded in the Bible, regard God as having chosen the ancient Hebrews as the *only* means of revelation, as the only people to whom a knowledge of Himself was given, as a kind of patronage committee of the world and all its future inhabitants, suggested the words I used, made me feel how great a work could be done by the Church if it would preach the truth that England, as much as Israel, is God's kingdom; that the same inspiration that raised Moses and David above the average of mankind in their days has raised every great man in all times, from Marcus Aurelius to Luther, from Oliver Cromwell to Burke and Gladstone; that the Bible is not to be read as a record of mere occurrences, the accuracy of which must be literally accepted as the one condition of finding salvation. My friends, who honour me by writing, will say they do not teach this, and many will wonder that I should pen such absurdities; but what if a large number of people believe they do? Then they will say, if these people would go to church they would know better. And why do they not go to church? Because they have these opinions about the Church and its work; because so many of them believe that the clergy do not care for anything but their position and their incomes. If there be this gulf, who is to fill it? Even now, Socialist 'church parades' give the Church an opportunity, and is it being made use of? One of the anti-Christian papers speaks thus of the parade at St. Paul's on the 27th of February:—'The dignitary who occupied the pulpit at St. Paul's told his congregation, on the authority of Jesus Christ, that there would always be rich and poor—a statement which they naturally resented. But he forgot to tell them that Jesus Christ also advised the rich to sell all they possess and give the proceeds to the poor. Christianity is a pick-and-choose sort of thing after all . . . a Christian can always find texts to suit his interests.' If the artisans could have it somehow brought home to them that Christianity is a real holy war against wrong of all kinds; an active crusade against selfishness in any, rich or poor; a real protector of the weak against injustice; a corrector of the mistakes and wrongs inevitable in an old and complex civilisation, inevitable even if every one were absolutely innocent of any selfishness! Politicians and philosophers may talk of immutable laws of this or that science, but the Church has a divine function of bringing human actions into unison with the laws of God as well as with the laws of man's partial knowledge, which we dignify by the name of science. Unfortunately, the description by Shaftesbury of his tutor is too nearly that which is given by many secularists of the clergy; and if we grieve at such want of truth we must also grieve at the want of knowledge which

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makes it seem to be true, and must also ask why are not the clergy better known, so that such wrongful judgment might be impossible? Shaftesbury spoke of his tutor as being 'moderately learned, a great lover of money, having neither piety proportionable to the great profession he made, nor judgment and parts to support the good opinion he had of himself;' and this, with more terseness, is the judgment passed on the clergy in almost every lecture at a secular club. Since I wrote my first paper I lectured on Shelley at an East-end club, and the best speaker, a young man of much earnestness and some education, complained that the clergy did not know their own Bible, for 'we had a gentleman here last week, a minister, who did not know where to find two passages we quoted. We read the Bible more than the clergy do.' Every secular club has a few earnest men as leaders, men whom the Church should value for their earnest desire for truth, and whom it should help to better knowledge; but in most cases the Church has somehow driven away (of course unintentionally) these very men, who, if they could find in the Church the champion of right and justice, would be amongst its best missionaries. But not only have they left the Church, they declare themselves open and active enemies of it. And why do they denounce the Church as the enemy of truth, except that it has somehow worn that aspect to them.

We may say that some men prefer reigning in hell to serving in heaven; as an old farmer once said to me, 'When I go to church I am only a miserable sinner and no one takes any notice of me; but when I go to chapel I am an elder.' Let it be that vanity and love of distinction, no matter at how low a level, have some part in the secession of these young men; could not the Church have found work to suit them? or is it that there is some truth in the feeling that the Church minister is too apt to look with disfavour on anything but abject submission, that there is what a friend calls 'the parsonic mind,' which makes the owner not only a prophet of God's law but also a judge raised above it? I remember expressing to an old farmer surprise that a village clergyman should have refused a liberal offer of co-operation in a good work, and his reply: 'Ah, it would put him too much in the background.'

In the current number of one of the secular periodicals there is this: 'One of the worst things about the Bible, one of the worst in the average religion, is that it demands the sacrifice of self-respect. Every man is compelled to admit, before he can become a Christian, before he is fit even for conversion, that he is wholly and thoroughly depraved in thought and act, in mind and flesh; and in addition to this he must give up and throw away the fruit of his experience, observation, and reason.' This reminds me of the second question I have to answer—what I mean by 'preaching God as the living Ruler of the world apart from Bible, Church creeds, &c.,' which is the rendering given by one rector of my 'a Church clergyman who

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should preach, not the Bible, not church-going, not creeds or catechisms, but God as the living Ruler of the world.' My correspondent continues: 'How are we to preach God as the living Ruler of the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven, unless that knowledge is derived from sources given by God and applied by means appointed by Christ?'

When I find a village clergyman complaining that his parishioners do not come to the Holy Communion, that they use the vilest language in ordinary conversation, that there is no use in trying anything in the village; then, when a boy of ten years or so, who spends his whole day in a field at work, comes to the hedge to ask an onion or a potato to eat with his bit of bread, his only dinner, and looking across beyond this Christian I see the comfortable rectory and hear the dinner-bell calling the minister of this and other Christian souls to his bread and potatoes, I cannot help saying to my dog (who is a very discriminating judge of character), 'If my work be to bring certain people to the Holy Communion and to induce them to lead decent lives, and I find it "is no use in trying anything in the village," is the fault in the work or myself?' If it were not difficult, would it be necessary to have an educated gentleman to do the work? Is it that the Christian ministry is really only the performance of a set of ceremonies—a routine work to which the ministered must adapt themselves—or is it to take certain people just as they are, and, with whatever means may be needful, bring them to a sense of God's love? Is non-attendance at church, vile language, indifference to religion the condemnation of the parishioners or of the minister who undertakes the cure of their souls? If their lives are not Christian, why has not he, undertaking the work, found out how to make them so?

But if the secularists regard Christianity as the mere assent to a set of rules, as being only a declaration of belief in certain statements of fact, merely as facts,—is it not because too often creeds, catechism, and church-going are so treated by the clergy as if they were the beginning rather than the end of entrance into Christian life?—because these forms and formularies are preached rather than God as a living Ruler? If we expect men to have the living faith of a Moses or a Gideon, we must teach them to find God in all things, to see through the processes of nature, to find God in the blazing sunset, or in the fields, as well as in the church, where we have surrounded them with the works of man, and shut out the heavens by a carved, a painted, or a whitewashed roof, and if possible made the windows so that even God's very light is coloured and lowered to a 'religious dimness.' If we expect men to believe in God as an Isaiah or an Ezekiel believed, we must give them such real free-thought, such fulness of life, that like these prophets they can see beyond and through the creeds and formularies, and which shall be

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glorified into the very image of God, the real representatives of the Almighty. And this is impossible in South London, with nothing but the dull monotony of daily life. God must be declared as a living reality, a knowledge of Whom will put life into the creeds and forms, not as a mental abstraction to be found only by means of certain sets of words.

One of my correspondents asks, 'What am I to read? What periodicals truly reflect the mind of the working man?' In my previous paper I gave some extracts from the then current numbers of the three periodicals best known to the ordinary artisan. I will now speak briefly of two numbers just published. One begins with an engraving, 'The Holy Spirit Shop: It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life. John vi. 63.' The engraving represents an eager apostle pointing the way to an ordinary publichouse, and away from an ordinary butcher's shop. It is very easy to be shocked at this; it is shocking, horribly shocking; but the real horror is that men in the richest city of the world should find this enough to their taste to buy it in sufficient numbers for it to be published every week. If God and Christianity be so misunderstood, to whom do we look for a full knowledge of it? The first article is devoted to the recent earthquake, and asks how could God allow it? The next is on 'Bible Giants;' and here we find a faint trace of the new mythology schools: 'It is quite possible that some of the stories of giants and dwarfs are connected with the traditions of hostile tribes;' and at the end is the usual stone at the Bible: 'The stories of giants, like those of witches, devils, gods, and sons of gods, must be classed in the vast category of Bible superstitions.' Then, in a collection of 'Acid Drops' (i.e. absurdities of religion), we have a reference to Mr. Gladstone's letter speaking of 'sin as war against heaven;' and the comment thereon is 'We will back Great Britain against heaven any day. Our generals would beat the archangels hollow, while our troops would settle the heavenly squadrons before breakfast.' There is also mention of a mission room at Harrow, where single-stick and boxing are encouraged; and the comment is, 'By-and-by we shall see Jemmy Smith holding a distinguished place in the Christian Church, and boxing for Jesus in front of the altar. There will be few empty churches then, unless the gate-money is too high.' There is a long article, 'The Incandescent Infidel;' and one, 'Random Notes from Christ,' the tone of which may be inferred from one sentence. The article is supposed to be a communication to the editor from Jesus; and we have this: 'Father's old-established concern does not seem monotonous to him, but I seize with gladness every opportunity of again being on my travels, and am pleased to give him any pleasure by performing the same old stale trick of infantile incarnation, and adult crucifixion, and ascen-

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sion, in any planet he may send myself and my virgin mother to.' Horrible profanity! some will say. But it is not so horrible that one should write this as that so very many should find pleasure in reading it, and it is more horrible still that they should somehow be left without the education that alone can raise them above it; and this education must be something beyond school-board teaching in South London, or any other large town.

But this is the poorest in tone and ability of secularist publications. A second, at a higher price, has literary ability and genuine earnestness. The editor allows his advertising columns, in press notices, to speak of him as 'a scholar, a dialectician, a thinker, and a poet,' and also as 'the only gentleman of real genius the secularists have.' I think the description of him as a scholar and a gentleman is a just one.[1] So far as I have any knowledge from correspondence and criticism, he has been utterly candid and courteous, and allows in his pages a liberty of criticism very uncommon in 'religious newspapers.' But that his opinions mislead him and that he misleads his readers is apparent in every article. In the number now before me he has only a column of poetry, of real power and feeling, the leading paper (usually written by him) being an American contribution, by a well-known writer, who begins by saying, 'The Protestants denounce idolatry, and yet they have made of the Bible an idol;' and ends by formulating a kind of creed:

> Happiness is the only good.
> The time to be happy is now.
> The place to be happy is here.
> The way to be happy is to try to make others so.

An article, also by a well-known writer, on the Bible, ends with 'Is the Bible the *fons et origo* of England's greatness? Do we owe to it our liberty, our large commerce, our secular education? Are our Bishop Lauds, Winters, and Sharps the exponents of that great moral law which exalteth a nation?' In the short paragraphs there are many things spoken of, from Mr. Gladstone and *The Christian World* to Buddha and the School Board. In one paragraph is this sentence: 'Modern thought is upheaving the crust of orthodoxy, and in their alarm Christians are rushing here, there, and everywhere for safety. Will they find it under the roof of Christianity? During the recent Riviera earthquake the people of Bajardo crowded into their church. The building fell in and crushed them. Ghastly calamity, but how eloquent a parable!' A conclusion like this to a sermon would be thought very fine. Is it of less power because not in a sermon? Then comes a selection of extracts from various

[1] I had not, when writing this, seen an article in which he so outrages truth and delicacy as to say that it is not uncommon for women of the humbler classes to be the mothers of four or five children by different fathers, before marriage!

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writers, including Shelley, Shaftesbury, Lecky, Bain, Richter, Coombe, Carlyle, Locke, Farrar, and Addison. This shows two facts: one, that secularists are more catholic in their reading and references to authority than most clergymen give evidence of in their sermons; the other, that the readers of this paper, who have no knowledge beyond, come to the conclusion that these great writers are all so many secularists.

These papers I have spoken of in answer to the question, 'What are we to read to understand the secularist opinions?' If they are but unprofitable, if one especially be very painful, still surely a person who undertakes the cure of souls should be as careful to ascertain their condition as he who undertakes the cure of bodies. Think what revolting tasks surgeons have in their practice; and what would be said of one who prescribed for a sick man but refused to look at his body as too horrible a sight?—and remember that a surgeon does not, like the incumbent, insist that he is the only person properly qualified for a given parish. As I am writing these words, I receive a letter of fourteen closely written pages from a working man in a large North of England town, quite a stranger, who writes, having read the February article. From this letter I copy these: 'I have seen a good deal of the artisan and the artistic and higher-paid skilled working man, but in both alike the hatred of the Church and parson is frequently extreme, and the causes thereof are in all respects just as you have described.' Again: 'My friend also assumes an acquaintance with science, and tells me that theology is nowhere now that . . . has "pricked the bubble." I desired him to tell me what scientific works he had read. His confusion was very apparent, and he had to confess that the . . . (one of the periodicals I speak of) supplied him with all his scientific reading.' Again: 'His opposition to the Old Testament was based on the incredibility of Joshua's command to the sun . . . and that the Jews were accustomed to tear out the entrails of their enemies and tie them round their waists, that they were commanded to do this by their priests, and that this is to be found in the Bible.' Lastly: 'His contempt for the Church is great, but he despises Dissenters the more, and this feeling is very general.'

It is noticeable that while many clergymen ask what I mean by the last sentence but one in my paper, not one makes any reference to the last sentence, in which I speak of the necessity of 'declaring God in terms that bring Him home to the least educated; or rather the poorest must be educated enough to understand the declaration and to have their minds capable of what is really free-thought.' If anyone doubts the earnest desire of the artisan to be educated, when once he realises the value of it, let him consider that every secularist club is open to any clergyman as a lecturer, that he will be received with courtesy, listened to with attention, but

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criticised without fear and with some ability, and then ask in what church or church schoolroom a secularist lecturer would be allowed to state his views. Even further: a harmless person like myself, whose only right to speak at all in this matter comes from my having a long acquaintance with working men, would not be accepted as a lecturer in any church or church school, with a few exceptions, though secular clubs are open to me not only readily, but apparently with pleasure. I have received invitations to lecture, in consequence of my paper, from societies, if not secular, 'containing many secularists,' but no London clergyman has offered me his schoolroom, except those most generous friends who have so earnestly made a committee to consider if some definite work cannot be done on the lines I have suggested. If this paper should bring any additional correspondence, I may say that letters sent to the Free Library, New Road, Battersea Park, will reach me without trouble to the publishers.

One lady, well known for wide and deep scholarship, generous help in all good work, and womanly sympathy, says, with some despair in her tone, 'I was disappointed to find, from your account, so little taste for reading or any form of intellectual culture, and fear, if such is the case, that they will not derive so much benefit as I ventured to hope from Free Libraries.' When the South London Free Library was first opened in Kennington Lane, no thought was given to children; but they came in such numbers that the rooms were opened specially at hours suited to them, and have always since been so. They came in crowds; and the behaviour was bad and the language horrible. But that good was done, that the children were influenced for good, were softened in manners, and a little toned down in language, was very apparent. When the Library was removed to Battersea, in a newly built neighbourhood, thoroughly artisan, the experience was very striking. At first there were crowds not so much of children as of yelling fiends, who threw fireworks into the room, smeared the windows with mud, used language that made us shudder, and generally gave striking evidence of what can be done by education on the lines of 'payment by results' in a neighbourhood like South London, where school education is the beginning and end of culture. Now, as I have already said, they come in crowds really to use the pictures and the books. Last evening a boy about twelve closed his Dickens's *Christmas Carol* and gave it back with a face flushed with pleasure and interest, saying, 'That is a fine book!' This same boy read *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* during the last fortnight. Another boy, about thirteen, is wading through a four-volume *History of the Russian War*, and does not pass a new word without inquiry about it. Three years ago it was impossible for me to go out in the street without a yelling mob at my heels, and in most cases a cabbage-stump at my head, but as an expression of neighbourly recognition, never of ill-will. I have

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never known what may be called wilful mischief for the sake of the mischief, only for the sake of the fun. It is difficult to find books enough for the young people, and also the old ones, and if my friend thinks Free Libraries will not be used by artisans, it may be worth while to say that the work of this one is done by a committee of working men; a railway porter, a mason, two carpenters, with others, all genuine working men, form the committee, most of them being secularists, more or less, but all earnestly trying to widen their own knowledge as well as that of others. Much of the work of the place is done by them after their day's work, and they struggle on, with an increasing debt, year after year. One great result is, that since the Library was opened, the two adjoining parishes, Wandsworth and Lambeth, have adopted the Free Libraries Act, and it is intended, if possible, now to open a branch in the eastern part of South London, intellectually still undiscovered land. In all this the clergy of South London have been, as I said in my former paper, 'very conspicuous by their absence,' the actual work being done by working people.

No one realises more than myself the importance of the subject on which I write; no one so completely realises as I do the unimportance of the writer. But the attention so readily given to my paper shows how earnestly the subject is considered, and how readily any help, however poor, is accepted by many. If Christianity be not a routine of formal observances, but the devotion of the whole life to the teaching of Christ, then it is essential that the minds of men be broad enough to grasp this truth, and their sympathies sufficiently alive for it to come home to their inmost being. And therefore I ventured to say that it is needful to preach God as the living Ruler of the world, a knowledge of whom is the kingdom of heaven; and this I believe the Church can do more successfully than any other religious body.

WILLIAM ROSSITER.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this was written Battersea has also adopted the Act, so that we feel the duty of breaking fresh ground in South-east London, but wish still to keep open our present place for the children, who would not be admitted to ordinary Free Libraries.

Still later I have seen a letter in the *National Reformer*, written by a bricklayer, who thinks the shallowness I impute to artisan reading is only to be found in my observations. He speaks with commendable pride of the extent of his own library, and his letter is greatly interesting. I wish much I had space to reprint it, as showing what a really intelligent artisan thinks about religion, and what books give him his opinions.

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'THE HOUSE WAS STILL SITTING WHEN WE WENT TO PRESS.'

We enjoy the reputation of being a practical people. The compliment is, on the whole, not undeserved, and we accept it with the complacency with which we receive all the criticisms of our neighbours. If our bayonets bend, or our guns burst, we lay the blame on the 'permanent official,' who seems to have been created for that purpose. If we are taunted with being 'a nation of shopkeepers,' we console ourselves with the reflection that shopkeepers are men of business, and that men of business know the value of time, and understand that so many hours of work mean—or ought to mean—the acquisition of so much money or so much money's worth. So we go on from day to day, lifting up our eyes to Heaven and thanking God that we are not as other nations are.

It is to be hoped that none of those who have formed so flattering an estimate of our national character ever find their way to the House of Commons on a Government night. I have sometimes thought that, if the rules of that assembly had been framed in Hanwell or Colney Hatch, they could not have been more ingeniously adapted to extract the *minimum* of result from the *maximum* of irritation and toil. But to expatiate on this theme would require a volume. For the present I propose to confine myself to what is perhaps the crowning absurdity of a system long believed to be the outcome of the accumulated wisdom of ages. I mean the hours during which the House of Commons sits. In doing so I will endeavour to steer clear of those party and personal recriminations which occupy so large a portion of the public press, and to dwell as lightly as possible upon the disturbing forces which have lately exercised so baleful an influence upon the deliberations of our legislature, though it is to be hoped that they have not yet become a permanent part of our Parliamentary system.

The House of Commons on four days of the week meets nominally a little before four o'clock. But during the greater part of the Session, the first three-quarters of an hour are, by a curious fiction, supposed to be devoted to 'private business,' although in two nights out of three there is no private business to transact. Then

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follows 'question time,' during which Ministers are exposed to a fire of cross-examination, extending over the whole range of human interests, from the delimitation of a kingdom to the pay of a postman, and it is often nearly six o'clock—an hour at which most men strike work for the day—before the House settles to business. For the next two hours things go on smoothly enough. Speeches are made and, what is more, are listened to, and probably more real progress is then made with the business of the nation than at any other time of the night. But as eight o'clock approaches a general stampede takes place. For some time previously the lobbies are thronged by hungry legislators, bent upon obtaining a 'dinner pair.' The unhappy members who by their official position, or from any other reason, are debarred from indulging in such a luxury, fly to the dining-rooms, to the libraries, or the terrace, and the Chamber itself presents the appearance of a city stricken by the plague. The well-known rule that a member must address himself to the Speaker needs no enforcement; for, with the exception of that august functionary, and two or three individuals who are competing to catch his eye, there is no one else to address. Occasionally the monotony of the evening is varied by 'a count,' which brings in from the dining- or smoking-rooms some fifty or sixty indignant legislators, who disappear as rapidly as they came. Towards eleven o'clock another transformation scene takes place. Palace Yard is alive with hansoms, and the cloak-room is crowded with gentlemen in evening dress, lingering over the ends of their cigars, when the word is passed that some speaker who has the ear of the House is on his legs. Suddenly, as if by magic, the Chamber fills. But it is difficult to recognise in the flushed faces and post-prandial appearance of excited combatants, 'spoiling for a fight,' the men who three hours before were slinking out of the lobbies bent only on eluding the Argus eyes of the party Whips. For two hours or more the fray waxes fast and furious. Angry words are flung across the floor, semi-articulate sounds, in which most unparliamentary adjectives predominate, are heard from all parts of the House, and offending members are indiscriminately called to order by the Chair. Then as the finger of the clock points to half-past one or two o'clock, it occurs to somebody that the time has arrived when debate can no longer be carried on with any useful result. A long wrangle, varied by motions for adjournment or motions to report progress, follows until, as three or four o'clock approaches, the patience of one side or the other is fairly worn out. Some thirty or forty orders of the day are run through in three or four minutes, and the welcome cry 'Who goes home?' sounds a like melancholy dirge through the rapidly emptying lobbies. Lest I should be charged with exaggeration, I have carefully examined the votes and proceedings of the House of Commons for the present Session. I find that between the close of the debate on the Address and the morning

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of June 11, the House rose twelve times between half-past one and two a.m., twelve times between two and half-past two, ten times between half-past two and three, and nine times at or after three o'clock in the morning, the sittings on one occasion being prolonged till twenty minutes past one, and on the other till three o'clock on the following afternoon. The nights on which the House rose before half-past one might be counted on the fingers of both hands. Startling as this record of endurance is, it might easily be paralleled from the annals of former Sessions.

It is the fashion just now to ascribe the paralysis of Parliament, on the one hand to the Irish policy of the present Government, on the other to the tactics of the Irish representatives and their so-called allies. If either contention were well founded, it would be a powerful argument for Home Rule. But it may be doubted whether such sweeping assertions, though useful for party purposes, are not often more specious than true. No doubt the presence of 86 members bent on proving that they can make parliamentary government impossible, as well as the alleged necessity of forcing periodical doses of penal legislation down the throats of so numerous and determined a body, does not tend to make the wheels of the legislative machine run smoothly. But the disease is of older date and deeper growth, as the Journals of the House of Commons for the last ten or twelve years abundantly prove; and I believe that, if the Irish question was settled, and the Irish element eliminated to-morrow, the evils which the Speaker so graphically described a few weeks ago would continue to exist, as long as we persist in our absurd practice of turning night into day.

That reasonable men who manage their private affairs with sense and sagacity should deliberately doom themselves to what, according to the *Lancet*, is often a species of slow suicide is scarcely credible. As an eminent physician once observed to me, a man, especially when he has reached the age when most men enter Parliament, cannot live in defiance of the first laws of nature without paying for it. Notwithstanding the oft-cited examples of Charles Lamb, Mycerinus, and Tom Moore, it is certain that a middle-aged gentleman does not 'lengthen his days by stealing a few hours from the night,' and the high authority of the present Speaker is hardly needed to prove that late hours 'destroy health, shatter the nerves, and irritate the temper.' To defend the system by pointing to a few men of extraordinary vigour who, like Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston, have passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal, is about as logical as to argue that the Bar must be an exceptionally healthy profession because Lord Eldon and his brother lived to be nearly ninety. It is a melancholy fact that our public men are being used up at a rapidly increasing rate. The strain, indeed, upon them is something tremendous. A minister or a member who has to sit on a select or private Bill Committee not

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unfrequently leaves his house soon after eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and returns to it between three and four next morning. The severity of such a tax upon a man's strength is shown by the fact that for the last three or four years it has been found almost impossible to keep a House together on a private member's night without invoking the aid of the Government Whips.

It may be said that this is a matter which concerns members only. A man who goes into Parliament is like a soldier enlisting for active service—he knows what is before him and takes his chance. Possibly this view of the question may account for the supreme indifference with which the outside public still regard it. They read from time to time in the daily papers that 'the House sat till a late hour,' or the 'House was still sitting when we went to press;' but, unless some exceptionally sensational scene is reported next day, they think no more of the matter. Thus it comes to pass that the sufferings of the belated legislator are known to few beyond the policeman who hands him his overcoat, the cabman who conveys him to his home, and the wife of his bosom who, as the case may be, shares or shuns the burthens of her lord. It is high time, therefore, that all those who desire to see the business of the nation done as it ought to be done should learn to look at the question as it affects the public weal. Work done under such conditions cannot be well done. The learned judge who, when called upon to reconcile two conflicting Acts of Parliament, protested against having 'to construe one piece of nonsense by another,' cannot have been familiar with the process by which our laws are manufactured. Let me give one example out of a score which might be cited. The Married Woman's Property Act, involving as it did something like a social revolution, is probably one of the most important measures to be found on our Statute Book. Every clause of it demanded the most calm and minute consideration. As a matter of fact, it was hustled through Committee in the small hours of the morning, during the accidental absence of two or three of its most strenuous opponents, any one of whom might have prevented it from becoming law. The report of the whole discussion occupied exactly six lines of the *Times*, and several daily newspapers never realised that it had been passed at all. It is scarcely surprising that the very next Session it was found necessary to pass a short Bill to remedy an obvious slip in the Act, and, as the Minister in charge of the Act, I have never ceased to be thankful that so few holes have been picked in it.

Perhaps, however, the branch of public business which suffers most from this habit of 'daybreak legislation' is the work of Supply. We are often told that the House of Commons is the guardian of the public purse. But how is that guardianship to be effectively exercised at three o'clock in the morning? We know that 'hungry 'ges soon the sentence sign,' and it is to be feared that millions

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are voted without discussion in order that sleepy legislators may get to bed.

The necessity of putting a stop to a system fraught with such evils has become so transparent that at last a remedy has been proposed. At the beginning of the Session, Mr. W. H. Smith gave notice of a new rule founded mainly on the recommendations of the Select Committee of which the Marquis of Hartington was Chairman. It provides that the House shall meet four days a week at two o'clock and shall, unless previously adjourned, sit till half-past twelve, with a short interval for dinner. The rule contains a proviso for the interruption of opposed business at midnight and for bringing a pending debate to a close. If this rule were adopted in its integrity, the House of Commons would still sit longer and later than any legislature in the world, and for all practical purposes would sit as long as it sits now. Yet even this very moderate proposal has provoked an outcry and seems likely to excite an amount of opposition which makes its adoption, and even its discussion, highly problematical. Let us examine the grounds of that opposition.

The stock argument against any interference with our present arrangements is that it would exclude men of business, especially lawyers, from the House, and leave it a prey to 'professional politicians.' In other words, 670 members must be kept out of bed half the night in order that twenty or thirty may make large incomes. But as it is, the business of the great majority of merchants and manufacturers, and indeed of many lawyers, who enter Parliament lies out of London, and the proposed change of hours would not affect them in the slightest degree. Surely, too, if a man is unable to serve two masters, it is only fair that he should be called upon to elect between the claims of the nation and those of his own pocket. But as a matter of fact the sacrifices which such men would be called upon to make are enormously exaggerated. Attendance in the House of Commons is not required to be, and is not as a matter of fact, as close or constant as is sometimes supposed, and even lawyers in large practice—presumably the busiest men in the House—can usually make arrangements by which their presence can be secured when it is wanted. I may mention that during the discussion on the Bankruptcy Bill, 186?, which was carried on at afternoon sittings between two and seven o'clock, Mr. Jessel, then a private member and one of the hardest-worked men at the Bar, was rarely, if ever, absent from a debate or a division.

The next objection deserves more weight. It is argued that the change would interfere with the work of Committees upstairs, which at present can only sit after the House meets by the leave of the Speaker. But private Bill legislation in its present shape is practically doomed, and though I am far from underrating the good results which in some cases have flowed from the appointment of Select

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Committees, there can be no doubt that the House just now is in the habit of delegating to those bodies much work which it ought to undertake itself. Moreover, if the House rose three hours earlier, there is no reason why Committees should not get to work an hour sooner.

I have reserved to the last the most singular and yet the most common defence of our present system. It is often said that, if the rule was passed in its present shape, or, indeed, if any limit were put to its sittings, the House would get through no work at all, as every measure would necessarily be 'talked out.' The rejoinder is obvious. The House at present does little or nothing. Work before midnight is at least as likely to be done expeditiously and satisfactorily as work done after midnight, and with the powers which the majority at present possess for closing a debate, the danger apprehended is more imaginary than real. To this it is gravely retorted that the Closure is too un-English to be applied in ordinary times, and that a Government which desires to carry its measures can only do so by prolonging debate until sheer physical exhaustion compels their opponents to give way. History tells us that in the ancient Diet of Poland it was competent for one member to prevent the passing of any measure by his single *veto*. The regulation which has been reproduced in a modified form in our half-past twelve o'clock rule was not found to work very conveniently in practice, and not unnaturally led to a good deal of what in these days would be called obstruction. Yet it never occurred to that enlightened body to rescind or alter the rule, and the majority, being unable to pass their measures in any other way, were driven to have recourse to the ruder, but more drastic, remedy of killing off the minority. It is not impossible that we may see the same expedient resorted to in the British House of Commons, with this difference—that in our case the victims, it is to be hoped, will be impartially selected from both sides of the House.

G. Osborne Morgan.

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A FIRST VISIT TO INDIA.

On the 30th of last November Lord Rosebery, who had just landed in Bombay, remarked to the enthusiastic Scotchmen assembled to do honour to the day, that though he had been in India long enough to enable him to write a book, his experience was not sufficient for him to make a speech. The victims of the satire are many. But a fair distinction may be drawn between books written by travellers with pretended authority, and less ambitious records of those impressions necessarily more or less spontaneous, by which, however, Emerson teaches us to abide.

Every Englishman who has the opportunity should visit India. He can find there rest for mind and body, while at the same time gaining the most varied and interesting experience. More particularly does this apply to all who are immediately concerned in the affairs of the Empire, and first and foremost to the members of the House of Commons. More than any other public men they are too often worn out and dulled by the incessant wear and tear of mere party warfare. But there is a yet stronger reason than the need of change and rest. Members of Parliament are continually called upon to vote on Indian matters, about which most of them know little or nothing, and they do so under the guidance of those whom they often suspect to be no wiser than themselves in the question under discussion. It is a notorious fact that some members who have spent the best part of their life in India frequently speak without being listened to, and the determining voice as an almost invariable rule is that of the representative of the India Office. Obviously when knowledge is deficient it is the right course to follow the lead of those who are responsible, but it must not be forgotten that approval of official policy and actions by the House of Commons transfers to that body the responsibility for consequences.

Personal study of Indian questions by individual members may not qualify the House to interfere with the details of the government of India, but it is calculated to stimulate individual interest, and to increase, in many cases to create, a due sense of responsibility for the concerns of a mighty charge. And the value of this study can be very greatly increased by a visit to India. It is true that a stay of a few weeks or months cannot be sufficient for the mastery

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of those great political and social problems which have often baffled the wisest Anglo-Indian administrators. Moreover, when time is limited it is most useful to acquire as best you can a correct general view, and to measure the length, breadth, and depth, rather than to enter the field of the professional specialists with whom it would be hopeless to compete in point of knowledge and experience. As the result then of a comparatively short visit you may find yourself unable to form your judgment on the leading and complex questions of the day, but you may learn the approaches to them. If you travel actively you learn much about the position and views of the English who live in India; you may at least become acquainted with the gigantic proportions of India and our Indian Government; you can realise, if you cannot master, the difficulties of our administrators; you may lay your finger on some weak points in the management of affairs if you cannot suggest remedies; you can learn what a load of care rests upon the Executive Government; and above all you can see for yourself that England has duties and responsibilities towards India and the people of India from which she must never and can never flinch.

And so it should follow that a member of Parliament who has made good use of his opportunities during his stay in India will be more capable, or less incapable, of forming an impartial judgment on Indian affairs in the House of Commons, and he will either be able to give a more intelligent and confident support to the Government, or he will be in a better position to let needed light into the dark corners of the India Office.

It is a noteworthy fact that the number of our countrymen who annually go to India is steadily increasing, and there is little doubt that the increase will be progressive. It is good that it should be so, but it is advisable on this point to sound a note of warning. Every English traveller who has anything at all to recommend him will experience the greatest courtesy and kindness from the natives of all classes, and will receive unbounded and ungrudging hospitality from his countrymen resident in India. This hospitality, though given as freely as ever in despite of incomes affected by bad trade and the loss through exchange, must involve a considerable and an increasing strain on the resources of not a few whose means are limited. Of course it is not so necessary to bear this in mind where there are fair hotels, or where the number of well-to-do Europeans being considerable, the burden is pretty equally distributed. But up country, where there is something of special interest to attract sight-seers or sportsmen, where there is scarcely a dâk bungalow, travellers are too often quartered on residents who, though frequently glad to see and entertain visitors, must sometimes be put to inconvenient trouble and expense. Further, it is a fact that too many of those who have received endless hospitality and personal attention in India do not, when their hosts come home

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on retirement from service, or on their holiday, make the smallest acknowledgment for kindnesses received. And it is well known that the greatest offenders in this respect are those who, through their high social rank and wealth, are precisely the persons who, if they do not choose to make a return in kind, ought at least to do so in the way of ordinary civility. No complaint comes from those who suffer, but unless the visitor is wrapped up in the idea of his own importance, and in the belief that every one is honoured by his presence, a very little observation and common sense will show him that there is often a thoughtless disregard on the part of the guests of the convenience and natural susceptibilities of their hosts, and all intending visitors to India will do well to bear this in mind.

'How few Europeans there are!' is perhaps the commonest remark made by those arriving in India for the first time—and truism as it is, there is a moral of the first importance to be drawn from the fact. For the fact itself is the disproof of the fallacy that we hold India entirely by the sword. The mere assertion of the opinion that we govern by force would hurt no one, but unfortunately it is not uncommon to find men who shape and base their views as to what ought to be done for the country on the assumption that this most mischievous theory is true. The inevitable outcome is the effort to maintain in full efficiency a military bureaucracy in combination with an utter disregard of the necessity for constant consideration of the wishes and interests of those whose position and education entitle them to be looked upon more than any others as the representatives of the people at large.

Of course it does not follow that, because you do not see British soldiers and police at every turn, that forces sufficient to keep order and put down rebellion are not in a full state of preparation to act decisively. But it is a fact worth noticing that, as of all countries comprised in the British Empire Ireland is the most heavily garrisoned, so India, in proportion to her vast population, is the lightest. And while it is true that in India as in England and everywhere else chaos would follow the withdrawal of the armed forces of the Crown, it is equally true that, in spite of the largest army we could afford to maintain, the whole country would fall into a state of ruinous confusion were the responsible Government to refrain from endeavouring by a wise and just administration to satisfy and conciliate the masses of the people. If the soldier is ready, then, to hold India on the principles of force alone—cost what it might—the British taxpayer preferring partial dismemberment, as in the case of America, to total ruin, would decline to pay the piper. And, if one thing is more evident than any other at first sight, it is that we are enabled to govern India because there is a belief in British justice and good faith, and that the prosperity and safety of our Indian Empire depend upon the continuance of this belief.

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A good deal has recently been said on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in India about the loyalty of the people. There are men of experience in India who still profess to hold to Macaulay's description of the Bengalee, and who, assuming the people generally to be disloyal, declare that we are only safe so long as we keep them down. On the other hand, the English press was full of telegrams announcing the glorious success of the Jubilee festivities and the extraordinarily spontaneous loyalty of all classes of the people. The truth lies somewhere between these extremes. It is nonsense to speak of the spontaneous loyalty of the Indian people, when the great bulk of them had about as clear an idea of the Jubilee of the Queen as they have of the age of the Mikado. They do not mind who governs them so long as they have reasonably fair treatment, and it would probably be true to say that nine people out of ten throughout India neither knew nor cared to know what the rejoicings were about. But if they are not spontaneously loyal to the personality of the Sovereign, they are either contented or long-suffering without disloyalty or even bitterness. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable all over India than the simple contentment and restfulness which prevail in the towns and villages. Appearances alone cannot be trusted; but it will scarcely be disputed that, except among classes and races trained to arms and accustomed by tradition to the idea of war, the inhabitants of India generally, during the present century, have shown themselves to be perhaps the most peaceful people in the world. Among the wealthier and more educated classes the tokens and professions of loyalty were none the less satisfactory from the knowledge that in India more than in any other part of her Majesty's dominions loyalty depends upon the individual idea of self-interest. To say this conveys no reproach, for it would be true to say of Europeans that their loyalty to their respective governments is conditional upon these governments being identified in their minds with the general public interest. And the belief in India that the safety and well-being of the country are inseparable from the existence of the British Government is assuredly gaining ground.

The tone of the native press at the beginning of the year was most satisfactory, and the worst enemies of its liberty in India could not deny the fact. It is indeed curious to find upon what a miserable basis the very few admirers of Lord Lytton's press policy rest their case. No doubt there is often enough directed against the Government abuse of varying intensity, which is inaccurately called disloyalty, and a cry goes up for its suppression. But in nine cases out of ten it is entirely analogous to the abuse which partisan newspapers in England pour upon a Government of opposite politics. In India the Government does not change, and there is no buffer between it and the people who naturally enough pour in their fire without

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reserve. It may, however, be said with confidence that, bad as are some personalities in the vernacular press of India, it is a question whether the palm in this respect is not at times carried off by some of the English journals published in India, and to those of us who are accustomed to the infamous and lying methods which many of the lower partisan papers habitually adopt in England against political opponents, it is astonishing to find how highly nervous are the sensibilities of some of our countrymen in India.

This leads to the consideration of some aspects of Anglo-Indian society the neglect of which has on some notable occasions wrought no small mischief. It will be readily admitted that Europeans scattered, as many of them are, in small and isolated numbers amongst masses of natives are exposed to inconveniences and dangers which we do not often realise. With the recollection of the Mutiny still fresh, it is no wonder if uneasiness rises sometimes to fear and even unreasoning panic. Though there is little or no real cause for this in the Presidency towns, yet English society in general is, and must be, more or less affected by constant intercourse with those whose business keeps them up country and whose apprehensions are more easily excited by the isolation in which they are compelled to live. It is a curious fact, and by no means to the credit of the seat of Government, that the Europeans in Calcutta seem to have been more liable to ungovernable fits of combined wrath and panic than elsewhere. 'Panic Sunday' in 1857 was followed in 1861 by the furious outburst of the indigo planters and their friends against those who ventured to sympathise with the ryots. And more lately there was the violent, undignified and most mischievous agitation in connection with the Ilbert Bill, which culminated in the rotten-egg demonstration at the gates of Government House in 1883. The reason of this does not appear to be difficult to find. On the one hand, you have a state of society predisposed to alarmist views of all kinds, united by the circumstances and conditions of Indian life, with a constant tendency to act together as against the natives; and on the other, there is no counterbalancing force to preserve an equilibrium of moderation, and in acute disturbances, of common sense. In England the very fact that the one party goes to an extreme, sends the other in an opposite direction. There is no equipoise of this kind in India, though some parts of the country, as for instance Bombay, seem far less liable than others to panic. And it must be confessed that the English newspapers which represent purely English views, and which give an inferior reflection of English society in India, so far from exercising a healthy and invigorating influence over their readers, are too apt to make confusion worse confounded by developing and accentuating the mischief at work.

It is a misfortune that the politics of Anglo-Europeans are practically of only one colour. Not only as a consequence is there a

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want of balance and ballast in disturbed times among Europeans themselves, but the educated natives incline more and more to distrust the efficacy of pure argument in urging their claims on the Government which they naturally believe to be largely under the influence of resident Europeans, and to look to the less satisfactory but more productive methods of political agitation.

But over and above this there is a serious drawback arising from the Toryism of Anglo-Indians, which in their own interests they should not overlook. There is a growing tendency at home to make party capital out of India, and in this a large part of the Anglo-Indian community are only too ready to co-operate. The Ilbert Bill agitation is a fair example of this. It will be remembered that the Liberal Government of the day was denounced by the whole of the Conservative press and the Conservative party for the support given cordially to Lord Ripon. Quotations from private letters, from the Anglo-Indian press, from speeches delivered at European meetings, were copiously supplied from India, and freely used for party purposes at home.

No effort was made to bring about the calm consideration of a question above all others capable of being fairly argued, considered, and decided on a wise and just basis. Though Lord Lytton, as Viceroy, shortly before he left India, had committed the Indian Government to deal with the question, and though perhaps the main responsibility rested on those whose duty it was to advise a new Viceroy, the whole weight of the attack was directed against Lord Ripon, and in a great measure because he was a Liberal. For the first time in history the highest representative of the Queen in India was grossly insulted by his own countrymen in view of the whole world. Rightly or wrongly the Liberals at home are not likely to forget this episode, and the party purposes to which it was turned. And is it likely that they will be more disposed, when other contentious matters arise in India, to give great weight—weight which ought to be given—to the representations of those who they think are as strong, if not stronger, political partisans than the Conservatives at home? It should be the first aim and object of all who wish to do justice to every class in India to keep India out of the dismal quarrels of party. It must happen that on great questions of policy, such as those relating to the North-west frontier and Afghanistan, decisions must be arrived at to a large extent on broad party lines. Desirable indeed it is to get rid of party on all great national questions, but unfortunately this is not possible. At least, however, questions concerning the internal good government of India can be considered calmly without the imputation of motives and without employing the machinery of party either in India or England. And as the administration of India is a national concern in which all parties have the deepest and liveliest interest, it is a misfortune that some officious persons should have

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started in different parts of India the Primrose League, which, whatever may be its party virtues at home, will not, it may be said with confidence, either strengthen the Empire or serve the interests of Europeans in India or of Conservatives at home.

This is said in no carping or ungenerous spirit. Kindness and hospitality flow in India irrespective of party views, and timely criticism from a different political standpoint may tend to show a danger which naturally can scarcely be appreciated in India by a majority too great to admit of a full appreciation of the views and position of the minority, and too much out of touch with the Liberal party at home to see the precise set of political currents. And it should be remembered that the weak points alluded to above are in a great measure the inevitable results of a variety of circumstances special to India, and that an allowance must be made for them which many of us cannot plead in excuse of political excesses at home. Above all, it must be remembered that we have these weaknesses to reckon with in legislating for India, and we must bear in mind the saying of Burke, that in legislation the follies of men must be considered as much as their wisdom.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty in the quest of information in India arises from the extraordinary differences of opinion that are almost everywhere encountered on those political or social questions upon which, because they are not regarded as 'practical,' the Anglo-Indian mind has not focussed itself into general approval or disapproval. The general tendency is to oppose, but it is a common occurrence to find a breadth and liberality of sentiment on particular questions touching the natives which is in contrast to the prevailing desire to let things be.

When a visitor supposed to be of an inquiring turn of mind arrives, there appears to be a good deal of solicitude that he should come under proper influences. But to choose the proper influences is somewhat difficult. It often happens that after a long and interesting conversation on some particular questions with a man of standing and position, you meet another man of equal experience, who, upon your referring to your previous conversation, considerably disturbs your mind by saying, 'Oh, he is a very good man, but he is altogether wrong upon such and such matters.' And so you find that, while most people in India have unorthodox and advanced views on some things, yet that these are too generally in the nature of pious opinions which cancel each other out and leave a remainder pretty common to all of undeviating devotion to the *status quo*.

That there should be much nervousness and caution on the great question of throwing open responsible posts to natives is natural enough. But in view of the stimulus which has recently been given to political agitation and combination, there is more danger that inevitable concessions will come too slowly than too quickly. The

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Congress held last December at Calcutta possesses a significance of the first importance. The Tory Anglo-Indian press affected to treat it with contempt, and the London *Times* followed suit with its usual lordly indifference to facts. But it is clear that direct interest in politics and public affairs is rapidly spreading throughout India, and whatever criticisms may be levelled at the characters and professions of the delegates attending the Congress, yet it must be acknowledged that there was a combination of earnestness, moderation and ability which should entitle the opinions expressed to a fair and full consideration. In numbers and in its representative character the Congress of 1886 was a distinct advance on that held in Bombay in 1885, and in all probability it is an institution which will continue to grow in importance. A short-sighted attempt was made to discredit the assembly on the ground that it did not represent the Mahommedans. It is true that there were but thirty-three Mahommedan delegates present, whereas their numerical proportion would have been nearly 100. But this was due partly to the more backward education of the Mahommedans generally, and partly to the abstention of their leaders in Calcutta through a mistaken belief that the deliberations of the Congress constituted a want of confidence in the Government. It may, moreover, fairly be said that, apart from their own special delegates, large numbers of the Mahommedans in various parts of India were distinctly represented by Hindoos. As education spreads the constituencies of the delegates will grow in size and importance. At present of course it is difficult to form an opinion as to how deep the representation goes. No doubt tens of millions were unaware of the existence of the Congress, but the fact that 430 men assembled, and are annually to assemble, at a considerable cost of money, time, and convenience, from all parts of India to consider the political situation, and to determine upon common action in regard to it, marks an epoch in the history of India, and notwithstanding the characteristic sneers of the *Times* it will not be overlooked by the Indian Government.

Whatever may be their faults the educated natives of India seem to have a very clear and accurate perception of the position. They have been brought to the front and, so to speak, created by the English Government. They know that they cannot uproot that Government, and so far from having any wish to do so, they see that their interests for the most part are bound up with it. As the inhabitants of the country they wish to profit by it as much as possible. No fair-minded man can quarrel with this aspiration, but he will admit, on the contrary, that, subject to the absolute necessity of having an executive and judiciary throughout the country upon which complete reliance may be put, it is the duty of England to take every possible advantage of the efficient services of natives, and by a constant intermingling of European and native interests to add

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largely to the stability of the social and political fabric. The resolutions adopted by the Congress were denounced as revolutionary and absurd. No doubt it would be impossible in the present state of things for any Government to accept them. But they are valuable as a trustworthy indication of the *bonâ fide* wishes of those who have every right to take part in the public work of the country, and it is in their direction that the Government as it sees its way will have to work. The natives of India, like most people, can be satisfied with very little provided this little is given ungrudgingly and with a generous appreciation of the motives with which it is sought. The episode of the Ilbert Bill shows very plainly that if the hearts of the Indian people are touched and they become conscious of single-minded sympathy extended to them and to their ideas, there are scarcely any bounds to their gratitude and sincere loyalty. Lord Ripon's name is loved throughout India wherever any knowledge of current affairs extends, and if part of this feeling is due to a belief that Lord Ripon was in opposition to the Europeans in India, yet the latter have in a considerable measure themselves to thank for this, on account of the somewhat exasperating mixture of fear and contempt which they sometimes manifest towards the natives.

We are fond of talking about the virtues of education among the 'lower classes' at home or among the natives of India, while complacently ignoring the fact that our own stock of information is not unfrequently at a low ebb. Nine out of ten people who moved heaven and earth against the Ilbert Bill cannot detail its history or give an accurate description of its contents and character. It is the same in India and at home with regard to most Indian questions, except of course in the case of officials and the few who have made Indian questions a special study. Perhaps the great subject of the employment of natives more than any other just now requires light to be thrown upon it. In India as in England, the chief curse of partisanship results from the refusal to read fair statements of the case of the other side. Most Europeans in India read only the ultra English newspapers, which only reproduce such sayings and doings of the natives as are likely to injure them. All the more important is it that at home Indian affairs should be more frequently and fully put before the people in a popular form, and it would be an excellent thing if representative natives would themselves come and state their own case before the British public without reference to party. What good, it may be asked, could the British public do with its necessarily scanty information? Not much directly; but if the public interest is awakened two things are certain: first, that it would encourage the natives to do full justice to their case by keeping it free from exaggeration; and secondly, that it would act like a powerful tonic on the dominant classes in

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India, who are frequently below the mark because the fierce light of publicity and criticism does not sufficiently touch them.

It is in a measure a misfortune that the policy has been adopted of sending Indian delegates to contest English constituencies. If it were found possible to give representative natives some *locus standi* for the statement of their views in Parliament on their own merits, the result would probably be most satisfactory. But it is obvious that neither party could accept a native of India as a candidate who did not distinctly throw in his lot with one side or the other. Were he returned he would be classed as a partisan, and the result of his Parliamentary action would be only perhaps to prejudice his case in the eyes of the public.

At present there is too little discussion on Indian affairs in India. The main cause of this is the bureaucratic form of the Indian Government. The time is rapidly approaching when some modification of obsolete notions must be effected. The Government responsible for the administration of a vast Empire is now at a great disadvantage through what has been of essential service to it in past times. When there was but little education, and the press had not risen to power, it was convenient enough that the Government should not be put in public on its defence. Now the case is different. The business of the Government has multiplied enormously, its operations are manifest, and the individual interest in its actions has become keen, intelligent, and universal. Newspapers have everywhere sprung up, and both from the European and native point of view a constant stream of criticism, often fair but sometimes quite the reverse, is directed against the Supreme Government. In the midst of this the Government is silent. It has no means of self-defence. The occasional speeches delivered on special occasions by the Viceroy and high officials are usually of too formal a nature to serve for the purposes of full exposition and of answering attacks. There is no Government newspaper. And so condemnatory and inaccurate assertions, though they may be corrected, constantly crop up again, and reiterated denials and corrections, necessary to dispose of them effectually, are not, and cannot, be made. This state of things is a double misfortune. It puts the Government at a great disadvantage, and it tends to demoralise writers and speakers who, finding their arguments and attacks unanswered, give the rein to their imaginations and get into the habit of indulging in loose generalities and of making statements founded on the assumption that all that they have written or spoken, because unanswered, is true. There seem to be two remedies for this state of things. The Government might start an official or semi-official newspaper, to be published as often as it was found expedient. This might be of great service. But the truer and more abiding remedy will be found in a gradual increase of the representative system in the Imperial and local Government of India, and in the

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institution of full debates in the Legislative Councils. Speaking of the Finance Committee appointed last year by Lord Dufferin to inquire into public expenditure, Mr. Forbes Adam, in the most interesting address which he delivered early this year as President of the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, pointed out the great advantages of fuller publicity in regard to administrative matters.

> The time is drawing nigh when election may be substituted for nomination of non-official members, and when the provisions of local budgets may be thrown open to interpellation. These Councils, as presently formed, want the independent supervision possessed by representative bodies, and which is a marvellous protection against costly proposals of special departments, and a salutary check on foolish or superfluous expenditure. We cannot have representative bodies. And in widening the Council and introducing election I would prepare all needful safeguards, and leave meanwhile final control in the hands of the Executive. But I hold that Government and the taxpayer would alike benefit by having their Budget proposals and estimates examined and criticised by business men.

So, again, the Hon. Mr. Steel, member of the Legislative Council, said, in addressing the Bengal Chamber of Commerce last May:—

> Under present arrangements the Budget was only submitted to the ordeal of public opinion when any new legislation required that the proposals should be submitted to the Legislative Council. This appeared wrong in principle, and it seemed to him that the Chamber would do well to suggest a change to Government. . . . If the Chamber agreed with him he thought it a very proper time to represent to Government that there should be an annual discussion on the Budget, whether taxation was increased, reduced, or left alone.

And what is true in regard to finance is true of other branches of Government work. The public require to know more of what is being done presumably in their interest. Where inconvenient questions are never asked, there the public service is sure to suffer more or less, whether in India or in England. No sensible man wishes to precipitate on the Government of India, situated as it is between inflammable native and European material, any drastic change the results of which could not pretty clearly be estimated. Every sensible man, too, sees plainly that in certain things the Supreme Government must have ample power to act on its responsibility to the Government at home without interrogation or delay. But the internal administration of India is of vital importance to the people of India, and if it is not yet possible to adopt a thoroughly representative system, it is difficult to see any valid objections to the fullest opportunities being given to secure the power of criticism and debate to those most directly concerned and interested in Indian affairs.

The material power of the educated natives cannot weigh heavily against that of the British Government. But it is of inestimable importance to the smooth and prosperous working of the Government machine that their loyalty and good will should be secured. The future prosperity of India depends upon the contentment of its people,

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and if at a time when education is spreading far and wide the educated classes are alienated and led to believe that so long as the English remain in power they are to have no scope for their abilities and energies, and no recognition of their right to take a part in the business of their own country, then the seeds are sown of disaster and ruin in the future.

Upon administrative questions which are at the front, it is difficult if not impossible to form a trustworthy opinion, from the very slight power of observation afforded by a flying visit. But in these matters, as in most things, the mind is guided and formed by the opinion of authorities rather than by direct personal experience. The most that a visitor can do is to 'pick the brains' of the best men he comes across, and, insufficient as may be the time at his disposal for a thorough inquiry, he is pretty certain to see which way the balance of argument inclines on some of the less intricate questions of the day. But in considering how far he can safely go in the statement of his judgment, he finds himself hemmed in by the difficulty which constantly presents itself in India, arising from the irreconcilability of theory and practice. It is all very well for those who are not likely to be in any way responsible to found themselves on principles which they are accustomed to hold at home, and to urge that full constitutional practices should be applied at once to India. But it is altogether different for the responsible Executive in India, possessed of the knowledge that the system of government has been put together by a succession of the ablest of British statesmen, and who see that any change must place a personal responsibility on its author such as no statesman at home, shielded by Parliament, is ever called upon to bear.

As examples of the less complicated questions upon which it is less difficult and dangerous to form at any rate a *primâ facie* opinion, may be mentioned the development of local government, the removal for more than half the year of the Government to Simla, and the admission of natives to the Volunteer force.

But on most subjects of the first importance relating to taxation, land, public works, and the executive and judicial administration, it would be absurd for any but experienced men to attempt to give a definite opinion. It is not as if you had to make up your mind as to what was best for a single country inhabited by one race holding no antagonistic creeds, whose interests are clearly defined, and whose wishes and ideas are well known. In India you may on a given question come to a right view from even a short study of one district. But in a score of other districts the conditions may be so totally different that your calculations are entirely upset. It is impossible in the administration of the whole country to vary your methods according to the exact requirements of every locality, but it is necessary to organise a system which can be applied universally

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and with fair success in every part. Hence the widest knowledge and experience are absolutely essential in initiating and carrying through any change.

One feature of our Indian government is particularly impressive, and that is the subdivision of the country into districts under the magistrate collectors. These districts have been the training ground of many of our greatest Indian statesmen, and the duties of the collectors have been graphically described in Mr. Bosworth Smith's biography of Lord Lawrence. The magistrate is virtually supreme in his district, sometimes of enormous extent and containing millions of people. That the system has worked so admirably is due to the high character and unfailing resources of the Indian Civil servant. In theory, however, the system would appear radically wrong, for the union of judicial and executive functions in the hands of one man possessing practically autocratic power is a method of government somewhat startling to the English mind. As head of the police the magistrate directs the search and capture of criminals and suspected persons, he formulates the police case against them, he keeps them in prison, and then sits in judgment upon them. It goes without saying that he delegates some of these functions to his subordinates, but none the less he is responsible for the whole process of detection, capture, judgment, and sentence. If he has not actually the power of life and death, he can, if he chooses, make the life of anyone in his district a burden to him. The abuses of the system have been no doubt creditably few, but the chief danger of it lies in the effect which it produces in the native mind. The judicial power should be feared by the criminal and respected by all, because of the impartial justice which it administers. When, however, it is joined to executive and police authority, men are apt to think that justice is made sometimes to square with the convenience of the executive. It is easy to see the disadvantages of such a system, and it is clear that it cannot survive beyond a certain point in the intellectual and political development of the country.

But in difficult questions of this kind we must trust to the wisdom of the men at the head of our Indian Empire; and if we cannot give criticism of much value, at any rate we shall do a considerable amount of good by showing and maintaining a keen interest in all that relates to our great possession. We can, however, improve our minds and our knowledge by the study of the lives of our greatest Indian administrators and generals. Much may be learnt from a visit to India, but it will be indefinitely more valuable if to this short experience is added an accurate knowledge of the life, motives, and actions of such a man as Lord Lawrence. His name stands second to none on the roll of fame, for scarcely any great man has so combined extraordinary personal virtues with splendid actions in the unselfish service of his country. Whose opinion, whose experience, subject of course to

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circumstances altering with the ordinary progress of things, can be placed before his? If we wish to be guided by authority and experience, we go to the fountain-head in studying the life of such a man. For the problems we have to face now were faced by Lawrence through all the degrees of the Indian Civil Service up to the supreme post in the government. The India of to-day is practically the India of Lawrence, and as the splendid success of his policy and actions bears convincing testimony to the wisdom of his mind and the soundness of his vast experience, it is impossible that a surer guide can be found in the formation of judgments on the great administrative and political difficulties of the Indian Government. Now and always there is one supreme moral to be drawn from the life and actions of Lawrence. If we are to be strong and respected in India, we must keep up and, if possible, improve the standard of excellence in all branches of the Civil Service up to the very highest. Lawrence was splendidly successful because he was respected and trusted by all. Our great endeavour must be, as Lord Rosebery said, 'to maintain the traditions of English justice and English strength, Scotch justice and Scotch strength, justice within and strength without.' This was Lawrence's object, and he attained it. We have had, not so long ago, bitter experience of the ruinous folly in the highest quarter, which discredited English society in India, which produced disasters beyond her frontier, and the gravest discontent which has overshadowed India since the Mutiny. It was a lesson which has been taken to heart by all classes, and its worst effects have passed away like a bad dream. The Government of India is now in good keeping, and we may with confidence look forward to steady progress in meeting the fair wishes and claims of natives well qualified to put them forward and make them known.

What, then, is the upshot of a first experience of India? It is that you have no right to cut and dry your opinions on any Indian questions as the result of your own experience, but that you may legitimately have ideas on some of them which may be put forth for what they are worth. And further it will be probably found that the correctness of these ideas will depend upon accuracy of historical study and a true perception in the selection of the best opinions which may be offered to you by men of judgment and experience.

Speaking generally, then, a first visit to India, assuming a fair amount of historical knowledge, will be to the traveller as a series of illustrations bringing new views to him of men and things, altering some impressions and causing the vast Indian panorama to stand out in a clearer, truer, and more vivid light. If he tumbles into pitfalls, it will be through his own fault, for where the ground is scored with them he has no business to proceed blindly and at speed. He cannot advance alone, and he must not hesitate to rely in the main on the wisdom and greatness of those who have gone before.

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Of the greater difficulties which may rise up before long in India, probably the least in the sense that it is the simplest is what is believed to be the menacing advance of Russia. We have blundered terribly on this question in the past, for our frontier policy has been, taking it as a whole, unintelligible. The source of all the difficulty has been the premature and unreasoning dread of invasion. It may be hoped that before long we shall make up our minds to draw the line on the frontier which must be either passed or not passed. If it is passed the issues will be terrible, but they will be simple. We shall fight, as Englishmen have fought before, till we win. And there will be no doubt or questioning as to the wisdom and sacredness of the cause. The invasion of India is probably too big, too monstrous a thing for Russia ever to undertake. But as a matter of fact many think differently, and complete confidence must be maintained in India. To do this, to make ourselves completely secure against Russia, our policy in India itself must be open, honest, and progressive. The gravest difficulty in the future which can be imagined is the possible combination of the masses of the people irritated into united action, whether active or passive, by a belief that the English Government is hopelessly unjust and intolerant. Short of this, scarcely less grave difficulties may arise from agrarian questions. As education spreads, and the press extends its ramifications, it is hard to see how the cultivators who are so miserably poor can always continue to be as they are now, peaceful, long-suffering, and even contented. We shall be wise to adapt our policy to meet these difficulties which will arise in the near future.

Our Government in the main has the interest of the people at heart, but it is hampered by the constantly asserted and predominant interests of Europeans as Europeans. Yet it must be remembered that the conditions of life in India are not those of Australasia and America, for they favour the native inhabitants and not the European. And as the European element cannot be made strong beyond a certain point, so it is certain that advancing education brings with it resistless powers of combination which, rising to a given mark, would overwhelm any system of government other than the absolute rule of the sword, and which must vastly increase the influence and power of the Indian people. It should therefore be our constant policy to make the interests of natives and Europeans so far identical as to be harmonious. And while this should be the task of the Government, scarcely less valuable work can be done by all classes of non-official residents in India as well as by the friends of India at home. Greater sympathy and tolerance must be shown on all sides by a people so gifted and so happy in its position as the British, towards the less fortunate inhabitants of the country for whose welfare and good government we are now solely responsible. Much is being done, and the noble work headed by Lady Dufferin of extending

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medical aid to Indian women is an example of what is required by Christian civilisation, and of a fulfilment of a social duty which will tend to strengthen the friendship between the natives and the English.

We must not shrink from our mighty task. To say we must work for evacuation may be a well-meant, but it is a sentimental and probably a dangerously misleading assertion. No one can foresee the time when such evacuation will be either wise or necessary. It is enough that we have duties to perform in promoting the welfare of 250,000,000 people which will task all our energies and abilities for an indefinite period of time. And, whatever may come to pass, let us do our best to put the shoulder to the wheel and meet the immediate necessities of the present, with a wise regard to those grave difficulties which the progress of modern life will sooner or later bring upon us.

HERBERT J. GLADSTONE.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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THE COMING ANARCHY.

THE views taken in the preceding article [1] as to the combination of efforts being the chief source of our wealth explain why most anarchists see in communism the only equitable solution as to the adequate remuneration of individual efforts. There was a time when a family engaged in agriculture, and supported by a few domestic trades, could consider the corn they raised and the plain woollen cloth they wove as productions of their own and nobody else's labour. Even then such a view was not quite correct: there were forests cleared and roads built by common efforts; and even then the family had continually to apply for communal help, as it is still the case in so many village communities. But now, under the extremely interwoven state of industry, of which each branch supports all others, such an individualistic view can be held no more. If the iron trade and the cotton industry of this country have reached so high a degree of development, they have done so owing to the parallel growth of thousands of other industries, great and small; to the extension of the railway system; to an increase of knowledge among both the skilled engineers and the mass of the workmen; to a certain training in organisation slowly developed among British producers; and, above all, to the world-trade which has itself grown up, thanks to works executed thousands of miles away. The Italians who died from cholera in digging the Suez Canal, or from 'tunnel-disease' in the St. Gothard Tunnel, have contributed as much towards the enrichment

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, February 1887. The present article has been delayed in consequence of the illness of the author.

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of this country as the British girl who is prematurely growing old in serving a machine at Manchester; and this girl as much as the engineer who made a labour-saving improvement in our machinery. How can we pretend to estimate the exact part of each of them in the riches accumulated around us?

We may admire the inventive genius or the organising capacities of an iron lord; but we must recognise that all his genius and energy would not realise one-tenth of what they realise here if they were spent in dealing with Mongolian shepherds or Siberian peasants instead of British workmen, British engineers, and trustworthy managers. An English millionaire who succeeded in giving a powerful impulse to a branch of home industry was asked the other day what were, in his opinion, the real causes of his success? His answer was:—'I always sought out the right man for a given branch of the concern, and I left him full independence—maintaining, of course, for myself the general supervision.' 'Did you never fail to find such men?' was the next question. 'Never.' 'But in the new branches which you introduced you wanted a number of new inventions.' 'No doubt; we spent thousands in buying patents.' This little colloquy sums up, in my opinion, the real case of those industrial undertakings which are quoted by the advocates of 'an adequate remuneration of individual efforts' in the shape of millions bestowed on the managers of prosperous industries. It shows in how far the efforts are really 'individual.' Leaving aside the thousand conditions which sometimes permit a man to show, and sometimes prevent him from showing, his capacities to their full extent, it might be asked in how far the same capacities could bring out the same results, if the very same employer could find no trustworthy managers and no skilled workmen, and if hundreds of inventions were not stimulated by the mechanical turn of mind of so many inhabitants of this country. British industry is the work of the British nation—nay, of Europe and India taken together—not of separate individuals.

While holding this synthetic view on production, the anarchists cannot consider, like the collectivists, that a remuneration which would be proportionate to the hours of labour spent by each person in the production of riches may be an ideal, or even an approach to an ideal, society. Without entering here into a discussion as to how far the exchange value of each merchandise is really measured now by the amount of labour necessary for its production—a separate study must be devoted to the subject—we must say that the collectivist ideal seems to us merely unrealisable in a society which would be brought to consider the necessaries for production as a common property. Such a society would be compelled to abandon the wage-system altogether. It appears impossible that the mitigated individualism of the collectivist school could co-exist with the partial communism implied by

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holding land and machinery in common—unless imposed by a powerful government, much more powerful than all those of our own times. The present wage-system has grown up from the appropriation of the necessaries for production by the few; it was a necessary condition for the growth of the present capitalist production; and it cannot outlive it, even if an attempt be made to pay to the worker the full value of his produce, and money be substituted by hours of labour cheques. Common possession of the necessaries for production implies the common enjoyment of the fruits of the common production; and we consider that an equitable organisation of society can only arise when every wage-system is abandoned, and when everybody, contributing for the common well-being to the full extent of his capacities, shall enjoy also from the common stock of society to the fullest possible extent of his needs.

We maintain, moreover, not only that communism is a desirable state of society, but that the growing tendency of modern society is precisely towards communism—free communism—notwithstanding the seemingly contradictory growth of individualism. In the growth of individualism (especially during the last three centuries) we merely see the endeavours of the individual towards emancipating himself from the steadily growing powers of Capital and the State. But side by side with this growth we see also, throughout history up to our own times, the latent struggle of the producers of wealth for maintaining the partial communism of old, as well as for reintroducing communist principles in a new shape, as soon as favourable conditions permit it. As soon as the communes of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries were enabled to start their own independent life, they gave a wide extension to work in common, to trade in common, and to a partial consumption in common. All this has disappeared; but the rural commune fights a hard struggle to maintain its old features, and it succeeds in maintaining them in many places of Eastern Europe, Switzerland, and even France and Germany; while new organisations, based on the same principles, never fail to grow up as soon as it is possible. Notwithstanding the egotistic turn given to the public mind by the merchant-production of our century, the communist tendency is continually reasserting itself and trying to make its way into public life. The penny bridge disappears before the public bridge; so also the road which formerly had to be paid for its use. The same spirit pervades thousands of other institutions. Museums, free libraries, and free public schools; parks and pleasure grounds; paved and lighted streets, free for everybody's use; water supplied to private dwellings, with a growing tendency towards disregarding the exact amount of it used by the individual; tramways and railways which have already begun to introduce the season ticket or the uniform tax, and will surely go much further on this line when they are no longer private property:

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all these are tokens showing in which direction further progress is to be expected.

It is in putting the wants of the individual *above* the valuation of the services he has rendered, or might render, to society; it is in considering society as a whole, so intimately connected together that a service rendered to any individual is a service rendered to the whole society. The librarian of the British Museum does not ask the reader what have been his previous services to society, he simply gives him the books he requires; and for a uniform fee, a scientific Society leaves its gardens and museums at the free disposal of each member. The crew of a lifeboat do not ask whether the men of a distressed ship are entitled to be rescued at a risk of life; and the Prisoners' Aid Society do not inquire what the released prisoner is worth. Here are men in need of a service; they are *fellow* men, and no further rights are required. And if this very city, so egotistic to-day, be visited by a public calamity—let it be besieged, for example, like Paris in 1871, and experience during the siege a want of food—this very same city would be unanimous in proclaiming that the first needs to be satisfied are those of the children and old, no matter what services they may render or have rendered to society. And it would take care of the active defenders of the city, whatever the degrees of gallantry displayed by each of them. But, this tendency already existing, nobody will deny, I suppose, that, in proportion as humanity is relieved from its hard struggle for life, the same tendency will grow stronger. If our productive powers be fully applied for increasing the stock of the staple necessities for life; if a modification of the present conditions of property increased the number of producers by all those who are not producers of wealth now; and if manual labour reconquered its place of honour in society—all this decuplating our production and rendering labour easier and more attractive—the communist tendencies already existing would immediately enlarge their sphere of application.

Taking all that into account, and still more the practical aspects of the question as to how private property *might* become common property, most of the anarchists maintain that the very next step to be made by society, as soon as the present *régime* of property undergoes a modification, will be in a communist sense. We are communists. But our communism is not that of either the Phalanstère or the authoritarian school: it is anarchist communism, communism without government, free communism. It is a synthesis of the two chief aims prosecuted by humanity since the dawn of its history—economical freedom and political freedom.

I have already said that anarchy means no-government. We know well that the word 'anarchy' is also used in the current language as synonymous with disorder. But that meaning of 'anarchy,' being a derived one, implies at least two suppositions. It implies,

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first, that wherever there is no government there is disorder; and it implies, moreover, that order, due to a strong government and a strong police, is always beneficial. Both implications, however, are anything but proved. There is plenty of order—we should say, of harmony—in many branches of human activity where the government, happily, does not interfere. As to the beneficial effects of order, the kind of order that reigned at Naples under the Bourbons surely was not preferable to some disorder started by Garibaldi; while the Protestants of this country will probably say that the good deal of disorder made by Luther was preferable, at any rate, to the order which reigned under the Pope. As to the proverbial 'order' which was once 'restored at Warsaw,' there are, I suppose, no two opinions about it. While all agree that harmony is always desirable, there is no such unanimity about order, and still less about the 'order' which is supposed to reign in our modern societies; so that we have no objection whatever to the use of the word 'anarchy' as a negation of what has been often described as order.

By taking for our watchword anarchy, in its sense of no-government, we intend to express a pronounced tendency of human society. In history we see that precisely those epochs when small parts of humanity broke down the power of their rulers and reassumed their freedom were epochs of the greatest progress, economical and intellectual. Be it the growth of the free cities, whose unrivalled monuments—free work of free associations of workers—still testify of the revival of mind and of the well-being of the citizen; be it the great movement which gave birth to the Reformation—those epochs witnessed the greatest progress when the individual recovered some part of his freedom. And if we carefully watch the present development of civilised nations, we cannot fail to discover in it a marked and ever-growing movement towards limiting more and more the sphere of action of government, so as to leave more and more liberty to the initiative of the individual. After having tried all kinds of government, and endeavoured to solve the insoluble problem of having a government 'which might compel the individual to obedience, without escaping itself from obedience to collectivity,' humanity is trying now to free itself from the bonds of any government whatever, and to respond to its needs of organisation by the free understanding between individuals prosecuting the same common aims. Home Rule, even for the smallest territorial unit or group, becomes a growing need; free agreement is becoming a substitute for law; and free co-operation a substitute for governmental guardianship. One after the other those functions which were considered as the functions of government during the last two centuries are disputed; society moves better the less it is governed. And the more we study the advance made in this direction, as well as the inadequacy of governments to fulfil the expectations laid in them, the more we

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are bound to conclude that Humanity, by steadily limiting the functions of government, is marching towards reducing them finally to *nil*; and we already foresee a state of society where the liberty of the individual will be limited by no laws, no bonds—by nothing else but his own social habits and the necessity, which everyone feels, of finding co-operation, support, and sympathy among his neighbours.

Of course, the no-government ethics will meet with at least as many objections as the no-capital economics. Our minds have been so nurtured in prejudices as to the providential functions of government that anarchist ideas *must* be received with distrust. Our whole education, since childhood up to the grave, nurtures the belief in the necessity of a government and its beneficial effects. Systems of philosophy have been elaborated to support this view; history has been written from this standpoint; theories of law have been circulated and taught for the same purpose. All politics are based on the same principle, each politician saying to people he wants to support him: 'Give me the governmental power; I will, I can, relieve you from the hardships of your present life.' All our education is permeated with the same teachings. We may open any book of sociology, history, law, or ethics: everywhere we find government, its organisation, its deeds, playing so prominent a part that we grow accustomed to suppose that the State and the political men are everything; that there is nothing behind the big statesmen. The same teachings are daily repeated in the Press. Whole columns are filled up with minutest records of parliamentary debates, of movements of political persons; and, while reading these columns, we too often forget that there is an immense body of men—mankind, in fact—growing and dying, living in happiness or sorrow, labouring and consuming, thinking and creating, besides those few men whose importance has been so swollen up as to overshadow humanity.

And yet, if we revert from the printed matter to our real life, and cast a broad glance on society as it is, we are struck with the infinitesimal part played by government in our life. Millions of human beings live and die without having had anything to do with government. Every day millions of transactions are made without the slightest interference of government; and those who enter into agreements have not the slightest intention of breaking bargains. Nay, those agreements which are not protected by government (those of the Exchange, or card debts) are perhaps better kept than any others. The simple habit of keeping his word, the desire of not losing confidence, are quite sufficient in the immense overwhelming majority of cases to enforce the keeping of agreements. Of course, it may be said that there is still the government which might enforce them if necessary. But not to speak of the numberless cases

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which even could not be brought before a court, everybody who has the slightest acquaintance with trade will undoubtedly confirm the assertion that, if there were not so strong a feeling of honour to keep agreements, trade itself would become utterly impossible. Even those merchants and manufacturers who feel not the slightest remorse when poisoning their customers with all kinds of abominable drugs, duly labelled, even they also keep their commercial agreements. But, if such a relative morality as commercial honesty exists now, under the present conditions, when enrichment is the chief motive, the same feeling will further develop very fast as soon as robbing somebody of the fruits of his labour is no longer the economical basis of our life.

Another striking feature of our century tells in favour of the same no-government tendency. It is the steady enlargement of the field covered by private initiative, and the recent growth of large organisations resulting merely and simply from free agreement. The railway net of Europe—a confederation of so many scores of separate societies—and the direct transport of passengers and merchandise over so many lines which were built independently and federated together, without even so much as a Central Board of European Railways, are a most striking instance of what is already done by mere agreement. If fifty years ago somebody had predicted that railways built by so many separate companies finally would constitute so perfect a net as they do to-day, he surely would have been treated as a fool. It would have been urged that so many companies, prosecuting their own interests, would never agree without an International Board of Railways, supported by an International Convention of the European States, and endowed with governmental powers. But no such board was resorted to, and the agreement came nevertheless. The Dutch *Beurden* extending now their organisations over the rivers of Germany, and even to the shipping trade of the Baltic; the numberless amalgamated manufacturers' associations, and the *syndicats* of France, are so many instances in point. If it be argued that many of these organisations are organisations for exploitation, it would prove nothing, because, if men prosecuting their own egotistic, often very narrow, interests can agree together, better inspired men, compelled to be more closely connected with other groups, will necessarily agree still easier and still better.

But there also is no lack of free organisations for nobler pursuits. One of the noblest achievements of our century is undoubtedly the Lifeboat Association. Since its first humble start, which we all remember, it has saved no less than 32,000 human lives. It makes appeal to the noblest instincts of man; its activity is entirely dependent upon devotion to the common cause; while its internal organisation is entirely based upon the independence of the local committees. The Hospitals Association and hundreds of like organi-

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sations, operating on a large scale and covering each a wide field, may also be mentioned under this head. But, while we know everything about governments and their deeds, what do we know about the results achieved by free co-operation? Thousands of volumes have been written to record the acts of governments; the most trifling amelioration due to law has been recorded; its good effects have been exaggerated, its bad effects passed by in silence. But where is the book recording what has been achieved by free co-operation of well-inspired men?—At the same time, hundreds of societies are constituted every day for the satisfaction of some of the infinitely varied needs of civilised man. We have societies for all possible kinds of studies—some of them embracing the whole field of natural science, others limited to a small special branch; societies for gymnastics, for shorthand-writing, for the study of a separate author, for games and all kinds of sports, for forwarding the science of maintaining life, and for favouring the knowledge of how to destroy it; philosophical and industrial, artistic and anti-artistic; for serious work and for mere amusement—in short, there is not a single direction in which men would exercise their faculties without combining together for the prosecution of some common aim. Every day new societies are formed, while every year the old ones aggregate together into larger units, federate across the national frontiers, and co-operate in some common work.

The most striking feature of these numberless free growths is that they continually encroach on what was formerly the domain of the State or the Municipality. A householder in a Swiss village on the banks of Lake Leman belongs now to, at least, a dozen different societies which supply him with what is considered elsewhere as a function of the municipal government. Free federation of independent communes for temporary or permanent purposes lies at the very bottom of Swiss life, and to these federations many a part of Switzerland is indebted for its roads and fountains, its rich vineyards, well-kept forests, and meadows which the foreigner admires. And besides these small societies, substituting themselves for the State within some limited sphere, do we not see other societies doing the same on a much wider scale? Each German *Bürger* is proud of the German army, but few of them know how much it borrows of its force from the numberless private societies for military studies, exercise, and games; and how few are those who understand that their army would become an incoherent mass of men the day that each soldier was no longer inspired by the feelings which inspire him now? In this country, even the task of defending the territory—that is, the chief, the great function of the State—has been undertaken by an army of Volunteers, and this army surely might stand against any army of slaves obeying a military despot. More than that: a private society for the defence of the coasts of

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England has been seriously spoken of. Let it only come into life, and surely it will be a more effective weapon for self-defence than the ironclads of the navy. One of the most remarkable societies, however, which has recently arisen is undoubtedly the Red Cross Society. To slaughter men on the battle-fields, that remains the duty of the State; but these very States recognise themselves unable to take care of their own wounded: they abandon the task, to a great extent, to private initiative. What a deluge of mockeries would not have been cast over the poor 'Utopist' who should have dared to say twenty-five years ago that the care of the wounded might be left to private societies! 'Nobody would go in the dangerous places! all hospitals would gather where there was no need of them! national rivalries would result in the poor soldiers dying without any help, and so on,' —such would have been the outcry. The war of 1871 has shown how perspicacious those prophets are who never believe in human intelligence, devotion, and good sense.

These facts—so numerous and so customary that we pass by without even noticing them—are in our opinion one of the most prominent features of the second half of our century. The just-mentioned organisms grew up so naturally; they so rapidly extended and so easily aggregated together; they are such unavoidable outgrowths of the multiplication of needs of the civilised man, and they so well replace State-interference, that we must recognise in them a growing factor of our life. Modern progress is really towards the free aggregation of free individuals so as to supplant government in all those functions which formerly were entrusted to it, and which it mostly performed so badly.

As to parliamentary rule, and representative government altogether, they are rapidly falling into decay. The few philosophers who already have shown their defects have only timidly summed up the growing public discontent. It is becoming evident that it is merely stupid to elect a few men, and to entrust them with the task of making laws on all possible subjects, of which subjects most of them are utterly ignorant. It is becoming understood that Majority rule is as defective as any other kind of rule; and Humanity searches, and finds, new channels for resolving the pending questions. The Postal Union did not elect an international postal parliament in order to make laws for all postal organisations adherent to the Union. The railways of Europe did not elect an international railway parliament in order to regulate the march of the trains and the repartition of the income of international traffic; and the Meteorological and Geological Societies of Europe did not elect either meteorological or geological parliaments for scheming polar stations, or for establishing a uniform subdivision of geological formations and a uniform coloration of geological maps. They proceeded by means of agreements. To agree together they resorted to congresses; but, while

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sending delegates to their congresses, they did not elect M.P.'s *bons à tout faire*; they did not say to them, 'Vote about everything you like—we shall obey.' They put questions and discussed them first themselves; then they sent delegates acquainted with the special question to be discussed at the congress, and they sent *delegates*—not rulers. Their delegates returned from the congress with no *laws* in their pockets, but with *proposals of agreements*. Such is the way assumed now (the very old way, too) for dealing with questions of public interest—not the way of law-making by means of a representative government. Representative government has accomplished its historical mission; it has given a mortal blow to Court-rule; and by its debates it has awakened public interest in public questions. But, to see in it the government of the future Socialist society, is to commit a gross error. Each economical phase of life implies its own political phase; and it is impossible to touch the very bases of the present economical life—private property—without a corresponding change in the very bases of the political organisation. Life already shows in which direction the change will be made. Not in increasing the powers of the State, but in resorting to free organisation and free federation in all those branches which are now considered as attributions of the State.

The objections to the above may be easily foreseen. It will be said of course:—'But what is to be done with those who do not keep their agreements? What with those who are not inclined to work? What with those who would prefer breaking the written laws of society, or—in the anarchist hypothesis—its unwritten customs? Anarchy may be good for a higher humanity,—not for the men of our own times.'

First of all, there are two kinds of agreements: there is the free one which is entered upon by free consent, as a free choice between different courses equally open before each of the agreeing parties; and there is the enforced agreement, imposed by one party upon the other, and accepted by the latter from sheer necessity; in fact, it is no agreement at all; it is a mere submission to necessity. Unhappily, the great bulk of what are now described as agreements belong to the latter category. When a workman sells his labour to an employer, and knows perfectly well that some part of the value of his produce will be unjustly taken by the employer; when he sells it without even the slightest guarantee of being employed so much as six consecutive months—and he is compelled to do so because he and his family would otherwise starve next week—it is a sad mockery to call that a free contract. Modern economists may call it free, but the father of political economy—Adam Smith—was never guilty of such a misrepresentation. As long as three-quarters of humanity are compelled to enter into agreements of that description, force is, of course, necessary, both to enforce the supposed agreements and

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to maintain such a state of things. Force—and a good deal of force—is necessary for preventing the labourers from taking possession of what they consider unjustly appropriated by the few; and force is necessary for always bringing new 'uncivilised nations' under the same conditions. The Spencerian no-force party perfectly well understand that; and while they advocate no force for changing the existing conditions, they advocate still more force than is now used for maintaining them. As to anarchy, it is obviously as incompatible with plutocracy as with any other kind of *cracy*.

But we do not see the necessity of force for enforcing agreements freely entered upon. We never heard of a penalty imposed on a man who belonged to the crew of a lifeboat and at a given moment preferred to abandon the association. All that his comrades would do with him, if he were guilty of a gross neglect, would be probably to refuse further to do anything with him. Nor did we hear of fines imposed on a contributor of Mr. Murray's Dictionary for a delay in his work, or of *gendarmes* driving the volunteers of Garibaldi to the battle-fields. Free agreements need not be enforced.

As to the so-often repeated objection that nobody would labour if he were not compelled to do so by sheer necessity, we heard enough of it before the emancipation of slaves in America, as well as before the emancipation of serfs in Russia; and we have had the opportunity of appreciating it at its just value. So we shall not try to convince those who can be convinced only by accomplished facts. As to those who reason, they ought to know that, if it really was so with some parts of humanity at its lowest stages—and yet, what do we know about it?—or if it is so with some small communities, or separate individuals, brought to sheer despair by unsuccesses in their struggle against unfavourable conditions, it is not so with the bulk of the civilised nations. With us, work is a habit, and idleness an artificial growth. Of course, when to be a manual worker means to be compelled to work all the life long for ten hours a day, and often more, at producing some part of something—a pin's head, for instance; when it means to be paid wages on which a family can live only on the condition of the strictest limitation of all its needs; when it means to be always under the menace of being thrown to-morrow out of employment—and we know how frequent are the industrial crises, and what a misery they imply; when it means, in a very great number of cases, premature death in a paupers' hospital, if not in the workhouse; when to be manual worker signifies to wear all life long a stamp of inferiority in the eyes of those very people who live on the work of their 'hands;' when it always means the renouncement of all those higher enjoyments that science and art give to man—oh, then there is no wonder that everybody—the manual worker as well—has but one dream: that of rising to a condition where others would work for him. When I

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see writers who boast that they are the workers, and write that the manual workers are an inferior race of lazy and improvident fellows, I am inclined to ask them, Who, then, has made all you see round about you: the houses you live in, the chairs, the carpets, the streets you enjoy, the clothes you wear? Who built the universities where you were taught, and who provided you with food during your school years? And what would become of your readiness to 'work,' if you were compelled to work in the above conditions all your life on a pin's head? No doubt, anyhow *you* would be reported as a lazy fellow! And I affirm that no intelligent man can be closely acquainted with the life of the European working classes without wondering, on the contrary, at their readiness to work, even under such abominable conditions.

Overwork is reluctant to human nature—not work. Overwork for supplying the few with luxury—not work for the well-being of all. Work, labour, is a physiological necessity, a necessity of spending accumulated bodily energy, a necessity which is health and life itself. If so many branches of useful work are so reluctantly done now, it is merely because they mean overwork, or they are improperly organised. But we know—old Franklin knew it—that four hours of useful work every day would be more than sufficient for supplying everybody with the comfort of a moderately well-to-do middle-class house, if we all gave ourselves to productive work, and if we did not waste our productive powers as we do waste them now. As to the childish question, repeated for fifty years (who would do disagreeable work?), frankly I regret that none of our *savants* has ever been brought to do it, be it for only one day in his life. If there is still work which is really disagreeable in itself, it is only because our scientific men have never cared to consider the means for rendering it less so: they always knew that there were plenty of starving men who would do it for a few pence a day.

As to the third—the chief—objection, which maintains the necessity of a government for punishing those who break the law of society, there is so much to say about it that it hardly can be touched incidentally. The more we study the question, the more we are brought to the conclusion that society itself is responsible for the anti-social deeds perpetrated in its midst; and that no punishments, no prisons, and no hangmen can diminish the numbers of like deeds; nothing short of a re-organisation of society itself. Three-quarters of all the acts which are brought every year before our courts have their origin, either directly or indirectly, in the present disorganised state of society with regard to the production and distribution of wealth—not in the perversity of human nature. As to the relatively few anti-social deeds which result from anti-social inclinations of separate individuals, it is not by prisons, nor even by resorting to the hangman, that we can diminish their numbers. By

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our prisons, we merely multiply them and render them worse. By our detectives, our 'price of blood,' our executions, and our jails, we spread in society such a terrible flow of basest passions and habits, that he who would realise the effects of these institutions to their full extent, would be frightened by what society is doing under the pretext of maintaining morality. We *must* search for other remedies, and the remedies have been indicated long since.

Of course now, when a mother in search of food and shelter for her children must pass by shops filled up with the most refined delicacies of refined gluttony; when gorgeous and insolent luxury is displayed side by side with the most execrable misery; when the dog and the horse of a rich man are far better cared for than millions of children whose mothers earn a pitiful salary in the pit or the manufactory; when each 'modest' evening dress of a lady represents eight months, or one year, of human labour; when enrichment on somebody's account is the avowed aim of the 'upper classes,' and no distinct boundary can be traced between honest and dishonest means of making money—then force is the only means for maintaining such a state of things; then an army of policemen, judges, and hangmen becomes a necessary institution.

But if all our children—all children are *our* children—received a sound instruction and education—and we have the means of doing so; if every family lived in a decent home—and they *could* under the present high pitch of our production; if every boy and girl were taught a handicraft at the same time as he or she receives a scientific instruction, and *not* to be a manual producer of wealth were considered as a token of inferiority; if men lived in closer contact with one another, and had continually to come into contact on those public affairs which now are invested in the few; and if, in consequence of a closer contact, we were brought to take as lively an interest in our neighbours' difficulties and pains as we formerly took in those of our kinsfolk—then we should not resort to policemen and judges, to prisons and executions. The anti-social deeds would be prevented in bud, not punished; the few contests which would arise would be easily settled by arbitrators; and no more force would be necessary to impose their decisions than is required now for enforcing the decisions of the family tribunals of China, or of the Valencia water-courts.

And here we are brought to consider a great question: What would become of morality in a society which would recognise no laws and proclaim the full freedom of the individual? Our answer is plain. Public morality is independent from, and anterior to, law and religion. Until now, the teachings of morality have been associated with religious teachings. But the influence which religious teachings formerly exercised on the mind has faded of late, and the sanction which morality derived from religion has no more the

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power it formerly had. Millions and millions grow in our cities who have lost the old faith. Is it a reason for throwing morality overboard, and for treating it with the same sarcasm as primitive cosmogony?

Obviously not. No society is possible without certain principles of morality generally recognised. If everybody grew accustomed to deceive his fellow-men; if we never could rely on each other's promise and words; if everybody treated his like as an enemy, against whom every means of warfare is justifiable—no society could exist. And we see, in fact, that notwithstanding the decay of religious beliefs, the principles of morality remain unshaken. We even see irreligious people trying to raise the current standard of morality. The fact is that moral principles are independent of religious beliefs: they are anterior to them. The primitive Tchuktchis have no religion: they have only superstitions and fear of the hostile forces of nature; and nevertheless we find with them the very same principles of morality which are taught by Christians and Buddhists, Mussulmans and Hebrews. Nay, some of their practices imply a much higher standard of tribal morality than that which appears in our civilised society. In fact, each new religion takes its moral principles from the only real stock of morality—the moral habits which grow with men as soon as they unite to live together in tribes, cities, or nations. No animal society is possible without resulting in a growth of certain moral habits of mutual support and even self-sacrifice for the common well-being. These habits are a necessary condition for the welfare of the species in its struggle for life—co-operation of individuals being a much more important factor in the struggle for the preservation of the species than the so-much-spoken-of physical struggle between individuals for the means of existence. The 'fittest' in the organic world are those who grow accustomed to life in society; and life in society necessarily implies moral habits. As to mankind, it has, during its long existence, developed in its midst a nucleus of social habits, of moral habits, which cannot disappear as long as human societies exist. And therefore, notwithstanding the influences to the contrary which are now at work in consequence of our present economical relations, the nucleus of our moral habits continues to exist. Law and religion only formulate them and endeavour to enforce them by their sanction.

Whatever the variety of theories of morality, all can be brought under three chief categories: the morality of religion; the utilitarian morality; and the theory of moral habits resulting from the very needs of life in society. Each religious morality sanctifies its prescriptions by making them originate from revelation; and it tries to impress its teachings on the mind by a promise of reward, or punishment, either in this or in future life. The utilitarian morality

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maintains the idea of reward, but it finds it in man himself. It invites men to analyse their pleasures, to classify them, and to give preference to those which are most intense and most durable. We must recognise, however, that, although having exercised some influence, this system has been judged too artificial by the great mass of human beings. And finally—whatever its varieties—there is the third system of morality which sees in moral actions—in those actions which are most powerful in rendering men best fitted to life in society—a mere necessity of enjoying the joys of his brethren, of suffering when some of his brethren are suffering; a habit and a second nature, slowly elaborated and perfected by life in society. That is the morality of mankind; and that is also the morality of anarchy.

I could not better illustrate the difference between the three systems of morality than by repeating the following example. Suppose a child is drowning in a river, and three men stand on the bank of the river: the religious moralist, the utilitarian, and the plain man of the people. The religious man is supposed, first, to say to himself that to save the child would bring him happiness in this or another life, and then save the child; but if he does so, he is merely a good reckoner, no more. Then comes the utilitarian, who is supposed to reason thus: 'The enjoyments of life may be of the higher and of the lower description. To save the child would assure me the higher enjoyment. Therefore, let me jump in the river.' But, admitting that there ever was a man who reasoned in this way, again, he would be a mere reckoner, and society would do better not to rely very much upon him: who knows what a sophism might pass one day through his head! And here is the third man. He does not much calculate. But he has grown in the habit of always feeling the joys of those who surround him, and to feel happy when others are happy; of suffering, deeply suffering when others suffer. To act accordingly is his second nature. He hears the cry of the mother, he sees the child struggling for life, and he jumps in the river like a good dog, and saves the child, thanks to the energy of his feelings. And when the mother thanks him, he answers: 'Why! I could not do otherwise than I did.' That is the real morality. That is the morality of the masses of the people; the morality grown to a habit, which will exist, whatever the ethical theories made by philosophers, and will steadily improve in proportion as the conditions of our social life are improved. Such a morality needs no laws for its maintenance. It is a natural growth favoured by the general sympathy which every advance towards a wider and higher morality finds in all fellow-men.

Such are, in a very brief summary, the leading principles of anarchy. Each of them hurts many a prejudice, and yet each of them results from an analysis of the very tendencies displayed by

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human society. Each of them is rich in consequences and implies a thorough revision of many a current opinion. And it is not a mere insight into a remote future. Already now, whatever the sphere of action of the individual, he can act, either in accordance with anarchist principles or on an opposite line. And all that may be done in that direction will be done in the direction whereto further development goes. All that may be done in the opposite way will be an attempt to force humanity to go where it will *not* go.

P. KROPOTKIN.

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EUROPE REVISITED.

EACH fresh improvement in the means of travel has in these days the effect of stimulating the desire to visit a world beyond the gates; and to all those whose privilege it is to be citizens of the British Empire, the world that thus unfolds itself is very specially interesting. For wherever we go, in addition to the attraction of mere sight-seeing, there is also the sense that we are looking upon our own possessions; everywhere our flag is flying on sea and land, and thus it is that, while to men of every race and country travel is an easy and an interesting educational process, to the subjects of the Queen it is a greater privilege than to all others. We are because we ought to be the greatest travellers of all the nations.

And now that circumstances have permitted me to retire from the administration of government in Hyderabad, I am able to look forward with a lively sense of pleasure to revisiting Europe. It is five years, since, when scarcely nineteen years of age, I spent some months in England, and the years that have elapsed, by increasing the range of my experience, will have also prepared me to appreciate much which I then overlooked. And I hope also by examining for myself the political conditions that now obtain on the Continent of Europe, and by meeting, as I have the opportunity, the statesmen who are directing affairs there, I may be enabled to take home with me some more definite perception of those causes which threaten European trouble, a trouble the shadow of which is now constantly menacing the North-West Frontier of British India.

A careful consideration also of the developments among the Western nations, especially in Germany, France, and England, cannot fail to be most instructive at a moment when great national changes appear to be impending. Are these changes likely to prove changes for the better? Are changes which are necessitating a continuous increase in taxation and in the burden of standing armies offset by any additional sense of security on the part of the governed, so that property is safer, and liberty everywhere controlled only by law? And if not, if progress under the direction of Western thought and the immense developments of Western science is still only a

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progress to great unknown dangers, and is accompanied by an increasing anxiety on the part of the governing class, and by an ever-growing restlessness on the part of the governed, then it would seem that the more changeless life of Asia, and the comparative absence of that more ambitious activity which obtains in colder climates should not be for us matter for regret. Our Eastern philosophy, which has become to us as a second nature, continues to survive unimpaired while dynasties have disappeared, and the boundaries of empires have been swept away; and not only has our Oriental condition of mind secured to us a large share of individual contentment, but as a nation it has rendered us particularly receptive of the advantages of good government; indeed it has been to us a trusty servitor. Is it better, then, that we should journey through waste places in search of Western political philosophies and those methods of progress which are well nigh uncontrollable, which are not the servant of those communities, but more often a ruthless taskmaster? These are great questions, and as India and England are each year approaching one another more closely, owing to the developments of steam and electricity, each year these problems are growing in importance and complexity. The restless spirits of either community are annually visiting the other in search of the material of 'progress.' India is agitated by proposals which aim at representative government on the European plan; such a form of government is declared by many able and earnest men of our race to be especially suited to the future well-being of India; we are told that its growth will be a federal system which may bring together the different peoples upon our continent, may reconcile religious differences, destroy caste distinctions, and develop a national spirit and a national life.

On the other hand, equally eminent European travellers assure us, with equal conviction and sincerity, that representative government in Europe promises to outlive its usefulness, that the system is breaking down and is checking, perhaps material progress, but certainly moral progress, and the accord of the social relations. This can be recognised on all sides, in the growing unrest of the masses, who, conscious of certain unsatisfactory conditions in their lives, are determined to arrive at better things, at the expense of their neighbours if necessary, and by any and every method of radical experiment. It is quite evident that the national mind of India needs assurances on such points as these, from those whose position qualifies them to advise, and therefore some months of leisure in Europe promise to be productive, not merely of much personal profit, but also I may be able to bring home with me convictions which may be of value to my countrymen, if they throw any light upon the question, which is the better, the restless progress of the West or the contentment of the East? The former may be the better for the world, even though the latter is better for the individual.

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It is my intention also, before returning, to cross the Atlantic and see for myself that immense Republic, the daily growth of which appears to be a perpetual cause of unrest to the other hemisphere. There must be much in that far off Western world of great interest to the Orient, even though such a scale of development at such an early age must involve, it would seem, a want of proper proportion in the whole body. A process of physical forcing, of over-stimulation, must surely be incompatible with the higher moral development. All this I hope to see.

On the 12th of May I sailed from Bombay in the P. & O. steamer 'Peshawur.' Besides my own suite and servants, sixteen in all, Zaffer Jung was also with us, bound to England as the representative of his Highness the Nizam, at the approaching celebration of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress's Jubilee. Captain and Mrs. Clerk of Hyderabad were also on board, as were the Rajahs of Limery and Moorabe. The voyage to Suez was devoid of incident, and we reached Cairo from Suez on the 18th of May. Being presented by Sir Evelyn Baring, I was very courteously received by His Highness the Khedive, a prince of a very attractive deportment and winning manners. Notwithstanding the heat, a fortnight passed at Cairo most pleasantly, and our quarters at Shepheard's Hotel were in every respect agreeable. It was an important fortnight in the modern history of Egypt, as it witnessed the signing at Constantinople of the new Anglo-Turkish Convention. It is, however, not necessary to take this effort of diplomacy very seriously; still, the opinion here is that Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has achieved a good tactical success. The Porte having agreed to ratify, if, as is probable, France raises objections, not only will the relations of the Porte with France become less friendly, but the action of France in any such event will give England the right to continue the occupation, more or less indefinitely. The Convention itself merely provides, with many protocols and clauses, that, if England thinks fit, England may retire bag and baggage from Egypt in three years, or, what is much the same thing, except perhaps in the vocabulary of diplomacy, that in three years England shall march out, unless in the meantime she considers that circumstances have occurred, or may occur, which require a continued occupation—circumstances which certain personages chiefly interested are extremely likely to create. Indeed as things are, and having come into occupation in Egypt after much bloodshed and bombardment, and having established good government and a proper administration of law and finance, it does not seem possible that England can now walk out of Egypt, and thus permit an edifice to collapse, the sole foundation of which is the presence of the British troops. The original cause of the occupation was the anxious desire of English bondholders that Ismail first, and then Arabi Pasha, should not be permitted on behalf of Egypt to repudiate the loans contracted by Egypt

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in London. As the national debt of more than one hundred millions sterling is a debt very evidently beyond the power of Egypt to support permanently, it is clear that force from within will be brought to bear upon whatever purely national government may be in power later to effect repudiation in a greater or less degree. Such a force can only be counteracted by some equal force from without, and England having spent rightly or wrongly many millions of the taxpayers' money in military operations intended to secure the millions advanced by the bondholders, it seems out of the question that she can now withdraw, thereby sacrificing the object of the original occupation. And not alone this, but the evacuation would seriously compromise the safety, certainly of the Ministers, and probably of His Highness also. Many native officials have been removed to make way for English and French successors. This process, however desirable in order to effect economies, and to Europeanise the administration, could not fail to give serious offence and to raise up for Nubar Pasha a host of local enemies. Having thus compelled him to occupy so invidious and so artificial a position, would it be altogether in accordance with good faith to abandon him to the forces of that national resentment which England herself has obliged him to provoke?

As to the larger question, whether the burden of so great a national debt, held entirely out of Egypt, must not finally be too heavy for a nation of only six millions of peasant cultivators, at a time too when agriculture is everywhere so depressed—as to this question, I do not feel that so short a visit to Egypt permits me to write with any confidence. The existence of these immense modern national debts all over the world has brought into the life of nations very complex conditions. The case of the debt of Egypt represents a very extreme instance of the evil. Whatever may be said in favour of a national debt subscribed within a country for reproductive public works, there can be no doubt at all that a debt contracted, as was the case with the Egyptian debt, to be squandered on palaces and public buildings, and borrowed wholly abroad, is an enormous, a fatal evil. Still, it is fair to say for Khedive Ismail and his borrowings, that he built the Suez Canal, which, however, is no very evident gain to Egypt, seeing that while the Canal profit all goes abroad to pay dividends, it has mixed that country up with the conflicting politics of the Eastern question. But it must not be lost sight of that Ismail did use portions of the foreign loans to make Cairo comfortable, to arrange for the proper watering of the streets and the planting of gardens and shady trees, matters of the greatest sanitary importance in a hot climate. And this liberal expenditure has had the effect of making Cairo an extremely attractive winter capital for wealthy foreigners, who now spend much money in the town. And perhaps more important even than this, whereas formerly the incessant clouds

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of dust had affected with eye diseases nearly forty per cent. of the entire native population in the city, at the present time not more than perhaps ten per cent. are thus afflicted. I had some conversation with Nubar Pasha, an extremely able and diplomatic personage, an Armenian by birth, as to the administration of criminal law, and I was much struck with the resemblance in detail between India and Egypt. Nubar, being a Christian, is naturally a little impatient of the interference of the Mohammedan priesthood, who frequently claim a moral right to revise and even to reverse the sentence of the tribunals. It is no doubt very much easier in Christian communities to keep the conflicting prerogatives of Church and State entirely distinct.

Whatever the cost may have been, British intervention in Egypt has brought with it one great benefit. The various State departments are now under the direction of extremely able English administrators. Sir Evelyn Baring's achievements in finance in India were such as to foreshadow his success in any country where the conditions of the revenue are unusually involved, as indeed is the case here. Colonel Scott Moncrieff is engaged in the important work of storing and distributing the waters of the Nile, during its autumnal rise. I was much interested in and indebted to the knowledge of finance possessed by Mr. Ornstein, who, in the absence of Mr. Edgar Vincent, is the financial adviser to the government of his Highness. From Mr. Hamilton Lang, the Commissioner of the Daira Debt, I learned something of Egypt, but much of Turkey, in which country Mr. Lang has spent nearly thirty years of a singularly eventful life.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty—I might go so far as to call it evil—with which the various departments have to contend is the fact that, according to the ruling of the original International Commission, the various departments of the Government are completely distinct each from the other. A fixed amount of the revenue is appropriated for each department. It may well happen that, owing to local circumstances, there may be a surplus in one department and a deficit in another; but when this is the case, the surplus in the one may not be used to balance the deficit in the other. Such a condition of finance destroys all that elasticity which is inseparable from a sound system of government. The vital function itself is involved in the subordinate co-operation of the parts each with the other, to support the whole, and the system of disintegration which now obtains is not, so far as I could learn, compensated by any additional facility in supervision. And indeed the very appointment of these distinguished Englishmen as chiefs of departments would seem to have had for its object the accurate, honest, and thorough control of Government, so that a method of administration at once ineffective and obsolete should not be necessary.

I spent a morning very pleasantly with the Minister of Public

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Instruction, Yakoub Pasha. In the library and the schools some 40,000 books have been from time to time collected with much care, and there are several copies of the Koran splendidly illuminated and of immense value. A careful index is now being made of the entire collection, and it is not unlikely that some of the old volumes supposed to have been destroyed at the burning of the splendid library at Alexandria by Omar the conqueror may have found refuge here. The schools appeared to me to be well attended; hundreds of students of all ages were grouped around the different lecturers, listening and in turns asking questions of the lecturer. One local commentator was propounding Aristotle, and was frequently interrupted from all parts of his circle with very intelligent questions on abstruse logical points. I was much surprised by the assurance that the entire class was composed of the sons of small Cairo tradesmen or cultivators.

The Consul-General for Sweden dined with me one evening; a gentleman of liberal views. From his description I am much attracted to visit Norway. If southern Europe were not so all engrossing just now, the present political difficulty in the case of Sweden and Norway, a territory of geographical unity, would be regarded as the most interesting of national movements. The view the Consul takes is that Sweden, the country which furnishes five-sixths both of the revenue and of the population, would be a great gainer by the actual secession of Norway from the dual monarchy, but, as he remarked, 'A king with two crowns does not like to put off one!' Sweden is a country of intuitive loyalty, Norway is peopled by a race who desire beyond all things Republican institutions. The Consul, therefore, is of opinion that Norway should be encouraged to secede and not thwarted, and this not merely because such aspirations cannot be safely checked, but because the wealthier country is suffering from a paralysis of all useful legislation. In the case of these two countries there is no national debt to make the preliminaries to a divorce complicated, and my guest was clearly himself very earnestly anxious that Norway should be permitted to make the experiment on which she is bent. I suggested, however, that the Republican form of government was too expensive for a poor country like Norway; that even France, notwithstanding her great wealth and intelligence, was breaking down. National extravagance appears to be best checked by the knowledge that present lavishness portends not merely future national difficulties, but also the downfall of the dynasty; for example, what dynasty would now venture upon the throne of France until the Republic has first reduced the expenses of administration, or even redeemed some portions of the debt?

On the 1st of June I sailed from Alexandria, having greatly enjoyed the three weeks spent in Egypt; the country is to me extremely interesting, and not even in India are the memorials of the might and the magnificence of prehistoric times more abundant and

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more varied. But everywhere is the evidence accumulating that Egypt at least has suffered from intercommunication with the Western nations; she has gained a very little, she has lost very much. In place of an orderly and contented peasantry, lightly taxed, students of their own local history, Egypt is now the nurseling of half a dozen countries whose only objection to revolution and reform is that such a process might imperil the payment of their coupons! What a collapse of the pride of the Pharaohs! Probably such changes in the world's history are as inevitable as the vital exhaustion of a tree, or as the fall of its leaves in autumn; still, they are not the less melancholy to behold for that reason; indeed, the regret of the spectator is all the more intense if he is required to regard such change and decay as predestined and universal.

They are fair lands these, in the Delta of the Nile; and that mighty river, unimpressed by the inroads of Western science, is still, as thousands of years since, bringing down each season the deposits of a fresh fertility from distant wastes far off in the heart of the continent. But Egypt is nothing but a nation of cultivators, and the condition of the cultivator himself is far, far worse by reason of modern developments and modern progress. The position of an agricultural community owing large fixed debts to foreigners is not compatible with national well-being in this nineteenth century.

On reaching Athens, I left letters at once upon the British Minister, Sir Horace Rumbold, but was disappointed to learn that he had sailed to England that very day. From Mr. Francis Carew, who was Chargé d'Affaires until the arrival of Mr. Haggard, I received much kind courtesy during my stay in Athens, and I had the honour on the day following my arrival to be presented by Mr. Carew to his Majesty at the palace. The King has such an attraction of manner, and has entered with such evident sincerity into the life of Greece, that he has been able to achieve an amount of popularity which no other foreigner will ever command in Modern Athens. The heir to the throne, having been born in Greece, commands not merely the loyalty, but the affection which a Greek bestows only upon a Greek.

I had the pleasure of an interview with M. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister, a statesman who, from all I learned, would be likely to come to the head of affairs in any country in Europe. He has rather the appearance of a younger Bismarck, and is a man of evident decision and purpose. He is now engaged in consolidating the Greek Debt, and spoke hopefully of the future if, and only if, Greece permits herself to keep clear of foreign complications. We touched incidentally upon the subject of the civil service, how should the State servants be selected, and I was interested with the way in which he stated his opinion. It seems to me an opinion of importance. The

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patronage system, the Minister said, is a danger, and may be much abused, but on the whole it is probably less objectionable than a rigid system of selection by competitive examination. For a matriculation, as it were, for an entrance into the service of the State, an examination by all means, but after that patronage is far better. A successful minister in these days is not the minister who does the most work, still less the minister who attempts to do all the work of the State himself, but he is that minister who is the most successful in his selection, less of his cabinet than of permanent official subordinates. In making this selection, reliance on mere examinations can only weaken his judgment.

I attended a debate in the House of Parliament—a single chamber. An opposition speaker occupied the tribune during the entire hour I spent there. He did not appear to me very fluent, nor was I much impressed by the cadences of the modern Greek language. The House, I believe, consists of some 150 members; the number was reduced quite recently by a large measure of Parliamentary reform, M. Tricoupis having found it necessary to get rid of a large number of delegates from the islands. To effect this he has sent them away to occupy their surplus energies in their local councils.

On the whole, I was disappointed with Athens, notwithstanding that the Acropolis, which I visited by moonlight, is really magnificent, and some of the old beautifully ornate Ionic architecture is of course incomparable. Greek statuary too, as seen in the museums, looked very graceful and full of soul after the massive antiquities of the Boulak Museum in Cairo. But when I have written thus much I must leave it to the antiquary and the enthusiast to discover the Attic wonders which I failed to find. Science and sentiment apart, Greece appears to be but little favoured by Nature. The soil is light and sandy, rocks and stones cropping out everywhere. How it is possible to collect four millions of revenue within such a country is indeed surprising. It can only be accomplished by the very high tariff charges in the ports, by which means the wealthy classes have to pay a disproportionate amount in the shape of duties on champagne, on fine foreign clothes, indeed on every article which can be called a luxury. In Hyderabad, a country which, by comparison, possesses great agricultural and mineral resources, we collect, though certainly with little effort, some 4,000,000*l.* sterling from 9,000,000 of people. In Greece 4,000,000*l.* are collected from only 2,000,000 of people. Here in Greece, just as in Egypt, is a national debt out of all proportion to the resources of the country, and a debt also which is held largely by foreign nations. Greece has borrowed 20,000,000*l.* sterling to buy war-ships and to maintain a large standing army. The only thing that would suffer if the war-ships were sold and the army disbanded would be the national dignity. It does not suit a people who are still in the Homeric vein to recognise that it is not

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their own military resources, but the determination of the Great Powers, which preserves, and intends to preserve them, from foreign aggression.

I suppose it is the poetry of Greece, and her mythology and history taught so universally in the Western schools, which attracts so strongly to Greece the imagination of the European nations, and perhaps still peoples it with mighty men and beautiful women; but to us in India Greece has no such charm; our only interest in her history arises from the fact that of old she was perpetually in conflict with some of the western satrapies of Persia. The Greek records of these skirmishes are still classical reading to a romantic posterity. But the modern political consequences of the 'Marathon tradition' are not favourable to the stability of government in Greece, nor even to the continued peace of Europe. M. Delyannis, the leader of the Opposition, who was until quite recently Prime Minister, is a striking instance of the confidence and the rash assertion which comes from living too much in the past and too little in the present. Ten thousand Greeks routed ten times their number of Persians at Marathon; then why may not the modern Greek army, twenty thousand strong, march for the Bosphorus? And M. Delyannis is not singular in his creed; indeed, he represents that temper in the national mind which must always make the policy of such men as M. Tricoupis extremely difficult. There is probably no quick remedy for this, short indeed of some great national disaster. The devotion to Greek classics in the Western schools has doubtless conveyed to the modern Greek a distorted conception of the position he holds in the modern world, and, worse than this, it has also led the sympathies of Western statesmen, their minds cradled in such literature, to take too wide a flight in a sympathetic contemplation of the Greek liberties. Perhaps if the minds of young England were fed less classically, it might be no worse for England, but better for Greece.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre is in all respects excellent, but to the visitor who arrives as late as June I should recommend headquarters on the shore at Phalerum, two miles distant; even we who are accustomed to the heat of India found Athens uncomfortably hot. My companions braved the discomforts of a five hours' drive to the battle-ground of Marathon, and I was not disappointed that I remained behind. The visit was summed up for me by Jehandar Ali as 'ten hours in the dust, to see a mound of mud;'—which mound is said to be the tumulus containing the Greeks who fell in the battle.

SALAR JUNG.

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WHERE ARE THE LETTERS?

A Cross-Examination of certain Phantasms.

'I was a student in King's College, Aberdeen. It was either my first or my second year there, and my younger brother John was left in the manse, attending school. One night I had been working late at my books before going to bed. I dreamed that my brother, left in the little northern town a hundred miles away, had been clambering over the academy railings, and that, his foot slipping, he fell and impaled himself, suffering an injury which seemed to me in my dream to be fatal or nearly so. In the morning I was so haunted by the recollection that, half in earnest, half in jest, I wrote the whole home. *My letter was crossed* by one from my mother, telling me that my brother John was dangerously ill, in consequence of a wound which he had received from falling on the spikes while trying to climb the academy railings. He lingered for some time after this news came from Ross-shire to Aberdeen, and then died of the accident. I have heard of many such stories, but this is the only one for which I can personally vouch, and I give it to you at first hand.'

It was exactly the kind of first-hand story which I had long desired to receive. There could be no better witness than my informant, a man of trained veracity and masculine intellect, conscientious without a streak of fancy, and religious without any tinge of superstition. It seemed to me that what I had sought for years was found; and not till an hour had passed did a doubt arise which prompted the question:

'Dr. M——, where are the two letters which crossed?'

There was no answer, but a long pause, for all the mind was for the first time troubled with a doubt. I ventured to press my question.

'I remember your mother. There was no more intelligent lady in the north of Scotland. Had she received such a letter as you now believe you wrote, she would sooner have thrown a hundred-pound note into the fire than have destroyed it.'

'You mean,' he said slowly, 'that I also, at the other end of the circuit, in Aberdeen, would have done anything rather than part with

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the letter from my mother which I have described, had I really received it.'

I replied cautiously that what I meant rather was, that if the two letters with their postmarks could now be got, they would absolutely prove the case. My relation as a young man to Dr. M. involved a certain duty of veneration, and I had no right to play the part of Ithuriel to a story which had for forty years sat close by the gate of his mind. Still, from that date I have never doubted that there are cases in which the absence of documentary evidence is nearly as conclusive against a story as the presence of such evidence would be in its favour.

Last year a book was published which deals, under the name of 'Phantasms of the Living,'[1] with narratives of precisely this class. But it confines itself to narratives which have survived a testing process, carried on in some directions with a sifting severity and skill which are unprecedented as exercised by men who still believe in a mass of results. Such a careful process might have been expected, alike from the authority under which this book is issued and from the men responsible for producing it. The council of the Society for Psychical Research is a committee which contains men of high scientific eminence, while its honorary and corresponding members are in some cases of European reputation. And as to its investigators and editors it would be impossible to have more competent men. Mr. Myers's name is well known. His exquisite essays, by their delicacy of historical discrimination, and the moral glow with which that discrimination is everywhere suffused and softened, have long since shown much higher qualities than are needed for the more external work of recording the evidence for telepathy. But Mr. Gurney also, in the part of his work devoted to principles, merits the highest praise; and their preliminary discussions have advanced the whole question to a higher level. But it is as a record of sifted 'testimony' that I am at present interested in the book, and this forms much the larger part of the two bulky volumes. There is indeed another and preliminary part, distinguished by the writers as 'experiment' rather than testimony, which deals with what are usually known as mesmeric and hypnotic experiments (in this case as to telepathy or transferred sensation), carried on through planchettes and otherwise. And great part of their strength is given to pointing out analogies and confirmations extending between this region of experiment and the other of spontaneous impressions or apparitions. To proceed by way of experiment in this matter I believe to be most legitimate and important. It is a way of making facts. But the other region—of facts spontaneously occurring and challenging belief upon evidence—is properly dealt with by our authors as one of independent and

[1] *Phantasms of the Living.* By Edward Gurney, M.A., Frederic W. H. Myers, M.A., and Frank Podmore, M.A. 2 vols. Trübner & Co., London, 1886.

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separate authority, demanding on its own account the fullest sifting and investigation. They put it thus:

> The apparitions at death, &c., recorded by previous writers, are enough, indeed, to show that scattered incidents of the kind have obtained credence in many ages and countries. But they have never been collected and sifted with any systematic care, and few of them reach an evidential standard which would justify us in laying them before our readers.

Accordingly it became necessary, as far as possible, 'to collect our specimens *in situ*;' and this task of personal inquiry assumed vast and successful dimensions. In 1882 the society invited from the general public 'records of apparitions at or after death, and other abnormal occurrences.' And, as the result, its agents were struck with the great predominance of alleged apparitions not so much after, as at or near the moment of death, together with an unexpected frequency of accounts of apparitions of living persons coincident with moments of danger or crisis.

> After printing and considering *over two thousand* depositions which seemed *primâ facie* to deserve attention, we find that more than half of them are narratives of appearances or other impressions coincident either with the death of the person seen or with some critical incident in his life-history.

And then came the work of sifting this mass of statement—chiefly by personal inquiry as to people and documents—so as to retain only the cases which came up to the 'evidential standard.' Nothing can be more promising than the spirit in which this was attempted, as set forth by Mr. Gurney in his fourth chapter; nothing more reassuring than his appreciation of the various fallacies by which the minds of witnesses such as he dealt with are solicited or overcome. It is, however, with the results that we have to deal.

The results are very large. To prove 'that phantasms (impressions, voices, or figures) of persons undergoing some crisis, especially death, are perceived by their friends or relatives,' there are adduced in all 702 numbered and narrated cases. Nearly all of these cases are spontaneous incidents and not new experiments, and of this spontaneous class only about 315 are relegated to a supplement, as valuable indeed, but secondhand. Upwards of 350[2] are cases 'in which the main account comes to us direct from the percipient,' and which, after subsequent investigation by the editors, have been passed as coming up to their standard. And on one side that investigation seems generally conclusive. The actual death (or accident or 'crisis') supposed to have been perceived at a distance—*e.g.* in my introductory case, the spiking and subsequent death of John M. in my native town—has in most of these cases been ascertained by the

[2] I give the figures roughly, so as to be within the mark, having deducted both from the body of the work and from the supplement certain of the numbered cases which seem to be either experimental or 'transitional from experiment.'

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editors, as in that case I ascertained it myself, to have really taken place. Death registers, pension-books, newspapers, &c., have been ransacked with admirable care, and in the cases which have been finally passed the external fact may be taken to have certainly happened (though not always exactly at the proper date). The real question is on the other side, What evidence do the editors adduce that the 'percipients' at a distance felt or perceived at the time what they now tell the editors they did? That the percipients are in *bona fides* we cannot doubt. The editors do not doubt that, even in the case of many percipients whom they have after all rejected, though the rejected narratives have been most graphic and circumstantial. The inference is clear that, for the public, a narrator's belief in his own belief is of minor consequence. What is wanted is evidence from outside that he was a percipient, or that he said he was a percipient, at *the time*. And of this evidence there is one kind which may be absolutely conclusive. Our editors have not forgotten it; Mr. Gurney, indeed, in his tabulation (i. 147) puts at the head of all other evidence the case

where the percipient made a written record of his experience, with its date, at the time of its occurrence, which record we have either seen or otherwise ascertained to be still in existence.

Now of such alleged written records there are two very distinct classes. A record may be made on a sheet of paper retained by the writer, but the subsequent production of this of itself proves little. Even an entry in a diary, as this book again and again shows us, often turns out not to have been made at the time the writer afterwards came to believe. Log-books ought to be more trustworthy; but our editors repeatedly and emphatically warn us against accepting entries made in them. What really is important, and in the ordinary case is conclusive, is a writing which passes out of the hand of the 'percipient' or dreamer before the news reaches him which confirms from without what he has already written and sent away. And most fortunately this, which is the conclusive case, must be also a very common one. No better instance of it can be given than the two letters between Ross-shire and Aberdeen desiderated in my introductory anecdote. Those two letters, with the postmark upon each, showing that they crossed each other on the same day in the earlier half of the century, would to me have been sufficient proof of my friend's story. And where the date of the death or accident is otherwise fixed (as in most cases in these volumes it is), the one letter, which in a large number of such cases will be immediately written, is enough of itself for proof. No doubt, even when such a letter is traced there will still remain, as there remains in all cases, the chance of forgery or deliberate fraud; but, apart from that and *primâ facie*, the document is *conclusive*. It really proves the fact which it narrates.

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And now the question may be put: How many are there of the seven hundred cases of psychical research—how many even of those three hundred and fifty first-hand narratives of our letter-writing age—in which the indefatigable editors have 'seen or ascertained' a letter or document issued at the time by the narrator, so as to prove his story to be true? *The answer must be, Not one.*

The suggestiveness of this fact can only be measured when we consider in some detail the cases to which it applies. It is not as if the two large volumes here did not include narratives where precisely such corroboration could reasonably be demanded: there are a hundred such. It is not as if they did not include cases where such documents are actually alleged to have been issued: there are a score of such, to say the least. *Where are those missing documents?* The question applies almost equally to the cases which are here given as a supplement, but printed with equal prominence and in the same type. The reason given by the editors for making the distinction is a very proper one—that the cases in the supplement are largely second-hand, or otherwise of inferior value as evidence. But it will be found that the test of documents is equally suggestive when applied to many of these. And it must never be forgotten that, as regards us, the readers of this book, *all* its narratives are second-hand. We accept from its editors, and on their authority, all the facts narrated, and it is to them alone we can look for the documentary corroboration—as I now proceed to do.

It scarcely matters where we begin. But of course the most important class is that in which there has been an alleged exchange or crossing of letters. In No. 163 the Rev. W. J. B.[3] writes that on the 14th of April, 1853, in Limerick, he had the most vivid 'dream he ever saw.' At three minutes past five in the morning his chum, Mr. Dombrain, then in Dublin, appeared to him as passing to the light above and with a smile of farewell. The next day Mr. B. spent in sadness, but 'wrote to my sister asking for particulars, and wished to know the exact time the death had taken place. *The following morning* I received a letter from my sister stating that at three minutes past five he had quietly passed away.' Where are the letters? The question has apparently never been put; but the sister, rather strangely appealed to instead for her 'recollections,' says, 'I have heard you allude to the dream from time to time.' In No. 190, Mrs. L., a most vivid and intelligent narrator, tells how on the 21st of September 1874, when in India, she had a dream which made her say next day of her friend in England, 'Mrs. Reed is dead.' A sister with her on the same day sat down and wrote to a lady in the west of England, 'telling her exactly what I had said,' and asking particulars. The letter was at once answered, and was followed by

[3] I prefer not to repeat the full names and addresses. The reader will find them in the two volumes themselves.

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news of the death in England on the 21st (it really took place near that date). But where is the letter, and where is the answer? In No. 188 the letter has in like manner vanished, and instead of the answer we have a 'reproduction of the letter received from the agent of the ship, as nearly as I and my son can remember,' not the smallest reason being given for the absence of the original. A very strong case is No. 315, where a gentleman in Shanghai dreamed in 1854 of his sister in Jersey, and 'immediately wrote a full description of what I had seen to my sister Mrs. Elmslie, the wife of the consul at Canton. But before it reached her I had received a letter from her, giving me an almost similar description of what she had seen the same night, adding, "I am sure dear Fanny is gone."' When this occurred 'we (Mr. de Guerin and Mrs. Elmslie) were upwards of a thousand miles apart,' and he adds, 'On that same night the death occurred in Jersey.' Surely even the Secretary for the Society of Psychical Research would have liked to see those exchanged letters? Yet the suggestion does not appear to have been made here any more than in No. 648, where the mother of Mr. Pengelly, and his sweetheart, then 130 miles apart in England, exchanged letters stating that each dreamed (on the same night) that they saw him fall into the sea in the distant Oriental port where he then was. Instead of their being asked for their letters Mr. Pengelly is appealed to; but 'he, a plain sea captain, had little recollection of what happened twenty years ago, during his absence,' and so far from producing their letters, which would have proved the case, he says nothing about a third ascribed to himself.

Some of these crossing cases, though ranked as first class, are very old. A gentleman in the Highlands, forty years ago, had quarrelled with his brother in England; but one day, to his astonishment, he saw his brother's image pass the window of his northern residence. Then followed the postbag, with a letter requesting him to go to see his brother on his deathbed; and on doing so he found the brother had died at the time of the apparition. But the moment he started on his journey his wife wrote the whole story to her husband's mother. In this case her letter is inquired after, but, as usual, in vain; and the story (No. 353) is accepted, after all the parties are dead, on the word of a lady who believes she saw the document when it arrived half a century ago. Another, also curiously ranked first-hand, is seventy years old (No. 31), and is said to 'point the moral which must be enforced *ad nauseam* as to the importance of an immediate written record on the percipient's part.' But that is not the moral which it points. An immediate written record is alleged in this case to have been really made, but the writing, so far as the only witness knows, is not in existence, nor is another which would have been of equal value had it existed. Nothing is left but

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copies said to be made by the witness's mother from the writing of her grandmother; and the moral is that inferior evidence should not be accepted instead of evidence which would be conclusive if it ever existed.

But if these are ancient, here is one which is very modern. In No. 182 Miss K. J., when in her cabin on the way to Cape Town on the 4th of May 1883, saw the figure of a friend in England appear and disappear. 'I told two or three passengers on board, who made a note of it,' and four of their names are given. More important still: 'I am certain I mentioned the date of my vision in my first letter to my father, written when I got to the Cape, and *before the news of the death reached me.*' This is confirmed by the father, who says: 'Before my letter telling of the death can have reached her, she, on arriving at Cape Town, wrote to me to say that the lady in question had appeared to her in her cabin.' Of the four persons on board referred to as communicated with by the lady, the only two who have been asked deny having had any such communication. But where is the all-important letter in the father's hands, not as yet three years old? On the 1st of December 1885 he writes: 'The letter I most wanted *I cannot find.*' Of course he gives instead another, written from Cape Town after the news of death had come; but it does not seem to have occurred to the editors to inspect this document so as to ascertain whether it refers to a previous letter having been sent at all. Yet this story has the full honours of evidence. Indeed, even the deliberate destruction of a written record does not prevent this. Thus, in No. 35, the Rev. Mr. N., when at Oxford, dreamed that he saw his *fiancée* at the top of the staircase. 'I rushed upstairs, overtook her on the top step, and passed my two arms around her waist, under her arms, from behind. On this I woke, and a clock in the house struck ten. So strong was the impression of the dream, that I wrote a detailed account of it next morning to my *fiancée. Crossing my letter, not* in answer to it, I received a letter from the lady in question: "Were you thinking about me very specially last night, just about ten o'clock? for, as I was going upstairs to bed, I distinctly heard your footsteps on the stairs, and felt you put your arms round my waist."' This case, so charming in its detail, is also in a sense a crucial one; for Mr. N., who describes himself as an 'utter sceptic,' has carried on a long and systematic series of experiments in telepathy, and his italicising the fact that these letters *crossed* each other, shows his true estimate of the value of that fact. What, then, has become of them?

The letters in question are now destroyed, but we verified the statements made therein some years later, when we read over our old letters, previous to their destruction, and we found that our personal recollections had not varied in the least degree therefrom. *The above narratives may therefore be accepted as absolutely*

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And accordingly they are printed as first-hand evidence of telepathy; though, of course, assuming that the story is roughly true, it only at the best shows that the sleeping or waking thoughts of two young people, who are a good deal interested in each other, are apt sometimes to coincide. Mrs. S. (No. 442), whose husband was a correspondent at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, dreamed that she saw him walking under brilliant green trees, when a country cart, with three men dressed in blouses, one of them having bushy black whiskers, met and stopped him. Feeling sure that something had happened to her husband, she wrote to him, telling the details of her dream, and even etching a picture of the man with the black whiskers. *Crossing this letter on the road* came her husband's letter, telling of his arrest, when walking under the walnut-trees, by four soldiers disguised as sturdy peasants in blouses; and 'after this my husband told me that the sergeant who took him prisoner had bushy black whiskers and answered to the description I had given.' Where, alas! is that description? 'My husband brought it home with the picture on it, *but he subsequently burned it.*' Mrs. S. does not seem to be aware that a man who could destroy such a letter as she supposes hers to have been deserves himself to be burned in the interests of science; but the story duly finds its place here, with some hesitation as to whether it is 'telepathic or accidental.' Here again (No. 569) is a very remarkable incident. A London man, whose name is given, appears at the corner of his club to Mr. A., and in answer to an inquiry as to his distressed look says, 'Go home, old fellow; I've been hurt. You will get a letter from me in the morning telling you all about it.' He then vanished, and Mr. A. goes home, and next day, finding that his friend was really all this time at Cardiff, wrote him the story of his own apparition. *That letter was crossed* by one from the other man at Cardiff, telling Mr. A. that at the very hour when the latter supposed himself to have seen his friend in London, his friend was knocked down and stunned by two colliers in Wales. Not a syllable is said as to the letters, the comparison of which, or even the examination of one of which, would be all-important in this case. On the contrary, the whole story is inserted in the supplement with the remark: 'Mr. I., having received an account of the phantasm, written before the news of his accident reached the percipient (!), his evidence is on a par with first-hand.' We may pass over No. 381, which is mere trash—and trash, as usual, unsupported. No. 256 (Case 3) is second-hand and of little value, but the letters should have been inquired into. The list of letters crossing or exchanged ends with No. 485, where Mr. R. H. D., in Russia, sees his English betrothed 'in bluish vapour.' As the result, 'I wrote to my friends in England saying that I feared my intended was dying or dead. I received an answer that my fears were too well founded, and that the poor girl had died of inflammation of the brain on the same day,

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and about the same time, as I mentioned having seen the apparition.' The whole thing happened in 1837, and 'none of the letters are preserved'; but the story is still inserted, with the remark that it 'receives, so to speak, a *point d'appui* in the recollection that a letter *was written* in consequence.' There are people who believe every story they receive in writing, or even in print; and we find that the accomplished editors of this volume are unwilling to draw the line at the former stage. They give in full Colonel Meadows Taylor's romantic narrative how, when in India as a young man, when

> wide awake and restless, suddenly (for my tent door was open) I saw the face and figure [of a young lady] so familiar to me, but looking older, and with a sad and troubled expression; the dress was white, and seemed covered with a profusion of lace. The arms were stretched out, and a low plaintive cry of, 'Do not let me go! do not let me go!' reached me. The figure slowly receded and vanished. I wrote to my father; I wished to know whether there was any hope for me. He wrote back to me these words: 'Too late, my dear son; *on the very day of the vision you describe to me,* A. was married.'

Where is the letter with 'these words'? If such a letter exists, with contents and post-mark undisputed, it is worth a thousand guineas in the market, and its destination is a guarded glass case in the British Museum. But the editors, apparently warned by their uniform experience elsewhere, show not the least curiosity about it, or even about the slightly less interesting document to which it was an answer. They learn from the editor of the autobiography that 'I can throw no further light upon it, nor can I add any further particulars,' but that the author always told it in the same way. And thereupon it is printed, with the remark that but for a circumstance wholly outside this story and its evidence, it would not have been relegated to the supplement.

The improbability, in the more serious of these cases, that the important letter could have been destroyed or thrown aside (had it been really such as it is represented) is immense. But the improbability that this can have happened to all of them (and, as we shall see, to others of a parallel kind) is scarcely to be expressed in arithmetic. And the fact that after all it has invariably happened raises the gravest question as to this whole mass of evidence.

This doubt is not relieved when we look at the few remaining cases where a document written at the time is admitted to have been *either* lost or destroyed. The alternative must be preserved; for it is characteristic that in a number of the stories you cannot tell which of the two has happened. The witness cannot say, or will not say, or at least has not been asked to say, in which of the two ways the document has disappeared. Thus, Mrs. M.'s boy, aged five years (No. 47), when going to church one morning in 1849, in Edinburgh,

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suddenly announced that 'Cousin Janie at the Cape, she's dead,' and persisted in repeating his information. 'I wrote down the day and hour, and told my mother and sisters.' Then the Cape mail brought the news that Janie had been badly burned and had died *on that very Sunday.* But neither mother nor sisters have any distinct remembrance that an occurrence which would have impressed most ladies took place at all, and the witness herself now says, 'I have no record in writing.' Mr. G. A. W., in No. 273, when sitting on deck in the Red Sea in 1876, heard his brother address him, took a note of the day and hour, and a fortnight later got a letter of the same date from his mother saying that the brother, at whose death-bed she had been sitting, had just expired. But no further reference is made to this letter, and 'the note I had made of the occurrence at the time *no longer exists.*' In No. 345, a gentleman then in Hong Kong appeared on the 21st of August, 1869, to his boy in England, 'walking round his bed;' a few hours after appeared to his sister, the witness Mrs. C., in the same house, 'seated in a chair, and with a deathly pallor on his face,' and wound up by 'calling me by name three times.' Naturally 'I said I should make a note of it, which I did,' and the next mail from China brought the intelligence of his sudden death on the day required (or at least on the day which this narrator, like others whose stories are admitted into these records, forgetting the change required by the *longitude*, supposes to be the day required). But her husband on being applied to says, 'I fear that she has not in fact any evidence now'; and in particular, 'She has no note now *in her possession.*' All these cases are marked first-hand, while Mr. W., of Yorkshire, whom the difference of longitude rather confirms, is injuriously relegated to the second class (No. 495). Yet he, in 1851, when sleeping in Nevada City, saw his great-aunt from England enter his bedroom 'in her outdoor walking costume, as worn in 1842, the bonnet being a prominent part of it,' and calling him 'George!' She died in Yorkshire that day; while in Nevada 'a note was made on the back of a letter, and used for reference when the news arrived; but this was *not kept.*' The only witness of this group (No. 297) who has frankly destroyed her note is Miss P., of Fulham, who consequently does not know even the year when her brother, then in Australia, appeared in her kitchen in England with a wet monkey-jacket on, and with the remarkable words on his lips, 'For God's sake, don't say I'm here!' He then vanished, and on returning from Australia told her how that night, but two hours later, he was nearly drowned in Melbourne when ashore without leave. The inexorable longitude here again shows that he must have appeared in his wet state in Fulham ten hours *before* he slipped into the sea in Melbourne; but what we are interested in is the note made of the date: 'I destroyed the note I made of the date as soon as I had verified it, *not think-*

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ing it could interest or concern anyone else'—an anticipation which Miss P. on perusing these two volumes will find too largely justified. This case is ranked first-class, but the supplement contains the others following, in all of which the document which alone interests us has been ascertained to be *lost*. In No. 524 the date of the apparition was noted down by an old servant, and '*Too-too* used often to say to me it was a pity perhaps she had not kept it—in moving house she lost it.' In No. 546 Charley Smith, in Melbourne, appeared at the foot of a friend's bed in England 'dressed in a long black robe, and, bursting into tears, vanished;' and a friend made a note next morning of the circumstances in his business diary. But the diary has been *burnt*. Mrs. P., in No. 555, saw her mother, then in Canada, appear to her in England, and her husband made a note of the date, which she has looked for, but cannot find—a result less surprising, as her husband merely 'thinks' a note was made. More strange is No. 447, where a German nurse had the warning dream in England of her father's death in Germany, and her mistress put down immediately both 'the date and circumstances.' This was in 1871, but 'I can't find the memorandum of the incident.' And No. 455 is not strange at all, for while a gentleman there writes to Australia, *after* he has heard of a death, that he had a warning 'dream' of it in England, and *believes* also that he wrote a previous letter before hearing of the death, 'no such previous letter can now be found,' while the one which is comparatively worthless is given at length.

But the Psychical Society have not in every instance failed to recover the document. They have succeeded in, I think, nine cases; and these deserve to be considered, though in no instance do they approach the absolute proof which would have been afforded by many of the cases where they have either failed or not made the attempt. In most cases they are mere entries which may have been made at any time, and for whose date we have merely the word of the narrator who at the same time tells us the story. The most striking is No. 23, where Mr. F. W.'s narrative commences with a 'solemn assurance' that he will give 'the exact account of what occurred.' He then tells how he dreamed in 1880 that 'I saw distinctly the figure of my brother R. W. B. . . My sense of impending evil was so strong that I at once made a note in my memorandum-book of this "appearance," and added the words, "God forbid."' This was Thursday evening, and three days after came the news that this brother had died that evening on the other side of the Channel, from a fall in the hunting-field. A private memorandum is of course nothing in value like a letter; but this one was at once asked for; and observe the result. The writer, on being asked to send it, found that he had by no means given the 'exact account of what occurred.' The entry, when it came into Mr. Gurney's hands, was as follows: 'Appearance. Thursday

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night, 25 of March 1880. R. B. W. B. God forbid!' How does the writer explain the four initials?

Though I distinctly recognised my brother's features, the idea flashed upon me that the figure bore some slight resemblance to my most intimate and valued friend, Colonel B., and in my dread of impending evil to one to whom I am so much attached (Colonel B., not the brother) I wrote the four initials, R. B. for my brother and W. B. for Colonel B. . . . The figure I saw was that of my brother, and, in my anxious state of mind, I worried myself *into the belief* that possibly it might be that of my old friend, as a resemblance did exist in the fashion of their beards. I can give you no further explanations, nor can I produce further testimony in support of my assertions.

There can, I suppose, be no doubt that Mr. W.'s assertion that he had seen his brother's wraith is weakened rather than supported by his documentary evidence—evidence which he admits that no one saw till after the news of death reached him through the ordinary channels. Yet all the other cases are more doubtful still. The Rev. A. J. heard a voice in 1854 (No. 153) saying, 'Your brother Mark and Harriet are both gone'; and 'before I left my bedroom I wrote the words down on a scrap of an old newspaper. The same day I entered the incident in my diary, which I still have—a transcript from the bit of newspaper.' The newspaper is lost: the supposed copy Mr. Gurney has seen, and he remarks—

I had hoped to be able to incorporate it *verbatim* in the account; but Mr. J. has private reasons—quite unconnected with the present case—for desiring that this should not be done.

Mrs. T. (No. 168) was at Adelaide on Nov. 18, 1863, and saw a former lover appear along with a friend, at midnight,

having a look of unutterable sorrow on his face, and deadly pale. He never opened his lips, but I read his heart as if it were an open book, and it said, 'My father is dead, and I have come into his property.' I answered, 'How much you have grown like your father!' [The lady's husband and brother rather made fun of this unsatisfactory interview, so] I determined to write it down in my diary and see if the news were verified. And from that diary I am now quoting.

Her husband, she states, was profoundly struck when he afterwards saw this diary 'corresponding exactly to the news in the letter I had that moment received;' and it would be interesting to every reader of this book to know whether its editor was equally struck when he saw it. In these circumstances all that we have is this: 'Mrs. T. has shown to one of us a memorandum of the appearance of two figures under date November 18 in her diary of the year 1863.' Of course an entry in a diary by no means proves its own date; but unless the editors have the worst opinion of this entry we should not have been left with a notice of it so meagre and suspicious. In No. 98 they are equally reticent; but the entry which they have seen there is, 'At night I dreamt that the kitchen in my father's house was on fire. I awoke and found that it was 1 A.M.' In point of fact it was the attic, not

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the kitchen, that was on fire, and this not on the day of the dream, which took place on the mail-day following, when an account of the fire was being written to the dreamer. In No. 220 the entries in the diary, if contemporary, distinctly confirm all the dates, but the whole incident is trivial, and part of it given up as probably accident. No. 303 is more remarkable. An unknown old lady, with white hair, dark eyebrows, and penetrating eyes, gazes on the witness for twenty minutes in a dream; at the end of that time an aunt enters and says, 'Why, John! this is your grandmother'; on which the old lady kisses the deponent and vanishes, eyebrows and all. The grandmother died the same night in another part of England, but some days before the news came the grandson made an entry in his notebook. But when referred to it merely runs, 'Odd dream, night of October 26, 1870,' and this entry occurs not in its place, but 'at the head of the first page of a small pocket sketchbook.' In No. 194 a lady and gentleman 'made the time-worn arrangement that whichever died first would endeavour to return to visit the other.' Captain W. did appear to the lady in 1874, who made an entry in her diary, and thereafter waited eagerly and anxiously for the verification of the omen, which never came. Her friend is still living and well, only about the time of the vision it is alleged (with no proof) that he fell from a coach and hurt his head. But in any case the only entry in the diary is 'Night of this day, 15 March 1874.' In No. 695 there is a straightforward story of a wraith, but the date is confirmed only by these figures, produced on the back of an envelope: '24–10–84.' And lastly comes a more instructive case. An Irish rector (No. 296) writes at great length a 'brief *narrative extracted* from my diary.' On being further examined he admits, 'The facts are extracted from the diary, but not the actual language; but the facts were written in the diary immediately after their occurrence.' As it happens, the facts are worthless, and, such as they are, the diary does not support them; while a sheet interleaved informs us in addition that the case must fall, because it appears probable from an inspection of the diary that the entry for Oct. 23 was written *after* the news of the death had arrived on the following day.

The few cases, therefore, in which the documents have been seen by the Society are unsatisfactory, if not suspicious—quite as much so as in the other class, also a small one, where we have been told how they were lost or destroyed. But now I come to a class numerically much larger than either. It is that where, as in the previous instances, documents are alleged in the story itself to have been written at the time, but where, whatever has become of them, they have not been seen by the investigators. To this class belong the following numbers: 105, 140, 146, 197, 206, 208, 226, 258, 269, 279, 292, 312, 340, 341, 353, 380, 391, 401, 453, 454, 472, 488, 492, 493, 494, 502, 520, 521, 548, 562, 575, 580, 609, 615,

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621, 627, 639, 642, 665, 702. I give them all merely to assure myself that nothing has been overlooked. For in many of them the alleged entries are trivial, and would prove nothing if investigated, the stories thus resolving themselves into oral statements of what happened often long ago. But in many others they are of importance. Few indeed are of the *positive* value possessed by the first group selected in these pages—few, that is, which if they had really existed would now prove the fact of the recorded apparition. But there are a good many of the greatest importance *negatively—i.e.* if they had been examined they would probably have disproved it; and in these cases the story should not have been reproduced here at all without their being first seen. Yet, while in some of them an effort has been made unsuccessfully to get access to these entries, in others there has been absolutely no inquiry made—or, at least, we are told absolutely nothing about such inquiry or its results. We have indeed a general statement, in the fourth or introductory chapter, that wherever the document is of the highest evidential value, 'we have always endeavoured to obtain it for inspection.' But in some of the most important of the cases now before us, as well as of those where letters crossed or were exchanged, there is no notice of any such endeavour, and no statement how it was frustrated. And it is necessary to point out that this system of printing stories about documents without remark destroys the confidence which we are intended to derive from the following assurance: 'As far as written testimony goes, the reader will have the same opportunities as we have had for forming an opinion.' But how can that be, when the reader is kept ignorant of what endeavour has been made to inspect it; with what refusal or other obstacle that endeavour was met; and whether, in the resulting view of the editors, the document which they refer to exists now or ever did exist at all? Now while in all of the cases whose numbers I have thrown together the paper has not been seen, in most of them no explanation of its absence is offered, and no inquiry is alleged.

And yet in some of them inquiry and explanation are singularly needful. Take No. 19: 'Our friend, the Rev. J. A. M.,' tells how a gentleman in Aberdeen, whose daughter had gone out to Madras to be married, had a visit from his pastor one morning. The clergyman announced to his friend (long before the days of telegraphs) that the latter's daughter had arrived in India that very morning. Amazement followed, for the arrival would be a fortnight too soon, and how could it be known in Aberdeen? 'Now you jot it down in your book,' said the prophet to Mr. W., a suggestion said to be suggested by these pages *ad nauseam*, but here fortunately followed.

Mr. W. accordingly made the entry, which his daughter assures me she saw when she returned home, *and that it ran thus: 'Mr. Drake. Jessie arrived India morning of June* 5, 1860.'

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Our friend's communication containing the entry which ran in these words is undated, but it must have been written subsequently to 1881, when 'I had the facts particularly verified' by the daughter in question. But, unfortunately, on the opposite page there is a letter from the daughter herself, dated 1885, who says that when Mr. W. was told by his pastor to take a note of the date, 'to satisfy him my father *wrote in his memorandum-book*, "*Rev. J. D. and Jessie, Tuesday the 5th of June* 1860."' Which of the two entries is genuine, or was either made? The daughter adds, 'These particulars I received by letter at the time,' and, as usual, nothing is told us as to the letter, which might absolutely prove the story if it ever existed. But as to the document which *is* adduced in corroboration, when two versions of a single entry made in a particular book flatly contradict each other,[4] some attempt might surely have been made to see the book itself or to suggest an explanation. There is none, and the whole is concluded with the incredible remark, 'As regards the facts here, the narrative will probably be accepted as trustworthy'!

Many of these narratives, far from having a claim to be accepted, have no claim to be printed even in the footnote of a book of this sort, except for the alleged document—and the document is not attempted to be verified. Take No. 472, for instance, where a lady in England dreams of her brother's death in India, and 'insisted on my father writing down the particulars. The relatives who know with me of my mother's true dream are scattered about the world. But it was all written down and given to the Rev. Dr. Neale at the time.' Yet there is no suggestion of an inquiry into the document before inserting the fact. One of the queerest things in this collection is the way diaries are dealt with, or rather avoided to be dealt with. So in No. 454 a number of trivial points are insisted on, while the diary of a solicitor and his friend are not consulted for a wraith inserted in *both*. In No. 197 a distinguished authoress, then abroad, hoped to show her diaries when she returned, but has been for years in this country without doing it, and apparently without having been asked to do it. In No. 642 two pages are wasted in the elaborate narrative of a lady who founds upon her early diaries, but in the end 'cannot spare the time to make extracts for publication.' And in No. 548 a third-hand story is calmly printed with the remark, 'If, as alleged, the record was immediately made in the percipient's diary,' which in

[4] Documentary contradiction is always clear and hopeless. It is different with a muddle like No. 50, where Bishop Wilberforce is rumoured to have said in the presence of three or four of his clergy (none of whom corroborate it) that he was certain something had happened 'to one of my sons,' while, after hearing of an accident to his son Herbert (perhaps the same year), he writes to a friend that he had been depressed as to some evil having befallen 'my son Herbert.' So in No. 357 six pages are devoted to one ghost story, a note of which said to have been made at the time (and of course now non-existent) is ascribed in the course of those pages to four different writers.

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her story she does not even mention, 'the correspondence must have been striking.' Yet this unquestioning trust in ladies' unseen diaries is not rewarded in the exceptional case (No. 460) where one is inspected (for a dream foretelling an accident), for 'it shows that Mrs. B. has had several dreams of accidents which have *never taken place*;' and while she thereupon 'promised to keep in future a more carefully written record,' the natural result has been that 'she says that she now seldom dreams, and seems to be losing her sensitiveness.' Another very curious trait is the persistent avoidance of looking into log-books (see Nos. 521, 562, 580, 609, and 665). It is true that, as we are frequently reminded, log-book entries cannot be trusted absolutely to prove a story. But they may sometimes disprove it. And in any case, when a man says he saw a ghost, and put it promptly into either his log or his diary for the day, our first duty is to inspect the diary—a duty which is continually forgotten here. Why, for example, should not a Society like this, instead of copying over again Lord Brougham's famous but doubtful ghost story, have exerted itself to get a sight of his journal? That might have gone some way to settle whether sixty years or only sixty days intervened between his vision in Sweden of the youth who 'had drawn up an agreement with me, signed with our blood,' and his knowledge of that youth's death—might even have helped to settle whether the whole thing was not a grim romance—a *mortis imago* painted by an unscrupulous autobiographer *after* the event, rather than before.

I have now gone over all the cases in which written evidence of about the same date as the phantasm is alleged. If any is omitted, it has been inadvertently, and it will probably contribute little on either side to the question of fact. But we can scarcely move towards our conclusions without broadly asserting that on this side the Society of Psychical Research has shown a great laxity in testing its evidence. (I have alleged this only in cases in which the public can approximately test it too—viz. where contemporary documents are admitted to exist; and I say nothing of other cases in which documents must almost certainly have existed.) But as to the former, or test cases, the result is disappointing in view of the excellent introductory remarks of Mr. Gurney. Nothing can be better than his dealing here with the stories that come up in the ordinary talk of society or in sensational paragraphs copied from one newspaper to another—'in scarcely one per cent.' of which has the evidence held water. 'There is the young lady who was preserved from a railway accident by seeing the apparition of her *fiancé* on the platform of three consecutive stations, which induced her to alight. Here I was actually promised an introduction to the heroine: what I finally received was a reference to "a friend of the lady who told the story." Or, again, there is the tale of second-sight, so widely told during the last three years, where the visitor saw a daughter of the house stabbed by a

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stranger, whom he has since identified as her husband, and has remorselessly dogged in hansom cabs. Three or four times have we been, so to speak, "one off" this story; but the various clues have shown no sign of converging, and we still occasionally hear of the happy couple as on their honeymoon.' But when we come from popular stories to corroborating more direct testimony at first or second hand, we find a general relaxation of all evidential safeguards and regulations. It is admitted that this side of the double phenomenon investigated—'the story of the percipient'—is far more liable to error than the other—the narrative of death or accident. Yet there is a distinct contrast between the extreme care bestowed on the latter and the easy way of treating the former. And in the matter to which I confine this paper—the use of contemporary documents—while these are given by Mr. Gurney, at least in his statement of principles, a primary place, they have not even there the importance assigned to them which they deserve. In particular, it is not considered whether they are not in many cases—and those among the most important—absolute tests, their presence or absence being conclusive of the truth or falsehood of the story. And accordingly, when we come to deal with the narratives in detail, we find whole rows of them through which the application of the ordinary rules of evidence passes like a ploughshare. Curiously enough, this is the case even with some of the stories which have been rejected, but rejected on other grounds than those which should at once have roused suspicion.

Take, for example, a rejected case (vol. ii. p. 160). Here 'a lady of good sense, occupying a responsible position,' woke sobbing because, having remonstrated with a friend against his connection with a woman whom she saw in her dream talking with him, her remonstrances were repulsed. 'For three days,' she goes on, 'this vision haunted me with a tenacity I could not shake off. Judge, then, of my surprise at receiving the following narrative from W.'—the friend remonstrated with :—

> On the night of August 20, while sitting smoking my cigar (after 10 P.M.), the last person on earth I wished to see was announced. She came forward to see me with words of bitter reproach, followed by tender persuasion, in the midst of which the door of my dining-room again opened, and you appeared, in a long white gown, your hair floating over your shoulders. With a wild burst of weeping you implored me not to listen to another word she uttered; and when I angrily replied, 'I will have none of your restrictions,' with a look of anguish unutterable you slowly faded from my sight. Not so the impression produced on my mind. I felt God had sent you as my guardian angel, and, like one of old, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

The narrator adds, '*I did not keep the letter.*' Now when a letter of this sort is elaborately quoted from, but is admitted no longer to exist, and it is not pretended that a copy was kept before destroying or losing it, what is the result for the story? Apparently,

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in the opinion of the editors, the story remains good; not having the letter is simply unfortunate, as loss of additional corroboration. In the present case they went to W. himself; and he flatly denies that there were any 'words of reproach,' or 'of persuasion,' by the 'last person he wished to see'—in fact, that person was not there at all! All he remembers is the phantasmal figure of the monitorial friend, seen when he was *alone* and overwrought in body and mind; but even to this figure he addressed no words of repulse or otherwise. Accordingly the case is rejected as evidence because of 'the amount of discrepancy between the two principal witnesses.' Had the other witness, W., not been accessible, we should no doubt have had in this, as in some other cases, the whole narrative given, including a letter which is a mere imaginative invention. The conclusion is not too severe. Here, for example, is a worse case (No. 488), which is actually passed. Mr. W. G. was startled by seeing his brother George, then sailing to the East Indies, standing by his bedside for ten minutes, and then slowly fading away. When he came downstairs to the family with whom he was staying 'I told them what I had seen, *and at my hostess's request made a note of the occurrence.*' Where is the note? Apparently the question was put to W. G., for Mr. Podmore gives as the result of inquiry, 'The note referred to was a mental note only!'—a result which does not prevent the experience occupying a whole page of the supplement, without the faintest expression of doubt or disapproval. Now it might be going to work too strictly to say to every man who tells us of a wraith or phantasm, 'We cannot listen to you unless you prove that you made a note of it at the time and before you heard of the fulfilment.' That, of course, is the most conclusive kind of evidence. Yet in its absence we may receive his statement as uncorroborated verbal evidence. But it is a different matter where a note made at the time is actually alleged, and that pretended note no longer exists—above all, where, as in the two cases just quoted, it turns out to be a falsehood or an invention. In such a case it is surely not too much to ask of an intelligent scrutiniser of evidence that he shall wipe out the story from the mass of delusion that solicits the wearied eyes of men. Yet, if such a principle were acted upon in these volumes, how much of them, in so far as they profess contemporary records of the facts, would be left? What, for example, would come of No. 140? (for I shall venture to close with one more illustration.) In this case a lady—the same who could not 'find time' to copy from her diary entries to substantiate another long and romantic story—dreamed that she had seen an officer of a foot regiment shot in the Indian Mutiny while riding with mounted soldiers behind him. 'My aunt privately made notes of the date and of the incidents, even to the minutest details of my dream.' In course of post the fatal news arrived, and 'eight years after the officer who was riding by him where he fell visited us, and his narration tallied

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(even to the description of the buildings on their left) with the notes she had taken the morning of my dream.' Where are the notes? 'Her aunt is certain that she never destroyed her notes of the dream, but does not know where they are, and is too old to be worried'! It was very proper not to worry the old lady, but it is preposterous to narrate such a story to the public until the pretended corroboration is at least produced. And it is too evident that its being printed here is a mere indication of the systematic relaxation of all ordinary rules with which this matter of documentary evidence is throughout treated. I have said nothing with regard to the surrounding mass of 'spontaneous' cases where there is no written evidence to help us, having made no study of these. But I have observed no indication that these have been dealt with on any more rigid principle than the documentary cases we have investigated in detail, or that the latter have been singled out for laxity. I suspect it will be found that both departments of testimony to alleged spontaneous appearances share in the same merits and defects which we have found in the one which alone the public can adequately test.

It may be answered to all this, that the object of the larger part of this book is not simply to make out a case of evidence for wraiths or phantasms of the living—that it is rather to present the trustworthy part of that evidence in connection with and as auxiliary to the earlier chapter of *experiments* which I have in this paper ignored; and that it is unreasonable to expect that the alleged satisfactory results of what was experimental should not have influenced the mind of the editors in estimating the evidence for what was spontaneous. Precisely so. Mr. Gurney puts it with his usual candour and felicity:—

> We have not been able to regard the alleged phenomena in the completely detached fashion which most of those who consider them naturally adopt. We are unable to determine how far the impression on our own minds of the evidence for *spontaneous* telepathy has been dependent on our conviction of the genuineness of cognate *experimental* cases.

By such conviction, he adds, 'the presumption is diminished—the hospitality of the mind to such phenomena is increased in a degree which is none the less important that it does not admit of calculation.' This seems not only candid, but reasonable; yet it ignores a distinction of practical importance—the distinction between the admissibility of evidence generally and the sufficiency of a particular kind of evidence in a particular case. Experiments in telepathy may very well dispose those who are fortunate enough to witness them to be perfectly willing to admit evidence for wraiths generally—to be satisfied that there is no presumption against wraiths, and that the truth of each alleged case simply depends upon the evidence brought forward for it in particular. But what *is* the evidence thereafter in each particular case is another question. That

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belongs to the region not of telepathy, but of testimony. Some of us have long since been convinced that a wraith, like any other alleged phenomenon—a meteor or a sea-serpent—is to be believed the moment proof for it is brought forward, and that, assuming even that there is no presumption for it, there is certainly none against it. And once that point is attained, experimental telepathy cannot help us much in dealing with the evidence for a case said to have occurred spontaneously. In particular, it cannot help us in what has been the sole subject of our inquiries here—the weight to be attached to subsequent oral and to contemporary written testimony, respectively. The value of these *inter se*, the general slipperiness of the former and the general conclusiveness of the latter, and how far in any particular case we can get past the evidence which is slippery and subsequent, and fall back upon that which is conclusive and contemporary—all this belongs to the region of common sense, dealing with different classes of testimony. And in that region of comparative evidence a bias in favour of telepathy, like a bias against it, cannot seriously help an inquirer, though it may seriously hinder him. It is unfortunate, therefore, if any such bias has been so powerful as to produce the treatment of documentary evidence which we have here criticised.

Take it conversely. The fact that a number of intelligent men have a belief, or at least an interest, in apparitions of men living or dead, and have formed themselves into a body for the prosecution of psychical research, may be a very good reason for their giving special attention to experiment of the mesmeric or hypnotic or electro-biological kind. There is nothing which has been more shamefully neglected during the last fifty years than the duty of extending and systematising such experiment—a duty lying not only upon one profession, but upon inquiring and scientific men generally. But experiment also has its laws, and the value of its results depends upon the rigour with which these are observed, and in particular upon the care with which mere popular marvel-making is postponed to trials which are safeguarded and tested. Would it be any excuse for the neglect of this care that the inquirers believed they had already good grounds, founded on testimony, for accepting the spontaneous occurrence of clairvoyance and of wraiths, and so were naturally led to anticipate these as to be looked for also among the results of their experiments? On both sides it is plain that what is a motive to laxity is at the same time a reason for rigour.

The truth is, the great difficulty in this matter has always been (on the side both of experiment and of testimony) that men have generally been too restless to deal with it according to simple and scientific rule, and have been found, almost as soon as they were unwatched by the eyes of others, eagerly scratching at the wall of the unseen. For this reason, I have always expected most from inquirers

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who had no great personal interest, religious or irreligious, in this matter, whose faith in the unseen was already solidly based on moral considerations, and whose object as investigators was merely to conquer for science a small strip of neutral ground. Men of this temper, holding to an anchor, either of divine faith or of human affection, already within the veil, are likely to deal fairly thereafter with what they have comparatively little motive either to accept or to deny. Nothing looked more promising in this direction than the plan of these two volumes (restricted on the side of apparitions to those appearing before or about the time of death), and even this was bettered by the programme and principles of investigation set forth by its editors. It is with a corresponding disappointment that we have to acknowledge a deflection in their working out of the great mass of cases which lean on contemporary testimony.

There is just one compensation. Any editorial bias and consequent deflection tend to strengthen the conclusions to which we come—no doubt provisionally—upon the work here recorded. The conclusions are provisional, but in the present stage of the question are important.

1. Of the whole mass of alleged phantasms there has been selected that class which includes, but is not confined to, wraiths, being the class of spontaneous appearances or impressions for which by far the strongest evidence is supposed to exist. Of this strongest class more than a thousand have been preferred and particularly examined, and in these volumes a selection of the best evidenced of these has been made, by men who have the highest qualifications for the choice, and who have in addition a certain bias in their favour, the existence of which is admitted, and the extent of which the preceding pages may indicate. Of the narratives thus favourably picked out and presented to us, some are found to rest upon the mere testimony of an individual, known or unknown, but in others the truth of that testimony is capable of absolute proof by corroboration from contemporary documents. And in a large number, which are therefore much the most important, the existence of such probative documents is alleged. Yet in the whole mass of cases there is *not one* which has been proved—not one which has not failed in this easy documentary demonstration.

2. I am not aware of anything which can account for this, unless it be that this whole class of stories is without real foundation. But any other solution will be welcome—to those especially who have for many years kept open to themselves a possibility which these records of psychical research unexpectedly threaten to close.

A. Taylor Innes.

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DOGS IN GERMANY.

WHILE London dogs were lately doing penance for their liability to rabies, and their owners in many cases feeling restive at the arbitrary sweepingness of the muzzle rule, authorities in Germany were occupied in discussing the advisability of starting establishments for the treatment of bitten persons on M. Pasteur's method. The conclusion arrived at alike by medical opinion and by the Government seems to be that no such provision is at present needed in Germany, since, while cases of hydrophobia have become excessively and increasingly rare throughout the Empire, rabies itself has been, for years past, so steadily and rapidly on the decline as to afford an almost certain presumption of its complete extinction at no distant date. A Bavarian paper lately closed a complacent commentary on this fact with the somewhat sarcastic remark that 'by nations less happily situated in this respect it is small wonder that M. Pasteur's discovery has been hailed as singularly fraught with blessing, in so far as it offers them the chance of obviating the effects of their negligence in the matter of veterinary police-control.' By such weighted utterances, through its official and semi-official press, does the earnestly paternal government of the *Vaterland* continually endeavour to train up its child in the way he should go, and to forestall any half-hearted inclination he might have to stretch the wings of his individuality and try the experiment of departing from it. In Germany, as yet, the sovereign remedy for every evil is a government remedy: plenty of rigid laws; plenty of penalties; more than plenty of officials; the burdening of the honest private citizen with a variety of little documents, each containing the whole duty of the German subject in the special matter to which it refers; and an endless series of compulsory periodical errands to the police station; to say nothing of the burden to the taxpayer involved in the multifarious expenses entailed by the whole machinery of protective supervision.

Britons, of course, never, never, never will be—managed, or believe in management, to this extent; and so far as the irritation felt by individuals at the recent police interference with the liberty of the British dog hints at any healthy public-spirited conviction on the

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part of the British subject, let it meet with the sympathy it deserves. But, on the other hand, it is time that rabies ceased in Great Britain; and it was probably not public spirit, but the want of it, that inspired most of the opposition to the temporary regulation. The number of deaths from hydrophobia in London, in 1885, nearly trebled the average number for a long series of previous years; and though M. Pasteur in France may be depriving the malady of its chief horror, the proverb holds good that prevention is better than cure. All honour to the genius and perseverance of the great Frenchman, and, for the bitten, all hail to his beneficent discovery. But there should be no bitten—no mad dogs to bite. The sinister increase of the terrific disease throughout Europe, while it set M. Pasteur seeking for a cure, set 'legislative' wisdom to work in the neighbour-country to devise means for eradication of rabies by the universal imposition and unremitting enforcement of preventive measures throughout the Empire; and, far behind us as are our German cousins in nearly every department of practical hygiene, it is plain fact that in this particular matter they have for the present got ahead of us. Let us see 'how it's done;' we may yet catch them up.

The *Hundesteuergesetz* (as the Germans charmingly print it) is best known to the present writer as it obtains in Bavaria, where its regulations are as follows:—

No stray dogs, either in town or country, are allowed to exist. Every dog in the kingdom must have his legally responsible master, and must perpetually carry a metal *Zeichen*, or label, upon which is stamped, 1. the amount of the tax paid for the dog who wears it; 2. the dog's special number in the register of the district; and, 3. the date of the current year. Such a *Zeichen* can only be obtained of the police authorities at the time of paying the tax.

The due tax must be paid by the dog's owner (or the latter's emissary) in person, at the chief police-station of the district, directly the dog is three months old, and from that time forward, annually, within the first fortnight in January. On each occasion of payment the dog must himself be shown to the authorities, when note is made of his state of health by a veterinary police-assistant. Omission of any part of this rule is punished by a fine equal to the amount of the required tax, which thus at once becomes doubled.

The amount of the tax varies with the locality. A country resident pays for his dog only three marks annually, while for dwellers in cities or large towns the tax is fifteen marks. Eleven towns in Bavaria are subject to this high tax. There are two intermediate amounts for smaller centres of population—nine marks and six marks respectively.

Upon buying or becoming possessed of your dog—should he already have reached the taxable age, you receive with him from his vious owner the latter's *Gebühren-Quittung*, a small document

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denoting that such and such a tax has been duly paid for the animal at the beginning of the current year. On this paper is entered the name, address, and status of the owner; as also a description of the dog,—primarily his number as registered in the police district to which he has hitherto belonged; further, his breed, age, sex, colour, and any distinguishing mark (such as cropped ears, &c.) which he may have about him. The little document contains, further, a printed abstract of those laws relating to the keeping of dogs which it concerns the owner to know, with the amount of fines imposed in case of non-observance. On the reverse side of the paper stands full and detailed information as to the symptoms of incipient rabies, with directions what to do in case such symptoms should appear, advice as to immediate steps to be taken should a human being be bitten, and a caution (not unneeded in superstitious Bavaria) against belief in charms, or 'sympathy cures,' or even in medicinal cures, as not only useless, but in so far dangerous as they tend to divert attention from the only practical measures which, instantly applied, might possibly be of service.

Having become possessed of your dog, you are required within fourteen days to take him on a chain before the local police officials, there to have your name and address registered as his owner, and to receive a new paper for him. Supposing a dog thus to change hands within the year, no further payment is required of the new owner for that year, and the dog meanwhile retains his old *Zeichen* and number in the register; unless, indeed, there be removal of the dog by his new master from a low-taxed to a high-taxed neighbourhood.

To illustrate. It happened to me to buy a dog in a rural district. He of course bore his three-mark *Zeichen*, notifying the tax paid for him the previous January. I soon after removed him to Munich, when one of the first things that happened was the losing of his *Zeichen*, which became disengaged from his collar. Upon trotting him before the police to get him a new label, I found that it was not only necessary to register him as a new comer, but that the tax that year paid for him as a country dog was insufficient. It was necessary to pay the full difference, as if for the whole year, namely, a surplus of twelve marks, although we were already in August, and I was informed that the charge would have been doubled had I not happened to come before the authorities within a fortnight of my arrival in the city. (One is always making little discoveries of this kind in Germany, too late, or not too late, as the chance may be.) The veterinary personage in attendance examined the dog, and finding him healthy, handed me a printed certificate of his soundness up to the date of inspection.

As often as a change of residence occurs must this troublesome process of re-registering be gone through. Even foreigners making

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only a temporary stay in Germany must, if accompanied by a dog, have him inspected and registered within fourteen days of arrival in a locality.

An English reader, unaccustomed to any such intrusively omniscient system of supervision, may imagine that it would be easy to evade many of these despotic rules. But it is not so. The only rule comparatively easy to evade, and which sometimes is evaded, is the registering of a puppy and payment of his tax within fourteen days of his reaching the age of three months. Owners often wait till next January, and then understate the animal's age by a few months, in order to avoid paying their tax twice within a twelvemonth; and the curious coincidence that all young dogs in Germany chance to be three months old in January is charitably winked at by authorities. As to the other rules, the existence of the numbered entry in the police register makes it at once apparent if a given dog be not brought up at the right time. Delay in payment results in official demand for the amount of the tax, with the fine attached; or else for the surrender of the dog, to be destroyed.

The *Zeichen* tells a further tale. Any one knowing the regulations needs not to be a policeman to see at a glance whether a dog crossing the street on the 15th of January has or has not had his tax paid; also, if paid, whether in this or that class of district; and this without need to examine the figures stamped on the *Zeichen*. For the *colour* of the latter tells the year; all labels throughout the country being one year of brass, the next of copper, the next of white metal, and so forth; while the *shape* of the *Zeichen*—round, oblong, shield-shaped, or square—is common to one class of district only, and thus indicates the *amount* of the tax that has been paid.

The dog must, of course, wear his *Zeichen* perpetually. Should he appear outside the house without it, he is, at least, liable to be captured by a policeman, in which case he can only be recovered, if at all, upon payment of a fine. Indeed, it is not even necessary for a policeman to see him in order to fine you. It is enough if anyone reports the omission. A gentleman lately bought a dog of a country innkeeper, in whose house he was lodging. A few mornings later the dog slipped out into the village before his collar had been put on. A peasant, who knew nothing of the animal's change of master, but who bore a grudge against the innkeeper, triumphantly brought the truant home on a string, and skulked off to inform. The result was a notice despatched by the local policeman to the central police station in a neighbouring town, which notice brought an official demand for fine and costs, to be paid through the *Bürgermeister* of the village where the offence had taken place.

Should a dog on the occasion of one of his visits to the authorities be found either aged or hopelessly sickly, he is at once ruth-

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lessly condemned to death. You must go home without him; decrepit dogs are not allowed in Bavaria.

Muzzles are not universally essential, though there are three cases in which their use is compulsory. (1) Dogs of the larger breeds must either be led on a chain or muzzled in the public streets, simply on the ground that, apart from disease, their strength might enable them, if enraged, to injure persons or other dogs. (2) If any one can report your dog as snappish with strangers, you may be compelled to muzzle him henceforward. (3) On the appearance of a case of rabies a mandate is of course issued to the public, requiring the muzzling of all dogs for a term of months. Any dog even suspected of incipient rabies is at once confiscated, and destroyed by the authorities.[1]

Such are the existing discouragements to dog-keeping in Bavaria. With the primary object of ridding the country of hydrophobia, and perhaps the secondary one of enriching the exchequer, the *Hundesteuergesetz* has rendered the dearest of dumb friends a troublesome and expensive luxury; and that among a people comparatively so poor and so economical as the Bavarians, the number of highly taxed dogs remains, proportionately to population, as large as it is, seems at first sight inconsistent with the otherwise striking absence of luxury in all departments of life. One may sometimes walk in the principal streets of Munich for hours without chancing to meet a single private carriage, and a civilian on horseback is so rare a sight that people stand still and stare after him. Meanwhile the large number of dogs about the streets catches the eye at once. Of the larger kinds, St. Bernards, sporting dogs, and the large un-English breed of creature called for some occult Teuton reason the *englischer Dogge* are favourites, while there seems no end to the dachshunds, poodles, Spitzes, pugs and terriers. Bulldogs are by no means rare; and naturally, among a majority of animals suggesting some breed and price, there is a due sprinkling of mongrels no less beloved by their special masters. Dog-fancying is much on the increase in Germany, and the annual shows in the principal cities (though not to compare with English exhibitions) witness to increasing knowledge of what is what in matters of canine race and beauty.

The fact is that there is no luxury (except his beer) of which the average Bavarian is so little disposed to count the cost as his dog. The general tenderness for dumb creatures throughout the country is marked in many ways, and the dog especially is a centre of

[1] Lord Mount Temple's recent suggestion in the House of Lords that there should be a complete register of all persons who take out dog-licences, as also a number for each dog, to be worn on its collar, approaches the system described in the text as having been in force in Germany for the last eleven years. Considering the character of the evil assailed, there seemed a strange want of English thoroughness in last year's limitation of the temporary muzzling to metropolitan dogs. Viscount Cranbrook's Select Committee will doubtless do full justice to this view of the subject.

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kindly notice, from friends and strangers alike, whenever he comes and goes. Nevertheless the tax and the trouble he entails *is* felt; and within the ten years that have elapsed since the *Hundesteuergesetz* has been in force the relative number of dogs kept in Bavaria has fallen from one in sixteen to one in twenty-six of the population. As each new year approaches, it becomes a question in many a thrifty household whether circumstances justify the renewal of the tax, and such a question lately found an amusing solution in the town of Bamberg. Dispute waxing high round the family table, the head of the household hit upon the idea of appealing to chance to decide the dog's right to further maintenance, and accordingly bought him a ticket in one of the public lotteries so common throughout Germany. The *Loos* proved a lucky one, and 'Hektor' won 300 marks, which sum was forthwith set apart as his special property, enabling him for the future to pay his own expenses, including the tax entitling him to existence.

In Munich alone, without taking count of the many pups too young to be taxed, the number of dogs registered last year (1886) was 5,282; no inconsiderable number in a town of some 260,000 inhabitants, considering that the amount of the tax is just double that paid by Londoners for their dogs. Only two animals were confiscated and killed, on account of their tax remaining unpaid. Fourteen were, however, destroyed as unhealthy or aged.

But now as to the effect of this cumbersome mass of regulations with regard to the extirpation of rabies. Before the institution of the *Hundesteuergesetz* the malady was very prevalent in Bavaria. Herr O. Bollinger, writing to the *Münchener Medizinische Wochenschrift*, gives the following particulars. In 1873 no less than 821 rabid or suspected dogs were reported. The law as it now stands was put in force on the 2nd of June, 1876; it therefore operated during the second half only of that year. Nevertheless the total number of rabid or suspected dogs for 1876 was only 241. From 1876 forward the annual number decreased steadily, and so rapidly that in 1884–85, respectively, only nine and eleven such dogs were notified.

Meanwhile, as to the protection afforded to the public, the results of the *Gesetz* are even more satisfactory. From 1863 to 1876 the annual number of deaths from hydrophobia registered in Bavaria was never less than 14, varying mostly from 14 to 18 *per annum*, while in single years the number rose much higher—23, 29, and 31 cases being severally recorded. In 1875—the year before the law came into force—the number of hydrophobic deaths was 23. The following year, the latter six months of which were protected by the *Gesetz*, there were only 13. Since 1879 there has never been more than *one* death from hydrophobia annually recorded throughout the kingdom—oftener none at all, *only three cases in all having occurred*

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in the whole period of seven years that has since elapsed.[2] Thus, while the effect of the measures taken has been within ten years to reduce the actual number of dogs kept in Bavaria by only something less than one-third, it has reduced the number of dangerous dogs in the proportion of one (in 1885) to 90 (in 1875). The annual list of human victims meanwhile has ceased to occur. Instead of a dismal tale of from 14 to 31 hydrophobic deaths in twelve months, as in the thirteen years before the law came into existence, we have had, for seven out of ten years that the law has worked, a human death-rate from this cause amounting to only one victim in two years and four months. And this in a population of five and a half millions! Danger to human life from this horrible malady is thus shown to have already become infinitesimal in Bavaria. Similar results have followed similar regulations throughout the rest of Germany. In Prussia and Saxony rabies is reported as all but extinct.

Other European countries meanwhile have made no progress in the same direction. Fifty persons were bitten by rabid or suspected dogs in Vienna alone, within the first eight months of 1884, and of these eight are known to have died of hydrophobia. In London the annual average of deaths from the disease between the years 1875–85 was 6, rising in 1877 to 13; and in the first ten months of 1885 the number suddenly rose to 19—a state of things parallel to that which existed in Bavaria ten years earlier. In the department of the Seine, according to M. Pasteur, no less than 515 persons were bitten by rabid, or probably rabid, dogs in course of the six years 1878–83, and of these, 81 succumbed to hydrophobia, giving an average of rather more than 13 in each year.

To return to Germany. Taking Herr Bollinger's figures as presumably accurate, we are not merely led to his conclusion (shared by the German local and imperial Governments) that there is no present need for the systematic introduction of M. Pasteur's system into Germany, but the belief seems to receive fresh confirmation that in Europe rabies does *not* appear spontaneously, nor spread epidemically, but arises and is disseminated solely through the bite of an animal already affected by the disease. There having been at the outset no period of universal muzzling in Germany, the extirpation of the evil has, of course, had no chance of being sudden or complete at a stroke; the law, as it exists, not being such as to render healthy dogs absolutely safe from attack during the days that an incipiently rabid animal may remain at large before its symptoms excite suspicion. And when a case of rabies is noted, the period (of, I believe, two months) during which general local muzzling is commanded, is shorter than seems warranted by the known peculiarity of the malady. Still, the regulations being what they are, and providing for frequent

[2] The statistics in this paper are those up to January 1886—after the taking of the dog-census of that date.

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veterinary observation of every dog in the country, the decrease of the disease has been not only rapid, but so *free from fluctuations* as distinctly to discredit the notion, still upheld in some quarters, that its generation may be due to unhealthy physical or atmospheric conditions, apart from the direct communication of virus through the saliva of a rabid animal. The balance of evidence lying the way it does in Germany, there seems to be ample justification for the recent temporary infliction of the muzzle in London; a fetter which, with all its drawbacks and its inconveniences for dog and master, is yet the least of two evils; and meanwhile the only certain means of effecting entire eradication of the dire disease within a short space of time. Though in Germany great results have followed measures short of it in stringency, it has only been at the cost of time and of endless trouble to citizens, incessant dictation from officials, and an expensive array of fines and taxes. English people, as before remarked, could certainly never endure this or any part of the petty and intrusive interference which comes only too naturally to the suppressed individuality of the German subject. The London rule of the muzzle was simpler, swifter, more direct; and should that, theory of rabies which it takes for granted be the correct one, why should it not speedily justify itself in results eclipsing those of the *Hundesteuergesetz*? Were it to be further extended to the whole of the kingdom, or supplemented by measures regulating the conveyance of animals from one place to another, it seems likely that, although later in the field, Great Britain might outstrip Germany before the race is ended, and be the first European nation to show a year's register, alike with regard to rabies and to hydrophobia, with nothing but ciphers upon it. Some permanent restriction to provide against the chance of importing incipient rabies from countries less effectually guarded might help the country to retain the immunity so won.[3]

The dog plays a conspicuous social part in German life. He has a thoroughly good time of it. Unaware of the arbitrary human rules on which his tenure of life depends, he takes his place as well-treated servant or family darling. The law protecting him from human cruelty or harshness is older than that which makes him a taxable luxury. When Germany became compacted to an empire, one of the laws issued to the peoples of the *Bund* condemned to arrest or

[3] It must not be forgotten that, be the laws relating to dogs never so efficient, rabies is a disease to which other animals are liable. While this article is in progress comes an account of five peasant children in a secluded Bavarian village, bitten by a rabid *cat*, and sent to Paris by a neighbouring 'Lady Bountiful' for treatment by M. Pasteur. A cat may bite a dog; so that *absolute* immunity from canine rabies cannot be predicted as a consequence of the most perfect dog-keeping regulations; nor could the appearance of rabies in a dog be unanswerably attributed to spontaneous irritating causes, until means should be found of protecting him not only against attack from unhealthy members of his own species, but against all the cats in his neighbourhood as well.

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to payment of a fine not exceeding fifty thalers (7*l.* 10*s.*) anyone who 'publicly, or in an indignation-arousing manner, maliciously torments or roughly maltreats dumb animals.' For the effectual carrying out of this law there exists a *Thierschutzverein* (similar in constitution to and identical in aim with the English 'Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals'), through whose agency offenders are brought to justice.

Dogs are, however, still put to draft-work in Germany. Milk-carts, laundress's carts, and other small vehicles are very frequently drawn either by a dog alone or by a dog and man side by side. The animal pulls from his chest; he goes to work cheerfully, wagging his tail, and looking about him like the intelligent, sympathetic creature he is; and of course a word is sufficient to guide him. These servant dogs are mostly very affectionately treated, at any rate in South Germany; and seldom appear at all distressed. It is a question whether any physical endurance of the kind involved in the dog's incomplete fitness of build for such work is not *to a well-treated animal* made amends for in the keen pleasure most obviously afforded to the canine intelligence in doing what he can, and in obeying the will of a human friend. The breed of dog oftenest put to draft-work is the great smooth-haired, grey, yellow, or brindled *Dogge*, but other large kinds are also harnessed.

Formerly, in Bavaria, and still more recently in Austria, dogs figured also in the army. Each regiment possessed its 'Nero' or 'Cæsar,' whose office was to march with the band on all occasions, in peace and war alike, drawing the big drum on wheels during the playing of the music. The animals so used acquired the most perfect precision of pace, never bringing the drummer out of line, or his drumming out of time, and meanwhile understanding and responding to the officer's command as to direction, &c., as promptly as the men themselves. To the South German love of dumb animals this pretty eccentricity was doubtless due; a regimental dog implied a regiment of men; the military unit was still allowed to show itself a thing of flesh and blood. As Germany grew more distinctively martial, and learnt to talk in a big voice about *Eisen*, the custom was, as a matter of course, disallowed, appearing too sentimental to be in keeping with so trim and grim an engine as her improved army.

The dog, however, though banished from military life as a fanciful accessory, has just been recalled to fill a sterner and more responsible position; trained dogs are to be henceforth employed as military scouts and messengers, and should war occur, there will doubtless be stories enough of their truth to trust, and intelligence in emergency.

Many readers are doubtless aware that the dog plays an elegant part in German university life. Each *corps* of students has its large

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aristocratic-looking canine attendant, whose expenses are shared by the members of the *corps*, the students in turn undertaking for a week at a time the custody of the dog and the providing of his keep. 'These superb favourites of the students are'—in the words of the author of *Dr. Claudius*—'as well known as the professors themselves to every inhabitant of a university town in Germany.' They accompany their *corps* everywhere, trotting with the procession of droschkes in which these gay-capped, sleek, and spectacled youths are wont to take the air; or gravely parading the cafés where they spend long afternoons smoking, billiard-playing, and drinking *Weissbier*.

The practice of cropping the ears and tails of puppies is nearly universal, and a pleasanter usage is the annual shearing. Not only poodles, but all the shaggy breeds, from the biggest St. Bernard to the tiniest Maltese terrier, are shorn more or less fancifully at the beginning of the summer; some kinds looking the smarter for it, others extremely ridiculous. The effect is perhaps absurdest in the case of the Spitz terrier. But the object is the dog's comfort and cleanliness during the hot and dusty season, and the practice has much to recommend it. The German is a great believer in animal diet, for his dog as for himself. Not that the sale of cat's or dog's meat forms a distinct branch of business as in England. Everyone has heard of the thrifty German in London who, misunderstanding the office of the cat's-meat man, wrote home to his friends in cheerful surprise at the cheapness of living in London, describing how just enough meat for one's dinner was very conveniently brought to the door every morning on a little stick, costing only one penny! As a matter of fact, not only horse-flesh, but sundry portions of the sheep or pig, which the Anglo-Saxon generally reserves for four-footed consumers, are bought and sold by his less gastronomic but more economical cousins, to be served up for dinner in poorer families, or to be converted into some one of the mysterious forms of eatable known as 'press-sack,' 'leberkäs,' &c., which, turn and turn about with better material, are bought by the pennyworth for supper at the *charkutier's* shop. The German dog is seldom fed on anything specially designed for him, but gets the cooked scraps and leavings of the family meal.

There being no strays throughout the length and breadth of Germany, nothing in the way of a dog's home either exists or is needed. Lost dogs are taken to the police-station, where their *Zeichen* affords ready information as to their home and ownership. The German grudges his favourite no comfort, and takes a pride in his education, as in keeping him smart and healthy. Establishments abound for the washing, shearing, cropping, and training of dogs; pups are often literally sent to school by their owners for a few months, to persons who make it their profession to train them in duties and accomplishments, often with astonishing result. There are no chronically ailing, no pitifully aged animals—the law, as I

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have shown, not unkindly providing against that; and one never sees an ill-fed or cowed-looking specimen anywhere. In short, in a country where the conditions of human life are as yet very far from being either felicitous or ideal, canine misery can hardly be said to exist; and among the dumb races of earth that have come under human jurisdiction, no class of creature probably has a better time of it from first to last than the nineteenth-century German dog.

L. S. GUGGENBERGER.

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PROGRESS OF 'THRIFT AMONG THE CHILDREN.'

> I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes.

HOWEVER strongly a person may be convinced by his own *à priori* or *à posteriori* reasons of the intrinsic soundness of a principle or system, he unquestionably finds in the assent of those who authoritatively agree with him an additional argument in support of it that, if he wish the principle or system to spread, he can as ill afford to disregard as the prophet can afford to disregard the fulfilment of his prophecy.

A year ago I ventured to put forward a plea for a system, and to utter something like a prophecy concerning it. I urged the adoption of school banks as a part of elementary education; and I declared my belief that it was only necessary to bring the subject fairly and fully before people to convince them of its importance.[1]

My plea gained a hearing wholly beyond my expectations; and my prophecy has come true with a rapidity that I certainly did not anticipate. The seeds of a vital principle have been scattered far and wide and swiftly. It now remains for them to strike deep root, and throw up strong stems for the exuberant growth of fruit-laden branches. To effect this I know nothing equal to the soft rains and fertilising dews of opinion and example.

When I first urged my plea I hoped great things from the example of France. I now hope even greater from the mutual example of England and our colonies, and, I would add, of the United States. If there is danger of the colonies sometimes going too fast, there is also danger of the mother country being sometimes too slow. The enlightenment of maturity needs the impulsive force of youth as much as the impulsive force of youth needs the enlightenment of maturity. And, therefore, I have once more sought and obtained permission to 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.'

But though last April twelvemonth I had to rely chiefly on French experience to support my abstract arguments in favour of

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, April 1886, 'Thrift among the Children,' I.

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school banks, so unfamiliar was the subject to English people generally, it will be remembered that I was happily not without such English support as that furnished by successful school banks on a large scale in Liverpool and Birmingham—I might have added in Manchester and one or two other large towns since brought under my notice—with which to anticipate and meet the insular prejudices and objections that were not wanting on the occasion.

The metropolis, to my great regret, was out of court. I could only allude to it in passing for the stimulus that springs from culpable or remediable failure.

To-day, however, I am able to begin my rapid survey with London. Not, it is true, for actual experimental and scholastic results like those furnished by Manchester and Liverpool, but for abundant promise of such results. And such promise, under existing circumstances, is almost, if not quite, equal to practical results elsewhere. Mr. Mundella himself, when he urged a deputation on school banks in 1881 to begin with the London School Board, said: 'That is the first thing to do. Then you can communicate with other schools in the metropolis, and never leave a school alone till it has a penny bank. As you know, if you undertake the metropolis, you have the nation at your doors.'

Well, a few weeks after this Review drew public attention to the matter, I was asked to attend an important meeting of managers and teachers of the Chelsea and Westminster divisions of the London School Board, to consider the question of school banks. After ample discussion a resolution in favour of the system was unanimously passed by the meeting.

Before the public elementary schools broke up for the mid-summer holidays, a still larger and more influential meeting was summoned by the west-end group of the Finsbury division of the London School Board. The discussion here was equally unfettered, and on being put to the vote a resolution in favour of the general adoption of school banks was carried by a large majority.

Later in the year I had the satisfaction of finding that the same spirit prevailed amongst a considerable section of the teachers of the Hastings School Board.

Meanwhile, the London School Board in their corporate capacity, as well as through the exertions of individual officers, were moving in the matter. The result of their action may be briefly summed up in a sentence from a letter that I received the other day from the Chairman: 'The Board are now trying to put their banks on a sound footing.' These words, though, under the circumstances, of happy augury, show only too plainly that unfortunately the London School Board did not begin with a *tabula rasa*. Bad traditions, and the failures attendant on bad systems, account in a great measure for the difficulties they have had to contend with. And the succes-

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sive stages of their labours are so instructive that it will be useful to briefly recapitulate them.

The School Management Committee appointed a sub-committee to inquire into the whole subject. On the 31st of March, 1886, this sub-committee issued a circular to the head teachers of the Board requesting general and particular information about school banks. In July following they addressed a circular to the managers, giving the result of the circular addressed to the teachers, and requesting the co-operation of the managers in a further consideration of the question.

The summary of the teachers' replies showed: 1. the existence of fifty-nine school banks—that is, school banks established in only about one-ninth of the schools of the Board; 2. thirty-seven banks discontinued; 3. eighty-two teachers adverse to starting them, and two desiring to discontinue theirs; 4. forty-four head teachers desiring to establish them.

These numbers in nowise discourage me; for, apart from the fact that they had no prejudicial influence on the School Board, the individual replies showed that at the time the true bearings of the question were either not fully known or duly appreciated by the teachers.

Some of the teachers wrote as though clubs—such as boot clubs, slate clubs, and the like—answered the purpose of a school bank. Others seemed to think that penny banks away from the school or the Post Office Savings Bank would do as well. And while some opposed the establishment of school banks on the ground that the parents of the children were in comfortable circumstances, others did so because the children were too poor. Others, again, instead of school banks, advocated stamp slips, the teacher selling the stamps. A most pernicious perversion of the end of the school bank: introducing a trading operation to the suppression of the educational exercise.

In one of the largest primary schools of Paris this method received an unexpected blow. The sharp Paris boys found out that the master got a paltry commission or bounty on the stamps that he sold them in exchange for their sous. One day, after he had been giving them what he thought an admirable lesson on the advantages of economy and the means of an orderly prudent life, to his intense mortification he heard one boy shout to his companion as they rushed out into the play-ground, 'Hein, nous en a-t-il donné de sa morale pour ses quarante sous!'

The opinion already expressed, that indifference or prejudice on the part of those who could enlighten and assist teachers in the matter was one of the four chief causes why school banks had made much less progress in England than in France, as ignorance on the part of the

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teachers was another,[2] was confirmed by the replies of the managers to the second circular of the sub-committee: out of sixty-five, forty-two were adverse to the system.

Nevertheless the final judgment arrived at by the sub-committee was so strongly in favour of the establishment of school banks in the Board schools of London, that their report laid before the Board last December contained no less a recommendation than that an official having the status of a first-class clerk should be attached to the Finance Department to organise penny banks in the schools of the Board, and to supervise the working of them. The recommendation was agreed to.

The chief value of this new departure is in the practical official recognition it supplies of the importance of school banks as a branch of education; and that, the object of the Elementary Education Acts being to secure to children a training in those things most likely to promote their well-being and advancement in life, the exercise of the school bank should be even more carefully provided for than many subjects in the existing curriculum of public elementary schools.

But I sincerely hope that none of our voluntary schools and the multitude of School Boards throughout the country will think that such an officer is necessary for the success of a school bank, and so, unable to afford his salary themselves, lose heart and let school banks go to the wall. He probably will be very useful; but he is in no sense necessary, and has, I think, been aptly described as a 'luxury.'[3] Nevertheless the new departure is, in one sense, a point scored for school banks.

Before I leave this section of my survey there is yet another point to be scored for school banks. The second Report of the Royal Commission now sitting on the Education Acts, just published, shows that the question has already received the attention of the Commission. And who can say what will be the result of this? Can it be supposed that, when the time comes for their final summing up and judgment on all the evidence put before them, laying bare the shortcomings and failure of our present education system to fit our children for the practical everyday life of this working world, school banks, which furnish a training in those sterling virtues of self-control, foresight, and order that underlie and are the basis of every well-regulated career, will be left without any other official recognition than they have hitherto received? Let our children by all means have all the technical instruction and manual training necessary to make of the boys artisans skilled to compete on an equal footing with

[2] 'Thrift among the Children,' I.

[3] One of the first authorities on school banks in this country, writing to me on this point from Liverpool, said: 'We never had such an officer here; but I must admit that I should have found him very useful. We cannot afford such luxuries, but have to work ourselves.'

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German and other foreign rivals, and of the girls adepts in every kind of household handicraft; but where would be the wisdom of at the same time leaving to chance in its present precarious position the simplest and most effectual training in those moral habits without which the most highly skilled artisan becomes a rolling stone, and his should-be helpmate, cook she never so cleverly and sew she never so neatly, an anxious bit of hard-driven discontent, utterly unable to make the two ends meet?

The specific and conflicting claims of many rivals are to be found in the two mighty volumes of the Education Commission. But, though drilling and drawing, and singing and sewing, and elementary science and cooking, are all of them good in their way, and necessary in their place, who can say of one of them, or of all of them put together, what Prince Bismarck in his now famous letter to Pastor Senckel said of school banks: i.e. that the teaching thereby afforded to children is the most effectual way of insuring the primary condition of a sound development of national economy?

So convinced were the Society of Agriculturists of France of the distinctly educational value of school banks as an exercise in keeping accounts, that at their annual congress in 1876, under the presidency of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, they passed a resolution urging that 'all rural and agricultural schools should have school banks attached to them wherever circumstances permitted, on the ground that the chief difficulty in making small agriculturists adopt improvements in cultivation arose from the fact that they kept no account of their operations, of their expenses and produce, and knew nothing of how they stood as regards results and the nett profits of new agricultural experiments; and the resolution concluded with an expression of belief on the part of the Society that the practical lesson in keeping accounts of the school bank would remedy this grave defect in future.'[4] If we bear in mind the emigration failures with which the press has been lately teeming, we shall, I think, find in the words of this resolution something that should make educational authorities pause and ponder.

The following year after the passing of this resolution the same Society went a step further and included the girls of agricultural districts in the advantages voted for their brothers.

As regards the value of school banks for girls. What I had said previously I ventured to repeat before the Royal Commission on the matter: great as the value of the school bank is for boys, it is still greater for girls. The ignorance of accounts and of the need of keeping them that exists amongst all classes of girls and women, who have spent countless hours of their school days in 'doing sums,' is almost incredible. 'Ah!' wrote a little while since a rather original friend of mine, who, like many another lady, is bravely battling with

[4] *Second Report of the Royal Commission on the Elementary Education Acts*, p. 599.

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the difficulty of living, armed with little besides her artistic talents and indomitable perseverance, 'if only I had been taught the principles of "Thrift among the Children" in my young days, I should not now be living in Poverty Flat, but travelling all over the world gratifying what has always been the burning desire of my heart.'

And if this ignorance exists amongst the higher classes, how can we expect otherwise among the lower? I know of a case in which a poor woman received notice to pay up an arrears of school fees. She went to one of the managers in great distress and said that she had sent the school fees regularly by her child. The manager asked her if she had any proof of this. She said, 'No, none at all.' 'Have you kept no notes of the money you send weekly?' 'No,' she said, 'none.' 'Have you kept no account, have you not an account-book?' She seemed to be quite ignorant of what an account-book meant.

Here is another case. A bricklayer's wife a short time ago was speaking to a friend of mine of home troubles, and she said that she had the greatest difficulty in persuading her husband that she really spent as much as she did on household things. My friend said to her, 'But don't you keep an account, so that your husband can see how much you spend?' She said no, she had never thought of such a thing.[5]

Even more striking, perhaps, are some of the instances of the inadequacy of our present educational system to supply these deficiencies in the education of the parents, given in the same report. On being asked whether he found any practical result from what he complained of as the defective mode of teaching arithmetic enjoined by the Code, a head-master of one of the London Board schools told the Commission that he had, and continued:—

> Several of the mothers of my girls are employed in laundry work, and they have every week to make out small accounts; and from time to time I have parents saying to me, 'As my daughter is now in the Fifth Standard, I thought she could have worked out this little account correctly,' and perhaps there are two or three mistakes in one page. That is a sort of instruction to myself to pay more attention to what I will call the problems of everyday life, rather than to Government arithmetic.[6]

To the further question whether these girls had passed satisfactorily the arithmetic test in the standard, but were unable to apply their arithmetic to the purposes of everyday life, he answered in the affirmative, and added:—

> Quite recently, in the case of a girl who had passed through the Sixth Standard, in which they are expected to calculate the interest for a certain number of years at so much per cent. upon an account of some hundreds of pounds, I found that she had made several mistakes in calculating the interest in her mother's Post Office Savings Bank book, the total amount not exceeding the sum of 15*l.*[7]

In my first article on 'Thrift among the Children' I urged, among other things, that benefits from the school bank are enjoyed by parents

[5] *Second Report of the Royal Commission on the Elementary Education Acts*, p. 600.
[6] *Ibid.* p. 46.
[7] *Ibid.*

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and teachers as well as by children. The proofs of this grow with the growth of the system. Parents frequently gain their first notion of saving as well as the wish and courage to save from their children's school bank. And any one who knows the enormous amount of waste amongst the people due to their buying in driblets will know what this means. It has been computed that in buying their 'ha'porths' and 'pennyworths' at a time the poor pay from 25 to 50 per cent. more for their fuel and food than the rich, and often get articles of from 25 to 50 per cent. less worth.

Again, I knew of two lads who had left school and could not be persuaded by their parents to save a penny for themselves, though a small portion of their earnings was handed regularly to the mother for their keep. But their sisters joined a school bank, and when they heard the girls talking of their bank and bank-books, to the father's inexpressible delight, they went off of their own accord to the Post Office Savings Bank and became regular depositors.

Now this is more remarkable than at first sight appears. There is a widespread dread or dislike amongst the poor of going for the first time into a public place such as the post office about their own little money matters.

A few weeks ago a gentleman much interested in the welfare of working lads in the south of London assured me that he was absolutely obliged to keep a small club bank for 'his boys,' so difficult was it for him to persuade them to go to the post office alone. And yet one day when he reminded one of them that he had gone a long while without putting anything in the bank, the youth instantly pulled out of his pocket 3*l.* 10*s.* and handed it up as a deposit. On being questioned about so large a sum loose in his pocket, he explained that he had been 'in work' ever since Christmas and had saved it; but he added that he should not have saved it much longer.

Mr. Gladstone did well to enumerate amongst the blessings of the last fifty years that the people 'have at their doors the means of husbanding their savings without compromise of their independence . . . and under the guarantee of the State to the uttermost farthing of the amount.'[8] But this great good will not be complete without the school bank to familiarise children with it and train them to appreciate and use it.

And how quickly the school bank does this I learnt only the other day in a large girls' school in my own neighbourhood.

A book prize, to be competed for by the sixth and seventh standards, was offered for the best composition on the Post Office. Now, whereas there was great diversity in the compositions as regards the different points of interest and special characteristics and advantages of the several branches of the department that the girls enume-

[8] *Nineteenth Century*, January 1887, 'Locksley Hall and the Jubilee.'

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rated and commented upon—some noting the introduction of the penny post; others the present rapidity of sorting, conveying, and distributing home, foreign, and colonial letters; others, again, the number of persons employed, or the convenience of the parcels post and sixpenny telegrams; one even gave the number of letters sent through the post last year—not a single girl omitted to mention the Post Office Savings Bank and one or more of its rules and particular advantages. These girls belonged to the school bank which has been established in their school in connection with the Post Office Savings Bank for the last two years; and some of them have already through the school bank been able to deposit their first pound in the post office, continuing meanwhile their weekly deposit of pence in the school bank.

Out of the multitude of instances of the varied training the school bank gives to children I should like to cite one bearing on our favourite national virtue of independence, that was related to me by the head-master of a London Board school. One of his boys earned fourpence every Saturday by carrying home clothes from the wash. This he put into the school bank. During the winter his father was out of work for a long while, and there were no school fees paid. The schoolmaster, who took great personal interest in his pupils, drew the boy aside one day and said, 'Your father has paid a long time for your schooling; why don't you, now that you have some money of your own in the school bank, pay for your schooling until your father is in work again? You are not, of course, bound to do so, but it would be a manly thing to do.' The boy said nothing at the time, but a few days afterwards he went to the master, and said he should like to pay his school fees until his father was again able to do so.[9]

The following incident is a good example of the way in which school banks are found to assist the teachers. It was told me by the manager concerned in it. A boy belonging to one of the Hastings Board schools showed himself such an incorrigible truant that he was the despair of the master and his father. Suddenly he turned over a new leaf and went regularly to school. The master could not conceive the reason. One of the managers, however, sent for the boy, and after commending him for his good conduct, asked him what had made him become so regular in his attendance. The boy answered without hesitation that he wanted to join the school bank.

In speaking of this part of the subject in its relation to teachers, I am led to revert to one—and the only one not yet mentioned in this present survey—of the four causes to which in my first article I attributed our backwardness in school banks as compared with France: I mean the non-provision in the Code for the exercise of the school bank. I am more and more convinced of the deterrent operation of this omission. Under existing circumstances it is necessary for the

[9] *Second Report of the Royal Commission on the Elementary Education Acts*, p. 602.

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speedy and complete success of school banks in England that the weekly exercise should be recognised in the Code (1) as part of the ordinary school work, to give time for it; (2) in the grants, to give encouragement to it.[10] The theoretical progress of the question far outstrips its practical progress, because the weekly exercise is not so recognised.

Here is a proof of it. A very popular member of the Hastings School Board who was returned at the last election at the head of the poll by a majority of 6,000, and who is a strong supporter of school banks, writing to me a little while ago on the difficulty of making practical progress in face of the teachers' cry of want of time, said: 'But the matter would at once be lifted on to a certain and secure platform if the bank "exercise" were embodied in the Code. Our teachers are so sorely pressed by the "result" system that they put all their working power into subjects that will pay.'

Again, to take an illustration from the voluntary schools, the Bishop of Shrewsbury, with whom I have more than once discussed the question, wrote, when I sent him a copy of my School Bank Manual:—

> You have touched, I think, on one of our difficulties at page 10, where (3) you speak of the non-provision in the Code for the weekly exercise in school hours. This is overcome perhaps in large Board schools with abundant teaching power well paid out of the rates. But in the case of many of our poorer schools, barely manned, and hard driven to hold their ground against their rivals, the pressure upon our teachers is already far too great, and the bank with all its excellence becomes in such cases 'the last straw.' If the outcome of the Royal Commission were to make the conditions throughout equal, I have little doubt that the obvious advantages that you have pointed out would soon make the banks popular. In some of our larger schools they seem to be taking already.

But, notwithstanding this difficulty, I adhere to what I said originally as to its not being an insuperable one, even in the majority of our voluntary schools, which I have reason to believe will before long be in no sense behind the Board schools.

For example, the last annual report of the Westminster Diocesan Inspector of Schools concludes with these words:—

> During the year I have made inquiries at many of the schools as to the Penny Banks in connection with them. I find that they exist in very few schools, and I am sure that the managers would do well to establish them in most, if not in all, schools. It has been found by experience that they produce most valuable results in all cases where they have been introduced as *part of the school work*; they not only encourage habits of thrift in the children and their parents, but have a very noticeable effect in raising the amount of school pence, which are paid with greater regularity in all the schools that have Penny Banks.

This report gives me the greater satisfaction because I know there was a time when Dr. Richards, the Diocesan Inspector, shared the opinion expressed by the Bishop of Shrewsbury: *i.e.* that with the existing pressure on the teachers the school bank would prove 'the last straw.'

[10] *Second Report of the Royal Commission on the Elementary Education Acts*, p. 600.

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Again, last September an Italian priest wrote to me from one of the poorest districts of London, telling me that he was about to start a school bank in his large voluntary schools, and requesting information for the purpose.

And round about his request quickly gathered other similar requests, some from out-of-the-way country places and villages. Indeed so numerous were the inquiries about the ways and means of establishing school banks that I was almost compelled to publish a manual to answer them.

Though some of my correspondence on the question has been with Ireland, Ireland, I am afraid, is still without a school bank. Nevertheless the question has gained ground there since April 1886.

The head of the Education Department in Dublin, Sir Patrick Keenan, has been so much impressed with its importance, that he directed two of the Chief Inspectors of Education to inquire into the matter and report upon it. Through his kindness I have been allowed to see these reports. And though in the case of one in particular there are indications of doubt as regards the practical working of the system in Ireland, the appreciation of its benefits on broad educational lines in the other is so marked and satisfactory as to warrant belief in the early introduction and speedy success of school banks in Ireland, when once familiarity with their true principles and end have been spread amongst those concerned with the elementary education of the people.

And now, widening my survey, I can give evidence of more active, if not greater, growth of the question than I have yet given.

Last June I received a letter from a member of the Education Board of Port Adelaide (a stranger to me, like most of my correspondents on the subject) telling me that 'Thrift among the Children' had reached that colony and carried conviction with it; that he had introduced the subject at a meeting of the Local Board of Advice; that the proceedings had been reported in the press; and that he was waiting only for further specific details in order to bring the whole question before the Minister of Education, to further his object of establishing school banks out there with the least possible delay.

> I feel (wrote my correspondent) that we have splendid opportunities here for establishing and carrying out school banks. And I am sure from my knowledge of the customs of the people that it would be very wise to inculcate habits of thrift amongst our children. Forming as we do the population of a comparatively new country, where trials and hardships such as are known in older countries have never yet been experienced, it would be the first step towards neutralising the abuse of prosperity.

On the required information being furnished, I had the additional satisfaction of learning that the leading journals, in forming public opinion on the matter, were showing themselves decidedly in favour of the adoption of the system; and that a request was about

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to be presented to the Minister of Education for permission to test it in the Port Adelaide State School of one thousand children.

At the same time I learned that the question had been taken up in New South Wales; and that, in response to a circular sent out by the Minister of Public Instruction to the various heads of public schools in the colony regarding the establishment of school banks on and after the 1st of January of this year, a considerable number of teachers had sent in applications for permission to adopt the proposals of the circular. The circular was, I believe, accompanied with full instructions for the establishment of school banks.

Early in September I was refreshed and encouraged by another letter marked with the peculiar enthusiasm and *élan* that characterise public spirit and action in our Colonial Empire, from another educational authority in another colony—the Superintendent of Schools in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. It told me the same story and contained the same request as the preceding letter. In answering it I expressed the hope that I should hear from time to time what colonial experience of school banks proved. I had a ready response. My correspondent said—

> I shall try to make a success of the undertaking here, so that it may be introduced throughout the length and breadth of our land. I shall be only too glad to communicate to you my experience in the matter, and trust that it will not cause your opinion of our New World to be in any way modified. We pride ourselves on being progressive; but being young we have not raised up a generation of thinkers having wealth and leisure, so for the present we are content to copy and experiment. We have to lean largely on the Old World yet for our ideas; but in comfortable common schools we are far ahead . . . many of our schools with their pictures and flowers are very attractive; and our method of seating I consider vastly superior to yours. . . .

Following these vigorous letters there came yet another pleasant surprise to me in December in the shape of two copies of the *Barbados Times* (for the 23rd of November and the 1st of December), the one containing a letter from Sir T. Graham Briggs drawing public attention to the importance of the question raised in 'Thrift among the Children;' the second, an admirable leading article, pointing out with special directness the chief practical advantages of the school bank, and strongly supporting the adoption of the system in that colony so soon as the then prevailing distress in the country permitted it.

Not knowing to whom I was indebted for this further proof of further progress, I wrote to the Editor of the *Barbados Times* in acknowledgment of my obligations to him for the article; and at the same time I expressed a hope that the prevailing distress was not so great as to prevent farthings and halfpence from finding their way before long into Barbados school banks and giving to even its poor children the pleasure of their first lesson in saving.

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Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The next mail brought me news that already the master of one of the primary schools of Bridgetown had taken steps to start a school bank in his school.

But the movement across the Atlantic has not been confined to our own Empire. In October last letters began to arrive from the United States showing the same practical interest in the matter that had been awakened in the colonies. One of a particularly gratifying character was from Mr. Thiry, a former Commissioner of Education in Long Island City, which carried a weight of its own; for it was through Mr. Thiry that in March 1885 the system of school banks was first introduced into the public schools of the United States. Soon after this date the system was established in Rutland, Vermont; and since September 1886 five other school banks, besides the one started by Mr. Thiry in Long Island City in 1885, have been established in Long Island, N.Y. They have also, with the warm approval of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of that State, been introduced into the public schools of Nebraska since October; whilst in Amsterdam, N.Y., the establishment of a savings bank in accordance with the laws of the State was quickly followed by the establishment of school banks in the public schools of the city last April.

The strong personal interest of the teachers of the United States in their school banks has been remarkable, especially in one case—that of the Third Ward School of Long Island City. The principal and teachers of this school all signed an address warmly acknowledging the assistance that had been afforded to their undertaking by recent publications in England.

In speaking of the zeal of the teachers, it would, however, be unjust were I to omit mention of the support that has been given to their efforts by the press. This has been equally striking. Indeed, some of the papers are publishing weekly reports of the gross amount of the deposits in several schools.

There is, however, just a fear that this practice, unless modified and accompanied by certain protective details, may lead to the fatally erroneous view that large deposits are the chief object and real test of the success of a school bank. But, as I have said more than once, and it cannot be repeated too often in the present stage of our progress, the primary object of the weekly exercise of a school bank is the practical inculcation of provident and orderly habits. And though the large gross sums that the children's pence quickly amount to have a certain fascination in their appeal to our sense of wonder—so marvellous is it that the weekly farthings and pence of poor

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children should make such splendid aggregates—large savings and splendid aggregates are neither the end of a school bank nor a test of its success.

The first test of the success of a school bank is to be sought in the proportion of the children who take part regularly in the weekly exercise with their individual and genuine pocket money of farthings and halfpence, compared with the number of children on the register. And if the papers that give the totals of the weekly deposits in the school banks were to give also the number of depositors compared with the number of children regularly attending the school and the average amount of individual weekly deposits, the danger named would, I think, be avoided.

Mr. Thiry's last report gives a good general notion of the first success of the system in the Third Ward School of Long Island City after a year and a half's trial. Out of 450 children on the register, in December 1886, 403 had joined the bank; they had deposited $2,382.00, withdrawn $602.00, and then had to their credit in the Long Island City Bank $1,780.00.

So far I have been speaking of what has been brought under my notice by direct personal communication. But I know that from the United States and Australia inquiries and applications for information have been received in both Liverpool and Manchester, to say nothing of the progress that has been made in foreign countries under the guiding hand and through the ceaseless energy of M. de Malarce.

And now I will end. Beginning with England and concluding with that great Republic to which we are united by the strong tie of a common mother-tongue, I have, I think, said enough to show that good seed has been widely sown. And my hope and belief are that this evidence is of itself sufficient to encourage and support all who are engaged in the momentous work of elementary education to persevere in the cultivation of this seed until it bears a rich harvest in the increase of honest independence amongst the people, and the improved condition of the humble homes on which largely depend the stability and well-being of the commonwealth.

AGNES LAMBERT.

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THE ENGLISH AND THE AMERICAN PRESS.

In two articles published in this Review I have tried to explain the organisation of a newspaper office, and to show the causes which differentiate the great provincial from the great London papers. I now seek to make a comparison between the chief journals of England and of America. When I visited the United States a year ago many journalists asked what I thought of the American papers, and whether I liked them better than those of my own country. Such questions are apt to be answered without reflection, and without duly considering the differences on which a judgment to be of any value ought to be pronounced. The importance of the matter merits more careful treatment. In Great Britain and the United States alike the newspaper constitutes the chief reading of the bulk of the people, and inasmuch as it is at once the creature and the creator of national character, its right appraisement must needs be of great interest to thinking men. Of the two peoples it is generally believed that the Americans are the more assiduous newspaper-readers, and so far as statistics and my personal observations go the belief seems to be founded on fact. In the United States, with a population of fifty millions, there are in round numbers about eleven thousand newspapers and periodicals; in the United Kingdom there are about four thousand of all sorts, from the daily newspaper to the annual.

To a traveller through the United States it is a frequent matter of surprise that small, out-of-the-way towns support their own local papers. They are, I find, greatly assisted in their enterprise by what are known as patent outsides. Let us suppose that the local paper consists of four pages. Two of these are amply sufficient for local requirements. The other two are printed in New York or elsewhere, and consist of miscellaneous reading and advertisements. Thus at one transaction the local proprietor buys paper, saves one half of the composition of a four-page paper, and makes an advertising contract. The outside advertisements, that is to say, are valued according to the circulation of his paper, and taken into account in arranging the price of the printed outsides. The device is ingenious, although the effect to one while travelling is often amusing. You buy a local

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paper, say in Schenectady; you go further west and buy one at Rome, a third at Auburn, a fourth at Canandaigua. At Rome you suspected you had previously read some of the matter, at Auburn you are sure of it, at Canandaigua you are confounded by what looks like a fraud. You compare the four papers. Their names are different, but their first and fourth pages are identical. In the second and third pages they differ in news, type, politics, and everything else. You have merely been introduced to the patent outside. You might have made its acquaintance in Britain, where a trade of that kind is done. But the custom which is infrequently followed in the one country is general in the other, and accounts in part for the number of American newspapers, and of small towns supporting a local paper.

A further fact tending to the multiplication of newspapers in America is found in the many different nationalities and religious sects, each of which has its own journal. Of religious sectarian papers the name is legion. As to nationality, the New York Germans have the *Staats-Zeitung*, and I know not how many other papers; the Irish have their own journals, including Ford's notorious *Irish World*; the English used to have a strong and prosperous representative in the *Albion*, the Scotch have the *Scottish American Journal*, the Spanish have *Il Nuovo Mondo*, and so on. Men of all countries take the paper which makes a speciality of news from the land they have left, and they take in addition one or more American papers to keep abreast of events in the land in which they live.

The remainder of the explanation of the vast bulk of American journalism lies in the more general demand among Americans for newspaper reading. Sardou and others have burlesqued and ridiculed American avidity for news, and that avidity is a fact which may be appreciated in any car or steamboat. And here we reach the second point of contrast. Though greater in volume, American journalism does not exercise the influence wielded by British journalism. No American journal possesses the power either of the London *Times* or of any one of several other metropolitan and provincial journals. I content myself, meantime, with the mere statement of a fact the causes of which are manifold and may be gathered from the general tone and character of American journalism.

These things, however, are matters that can only be ascertained by inquiry and time. What first strikes an Englishman on getting the New York papers from the pilot boat is the fulness of their English news. When on shore he will appreciate this still more thoroughly, because there he will be more adequately impressed by its promptness. In his hotel at New York he can read an account of the previous night's Parliament as complete in all essentials as what he would get in the *Times* or *Standard* of the same day, and more easily comprehended. He will also get what the English provincial, but not the London papers, supply—a gossipy narrative

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of the aspect of the House, the flower that Mr. Gladstone wore in his button-hole, and the manner in which he did or did not speak to Lord Hartington. He will be told also what the *Times* said about the debate. He will get the criticism of last night's play, or a review of a book issued yesterday afternoon. He will also find a copious supply of telegrams from India, Afghanistan, and from all the capitals of Europe, dealing with the chief events of the day. Finally, and more especially in the Sunday issues, he will get from time to time, written in the first person singular, some news about 'Society,' or some gossip about 'H.R.H.,' or some revelation of politics calculated to make him ask amazedly who is this mighty I that searches out the hearts of princes and of statesmen, and even condescends to penetrate the powdered bosoms of the ballet. The surpassing speed and fulness with which European news is disseminated throughout the United States depends in part upon the course of the sun. At four o'clock in the morning in London it is only eleven of the previous night in New York. Behold the artful correspondent's chance! He seizes the early copies of the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, and the *Morning Post*, and with rapid shears and lightning paste-brush he culls the morning fragrance of news whose collection has cost unlimited gold and unstinted thought; and straightway he telegraphs his extracts to New York, where they arrive in ample time for publication that morning. Does the *Standard* obtain by a cipher telegram the exclusive news of a bombshell thrown at the Czar? If so, all the American papers print it in big type in issues of the same date as that from which they copied it, and all America knows what all London, save the *clientèle* of the *Standard*, is ignorant of.

The course of the sun accounts for apparent speed, but the contrast between the American supply of European news and the European supply of American news stands upon other grounds. Europe does not reciprocate America's interest. Englishmen cannot be expected to be profoundly agitated by the fate of a bill in the New York State Legislature for the better education of undertakers. It is, on the other hand, a matter of the first moment that New York journals, published in a community containing nearly half a million of Irish and numbering its German element by the hundred thousand, should tell all about the debate upon the Crimes Bill, and about the celebration of the Kaiser Wilhelm's birthday. The other cities of America take their cue from New York, in which the great news agencies are centred. American journals thus devote an amount of attention to European complications and English events generally which the British journalist would rightly consider wasted if devoted to United States politics or the eccentricities of New Mexico cowboys. It must, however, be admitted that the American editor makes a far more judicious selection of European news than the British

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editor makes of American news. The latter often devotes the little space allotted to America to the sayings and doings of obscure scoundrels such as O'Donovan Rossa or to Irish-American meetings in New York. Such news is not American, but Transatlantic Irish. On another line America is treated too exclusively as a place for investment or for trade. British journalism tells next to nothing of the life of America, and more wonderful than anything else in that wonderful country is the life of its people. We hear little of the Western art movement, nothing coherent of American literature, nothing of American cultivation of music or the drama, nothing of social questions such as the status, education, employment, and political privileges of women, or the long-vexed question of prohibition. We learn nothing of the battle between Free Trade and Protection. For all these things, and for anything like an intelligent view of the broadly national politics of the United States, we need not consult our own newspapers. We must turn to those of America. All things considered, and especially American vitality, enterprise, and independence of precedent, I am inclined to think we are the losers. Let the political life of America be what it may, the life of the people from which we cut ourselves off is lusty, youthful, and vigorous. To bring Great Britain into contact with that life is the work which British journalists neglect. They do not reciprocate American courtesy and attention. A statistical view of the subject may be suggestive, and to facilitate that I have compiled

TABLE A, *showing the Number of Columns of English and European News, other than Commercial, published in three New York Newspapers from Saturday, 19th, to Friday, 25th March,* 1887, *but excluding their Sunday issues.*

	English Politics	English Society Gossip	Other European News	Total European News
New York Herald .	10¾	3½	13¼	27¼
New York Times .	5¼	0¼	10¼	15¾
New York Tribune .	8¼	5	2¼	15½

In order better to point the contrast there has also been compiled

TABLE B, *showing the Number of Columns of American News, other than Commercial, published in three London Papers during the same week.*

Times 4 | *Standard* 2½ | *Telegraph* 2.

It may be explained that the commercial news has been excluded on the ground that although it relates partly to the prices of American produce and stocks, it is given solely because that produce and these stocks are dealt in on British Exchanges, and because no note is taken of any manufactures which are not imported by or exported from Britain.

In considering these things, however, it must again be noted that the same thing which allows and encourages the American press to give European news, hinders and discourages the attempts of English papers to give American.

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Let us imagine a great theatrical first night in New York, or a great evening meeting of any kind where the proceedings finish at eleven. By that hour in New York it is four o'clock of the following morning in London, and the English newspapers are being printed. Enterprise has no chance for that day's issue, and the enforced delay of a day has no doubt a discouraging effect. As a consequence the chief American matter in the English press is the list of stock and produce exchange prices, with an account of the business done. The full details of these it is practicable to get for the English morning press, but there is not much time to spare. In a word, what we publish from America is a scanty supply of afternoon news obtained with difficulty, and full only where it touches our own pockets. What the American papers publish is a copious supply of English news and London gossip obtained with little trouble and in unlimited quantity. The average Englishman is, therefore, densely ignorant of everything American. He may be able to name the President—although it is an off chance that he will name some one long since dead—but having done so much he stops short. He knows nothing else. The knowledge of the English journalist, who is supposed to know everything, is equally limited. A recent writer in an American magazine says the English newspapers 'have secured as leader writers the men who, of all others, seem to be most ignorant of American affairs. Mr. Sala,' he continues, 'is the only man who can deal intelligently with American affairs.' That is of course exaggerated. There is Mr. Hatton, who has a considerable American experience on behalf of the *Standard*; and there are some in the provinces. But what is really meant is that, apart from those very few people who have lived for a time in the States, the English journalist shares with the English newspaper-reader a wonderful ignorance of and carelessness regarding things American. The American, on the other hand, is actively interested in England. He is well acquainted with the proceedings of Parliament and the Divorce Court, and with the current facts of English literature and art, while about English society he has the advantage of knowing many things of which the people who live in it know nothing. Being thus accustomed to get full English news, and a trifle more, in the American press, he feels on coming here very much disappointed that he is almost absolutely cut off from news of home. He is apt in his resentment to be rather bitter about it until he finds that British indifference arises wholly from want of knowledge of America, and at that point he is apt to dwell upon the cramping effect of British insularity and the superiority in point of enterprise of American journalism.

The chief difference, however, between the English and American press is one of style. The English newspaper tries to be dignified; the American tries to be smart. I do not think that there is much truth in the allegation that the American journal is more of a *news-*

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paper. The columns of the English paper, save the leaders only, are filled with news. What more can be said of the American? There may be a difference of opinion as to what constitutes news, but even that difference is more apparent than real. When I was in New York there was a car-drivers' strike, with assaults and fights, the cars protected by police, and so on. The papers were full of 'Interview with the Superintendent,' with the depôt-keeper, the police, the strikers, the passengers, and others. The news was conveyed in short paragraphs, interspersed with portraits, and sensational head-lines by the dozen. If all the 'bus drivers in London were on strike, and every 'bus were running with two policemen on the step, we may be assured that there would be in the London papers a full account of the proceedings just as there was of the Socialist riots. The account would not consist of a succession of interviews and head-lines, nor would there be any portraits, but we would get the actual facts quite fully. The New York plan looks more 'newsy,' but there is really no more news. It is a difference in style, that is all. I will take another instance. In the file of papers that are analysed for the purposes of this article there is much about a divorce suit, and there again we find portraits, head-lines, and interviews; it all looks very 'newsy,' and the comments are humorous and a little improper. But we know by experience that when the proceedings of our divorce courts are assumed to be of public interest there is no lack of detail. We omit the head-lines and the portraits, but we give the counsel's cross-examination without much circumspection. Then at the finish we write a leader—a grave, dignified, and moral homily, such as a Bishop might be proud to father. It is only a difference of style. Again, there is no prohibition of personal news in either London or provincial English papers. The *Morning Post* announces with all the sobriety of a legal deed the consummation of a ball-room flirtation. The *Muddlebury Advertiser* gravely sets forth the accouchement of the mayor's wife, and the intention of the ladies of Muddlebury to present a silver cradle. The fact in each case fills three or four lines. But the fact is the news, and it cannot be increased by expanding it so as to include an interview with the nurse, a full detail of the delight of the mayoress's youngest sister, and a portrait of the baby. Of course by that expansion the news gets more prominence, but to attain that end the English editor has his own peculiar method. He prints a leader on babies, the origin of the custom of presenting silver cradles, the training of children, and the virtues of 'a happy English home.'

The American paper is as a rule printed in smaller type than the English, a disagreeable custom, to some extent redeemed by the excellence which has been achieved in the art of printing, and by the good quality of paper used for newspaper purposes. A considerable portion of the space saved by the minute type is thrown away in the

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unnecessary use of head-lines. Some of these are startling, and indeed very smart. 'Balfour's Botch' is the *Herald's* heading for one of Mr. Balfour's speeches; 'Dies Iræ' is the same paper's punning head-line for a trial in which Ira Shafer was one of the chief counsel; under 'Decorated with Handcuffs' the *Times* tells of a forger's arrest; 'Students seeking Blood' heads the narrative of two students endeavouring to fight a duel; 'A Black Eye for Whisky' announces the State Assembly's adoption of the High License System; 'Took Poison cheerfully' heads the *Times* account of a suicide; 'His Flat Nose betrayed him' tells of the arrest of an alleged prisoner; 'Titus escapes the Noose' tells of a commutation of sentence; 'Blood has got to flow,' 'It snowed Love-letters,' tell their own story; 'Washed all Sins away,' 'On the road to Heaven,' and 'Hope for Mankind,' are select religious head-lines. In the *Washington Star* are 'Lillie Langtry's sympathetic heart,' 'A child with an elephant's head,' and 'She has cowhided; now she will sue.' Fashion and society items appear under such headings as 'Pomps and Vanities' and 'Beauties' Bonnets.' 'Dead Men's Talk' is the *Cincinnati Enquirer's* way of announcing a spiritualistic meeting.

The price at which the chief papers of England and America are sold is the same—one penny. The reduction in price, however, came later across the water. It was only in 1882 that the *New York World* reduced its price to two cents. That was the beginning of a revolution. The *World* began to cut into the circulation of its seniors. The *Times* then followed suit, dropping in price from four to two cents. The *Herald* was obliged to do the same. The last-named change was further signalised by a war with the newsvendors, who declined to accept on the lower price the same rate of commission for which they had worked at the higher. They asked a bigger commission, or an understanding that the retail price should be three cents, and failing that they refused to sell. They were beaten of course, and two cents, or one penny, is the price of all the best papers everywhere save in the hotel bookstalls, where the clerk coolly charges double the proper price for a penny paper, and about one-half more for a dearer journal.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* stands almost by itself at five cents. The Sunday editions of the New York papers are dearer than the ordinary daily, the *Herald* increasing its price from two to five cents, the *Sun* from two to three cents, the *Times* from two to three cents, and the *Tribune* alone maintaining its regular price of three cents. The *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, and *World* used all to be four-cent papers, and the regular price of their Sunday issues was five cents, a price which the *Herald* alone now charges.

In this Review for September 1886 there was printed a table showing all the matter, inclusive of advertisements, printed in three London and two provincial English papers during a week of six days.

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In order the better to make a comparison I have again adopted that plan and have analysed an equal number of American papers for the purpose of this article. It is necessary therefore to reprint

TABLE C, *showing the Number of Columns of Printed Matter in Five British Newspapers for a week in April of* 1886.

	Times	*Standard*	*Telegraph*	*Scotsman*	*Scottish News*
Advertisements	294	188	232¾	188½	114¾
Leaders and leader summaries	30	27	29¾	30	30¼
Other original writing	18	8	13	29¼	15¼
Parliamentary reports	70	32	26¾	45¼	47¾
Foreign news	27¾	21¾	12¾	8½	9½
Letters to Editor	3¼	2¼	¾	16½	7½
Commercial and shipping	52¾	30¾	23¼	41	59¼
Sporting and athletics	12½	14	12	20¾	45
General news (not local)	79	37¼	30½	39½	30½
News local to London and England	12¾	7	2½	—	—
News local to Scotland, including Scotch Private Bills	—	—	—	44¾	72¼
	600	368	384	464	432

For the purposes of comparison there is now deleted the space devoted to advertisements, and it is found that the following is the number of columns given to news and comment:—

Times	*Standard*	*Telegraph*	*Scotsman*	*Scottish News*
306	180	151	276	317

To contrast with that we have a file of five corresponding American papers for a similar week.

Number of Columns of Printed Matter in Five American Newspapers from Saturday, 19th, to Friday, 25th March, 1887, *both inclusive.*

	New York Herald	*New York Times*	*New York Tribune*	*Boston Herald*	*Cincinnati Enquirer*
Advertisements	145	108	91	118	140½
Leaders and leader summaries	19¼	28¼	23½	32	6¼
Other original writing	4	13	7¼	21¼	17¾
Local Legislatures	8	9½	8¾	9¼	6¼
Foreign news	26	14¾	12½	12¼	9
Letters to Editor	3¼	1	2½	2¾	—
Commercial and shipping	53½	41½	40¼	44	82¾
Sporting and athletics	20¼	6¼	3	24	13
General news (not local)	64	64½	54¼	66	78¼
News local to New York and district	64¾	63¼	45¾	—	—
News local to Boston and district	—	—	—	54½	—
News local to Cincinnati and district	—	—	—	—	84¼
Literary reprints from other papers	—	—	—	—	42
	408	350	288	384	480

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For the purposes of comparison there is now deleted the space devoted to advertisements, and it is found that the number of columns given to news and comment is as follows:—

New York Herald	*New York Times*	*New York Tribune*	*Boston Herald*	*Cincinnati Enquirer*
263	242	197	266	339½

Considering the belief that America is the land of advertising, it will be observed with surprise that in quantity of advertisements American papers are far inferior to the corresponding papers in England. The *Times* contains nearly as many advertisements as the *New York Herald*, *New York Times*, and *Tribune* together. The *Scotsman* has much more advertising space than either of the two selected papers of the East and West of America. Otherwise there are many close resemblances. Roughly speaking, the English and American papers give much the same space to editorial summaries and comments, to foreign news, and to commerical affairs. Just as I had to point out in a previous article that the Scotch papers with their local markets had to give more commercial news than the average London papers, so I find that the *Cincinnati Enquirer* has to give more space to commerce than the New York journals. In Cincinnati as in Scotland one of the chief local markets is 'pigs.' But in the one place it is the real porker, and in the other only the iron bars so called. It will also be found that the American provincial papers devote just about the same space to local news that is so apportioned by the provincial papers of Great Britain. A comparison of the five American and five British papers, with the advertisement space deleted, is exceedingly interesting. The five English and Scotch papers print in a six-days week 1,230 columns of news. The five American papers print 1,300. It must be admitted that that is close running. But the real interest, and the only value of the comparison, is reached when we go beyond this and ask what is the cause of these differences and what are the methods by which they arise. The explanation must divide itself into two heads. In the first place, there is the difference in national character, a matter so large that I must place it outside the scope of this article. In the second place, there is the difference between the purely journalistic practice of the two countries, a matter strictly relevant to my purpose.

The English press belongs to the leader-writers, and the American to the reporters. Here it is seldom that the editor has been a reporter; there it is the rule. The English desire is that the editorial management shall be in the hands of a man of letters; the American editor may also be a man of letters, but he does not hold himself to be so *ex officio*. He considers himself a commercial person with a sheet of paper to sell, and he recognises that his business is to put into it what will sell it. No doubt the English editor holds the

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same theory, but there is a difference in practice. The English editor, with his real or assumed literary tastes, having first put into the paper the news of the day, seeks extra matter in work of literary finish. He gives social essays in the shape of 'third articles,' as is the custom of the *Standard*, the *Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, and of such provincial morning dailies as the *Scottish News*. He furnishes headed articles such as 'By One of the Crowd' in the *Daily Telegraph*. In the case of the dignified *Times* he aspires to delight his readers by grave accounts of crime in Ireland and agriculture in Canada, or seeks to arouse them to enthusiasm over the intricacies of bimetallism and the appreciation of gold. But let it be observed that, apart from an honest, and where possible a condensed record of the day's news, the whole talent of the best English papers goes into literary essays on impersonal subjects. The American editor cares for none of these things. When he writes leaders at all they are short, light, and pithy, and he proceeds at once to temper their gravity with personal and humorous paragraphs, either original or selected.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* has no leaders as a rule. It only ventures to offer its readers such pabulum upon an occasion like the Kaiser Wilhelm's birthday, when a leader seemed due to the German citizens of Porkopolis. In place of leaders it has notes of the following style: 'In Russia, when it is a case of supposed attack upon the life of the Czar, punishment does not wait long upon apprehension. They caught seven Nihilists on Sunday, and hanged them on Monday. Let us hope that by-and-by they will try them.' The leaders of the *Louisville Commercial* run from thirty to forty lines. In one entitled 'Whiter than Snow' the editor discusses one 'Glass-eyed Charlie,' whom he ventures to believe a rough citizen and a rascal. An editorial paragraph reads: 'Louisville is spelling her real estate boom with a big B.' A leader note opens thus courteously: 'The *Commercial* repeats its invitation to Deacon Walter N. Handeman, proprietor of the *Courier Journal*. He has made a claim in regard to the circulation of his paper which is as false as a dicer's oath.' The leaders of the *Boston Herald* range from mere notes to two-thirds of an exceptionally narrow column. The matter is, however, at times sensible, broad, and impartial. While so much may be admitted, and while the news is fully presented and industriously gathered, there is nothing about the *Boston Herald* to identify it with the cultured community supposed to centre in the Hub of the Universe. The *Washington Star* has no leaders, restricting itself to short paragraphs of a few sentences. The leaders of the *Chicago Tribune* are pointed and short, teeming with slang, and often couched in colloquial phrase. I give one or two examples of its editorial paragraphs. 'The discovery of that vein of valuable quartz near Atlanta, Ga., was most timely. Everybody in the city was

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beginning to feel that a pint was only a taste.' Again the editor proceeds: 'Very few Boston people are going to Europe this season. They are satisfied that nothing on the other side of the Atlantic could compensate them for a summer's separation from Mike Kelly.' I have given one example of editorial courtesy, and take another from the *Inter-Idaho*, addressed to the editor of the *Boise Statesman*: 'We intend to keep on hurling hot shot at him from our editorial locker until the thin mantle of quasi-respectability is torn from his shoulders, revealing him as he really is—reeking with corruption, morally leprous, sin-stained, debased, despised, abhorrent, abominated, detested, scoffed at, reviled, a liar and a sneak.' Sometimes editors use their papers for the exchange of personal civilities, as when Mr. Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, invites Mr. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, to visit him. 'Come,' he says, 'and see us, and bring your knittin', and stay most all day;' and Mr. Dana regrets editorially that he cannot accept.

Although we miss the Western flavour when we come to New York, its journals do not otherwise greatly differ editorially from those of the West. Were the *Sun* not disfigured by 'bunkum' it would be one of the best-edited papers in America. Its leaders are generally about half a column in length, and are well argued and well written, although the phraseology is at times startling. Thus in discussing the high license system the *Sun* says: 'The Legislature at Albany is not a moral reform association to which heaven has committed the salvation of the people of this State.' Its leader notes are clever, neat, and witty, although often dashed with cynicism and causticity. It tells a complaining contemporary, for example, 'to confine yourself to matters better suited to your taste and understanding, such perhaps as the price of potatoes or the market quotations of putty.' The *Herald* is a newspaper, and nothing more. Its editorials cannot be taken to mean anything. The following three lines appeared in one of its leaders on March 24 last:—

'Why?'

'Humph!'

'There's the rub!'

Another begins—'The Americans are the best people in the world to meet an emergency. What they want they are bound to have, even if they whittle it out of nothing with a jack-knife.' A leader note reads, 'For a couple of weeks now the weather has had the jimjams.' The entire paper is in need of editing, news being expanded into columns which might be condensed into inches. The *Times* comes nearer the British model in leader-writing, while its reports possess the genuine American flavour. In its issue of March 21 there is a leader upon 'Patronage and Money in Politics,' as well reasoned, moderate, high in tone, and excellent in style as

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anything in a British paper of corresponding rank. After its leaders come a selection of humorous paragraphs under the head of 'Curt and Casual.' Gravity is elbowed by jocularity. One can turn from a dignified leader, and read in an adjoining column that 'when a man gets bit he is quite likely to get bitter.' The *Tribune* leaders rarely exceed half a column, and although they are often forcible and good in point of style, neither they nor the leaders of any other American journal are ever so logically rounded and so argumentatively complete as those which may be read any day in the newspapers of Great Britain.

The difference is radical. Where the English editor turns to the jurist, the philosopher, the man of letters and science, the American editor turns to the smart reporter. The smart reporter responds. He turns out bright, racy, trivial, contemptible stuff, which should interest no one of intellectual capacity, and which does interest ninety-nine people out of a hundred. That is what I meant when I said that the English press belongs to the leader-writer, and the American to the reporter. Illustrations beyond those already culled from the leader columns may be taken from the New York *Times*. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is giving a matinée performance of 'Fedora' for the profession. The descriptive critic glances over the audience, points to the white hair of one actor, the happy little wife of another, and computes the would-be Fedoras in the house at three hundred. Then he goes on:—

> Noticeable among the actresses was a determination to suppress the high-hat craze by industriously exemplifying its inconvenience. The headgear was in all grades of altitude, from Marie Greenwald's hat, which was the highest, to Dan Frohman's, who, being nothing if not an extremist, wore neither hat nor hair on top of his head. The other prevailing fashion was the Madison-Square smile. The Madison-Square smile consists in a sudden arrest of consciousness, a fixing of the vision on the far distance, and a slight unconscious parting of the lips, as of a cherub or an angel. It is not hard to do, but is dangerous without preliminary practice, the uninitiated being apt to suspect cerebral degeneracy. Miss Burroughs yesterday did it beautifully, as did Miss Robson. The general public failed.

Criticism? No, but it cannot be denied that the article is clever and pre-eminently readable. It is, moreover, far better than the regular *Times* critique. Thus I read of Madame Bernhardt in another character: 'It was a great performance, containing as it did several climaxes, each greater than the preceding one, and all elaborated with unerring art; it was like the Atlantic storm wave, torn into shivering and foam-capped irregularities on the surface, but under all a mighty and perfect pyramid.' That may be criticism, but most people would prefer the gossip.

The average English reporter trusts far too much to shorthand. When he gets on a large daily, he is apt to become a mere note-taking machine, and he is treated and esteemed as such. The result

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is that when there comes among the reporters a man who can write 'out of his own head,' no use is made of his capacity. The chief reporter simply uses him as a machine, and the man, if he be of any stamina, retaliates by getting himself removed from the reporting staff to some other department. Then when the occasion comes that a reporter is wanted to write original copy he is either not there, or he lacks the facility that comes from practice. The American reporter is different. In many cases he would be unfit to take his 'turn in the gallery' or at a large public meeting where the paper sends a corps for a five-column verbatim report. His shorthand is shaky and, like David Copperfield's, a puzzle to himself. But he can go to a meeting and write a half-narrative and half-critical report, containing not only the main facts, but a score of little gossipy items and comments that people like to read. He can be told to 'go down to the depot and make a column about the new boss'—a command at which the average English reporter would stare helplessly. Finally, he can be requested to go and get some news, and he will go and get it. His English *confrère* never heard such a command, and has no knowledge that anything ever happens save such anticipated events as are daily entered in advance in the chief reporter's engagement-book. It is only a few months ago that a Jewish theatre in London was the scene of a dreadful loss of life at quite an early hour of the night, and next day not a solitary line about it appeared in any London morning newspaper. The manager of the theatre had omitted to send notice to the reporters that a catastrophe was to happen.

It is the American reporter who fills up the American paper. It is largely his stuff that sells it, and as a consequence his services are much better paid than those of English reporters. That is a commercial necessity. His services are marketable, and have this value, that one smart man is worth twenty who are not so. Here the habit of note-taking, and of only note-taking, reduces all to a dead level of small remuneration. If an English newspaper proprietor were to pay twelve or fifteen pounds a week to a reporter he would be a fool. The same services could be had for a mere fraction of the money. On the other side such salaries are frequently paid. If the English reporter is ever to better his position as a reporter he must get the editor's sanction to introduce a different kind of reporting. In the morning press that is at present scarcely possible. Personally I would not think of sanctioning it to any considerable extent. But in the evening paper—the paper of the future—it is different. I know from practical experience that in the making of a really readable evening paper the chief difficulty to be encountered is the lack of suitable men. The custom of verbatim note-taking seems to crush out the capacity for narrative writing.

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The Sunday issues of the New York dailies vary in style and contents. The Sunday *Herald* and *Times* are merely the more bulky and dearer parallels of the daily publication. The Sunday *Times* is exceptionally full of European news and correspondence, and a good deal of space is devoted to literature, sketches, and poetry. The *Sun* expands on Sundays from four to sixteen pages, and ornaments its columns fully with illustrations. Both the *Sun* and the *Tribune* partake more of the nature of miscellanies than either of their Sunday competitors, and of the two—inasmuch as the *Sun* seems to lack orderly arrangement—I should say the *Tribune* is the better. The Sunday *Sun* and *Tribune* pretend to do nothing more than supply a certain amount of intellectual recreation, and they accomplish their aim. European correspondence, personal sketches, stories, sketches of travel and adventure, poetry, humour, all go to invest them with a distinctive character.

The general conclusions founded on these and other details may be stated briefly, the more so that hasty generalisations are to be avoided, and that it is difficult to judge American journalism without judging the American people. I do not profess to account for the brevity and the argumentative weakness of American editorials. It may be that the American readers have less intellectual energy than the British, or that they attach less weight to journalistic utterances, or that an inferior type of men are employed to write leaders. In any event, the rule is observed that an ounce of news is worth a pound of opinion. The result is that while there is little difference between American and British enterprise, the American journal appears more 'newsy' than the British, and the British possesses a higher intellectual quality than the American. The British journal is more of an intellectual and literary enterprise than its transatlantic rival, yet is in most respects equal to it as a commercial and news-gathering enterprise. The admixture of wit, humour, and buffoonery with more serious matter is one of the most marked distinctive features of the American journal. Americans do not care for wholly comic papers. They prefer to take their fun along with more solid mental food, perhaps to assist its digestion. In so far as 'personal items' are concerned, I have failed to find much that can be called offensive in any of the greater papers. The references to European celebrities are possibly a little too familiar at times, but the most loyal cannot take exception to the following from the *Chicago Tribune*: 'Queen Victoria attended a circus the other day for the first time in thirty years. Yet she easily recognised the jokes of the clown as old acquaintances.' Good taste is rarely transgressed in items of that class. On the whole the differences between the journals of the two sections of the English-speaking race may be justly traced to the natural difference

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between the older and the newer civilisation. Each may with advantage copy from the other. That is to some extent being done, but I fear not in the most hopeful fashion. The future of both will depend largely on whether it is the good or the bad points that are copied, and whether the assimilation is a levelling down or a levelling up.

ARNOT REID.

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THE MEMORIALS OF THE DEAD.

Two Societies exist in England with the object of preserving the relics of the past. One of these, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, is well known; the other, whose aim it is to preserve the memorials of the dead in the churches and churchyards of Great Britain, is less known, and I propose to give some account of its work. Its life only began in 1881, and, slender as have been its means, it has already saved scores of monuments from decay and destruction. It labours under the disadvantage of neither eating nor drinking; it neither entertains nor is entertained, and in this respect fails to fulfil the end of nearly all English societies. Social science, science which is not social, the welfare of the Church, are interesting subjects; but their interest largely depends upon the facilities that exist in the neighbourhood for the pleasures of the table, and the success of a meeting is often measured by the quality and quantity of the picnics which take place. Are you a dilettante, then you eat dinners at Willis's Rooms. Do you revere the memory of Mr. Fox, then you eat dinners at Brooks's. The recollection of Mr. Colston or of the Liberal successes in 1880 leads you to the same goal and the same indigestion. The county field club or naturalist society may succeed in exterminating many rare plants and insects, but a picnic is its *raison d'être*. The county archæological society prints a certain number of papers, but the annual excursion is its life and soul; the preservation of ancient monuments is out of its province. I called the attention of the secretary of one of these bodies to the fact that a chapel which possessed features of special interest was fast falling into decay, and he answered, saying that the consideration of such matters formed no part of the work of the society.

The fiction exists that the English public is interested in ancient monuments. The English public cares not one jot for them, and sees them perish year by year with complete indifference. Sight-seeing, as it is called, is merely one of the many means of obtaining an appetite for dinner, and in many instances has led to the destruction of the objects seen. It was only a few years ago there was to be seen at the South Kensington Museum, under a glass case, a morsel of needlework with this inscription—'Cut from the Bayeux

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Tapestry while my dear husband was sketching it.' This has, I believe, been since restored to the original from which it was stolen. There are few collections that do not possess heads of saints, fragments of tracery, and sculpture or mosaics pilfered from all parts of Europe. One of the heads belonging to the Percy shrine in Beverley Minster was broken off and carried to America, whence, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, it was sent back and restored to its original station, which it exactly fitted. 'Bishop Luda must not be offended by my converting his tomb into a gateway,' says Horace Walpole, to whom nothing came amiss. At one moment he is begging stained glass from the Duke of Bedford out of the half-ruined chapel of the church at Cheneys, at another buying from the sexton at Gloucester a dozen red and yellow tiles, diversified with coats of arms and inscriptions. He infects George Selwyn with the same love of pillage. 'There remains a pretty old gateway (at the ruins of Lanthony Priory), which George Selwyn has begged to erect on the top of his mountain, and it will have a charming effect.' A no less charming effect Horace Walpole thought was produced by the erection of a Druidical monument at Park Place, the States of Jersey having shown their gratitude to Marshal Conway by packing off to him a temple discovered in the island. 'I shall be wonderful glad to see little Master Stonehenge in Park Place: it will look in character there.' Horace Walpole had trained himself to think everything in harmony except 'Saxon doings.' The oaken head of Henry the Third from Barnwell Church near Oundle was over the middle arch of the armoury; statues from Lichfield Cathedral, and a marble shrine from Santa Maria Maggiore, erected in 1256, were among the spoils of the collector, described by the auctioneer at the sale of Strawberry Hill in 1842 as 'the mighty master whose life was occupied in snatching from the depredations of time the treasures of Gothic halls and cathedrals, and the antiquities of the middle ages.'

Walpole, however, it must be admitted, remonstrated against the removal of the Earl of Pembroke's tomb from Westminster Abbey, which at that time was disgracefully uncared for, the monuments tumbling on people's heads, and in one case killing a man at Lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral, and his protest against some of Wyatt's destructions at Salisbury, in a letter to Mr. Gough on the 24th of August 1789, is worthy to be quoted:—

I heartily lament with you the demolition of those beautiful chapels at Salisbury. It is an old complaint with me that when families are extinct, chapters take the freedom of removing ancient monuments, and even of selling over again the site of such tombs. A scandalous, nay, dishonest abuse, and very unbecoming clergymen! I do not wonder magnificent monuments are out of fashion, when they are treated so disrespectfully. Perhaps, as the subscription indicates taste, if some of the subscribers could be persuaded to object to the removal of the two beautiful chapels as contrary to their view of beautifying, it might have good

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effect; or if some letter were published in the papers against the destruction as barbarous, and the result of bad taste, it might divert the design.

Change the name and the date, and this is applicable to us in our treatment of Staple Inn and other relics of the past.

Sir Walter Scott filled Abbotsford with rubbish, and was too late to prevent the destruction of the past in Edinburgh. The authorities of Edinburgh should always be remembered for what they did and what they wished to do. One of the most striking peculiarities of the city is the valley between the new and old parts of the town. With the view of obtaining valuable building ground, the authorities began to fill up the valley, and did so to the extent of twenty feet. It was proposed to build a row of houses on the south side of Princes Street, and to hold the public executions on Calton Hill. The historical remains were destroyed without mercy. Trinity Hospital was knocked to pieces, and Trinity College Church, the oldest Gothic monument in the town, pulled down, the statute containing a clause to the effect that there should be a new church in the same style and model, and the old stones were preserved for this purpose.

There are other forms of appreciation from which monuments suffer, and many a tomb has been defaced by inscriptions little contemplated by the founders. Should these autographs or autoglyphs be not desired, I can recommend an ingenious device practised in Scotland. A black board was fixed at the entrance to a show-place with a notice requesting any visitor who wished to write his name to do so on the board. Every evening the board was washed and made ready for the inroad of the tourists next morning, and walls and seats were thus freed from their efforts to obtain for themselves immortality. The task of preservation is a very hard one.

Since the days of Dean Whittingham of Durham, there have been many officials who have followed in his steps, though, fortunately for them, their exploits have not been so fully commemorated. Of this Dean it is recorded that he caused some of the

coffins of the priors of Durham to be plucked up, and appointed them to be used as troughs for horses to drink in or hogs to feed in. All the marble and free stones that covered them and other graves he caused to be taken away and broken, some of which served to make pavement in his house. He also defaced all stones as had any pictures of brass, or other imagery work, engraved upon them; and the residue he took away and employed them to his own use, and did make a washing house of them at the end of the centery garth. Two holy water stones of fine marble were carried away into his kitchen, and employed to profane uses by his servants, steeping their beef and salt fish in them, having a conveyance in the bottoms of them, to let forth the water, as they had when they were in the church, to let out holy water.

The nineteenth century is as fruitful in examples of this kind as the sixteenth. When the Archæological Association was founded in

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1844, one of its aims was to 'preserve from demolition or decay works of ancient times which still exist,' and the reports of the proceedings of the committee afford ample evidence of an almost universal neglect of monuments. Publicity unfortunately does not always act as a protection. Attention was drawn to the sepulchral brasses of Norfolk by Cotman's work, with the result that many of them were soon afterwards stolen, or disposed of by the churchwardens. The present, however, has so many instances of neglect to offer, that it is useless to quote hundreds from the past. To preserve an object is against trade interests. Canon Raine says, with justice, that he does not believe there are six architects in England who would not pull down York Minster, and profess to build up one as good, if not better, from their own designs. A Yorkshire magistrate, speaking three years ago, said that what he liked was the sort of scenery people could feel in their pockets, and the same view holds good in regard to art. What is the percentage, and what is the cash value of the improvement? are the only questions to be considered. Even the owners of monuments themselves rarely show the smallest interest in them, and it is left to a few clergymen, a very few architects, and a sprinkling of laymen, to work on behalf of their preservation.

Watch a church in process of restoration. The patron is very likely an absentee, and knows nothing of what is going on. The clergyman has delegated his authority to the architect, the architect in turn to the clerk of the works, who throws the responsibility on the local mason, who carts out gravestones and monuments, roodscreens, slabs, brasses and fonts into any vacant corner he can find. Many of them are broken up, many taken away and sold, and when the church is again opened, the records of the forefathers of the hamlet are gone. An occasional complaint comes from the aggrieved descendant, which is treated with contempt, and it is probable that a diligent hunt will enable him to discover his ancestor's gravestone among the vicarage drains, or serving as a stile in a neighbouring field. No one who has not taken the trouble to inquire into them can conceive of the strange freaks of which parochial authorities are capable. In a Shropshire church a former vicar, before he erected a new font, buried the old one several feet deep in the earth as a foundation for the new monument to rest on. In another church the old Norman font was thrown aside into the belfry tower to make room for the modern production of an ecclesiastical upholsterer. The base was lost, but the remainder was removed to a place of safety and ultimately, on the representations of an aggrieved parishioner, reinstated in the church by the side of its vulgar successor. In another church a very fine alabaster monument did not fit into a restored recess, and four or five effigies of kneeling children were cut out by the Procrustean architect, and now lie in an outhouse. At Leintwardine the old oak

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screen may be seen in a barn, tossed contemptuously out of the restored church.

Mr. Stanley Leighton, in his interesting pamphlet on the monumental inscriptions in the church of St. Oswald in Oswestry, gives an account of the restorations effected in 1873. The pavement was lowered, and the monumental slabs in the nave, some seventy in number, were buried below the soil. Wyatt himself might be proud of the havoc made every month; and the journals of the Society for the Memorials of the Dead give ample evidence, if any were needed, of what has been, and is being, destroyed.

Messing Church once contained the wooden figure of its founder, a crusader in chain armour, probably the one mentioned by Horace Walpole, writing to George Montague, 1749—'there is a very old tomb of Sir Robert Messing that built the church.' This was given by a vicar to the parish clerk to be burnt as a piece of useless lumber. At Chew Magna a late vicar paved his coach-house with tombstones from the churchyard, and replied, when remonstrated with, that 'the families had gone from the parish or had died out, and they were no good.' Unfortunately tombstones can be put to many uses: they are the perquisites of the sexton or mason; sometimes they serve as sides for drains, or are used for flooring a cottage, paving a cellar, or forming a path across a churchyard. *Nemo custodit custodes.* The mason knocks away corbels to enable him to plaster the wall more smoothly; the cusps in the windows share a similar fate that the task of glazing may be made easier.

In the church of Mid Lavant the effigies described in 1835 are gone, and an important monument was buried a few years ago because it was in the way. At Butleigh a mural monument erected in 1624 of a man, woman, and child, kneeling on cushions, all in marble, was first broken, then removed to a barn. Here Mr. Howard Simcox may be left to tell the story of his search for his ancestors:—

> On my proceeding to the barn with Mr. Neville Grenville, the vicar, and two or three servants, the squire was told that the monument had again been removed to underneath the granary, the barn having been lately cleared out. Here, amid broken stones, the effigy of the lady, then the effigies of her husband and son in the costume of James the Second's reign, remnants of the coat of arms, and the top of a broken marble column, were found.

At Lytchett Matravers, a short time ago, the Matravers tomb, a large slab of Purbeck marble, was embedded in cement, and covered over when the floor was tiled. When the church of St. Mary at Horsham was restored, a local stonemason bought a wagonload of monumental fragments for 5*l.*

At Great Bromley, at Lower Winchendon, at Coombs, at Radwell, Fryerning, Northleach, Cowthorpe, Dagenham, Metfield, and in six or seven churches at Norwich, brasses have been found loose; but in some of these instances the action of the Society has caused their

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being cared for and fastened At Alrewas Church, thirty years ago, the monuments of the Goring family were in existence. Mr. Goring Thomas went there three years ago: they had all disappeared, and the clerk told him that a previous vicar had removed them and buried them under the pews. In many churches no attempt is made to repair the effigies belonging to them, and arms, and hands, and legs are found lying in the recess, which, at a cost of a few shillings, might be restored to the monument.

The rector of St. John's at Chester wrote two years ago with regard to the monuments in his church:—

> There are a number of wooden tablets with coats of arms on them, but none to the memory of the Maddock family. Those I have were rescued from a rubbish heap made when the chancel was restored, and things of interest sold to a contractor.

At the restoration of Drayton Church, near Banbury, some eight years ago, the gravestones were removed from the floor of the church, and many of them used to form a drain, two to three feet deep, round the chancel. The black marble ledger now forming the bridge externally to the vestry door, the memorial of a benefactress of the parish, was taken from the chancel and cast into the churchyard. According to her will, the inhabitants still receive annual gifts; the memorial stone is broken across her name, and a remaining portion of Mrs. Metcalfe's epitaph runs thus—'what the gratitude of the inhabitants most abundantly supply.'

A letter to the Society in 1882 shows the need of summary jurisdiction in these matters:—

> I desire to call your attention to the fact that an altar tomb standing within the altar rails of the ancient church of Furthoe, in Northamptonshire, has lately been removed and destroyed. The said altar tomb is authenticated as that of the founder of the church, Sir Gilbert or Sir William de Furthoe, and has been well noted in this neighbourhood. I have notified the same to the archdeacon, but at the same time I think your Society should take the matter up, for such vandalism in our A.D. should be checked by laymen as well as by ecclesiastics.

When the chancel of Feckenham was restored an altar tomb with effigies of Sir Martin Culpeper, erected by Joyce his wife, was buried beneath the floor.

In numerous instances the intervention of the Society has recovered monuments and restored them to their original places. At Wilmington, Saxton, Appleby, Fownhope, Blore, Morthoe and many other churches, action has been taken and with success. The correspondence of the Society affords hundreds of examples such as those I have quoted. Mr. André, writing in September 1885 with regard to Sussex, says, 'At Ardingly a brass of early sixteenth century date is kept in the clergyman's house. The mutilated brass figure of a lady of fifteenth century era lies loose at Horsted Keynes. At Pulborough, a high tomb on the north side of the chancel has

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been pulled down, and one front and the top slab refixed on south wall, to effect which one of the triple sedilia was demolished.'

It would be tedious further to enumerate the cases that are reported. There is no great difference between 1789 and 1886. The custodians of our national monuments require assistance.

It will be, however, evident that a preservative society has a very uphill task. It has to war against the prejudices of the sexton and the *immitis sapientia* Grimthorpe. It must act with the greatest temper and tact and forbearance, greater even than that of Old Mortality, who only once gave way to violent passion when a mischievous truant boy defaced with a stone the nose of a cherub's face, which the old man was engaged in retouching. It receives little sympathy, has to proceed with caution, and to say to the clergyman, 'This church is a poor thing and your own; neither rural dean nor bishop may dispute your right to deal with it as you please. It is quite true that the side chapel would be more convenient as your vestry, and the recess is made for a chimney. That monument prevents your wife from overlooking your fourteen children who sit in the corner pew. Your eyesight is getting feebler and those lancet windows do not throw the light upon the reading-desk as could be wished. Those tiles in your chancel are only such as the nineteenth century can produce, and no wonder that you want them down the nave; but listen for one moment to our views. All you wish done can be done in this manner.' It has to say to the architect, 'You have a European reputation, though you have never stirred from your county town. It would be a blessing to the nation if Westminster Abbey were burnt to the ground, so that you might be employed in rebuilding it. You should, however, reserve this design of a new roof and porch and vestry and rearrangement of the chancel and aisles for some occasion really worthy of your conceptions, and where they would be given free scope.' And it has to say to the squire, 'When we want good taste, we look for it in the patron of a country living. The suggested improvements will cost 2,000*l.*: 50*l.* have been promised, a bazaar will raise 200*l.*; your generosity, no doubt, though during this present year you will wish to subscribe towards the Imperial Institute and the Church House, will provide the remainder. Your conduct during this time of depression is noble in the extreme. It is proposed to remove the fine monument of Hugo de Brassey de Bulkeley, from whom, as you are aware, you are lineally descended; you will, we trust, give it a place in as dry a stable loft as you can.'

Unfortunately no society can exist and do good work without encouragement, and it is difficult to obtain it from an apathetic public. They are inclined to pass by on the other side and to say, Let the dead bury their dead and also look after their own monuments. ate has already too much upon its hands, and cannot add to its ons the supervision of all that is interesting in art and archi-

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tecture. All that can be done is, if possible, to arrest the attention of a larger number of persons every year, to enlist a wider sympathy, and to give increased publicity to the destruction of ancient monuments, and also to their abstraction whenever such occur. Sometimes fruit is borne. The owner of Coningsborough Castle is at last taking steps for its preservation, and perhaps some day Kirkstall Abbey may meet with similar protection. The two most hideous spectacles Mr. Ruskin ever saw were in the West Riding of Yorkshire (in both cases scenery to be felt in the pocket), and there remains but little over which a guard can be set. Yet our ruined castles and abbeys play an important part in English holidays, even if their traditions and architecture are not thought worthy of interest, while our sepulchral monuments can boast that they inspired the following passage, with which this paper may fitly end:—

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

CHARLES MILNES GASKELL.

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THE CREATURES WE BREATHE.

THAT the air we breathe is more or less laden with living organisms is a fact which is far from acceptable to most persons, and yet it would require but little persuasion to convince the majority of mankind that air without organisms would be undesirable indeed; for without one micro-organism at least, which is very widely distributed in the air, we should have to forego those numerous, complex, and much appreciated pleasures which are derived from the consumption of alcohol in its various forms. How many would vote the earth flat and stale but for the products which are alone elaborated by *yeast*, which was the first micro-organism to receive attention, and which, in spite of the many powerfully organised endeavours to undermine its position, is likely also to be the last to absorb the interest of man.

But there are other micro-organisms in the air besides yeast, and it is the firm conviction that many zymotic diseases are propagated by means of air-carried microbes, that renders the investigation of the subject of aërial micro-organisms peculiarly interesting and attractive.

The systematic examination of the aërial microbia commences with those marvellous discoveries with which the name of Pasteur is so inseparably connected, and with which the latter half of the nineteenth century will for ever be associated.

These now classical researches of Pasteur's on the presence of micro-organisms in the atmosphere were undertaken in connection with the fierce controversy which raged thirty years ago on the *Spontaneous Generation of Life*.

The supporters of this doctrine contended that the presence of the smallest particle of *air* was sufficient to determine the generation of low forms of life in certain highly putrescible substances, such as milk, blood, broth, and the like. But the opposition to this theory, marshalled by M. Pasteur, contended that it was not the air, but *certain living germs suspended in the air*, which, gaining access to

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these putrescible materials, give rise to those growths which make their appearance in them.

That Pasteur succeeded in proving the truth of this assumption is now well known, and it was in connection with the elaborate and beautifully planned investigation which he conducted, to place it beyond all reach of doubt, that we have handed down to us the first systematic series of experiments made on the presence of micro-organisms in the atmosphere.

Pasteur exposed specially prepared flasks containing some highly nourishing fluid, such as clear broth, in various places, with the following striking results.

Of twenty exposed in the open country of Arbois, eight became subsequently turbid, or, in other words, eight had become contaminated with micro-organisms. Of twenty exposed on the lower heights of the Jura mountains, five became affected, whilst out of twenty others exposed at the Montanvert, close to the Mer de Glace, at a height of upwards of six thousand feet, only one flask broke down.

Thus it appears that the higher the altitude reached, and the greater the distance from human habitations, the purer, as regards the presence of micro-organisms, is the atmosphere. These are facts which subsequent experiments by other methods have fully borne out.

The beautiful experiments which Professor Tyndall carried out in this country on the presence of micro-organisms in air are well known to all, and it is to him we owe the important discovery of the rapid subsidence of these microbes in calm air. Miquel again has shown how dependent is the distribution of these microbes in air upon their surroundings, by the experiments made at Montsouris at different seasons of the year; but the following results obtained in London, and by a more recent and more accurate method, show very clearly that the maximum number are to be found in the hottest months of the year.

Thus, in a volume of air equal to about two gallons (ten litres) collected on the top of the Science and Art Department buildings at South Kensington, at a height, therefore, of some seventy feet from the ground, and so removed from any *local* disturbance of the air, I found the following numbers of micro-organisms in the several months of the past year:—

January, 4.	August, 105.
March, 26.	September, 43.
May, 31.	October, 35.
June, 54.	November, 13.
July, 63.	December, 20.

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In the country, as might have been anticipated, I have found a very appreciably smaller number of micro-organisms than in air in London. Moreover, the more remote the place is from houses and from the frequented thoroughfares of traffic, the dust of which is always rich in refuse organic matter, the freer does the air become from suspended microbes. Thus the air of an extensive heath near Norwich was found to contain from five to seven micro-organisms in the two gallons of air, whilst in that of a *garden* near Norwich were found as many as thirty-one. Again, on the Chalk Downs in Surrey I found on one occasion only two; this, however, was very early in the year (February 1886), and snow was on the ground; later on, at the end of May in the same year, I found thirteen, but in a garden near Reigate on the same day there were twenty-five. So that there is a considerable difference found in the microbial richness of the air in different places in the country. I have also tested the London air under the most favourable conditions, viz.: in the open spaces in the parks, and these experiments show that although such air generally contains fewer microbes than the air even on the roof of the Science Schools (at a height of seventy feet), yet the number is in excess of that found in the country, although the situations chosen were large surfaces of grass from which little or no dust could be blown about. But the air in the streets was found to contain numbers immensely in excess of anything that was discovered in the country, the result being in some instances as high as 554 in the two gallons of air. This last figure was obtained in the Exhibition Road on a dry and dusty day when vast multitudes of people were thronging to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition which was then open.

The striking contrast to the number of micro-organisms found in the various places previously referred to is the number found in the air at sea. I have not myself had an opportunity of making any experiments at sea, but some have recently been made by Dr. Fischer, a surgeon in the German navy. From his experiments it would appear that the maximum distance to which, under ordinary circumstances, micro-organisms can be transported across the sea lies between 70 and 120 sea miles, and that beyond this distance they are almost invariably absent. A point of particular interest in connection with Dr. Fischer's experiments is that they show in a very striking manner that the microbes, which are always abundantly present in ordinary sea water, are not communicated to the air, excepting in the closest proximity to the surface, even when the ocean is much disturbed.

Before passing on to the microbial condition of the air within doors, I will just briefly refer to some experiments which I made at different altitudes, fully confirming those of Pasteur to which

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reference has already been made. Two gallons of air examined on the top and at the bottom of Primrose Hill, gave respectively nine and twenty-four micro-organisms. Again, the same volume of air examined at Norwich Cathedral on the top of the spire (300 feet) gave seven, on the tower (180 feet) nine, whilst on the ground eighteen were found.

Again, at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Golden Gallery yielded eleven, the Stone Gallery thirty-four, whilst the churchyard gave seventy.

Within doors we find that the number of micro-organisms suspended in the air depends, as we should have expected, upon the number of people present, and the amount of disturbance of the air which is taking place. In illustration of this the following experiments made at one of the Royal Society's conversaziones held at Burlington House last year may be mentioned. At the commencement of the evening, when a number of persons were already present, and the temperature was at 67° Fahr., the two gallons of air examined yielded 326 organisms; later on, as the rooms became densely crowded, as indicated by the temperature rising to 72° Fahr., the number reached 432. The next morning, on the other hand, when the room was empty, the air yielded only 130, but even this is doubtless in excess of the number which would be present in the room in question under normal conditions, in which, judging from experience, I should expect to find about 40 to 60 in the same volume of air. Again, I found that the air in the large entrance hall of the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road yielded under ordinary conditions from 50 to 70 organisms in the same volume, but on Whit Monday, when an immense number of visitors were present in the building, I found as many as 280. Again, on a paying day at the South Kensington Museum, I found about 18, but on the Saturday, when no entrance fee is charged, there were as many as 73 organisms present in the same volume.

As an instance of the immense number of microbes which may under given circumstances be found suspended in the atmosphere, the following experiments, showing *the number falling on one square foot in one minute*, may be mentioned. The first experiment was made in a railway carriage (third class) on a journey from Norwich to London. Soon after leaving Norwich I tested the air; there were at the time four persons in the carriage, one window was closed, the other open, and the experiment was made near the open window. I found that under these conditions 395 organisms were falling on the square foot in one minute. On reaching Cambridge, the carriage was taken possession of by a number of men returning from Newmarket races, and remained quite full (ten persons) to

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London. About halfway between Cambridge and London I made a second experiment, one window being shut, and the other was only open four inches at the top; the air was tested near the closed window, with the result that no less than 3,120 organisms were found to be falling on the square foot in one minute. On another occasion I made an experiment in a barn in which flail-threshing was going on. The atmosphere was visibly laden with dust, and on testing it I found that upwards of 8,000 organisms were falling on the square foot in one minute. It would probably be difficult to find a place in which the number of suspended microbes was greater than this, the great abundance of bacterial life in the material under treatment, the dryness of the latter, and the violent commotion occasioned by the threshing being all highly conducive to the distribution of an enormous multitude of micro-organisms throughout the air.

The careful study of the various micro-organisms present in air has hitherto received but little attention; it is, however, well known that important functions are performed by them in the laboratory of nature, but only in very few cases has any particular action been identified with a specific micro-organism. Apart from the theoretical interest attaching to the particular work performed by specific micro-organisms, there is the question of the influence which is exerted by these micro-organisms on health. Now, although there have been so far practically no organisms discovered in air which are known to be connected with any of the diseases to which man is subject, yet there cannot be a doubt that, in the immediate vicinity of the foci of infection, such harmful organisms are present, and that their distribution and conveyance through the atmosphere must take place in just the same manner as in the case of those micro-organisms which we have been considering. It is, moreover, this familiarity with the circumstances which are favourable or unfavourable to the dissemination of micro-organisms in general which should guide us in avoiding distributive influences coming into play in cases of zymotic disease and in the management of the sick-room generally. Thus it was from considerations of this kind that the principles of antiseptic surgery were laid down by Sir Joseph Lister. The manner in which the presence of micro-organisms in air should be regarded has been recently most concisely described by Professor Burdon Sanderson in the following words:—

Considering that we know the living dust of the air *does* contain organisms which are capable of producing putrefaction and inflammation in wounds—for that is a thing about which we are certain—and that it *may* contain the distinctive or specific poisons of particular diseases; therefore, just as when rabies is prevalent amongst dogs all dogs should be taken care of, or as in countries where there are poisonous snakes care is taken to keep all snakes out of houses, so it behoves every one to be as careful as possible to maintain the air as free as possible from these

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minute organisms, not because they are all dangerous, but because we do not know where the danger lurks. And hence the importance of acquiring a complete scientific knowledge of everything relating to their natural history, for it is only by the possession of this scientific knowledge that we can hope to become masters of the conditions which influence the development and growth, the origin and existence in the air and water and other media, of these more dangerous organisms on which disease is directly dependent.

PERCY FARADAY FRANKLAND.

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NORTH BORNEO.

AT 10 P.M. on the 3rd of April, 1887, the 'Sunbeam' anchored close under the lighthouse marking the entrance to the Sarawak river. The light stands on the high bluff of Tanjong Po. The first rays of the morning sun were shining on the rocky cliffs and wooded slopes of that noble eminence as we weighed anchor, and proceeded under steam, steering for the entrance to the Sarawak river. The distance from the sea to Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, is twenty-five miles. The river follows a most sinuous course, and the navigation is obstructed by many sunken dangers. There is no service of pilots. An excellent substitute is provided in the novel form of finger-posts, with directions in English warning the seaman of his approach to a rock or shoal, and directing him how to steer. The expedient is equally simple and effective. With close attention to the chart we made our way to Kuching, and anchored off the town at a point where the breadth of the river was barely sufficient for the 'Sunbeam' to swing round the anchor, after letting go on the flood tide.

We were in advance of the date originally projected for our arrival, and Rajah Brooke, the friend whom we had come from far to visit, was absent. The heat was such that it would have been impossible for the 'Sunbeam' to remain in the river. We determined to follow the Rajah to Labuan without delay. The 'Sunbeam' was despatched ten miles down the river to the Quop anchorage, and we committed ourselves for the day to the kind care of Mr. Maxwell, the resident at Kuching.

The town under his charge does infinite credit to its government. The population, consisting of the conflicting elements of Malays, Dyaks, and Chinese, is in perfect order. The public buildings include an excellent Court House, with various public offices, a prison, and barracks for the Sarawak Rangers, a small infantry force maintained for police purposes. There is a good church, in which the services of the Church of England are conducted by the Bishop. His see includes the Straits Settlements and the whole of North Borneo. A public library, a club, a capital hotel, a clean and spacious market, and a well-managed hospital, complete the list of public institutions.

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The European residences include the Astana, or palace of the Rajah, and houses for the Bishop and the British staff under the Rajah. A strong fort or block house, in a commanding position, affords a retreat in case of an *émeute*. Excellent roads supply the means of communication in all directions. To have created the modern Kuching in forty years, on the site of a nest of the cruel pirates by whom these seas were formerly infested, is a service, not small nor easily performed, which has been rendered to commerce and civilisation by the present Rajah, and by his uncle, Sir James Brooke, by whom this government was first established.

The work accomplished at Kuching itself is but a light achievement in comparison with the establishment of a settled government over a region of 50,000 square miles. Throughout this wide tract, a population of 300,000 people has been diverted from head-hunting and marauding to peaceful pursuits. Mines of antimony have been opened. The produce of the jungle, india-rubber and gutta-percha, gum and sago, is now carefully collected. A valuable trade in timber has been established. Coffee and pepper are being increasingly cultivated. A regular steam communication has been established with Singapore and along the coast. Something more than these material improvements has been achieved. Education is being gradually diffused. The abolition of slavery among the natives is the last crowning act of the Rajah's administration. Let it be remembered that all this has been carried out by two Englishmen, who, without the aid of their government, chivalrously went forth to make war on piracy, and who, having been accepted as their rulers by the people, have expended on their subjects, and not upon themselves, the entire revenues of the territory over which they rule.

I have travelled much. Nowhere have I felt more proud of the great qualities of my countrymen than when I visited Kuching. No living Englishman, it may with certainty be affirmed, can compare with Rajah Brooke in knowledge of the Malays, and in personal influence over the people. He has been their brave and victorious leader in many expeditions against their foes, and it is by his skill and valour that the present peace has been established, and is now so easily maintained. Worthily has Rajah Brooke been supported by the men whom he has gathered round him. In social bearing and in ability they would do credit to any branch of the public services of the Crown.

The most interesting sections of the population of Sarawak are the Malays and the Dyaks. The most valuable subjects for the government are the Chinese. It is from the industrious efforts of these immigrants that the main revenue is derived. The trade with Europe is in the hands of the Borneo Company, who enjoy a monopoly which is probably valuable.

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In dealing with the native population, the principle adopted in Sarawak has been to govern through the agency of the hereditary chiefs and head men of the villages. A single European resident, in charge of a district of vast extent, can at most exercise a general supervision. He has an authority with the people, because it is known that he can at any moment call in an overwhelming force to punish insubordination and crime. It is the policy of Sarawak to keep the European in the background, and to show the utmost consideration to the hereditary chiefs of the Dyaks and Malays.

Much expense has been saved by this simple method of administration, and the independence of external control. When a colony is subject to a department responsible to Parliament, correspondence is necessarily extended, and the materials for returns and reports must be accumulated, registered, and preserved, as they certainly need not be under the personal administration of the Rajah.

The exceptional advantage which Sarawak enjoys is also its weakest point. History records no instance of a government permanently maintained, from generation to generation, on a purely personal system. Sooner or later power devolves on a successor unable or indisposed to wield it, and when a strain is put on the weak link the chain breaks. This is the event sooner or later to be apprehended at Sarawak, and in view of which it is so desirable to place the country more definitely than at present under British protection. Direct intervention in the administration would not be called for, so long as the present excellent order could be maintained by the local government. It is to be hoped that an understanding may soon be established with Rajah Brooke, and that the occasion may then be afforded for giving some public recognition of the services rendered to the cause of humanity by the spirited family who have created Sarawak.

Passing along an extensive line of uninteresting coast, two days' steaming brought us to Labuan. We had been swept to the north-east by a strong current, and only made the island by means of astronomical observations. Labuan is a small island about half the size of the Isle of Wight. At its north-eastern extremity is a chain of hills. The shore is surrounded by level plains of grass. The centre of the island is undulating.

Labuan was made a British colony in the expectation that the mines of coal, which had been partially opened out, would yield an abundant supply; and that an island with a magnificent anchorage and productive coal beds would become an important coaling station. In this anticipation the complete staff of a Crown colony was organised in Labuan. A governor was appointed, with a liberal salary, and placed in a spacious residence surrounded by a beautiful park. The governor was assisted by forty functionaries of all sorts,

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and the might of England was asserted by the presence of a garrison. Unhappily, the foundations, upon which this elaborate official organisation rested, proved utterly unsound. The coal mines have been a dead failure. The edifice too hastily built up has crumbled to the dust. The forty functionaries are now represented by ten pensioners. There are two chaplains on the pension list, and the funds of Labuan are too low to pay an officiating clergyman in addition. The present English officials are Governor Leys, who is also consul for Borneo, and Lieutenant Hamilton, retired from the navy. This energetic officer acts as master attendant, postmaster, colonial secretary, treasurer, magistrate, inspector of police, inspector of the prison, chief commissioner of woods, and colonial engineer. In all these capacities he corresponds from himself to himself, and carefully copies and registers his letters.

The hour has evidently arrived when the farce of an independent Crown colony should cease. Labuan should be merged in the administration of Rajah Brooke, or the North Borneo Company, under the protectorate of Great Britain, but without further troubling the Colonial Office with the details of its internal administration. Its population consists mainly of Chinese, and their numbers are few.

From Labuan we crossed the bay, a distance of ten miles, and ascended the Brunei river to the town of that name. At the mouth of the river the Muara Company are working a seam of coal twenty-six feet in thickness. The managers, Messrs. Cowie, are anxious to have the command of more capital. They seem to be engaged in a promising affair. We took in twenty-five tons of their coal in the 'Sunbeam,' and were entirely satisfied with its quality. The Muara mines have not escaped notice in various quarters. Quite recently two Russian cruisers visited Brunei, making careful sketches and plans, and announcing an early intention of using the harbour as a coaling station for their China squadron.

The Brunei river flows between fresh green hills, richly wooded, presenting an agreeable and diversified landscape. Brunei city is the oldest town in Borneo, and by the natives has always been recognised as the capital of this large island. The town is built on piles. The only communication from house to house is by water. The market is held in boats. Commerce with China and Singapore and the intervening coasts was once flourishing. The river was full of junks from the celestial shores. But the commerce of those days was destroyed by piracy, and nothing now remains of its numerous fleets.

Great skill in working metals once existed at Brunei. Guns were cast in bronze of varied and picturesque design. Little of the art yet lingers in the place.

We called on the Sultan of Brunei. It would be hard to find a more feeble-looking ruler, or a group of men less prepossessing than

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his attendant relatives and courtiers. All the marks of decay were visible. A civil war is raging between the Sultan and a disaffected party of his fellow-townsmen, who are supported by the Dyaks, and generally by the people of the interior. It is plain that, between Sarawak on one side and North Borneo on the other, Brunei as an independent state must go to the wall. The only method of preservation must be the declaration of a more defined protectorate by Great Britain, and the appointment of a British resident.

The disturbed state of Brunei calls for the early consideration of the general arrangements to be made for the maintenance of a British protectorate in North Borneo, and for the regulation of its internal affairs. Twelve hundred miles of the coast line of Borneo are now held under British protection, and by a ruler who is in the truest sense an Englishman. Within a short distance to the north is the main route to China and Japan. The occupation of Labuan or Sandakan by a hostile power might prove a source of grave anxiety in war. It is our policy to prevent such an occupation. It is for this purpose that our protectorate has been declared in its actual loose form. We should define our position more clearly.

We passed on from Brunei to the territory of the North Borneo Company. It is a little kingdom purchased at a trifling cost from the Sultans of Brunei and Sulu. The coast line is not less than nine hundred miles in length. It contains four fine harbours: Gayo on the north coast, a large, deep, and secure anchorage, and on the east coast Kudat, Sandakan, and Darvel Bay, in either of which a large fleet of moderate draught might safely ride. The interior of the country is intersected by numerous streams descending from the steep slopes of Kina Balu. This noble mountain reaches a height of 13,670 feet, and can be seen from a distance of more than a hundred miles. From an offing in the north-eastern coast of Borneo it is a most imposing feature. The country between the rivers in the territory of the North Borneo Company is as yet but imperfectly known. In Kudat Bay, on Banguey Island, and in the upper part of Sandakan harbour, tobacco has been successfully grown. Several companies have been formed for extending its cultivation. Coffee of excellent quality is grown in Darvel Bay. Great hopes are entertained of the introduction of pepper. Timber, of a quality highly esteemed for strength and durability, is being exported. Hong Kong and Singapore are as yet the principal customers. A company has been formed to develop this branch of trade. It already gives employment to six hundred hands. Gold has been discovered in the vicinity of Darvel Bay, and an active search is being made.

Kudat was the first station of the North Borneo Company at which we called. It lies at the head of a deep bay, and affords excellent anchorage. It was originally contemplated that Kudat

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should be the headquarters of the North Borneo Company. The movements of a free commerce are beyond the control of governments. Trade has given the preference to Sandakan, and it was found imperatively necessary to remove to a situation more favourable for the conduct of business. The prospects of Kudat have become brighter through the commencement, chiefly by German enterprise, of the cultivation of tobacco in its immediate vicinity.

The bungalow of the resident, Mr. Davies, an excellent officer, is on rising ground, on a peninsula jutting out from its northern shores into the waters of the bay. It commands extensive and beautiful views of the interior of the island.

In these notes the allusions to nautical details have been few. The difficult navigation between Kudat and Sandakan cannot be passed over altogether in silence. An intricate archipelago extends from the north-eastern corner of Borneo into the Sulu Sea. Islands and islets, coral reefs, sometimes visible and sometimes not, rocks awash and rocks under water, dangers known and dangers unknown, on one of which we lightly touched, obstruct every channel. The pilotage demands a degree of care, and ready understanding of charts, such as never before has been required in a more than ordinary experience as a coaster. I remained at the masthead, with little intermission, a dozen hours. Breakfast was sent up to the foretop in a bucket. After sixteen hours of anxious work I had the pleasure of anchoring in safety at Sandakan, a distance of 130 miles from Kudat. Half a dozen well-placed buoys or beacons would spare the navigator all anxiety, and favourably influence the rates of insurance. In its own interest the provision of these necessary marks for the most serious dangers should be undertaken without delay by the North Borneo Company. Four small steamers now trade regularly to Sandakan. Only one of these has escaped being stranded. The others have been frequently ashore. It would be a real service to hydrography, while materially aiding the North Borneo Company in suppressing the latent disposition to piracy among the inhabitants of these coasts, if a surveying vessel could be despatched to these waters to complete the present most imperfect charts.

Approaching from the sea, the entrance to the harbour of Sandakan is marked by a high bluff at its northern side. It resembles the bluff or peak at the western side of the mouth of the Sarawak river. As the entrance is gained, the channel contracts to a breadth of a mile and a half. The narrows passed, the wooded heights on which the rising port of Sandakan is built come into view, and presently the harbour is seen, expanding into an extensive basin, the farthest limits of which are lost to sight behind the green island of Pulo Bay. To the head of the harbour the distance from the entrance is seventeen miles.

On landing the signs of good administration are visible every-

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where. All the public buildings are creditable without extravagance. The foreshore affords the only level site at Sandakan, and here a town of some size has already been formed. The buildings are entirely of wood resting on piles. They are neat specimens of carpentry. A light staging is the local substitute for the streets and lanes of a *terra firma*. The town population of Sandakan is almost exclusively Chinese. They are occupied as keepers of shops, carpenters, gardeners, tailors, coolies, and servants. Some intelligent men are employed under government.

Sandakan has no carriages, not even a jinriksha, and no carriageable roads. The locality is singularly unfavourable to the use of wheels. From the shore the ground rises rapidly to quite a considerable elevation. Its surface is broken into many hills divided by deep gorges. Positions commanding the most attractive views, and fanned by the most refreshing breezes, have been naturally chosen by the first settlers, and their scattered bungalows can only be reached by bridle paths. Sandakan with its steep slopes, its deep valleys, its hanging woods, and picturesque bungalows is decidedly a pleasing settlement.

The only force raised by the North Borneo Company consists of 200 constabulary, chiefly Sikhs, with a small number of Dyaks. They are distributed at various points of the extensive territory. The headquarters are at Sandakan.

We availed ourselves of the rifle range, provided for the practice of the constabulary, to introduce a little novelty into the lives of the crew of the 'Sunbeam.' Without intermission for three months these sturdy mariners have been sweltering in temperatures far in excess of the powers of endurance of an Englishman, whose occupation demands, or at least ought to demand, considerable physical effort. To give a fillip to flagging energies, I hit upon the expedient of a rifle competition. It created the greatest interest, and resulted in the award of the first prize to Weaver, the ship's cook, who, with his eye undimmed by the fierce ordeal of the galley, scored four bulls-eyes running, at a range of 200 yards.

We must not bid adieu to Sandakan without words of acknowledgment for a hearty welcome received from the isolated little band of young Englishmen, who are doing the arduous work of pioneers in the latest settlement formed under the British flag. Their parting cheers, as we disappeared in the darkness, conveyed a kindly farewell, which we reciprocated by cordial wishes for the success of their labours.

Darvel was our last port of call on the coast of North Borneo. The distance from Sandakan is 180 miles. The scenery of Darvel Bay is magnificent. Volcanic islands of picturesque form, and richly wooded islets, are scattered over its wide expanse. Its shores are hemmed in by steep bluffs and commanding heights, in some

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instances attaining an elevation of 3,000 feet. A dense jungle descends to the water's edge, and clothes the summits of the highest hills. It is not awarding praise too high to this little-known harbour of Borneo to compare it with Rio. For the present writer the scenery of Darvel Bay would possess a greater charm if only the atmosphere possessed the invigorating qualities of that of Scotland.

A small settlement has been formed by the North Borneo Company at Silam, at the head of Darvel Bay. The settlers are, as usual, Chinese. The opening up of this country undoubtedly depends on the immigration from China. The natives of Borneo will not, and Englishmen cannot, work in a tropical climate.

The discovery of gold, and the evidence of its existence in considerable quantities in the streams entering the sea in Darvel Bay, give the prospect of an early and active development of this region of Borneo. Several gold-diggers from Australia have already been attracted to Borneo by the reports of the discovery. They have found it impossible to continue their labours in a climate so unfavourable to outdoor work by Europeans. So fully impressed is the administration of the company with the impossibility of their succeeding, that they have declined to give licenses to Englishmen to dig for gold in Borneo. Work is about to be begun on an extensive scale by companies, formed with British capital, which will employ Chinese labour.

A full examination on the spot of the progress already made justifies sanguine hopes for the future of North Borneo. In the past mistakes have been made. The immigration of the Chinese was attempted prematurely. A gunboat was fitted out, which proved too heavy a charge on the finances. A prudent control has now been established over expenditure. Experience has been gained. The staff on the spot are intelligent, devoted, and enthusiastic. The chief necessity of the moment is more support from the government, more frequent visits from gunboats, and the occasional presence of the Admiral with a squadron. If the Government kept a small store of coals at Sandakan, it would give an earnest of their intention to guard the territory from attack. The governor representing the North Borneo Company should be vested with some direct authority from the Crown.

In bringing this notice to a close, I am doing an act of simple justice in commending the excellent administration of the affairs of the North Borneo Company for the last five years by Governor Treacher, who has been lent to the company from the colonial service of the Crown. His temporary successor, Mr. Croker, has had a long experience in Borneo. He took passage in the 'Sunbeam' from Singapore, and taught us much. The North Borneo Company has had to face its difficulties without the power or the prestige which belongs to the government of a great nation. It has acted, as it were, on behalf

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of the British Government. It has been used as a buffer against international susceptibilities. Gradually, and by the most peaceful means, it is establishing order in a savage country. It is opening to the teeming multitudes of China a new field of labour. It is giving to the congested capital of Europe, without distinction of nationality, another outlet. Every flag is welcomed in its ports on equal terms. The prosperity of a country thus administered is a benefit to mankind.

BRASSEY.

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THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

> Ther's times the world does look so queer,
> Odd fancies come afore I call 'em,
> An' then agin, for half a year,
> No preacher 'thout a call's more solemn.

Did I really give a sort of engagement to my readers that I would return to the subject which I handled so lightly five months ago? Did I? I turn to the March number of this Review, and I find it is even so. Alas! Could there be a sadder proof that wisdom has died out of me? That far-sighted and sagacious candidate for the presidency of the United States who, in one of his bursts of candour, gave us such a splendid exposition of his philosophy, ought to have kept me from making any such rash promise as that which now confronts me. That famous candidate warns us all against such weakness:—

> I don't approve o' giving pledges,
> You'd ought to leave a fellow free,
> And not go knocking out the wedges
> To catch his fingers in the tree.

But they tell me that I have given a pledge, and that the time has come to redeem it. It is true that, in speaking of the trials of the country parson's life, I left much unsaid that needed saying; but hitherto I have rather shrunk from dealing with matters which are outside the range of my own experience, and confined myself to such illustrations of the positions maintained as my own personal knowledge could supply. There are, however, some phases of the country parson's life which I am perhaps less competent to dwell on than others who have been all their lives *rustics*, and because I would not willingly wound the feelings of those whom I honour and respect, therefore I am inclined to hang back and hold my peace and say nothing.

Why does not somebody else step in and take up the thread where I dropped it, deliver his testimony, and give us the record of his larger experience? Or shall we ask another question? How

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is it that people who have much to tell, so often have no faculty of setting it down in words and sentences? We boast of our advance in education, and yet what has it done for us—what is it doing for us?

I mean my son to be *really* educated. I mean him to be able to sit down to an organ and satisfy his soul as he dreams his dreams or sends forth his wail of aspiration, or sobs out his grief and penitence, or laughs forth his ecstasy of rapture, now in a passion of melody, now in subtle tangle of mysterious fugue, now in awful billows of harmony, making full concert to the angelic symphony. I mean him to be able to catch the laugh of the child, or the scowl of the ruffian, or the smirk of the swindler, or the wonder and triumph and joy and pride of the maiden who has just listened to her lover's tale, or the sombre beauty of the aged when the twilight deepens and they are thinking of the dawn. I mean my son to have the power to catch these things, and to *hold* them and show them to me, saying, 'Look! there they are for you and me to dwell on when we will.' Then, and not till then, will that lad of promise have begun to be educated. But we—or such as I—what upstarts we are! We that talk badly, write worse, and fumble and bungle miserably with that beggarly vehicle of communication between man and man which we call language—that wretched *calculus* which serves just a very little way towards helping us to hold converse with men as foolish as ourselves, but leaves us helpless to make the throstle feel how much we love him, and which we fling aside as a mere burden when our hearts are dying in us with what we call our loneliness or our despair. Educated! Who is educated? Certainly not the man who, having his memory full of a vast assemblage of odds and ends, can no more bring them out and produce them in an intelligible shape than I can produce on canvas the face of yonder old beldame with the square jaw and the bushy brows and the blazing eyes, and that burlesque of a bonnet, square and round and oval at one and the same moment, and no more capable of being described in words than of being written out in musical notation.

Yet it is undeniable that the knack of Mr. Gigadibs is a convenient knack, and it is a pity that my friend Mr. Cadaverous has not got it; he is 'of those who know.' Gigadibs is of those who can juggle with the parts of speech, and very pretty jugglery it is. I envy Gigadibs whenever I am compelled to relate things at second hand; for who can help lying when he tries to bear evidence upon what others have seen and heard and felt and—worst of all—have reasoned about?

* * * * * *

It may have been observed that when I last wrote on the subject of the country parson's trials, I dwelt first upon those annoyances and

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positive wrongs which he is compelled to submit to at the hands of the powers that be, and which may be classed under the head of Financial; and, secondly, upon such as are inherent in his position as a personage living a life apart from those among whom he has to discharge his peculiar duties.

As far as regards the mere peasant, this isolation is only what anyone must expect who is brought into relations more or less intimate with a class socially and intellectually below or above his own. But there are villages and villages, and the differences between them are as great as between the East End of London and the West, between May Fair and Red Lion Square. The ideal village is a happy valley, where a simple people are living sweetly under the paternal care of a gracious landowner, benevolent, open-handed, large-hearted, devout, a man of wealth and culture, his wife a Lady Bountiful; his daughters the judicious dispensers of liberal charity; his house the home of all that is refining, cheering, elevating. There the happy parson always finds a cordial welcome, and all those social advantages which make life pleasant and serene for himself and his family. Parson and squire work together in perfect harmony, the rectory and the hall are but the greater and the lesser parts of a well-adjusted piece of machinery which moves on with no friction and never comes to a dead stop. This is the ideal village.

How different are the real villages and how various! Take the case of my friend Burney's parish. An oblong surface through which a high road runs straight as a ruler—wide ditches dividing the fields, with never a hedge and never a tree—nine square miles of land with a population of 900 human beings, here and there collected into an ugly hamlet each with a central alehouse, and a few feeble poplars looking as if they were ashamed of themselves. There is not a farmer in the parish who occupies 300 acres of land. There is not a gentleman's house within a radius of eleven miles from the rectory door. The nearest market town is six miles off, the nearest railway station five. Friend Burney has his house and garden and perhaps 350*l.* a year to spend—that is quite the outside. Every morning he goes to his school a long mile off, every afternoon he has some one to 'look after,' to visit in sickness or sorrow, to watch or advise or comfort. One year with another he calculates that he has to walk at least 1,500 miles in the way of duty. As to the mere Sunday work, that needs no dwelling on; take it all in all, it is about the least *wearing* and least troublesome part of the parson's duties, always provided he puts his heart into it and has some faculty for it. But in all that tract of country over which he is sometimes cruelly assumed to be no more than a spiritual overseer, among all those 900 people, there is not a single man, woman, or child that cares to talk to him, or ever does talk to him, about anything outside the parish and its concerns. Nay! I

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forgot the schoolmaster and his wife. They are young, intelligent, hopeful, and they came out of Yorkshire, and have something to say of their experience in the North. But they are just a little,—undeniably a *little* sore, just a *little* touchy: they have a grievance. When they first came down to X., Mrs. Rector did not leave her card on Mrs. Petticogges. It was a slight. It was hoity-toity, it was airified. That is not all; the farmers are not, as you may say, *cordial* with the schoolmaster; and Farmer Gay, the big man who holds 700 acres in the next parish and gives lawn-tennis parties, never had the grace to take any notice of the Petticogges, does not in fact *know* the Petticogges. Meanwhile, friend Burney is manager of the school, and by far the largest contributor to the funds, and day by day he is in and out, he and his daughters. But there is no time to talk or confer. The Petticogges have their hands full; when their day's work is over they have had enough of it. Round and round and round they go in the dreary mill; every now and then there is a new regulation of My Lords to worry them, a new book to get up, a new code to study. Then there are the pupil teachers to look after, and returns to make up, and all the dull routine which has to be got through. How *can* an elementary schoolmaster in a remote country village be a reading-man, or what motive has he to get out of the narrow groove in which he has been brought up? The best teachers, as a rule, are they who know their work best and very little indeed outside it. 'How is it that at Dumpfield they don't get a larger grant?' I asked one day of an inspector noted for his shrewdness and good sense. 'Surely Coxe is by far the ablest and most brilliant teacher for miles round; he is almost a man of genius?' 'Precisely so,' was the reply, 'the man's out of place. These brilliant men with a touch of genius are a nuisance in an elementary school. My dear fellow, never let a *man of views* come into your school. Keep him out. Beware of the being who is for revolutionising spelling and grammar!'

Mr. Petticogge is not a man of genius, only a better sort of elementary schoolmaster, and entirely absorbed in his work. He too, as all the members of his fraternity do, occupies a position of isolation, and between him and the parson there is just so much in common as to make each hold aloof from the other without making either of them congenial to their other neighbours. As for the rest of friend Burney's neighbours, take them in the gross, and you may say of them what the ticket-of-leave man said of the Ten Commandments; 'They're rather a poor lot and you can't make much out of 'em.' I know no class of men who are less sociable than the smaller farmers, as we reckon smallness in the East. I mean the men who hold a couple of hundred acres and under. It has often been laid to the charge of the great occupiers in West Norfolk and elsewhere that in the good times they were lavish beyond all reason in their hospi-

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talities. I believe there never has been anything of the sort among the smaller men; they are not unfriendly, they are not wanting in cordiality, but they are not companionable.

It is my privilege to know some who are notable exceptions to the all but universal rule. I have not far to go from my own door to find one whom I never pay a visit to without pleasure and profit, one who has for many years been a great reader of Lord Tennyson's poems, has strong opinions on politics and the questions of the day, a thoughtful, resolute, and true-hearted woman, who farms a hundred acres of land without a bailiff, and, among other evidences of her good taste and intelligence, is a diligent student of this Review. But such are few and far between. It is one of the trials of the country parson that, as soon as he passes out of the stratum to which the labourer belongs, he finds himself in a stratum where there is nothing that has any of the interest of originality, picturesqueness, or even passion. The people who live and move in that stratum are dismally like the ticket-of-leave man's ten commandments. My neighbours hardly believe me when I tell them I can see, even among the smaller farmers, much to admire, much to respect, and something to love; but I do not wonder that many a country parson 'can't make much out of 'em.' These men are having rather a hard life just now, but they have *not* to learn the most elementary lessons of thrift and frugality. As a class they have always practised these virtues, and as a class they are far less complaining than those who belong to the higher stratum; they bear their burdens silently, perhaps too silently, and they tell you that it's no good grumbling—'that,' one of them said to me, 'only makes things worse, 'cause it makes *you* worse!' Take them all in all, they whom I have elsewhere called *the little ones* are usually those of his parishioners with whom the parson seldom comes into unpleasant relations; they are usually very hard at work, very practical, very straightforward, and very seldom indeed prone to give themselves airs.

It is often very different with the large occupiers. In the good times the large farmers must have made very large profits, the percentage upon the actual capital embarked (unless my information has been strangely untrue and the calculations that have been laid before me strangely inaccurate) being in many cases larger even than that which the shipowners earned in *their* good times. Is it to be wondered at that they became frequently intoxicated by their success, and got to believe that they were a superior order on whom the welfare of the nation depended? Or, again, can we be surprised that their awakening from their dream has not been pleasurable, and has somewhat soured them? Ten years ago a *gentleman farmer*—and every man who farmed 500 acres was a gentleman farmer—looked down upon the retail tradesman as quite beneath him in station, and

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regarded the parson as a respectable official whom it was the right thing to support, though he might care very little for him and his ways. In those days the farmer's sons and the parson's were frequently schoolfellows; the young people drew together, and the farmer's pupils too were another link between the farmhouse and the rectory. The bad seasons and the fall in prices came together, and the collapse was very rapid. But in nine cases out of ten, whereas the farmer's losses meant a disastrous abatement which extended over his *whole* income, the parson felt the pinch only in the fall of the tithe or in the rent of his glebe. His private fortune, being for the most part settled, remained as it was before. In East Anglia not five per cent. of the clergy are living upon the income of their benefices; but I should be very much surprised to find that five per cent. of the tenant-farmers have any considerable investments outside their working capital. The result is that, though the clergy have suffered quite severely enough, they have not suffered nearly so much as the farmers. The one has had to submit to a painful loss of professional income, and has had to fall back upon his private resources; the other has too often found himself with his credit balance approaching the vanishing point, the trade profit has been *nil*, and there have been no dividends from investments outside the going concern to keep up the old style or meet the old expenditure. When neighbours have been in the habit of meeting on equal terms, and one goes on pretty much as before, while the other has become a trifle shabby, and has to consider every shilling that he spends, it is almost inevitable that the poorer of the two should feel less cordial than before. He revenges himself upon the laws of the universe by proclaiming that there is wrong and injustice somewhere. Why is he on the brink of ruin while the parson has only knocked off his riding horse, or ceased to take his annual trip to the Continent, or lessened his establishment by a servant, or it may be two? He forgets that his neighbour is living upon the interest of realised property, and that he himself has to live upon what he can make, and upon that alone.

But what irritates the farmer most is that, at the worst, the parson is getting *something* out of the land while he is getting little or nothing; and though he knows as well as any one else that the tithe stands for a first mortgage upon the land, or for an annuity charged upon the land, which takes precedence of every other payment; and though he knows also that, in too many instances, he has himself to pay interest on the capital with which he has been pursuing his business, and that this interest has to be provided for whether that business is carried on at a profit or a loss, yet he persists in trying to convince himself that he was 'let in' when he made himself liable for the tithes; he tells you he has 'to pay the parson,' and he does not like it. The parson is always *en évidence*, the landlord is out of the way—almost an abstraction, as the

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Government is; the agent *must* be submitted to, so must the tax gatherer. But the parson, could he not be got rid of? Granted that it would all come to the same in the end, and that if you could eliminate the parson the tithe would be laid on to the rent sooner or later, yet it might be very much later, and the end might be a long way off, and in the meantime he, the farmer, would put the tithe into his own pocket and into that of no one else. Hence there smoulder in the minds of many the smoky embers of discontent, and there is a coldness between the former friends. We are conscious of it, but we see no cure at present. When the tithe comes to be paid by the landlord, there may be a return to the old friendliness; but the *gratia male sarta* always leaves traces of the rift. I forbear from dwelling any longer upon this branch of the subject. When men are sore and in danger of becoming soured, then is the time for exercising a wise and tender reserve.

So far I have dealt with those trials which the country parson is exposed to from without; that is, such as arise from his intercourse with the wicked world—the wicked world that puts its cruel claw into his pocket, or growls at him, or glares at him, or frightens him, or laughs at him, or tries to gobble him up. But his trials do not end there. He has relations with another world—that professional world to which he belongs in another sense than that by which he is regarded as a citizen. As a clergyman he is a member of a class, a profession, a clique if you will, which has a coherence and a homogeneity such as no other profession can lay claim to, not even the profession of the law. The lawyer may be half a dozen things at the same time—a trader, a politician, a practical agriculturist, a land agent, a coroner, a steeplechase rider, a general Jack-pudding. Everything brings grist to his mill, and the more irons he has in the fire the larger will be the number and the more varied the character of his clients. But the parson must be a clergyman, and a clergyman only; he is, so to speak, confined within the four walls of his clerical associations, and if he steps beyond them he is always regarded with a certain measure of suspicion. Even literature, unless there be a distinctly theological flavour about it, he embarks in at his peril; a clergyman who writes books is looked askance at, as a person whose 'heart isn't in his work.' Of course we get 'narrow-minded.' We all go about with an iron mask weighing upon us—hiding our handsome features, interfering with our respiration, stunting our growth. That is not all, though that is bad enough; but we are all ticketed and labelled in a way that no other class is. Of late years it appears that the rising generation of clerics has begun to insist more and more upon the necessity of this professional exclusiveness, and desires to claim for itself the privileges of a *caste*. It shaves off its nascent whiskers and glories in a stubby cheek; it dresses in a hideous garment half

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petticoat, half frock, for the most part abominably ill made; above all, it rumples about its bullet head a slovenly abomination called a *wide-awake*, as if *that* would preserve it from all suspicion of being sleepy and stupid, and it adopts a tone and a vocabulary which shall be distinctive and as far as possible from the speech of ordinary Englishmen. 'We must close up our ranks,' said one of them to me, 'close up our ranks and present a united front, and show the world that we are prepared to hang together, act together, march together. We have been atoms too long; we want coherence, my dear sir—coherence. We are moving towards the general adoption of the Catholic cassock!' 'Do you mean to say,' I answered, 'that you will persist in sporting that emasculated felt turbanette till you arrive at the general adoption of the cassock? Then, in the name of all the lines of beauty, on with the cassock, but away with the wide-awake!' I'm afraid my young friend was hurt; suspected me of some covert profanity, and deplored my flagrant want of *esprit de corps*.

And yet I have been almost a worshipper of Burke from my boyhood, and was early so impregnated with the fundamental positions of the *Thoughts on the Causes of our present Discontents* that, if I only *could* choose my party, I should follow my leader to prison or to death, and do his bidding, *ἀνδρείως καὶ μύσαντα*, never looking behind me. Unhappily in matters political the curse of a flabby amorphous eclecticism is upon too many of us; watching the conflict of principles or policies in a dazed and bewildered frame of mind, we persuade ourselves that we are philosophically impartial when we are only indolently indifferent. 'Which train are you going by, sir—up or down?' 'I'll wait and see!' And both engines rush out and leave the unhappy vacillator to his reveries, till by-and-by the platform is cleared and the station is shut up for the night, and there is no moon and no stars and no shelter, and the gas lamps are turned down, and the wind is rising.

But ever since I have, so to speak, taken the shilling and entered the Church's service and put myself under orders, I have loyally stood up for my cloth, and I am quite willing to bear the reproaches of that service where there are any to bear. We clergy get a good deal of stupid and very vulgar ridicule hurled at us, and we cannot very well retaliate. It is a case of *Athanasius contra mundum*. The 'world' is very big and rather unassailable, and we of the minority are apt to assume that we can afford to hold our peace, that we gain by turning the right cheek to him who smites us on the left, and that we should lose by giving a foul-mouthed liar and coward a drubbing and tossing him into the horse-pond. We stand upon the defensive. We have hardly any other choice. But it is rather trying to have to answer for all the sins, negligences, and ignorances, the follies and the bad taste of all who wear the wide-awake.

As far as the instances of downright wickedness and immorality

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go, I think nobody will pretend that any class in the community can show such a clean bill of health as the clergy. As I look round me upon my clerical brethren of all ages and all opinions, I can honestly say I do not know one of them whose daily life is not free from reproach or suspicion. During all my life I have never myself known more than one beneficed clergyman who was a real black sheep. That there are such men of course I cannot doubt, but their aggregate number constitutes, I am sure, a very small percentage of the class which they disgrace by being included in it. Surely it is very trying and very irritating to have such instances brought up against you, not as exceptions, but as examples of the general rule. Our Nonconformist neighbours know all about such cases, and cannot understand why they should exist. They know that a Wesleyan or a Congregational minister who should underlie any grave suspicion would infallibly disappear from the neighbourhood in a week. Why should the rector of X., whose intemperance has been clearly proved, be allowed to return to his parish after his term of suspension, and begin again to minister among the same people whose sense of decency he has outraged till it was past all bearing? You tell your Nonconformist friend that it cannot be helped because the reverend sot has got a freehold in his benefice. 'Oh, it can't be helped, can't it?' he answers; 'that's it, is it? The law ain't to blame, and the bishop ain't to blame, and the churchwardens ain't to blame, and, according to that, the parson ain't to blame neither, except that the old fool's been and got found out.' These people know that such scandals are impossible at the chapels; they are not impossible at the churches; that the deacons, and the elders, and the conference, or whatever the power may be that keeps up the discipline, comes down with swift severity in the one case, and the rural dean and archdeacons and the bishops are all but powerless in the other. In many cases the influence of a bad example or the memory of a shameful reputation is avoided by giving an incumbent indefinite leave of absence; but this is, after all, only a confession of weakness, and the fact that the parson still takes the income of the benefice, though his work is done by another, that itself is a scandal. Ecclesiastical reformers, lay or clerical, who stop short of dealing with the subject of the parson's freehold are merely hacking and lopping the branches in the vain hope of saving the tree. If the thing is rotten, let it die placidly, or let it be cut down bravely. Where you have not the pluck to do the one thing, why fidget about the other?

Happily, however, we are not much troubled with 'criminous clerks,' we country parsons. The regular out-and-out bad ones usually retire into holes and corners, and they are but few and far between. We hear of them much more from our Meetingers than from any one else. The Meetinger keeps himself posted up with the last clerical escapade, and fires it off at us when he gets a chance, and

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the old argument has to be gone over again, and the parson goes home feeling that he was born to be badgered, and that he must expect it even to the end of the world.

It may seem strange to the inexperienced, but it is none the less true, that we suffer a great deal more from the best of our brethren than we do from the worst. They are the over-zealous who are determined to change the face of the world and revolutionise society and reform everything and improve everybody, and who cannot leave things alone to develop and grow, who make their fellow-creatures' lives a burden to them. When we are young we have such unbounded faith in ourselves, and such unbounded ignorance and inexperience. The world is all before us, and all to conquer and remodel; our seniors are sad fogeys, so slow, so stiff, so cautious. There is so much dust everywhere and upon everything. Our brooms are so new, so *swishy*, and our arms so strong. We have our wits about us, and our senses all keen and sharp. We find it hard to believe that we have not been called into being to do a great deal of sweeping and getting rid of cobwebs. I love to see the young fellows all bubbling over with energy, and all aflame with fiery zeal; I would not have it otherwise. God bless them, say I, but they do rout us about very uncomfortably, and they are very foolish. It was only the other day that I was asked to go and visit a church to which a very hurricane of a man had been recently appointed, and which he had already set himself to restore. He knew no more about church architecture than I do about Sanscrit, and less about history than I do about chemistry. He had a small army of bricklayers picking and slopping about the sacred edifice, tearing down this and digging up that and smalming over the other.

And this reverend worthy had not even consulted the parish clerk! 'Of course you have had a faculty for all this,' I suggested.

'Not I! Faculty indeed! I have to save all the expense I can. I have made up my mind to have nothing whatever to do with any officials or professionals of any sort or kind; I'm my own architect!'

Now, if a man chooses to be his own tailor, nobody will be much the worse and nobody will much care; but when a man sets himself to 'restore' a church by the light of nature, it is a much more serious matter, and it is almost beyond belief what a brisk and bouncing young fellow, with the best intentions, and an immeasurable fund of ignorance to fall back upon, can do without any one interfering with him. You tell him he'll get into a scrape—that the bishop will be down upon him—that there are such things as law courts. He smiles the benevolent smile of superior wisdom, and dashes on with heroic valour. If he calls himself a Ritualist, he gets rid of the Jacobean pulpit, or the royal arms, or the ten commandments, and sets up a construction which he calls a reredos, all tinsel and putty and *papier mâché*, hurls away the old pews before you know where

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you are, nails the brasses to the walls, sets up a lectern, and intones the service, keeping well within the chancel, from which he firmly banishes all worshippers who are not males. As for that gallery at the west end where the singers used to sit for a couple of centuries, and never failed to take their part with conscious pride in their own performances, that is abomination in his eyes—that must go of course, 'to throw out the belfry arch, you see, and to bring the ringers into closer connection with the worship of the sanctuary.' 'I love to see the bell ropes,' said one of these dear well-meaning young clergymen to me. 'They are a constant lesson and reminder to us, my friend. Did you ever read Durandus on Symbolism? That is a very precious observation of his, that a bell rope symbolises humility—it always hangs down.'

But if an energetic young reformer calls himself an Evangelical, he is, if possible, a more dangerous innovator than the other. Then the axes and hammers come in with a vengeance. None of your pagan inscriptions for him, teaching false doctrine and popery. None of your *Orate pro anima*, none of your crosses and remains of frescoes on his walls; St. Christopher with the Child upon his shoulder wading through the stream, St. Sebastian stuck all over with arrows, or St. Peter with those very objectionable keys. As for the rood screen, away with it! Are we not all kings and priests? If you must have a division between the chancel and the nave, set up the pulpit there, tall, prominent, significant; and if the preacher can't be heard, then learn the lesson which our grandfathers taught us, and let there be a sounding board.

The serious part of all this passionate meddling with the *status quo ante* is that any young incumbent can come in and play the wildest havoc with our old churches without any one interfering with him. The beneficed cleric is master of the situation, and is frightfully more so now that Church rates have been abolished than he was before. It is no one's interest to open his mouth; is he not *inducted* into possession of the sacred building, and is he not therefore tenant for life of the freehold? As long as he makes himself liable for all the expense, it is surely better to let him have his way. 'I ain't a going to interfere,' says one after another; and in six weeks a church which had upon its walls and floors, upon its tower and its roof, upon its windows and its doors, upon its every stone and timber, the marks and evidences which constituted a continuous chronicle, picturing—not telling—a tale of the faith and hope, and folly and errors, and devotion and sorrow, and striving after a higher ideal and painful groping for more light in the gloom—a tale that goes back a thousand years, a tale of the rude forefathers of the village world which still regards the house of God as somehow its own—in six weeks, I say, all this is as effectually obliterated as if a ton of dynamite had been exploded in one of the vaults, and the genius of smugness had claimed the comminuted fragments as her own.

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Then there is the mania for decorations too. I like to see them; I am sure the new fashion has been the occasion for awakening a great deal of interest in, and something approaching proud affection for, our old churches; but here again people with every desire to be reverential and do the right thing succeed amazingly in doing just the wrong one. Have I not seen a most beautiful fourteenth-century rood screen literally riddled with tin tacks and covered with various coloured paper roses, festooned in fluffy frills of some cheap material on which languid dandelions and succulent bluebells lolled damply at the Eastertide? Next time I saw that exquisite work of art, lo! there was a St. Lawrence with his eye put out and two holes in his forehead, and between the lips of a St. Barbara, who for her loveliness might have been painted by Carlo Crivelli, there protruded a bent nail which looked for all the world like an old tobacco pipe. Who can 'restore' that precious rood screen or repair the damage wrought in an hour by the *decorators* turned loose into that meek little church a year ago?

I think the average laymen who live in the towns can have very little notion of what the parson suffers when he finds himself turned into a church in which he has to officiate for the rest of his life, and which his predecessor has mauled and mangled and murdered, leaving no more life in it than there is among the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. 'But do not these rash and furious young zealots of whom you have spoken burn their fingers sometimes, and does not the bishop sometimes come down upon them?' Yes! very often, *after the mischief has been done.* I knew one monster who upon his glebe had some seven of the noblest oak trees in the county of Norfolk. *Lucus ligna* was his view of the case, and he sold them all. Down they came every tree of them. Some said he wanted to see how the landscape would look without them, some that he wanted to go to Norway, and there are plenty of trees there. The patron of the living called that man to account, and I am told made him disgorge the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains; and the bishop is generally believed to have sent him a mandate to put back those trees in their former position. But that clerical monster, though he plays the fiddle to put Amphion to shame, has never learnt Amphion's tune or cared to charm back the giant vegetables that were once the pride and glory of the countryside. In the days when the wicked received their reward in this world a thousand evil-doers have been hanged for crimes incomparably less injurious to the community at large than that which lies to the charge of this reverend sinner; but he enjoys the income of his benefice to this day, and grows willows instead of oaks, not to turn to the use which Timon recommended to one of his visitors, but to turn into cash; for they grow fast, and the manufacturers of cricket bats are hard put to it to supply the demand for their wares.

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What we want is to make it at least a misdemeanour punishable by imprisonment for the parson to touch the fabric of the church under any circumstances whatever, except with the consent and under the license of some external authority. But that implies that the ownership of the church should no longer be vested in a *corporation sole.* It brings us again face to face with the whole question of the parson's freehold, and how long is that mischievous legal fiction—which is, however, a very stubborn legal fact—to be endured?

If I were to go on in this vein, and dwell upon all the parson has to suffer from his *predecessors*—the man who built the house two miles from the parish church, the man who added to it to find room for a score of pupils, the man who loved air, or the man who loved water, or the man who loved society, or the man who bred horses, or the man who turned the rectory into a very lucrative lunatic asylum —I should tire out my reader's patience, and the more so that there are other trials about which it is advisable that I should utter my querulous wail.

I know one clergyman who, though ordained some forty years ago, has never written or preached a sermon in his life; but I only know one. His is perhaps a unique case. As a rule, we all begin by being curates—that is, we begin by learning our business as subordinates. It would be truer to say we used to begin that way; but subordination is dying out all over the world, and in the ministry of the Church of England subordination is a virtue which is *in articulo mortis.* Nowadays a young fellow at twenty-three, who has become a reverend gentleman for just a week, poses at once as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the whole human race. He poses as a great teacher. It is not only that he delivers the oracles with authoritative sententiousness from the tripod, but he has no doubts and no hesitation about anything in earth or heaven. He fortifies himself with a small collection of brand-new words which you, poor ignorant creature, don't know the meaning of. You feel rather 'out of it' when he gravely calls your gloves *Mannaries* (he does not wear them), and your dressing-gown a *Poderis*; expresses his mournful regret that there is no *Scuophylacium* in the *Presbytery*, nor any *Bankers* on the walls; gently admonishes you for standing bareheaded by the grave at your time of life, when prudence would suggest, and ecclesiastical precedent would recommend, the use of the *Anabata*; tells you he always goes about with a *Totum* under his arm, and a *Virge* in his right hand. When he vanishes you slyly peep into your Du Cange, but the *Bankers* are quite too much for you. I am not much more ignorant than other men of my age, but I never did pretend to omniscience, and when I don't know a thing I am not ashamed of asking questions. But our modern curates never ask questions. 'Inquire within upon everything' seems to be stamped upon every line of their placid faces. When I was a young curate I

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was very shy and timid, and held my dear rector in some awe. It might have been hoped that as the years went by I should have grown out of this weakness—but no! I am horribly afraid of the *curates* now. I dare hardly open my mouth before my superiors, and that they are my superiors I should not for a moment presume to question. I know my place, and I tremble lest I should betray my silliness by speaking unadvisedly with my lips. All this is very trying to a man who will never see sixty again. The hoary head is no crown at all to the eyes of the young and learned. They don't yet cry out at me, 'Go up, thou baldhead,' but I can't help suspecting that they're only waiting to do it sooner or later. For myself I have, unfortunately, never been able to afford to engage the services of a clergyman who should assist me in my ministrations. So much the worse for me, and so much the worse for my parish. When I am no longer able to do my own pastoral work, I shall feel the pinch of poverty; but I am resolved to be very meek to my curate when he shall vouchsafe to take me under his protection. I will do as I am told.

It is a very serious fact, however, which we cannot but think of without anxiety, that since the *Curate Market* rose, as it did some fifteen or twenty years ago, there has been a large incursion of young men into the ministry of the Church of England who are not gentlemen by birth, education, sentiment, or manners, and who bring into the profession (regarded as a mere profession) no *capital* of any sort —no capital I mean of money, brains, culture, enthusiasm, or force of character. This is bad enough, but there is a worse behind it. These young curates almost invariably marry, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. My friends assure me, and my observation confirms it, that the domestic career of these young people is sometimes very pathetic. Sanguine, affectionate, simple-minded and childlike, they learn the hard lessons of life all too late, and their experience comes to them, as Coleridge said, 'like the stern lights of a ship, throwing a glare only upon the path behind.' When their children come upon them with the usual rapidity, it is but rarely that we country parsons keep these married curates among us. They emigrate into the towns for the sake of educating their progeny, or because they soon find out that there is no hope of preferment for them among the villages. When there is no family, or when the bride has brought her spouse some small accession of income, the couple stay where they are for years till somebody gives them a small living, and there they do as others do. But in the first exuberance of youth, and when the youthful pair are highly delighted with the position that has been acquired, *he* is profoundly impressed with the sense of his importance, and *she* exalted at the notion of having married a 'clergyman and a gentleman;' *he* is apt to be stuck up, and *she* is very apt to be huffy. It's

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bad enough to be associated officially with an underbred man, but it's a great deal worse to find yourself brought into social relations, which cannot be avoided, with an underbred woman. The curate's wife is sometimes a very dreadful personage, but then most dreadful when she is a 'young person' of your own parish who has angled for the clerical stickleback and landed him.

The Rev. Percy De la Pole was a courtly gentleman, sensitive, fastidious, and just a trifle, a little trifle, distant in his demeanour. His curate, the Rev. Giles Goggs, was a worthy young fellow enough, painstaking and assiduous, anxious to do his duty, and not at all airified. We all liked him till Rebecca Busk overcame him. Mr. De la Pole was cautious and reserved by temperament; but who has never committed a mistake? In an evil hour—how could he have been so imprudent?—he gently warned the curate against the wiles of Miss Busk and her family, telling him that she was far from being a desirable match, and going to the length of saying plainly that she was making very indelicate advances. 'All that may be quite true,' replied Mr. Goggs, 'but I am sure you will soon change your opinion. I come in now to let you know that I am engaged to be married to Miss Busk.' From that day our reverend neighbour had so bad a time of it that it is commonly believed his valuable life was shortened by his sufferings. I am afraid some people behaved very cruelly, for they could not help laughing. Mrs. Goggs took her revenge in the most vicious way. On all public occasions she clasped the rector's arm and looked up in his face with the tenderest interest. She tripped across lawns at garden parties to pluck him by the sleeve, screamed out with shrill delight when he appeared, called him her dear old father confessor, giggled and smirked and patted him, and fairly drove him out of the place at last by finding that he had twice preached borrowed sermons, and keeping the discovery back till the opportune moment arrived, when, at a large wedding party, she shook her greasy little ringlets at him with a wicked laugh, exclaiming, 'Ah! you dear old slyboots, when you can speak like that, why do you preach the Penny Pulpit to us?' The wretched victim could not hold up his head after that, and when a kind neighbour strongly advised him to dismiss the curate whose wife was unbearable, the broken-down old gentleman feebly objected. 'My dear friend, I may have an opportunity of getting preferment for Mr. Goggs some day, but in the meantime I have no power to send away my curate because his wife—well, because his wife is *not nice*.'

It often happens that the parson has to go away from his parish for some months, and he finds considerable difficulty in getting any one to take charge of it during his absence. At the eleventh hour he is compelled to take the last chance applicant. And behold, he and his parishioners are given over to a *locum tenens*. This is nothing more than saying that he has put himself into the power of a man with a loose end.

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When the worthy rector of Corton-in-the-Brake had reached his fiftieth year, he obtained an accession of fortune and gave out that he intended to marry. He furnished his house anew at a great expense, and found no difficulty in getting a wife. Then he vowed that he would go to the south of France for the winter, and get a curate. He was a prim and punctilious personage, and he did not mean to deal shabbily with his substitute. But two things he insisted on: first, that this *locum tenens* should be married, and secondly that he should be childless. He got exactly the right man at last, a scholarly, well-dressed, and evidently accomplished gentleman, who spoke of Mrs. Connor with respectful confidence and affection, who had been married ten years, and had no family, who made no difficulties except that the stables were, he feared, inconveniently too small, but he would make shift. With a mind relieved and a blissful honeymoon before him, the Rev. John Morris set out for Nice—in the days when the railway system was not as complete as now—and the Rev. Mr. Connor arrived at the rectory the next Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Connor came too, with *fourteen brindled bulldogs*. That was her speciality, and she gave her whole mind to keeping the breed pure and making large sums by every litter. During the following week appeared seven pupils, the rejected of the several public schools, who were committed to the care of Mr. Connor to be kept out of their parents' sight and to 'prepare for the University.' Mrs. Connor kept no female servants. Not a woman or a girl dared pass the rectory gate. The Connors had a man cook and *men housemaids*. The bulldogs would prowl about the neighbourhood in threes and fours with a slow shuffling trot, sniffing, growling, turning their hideous bloodshot eyes at you, undecided whether or not to tear you limb from limb, and then passing on with menacing contempt. Sometimes there were rumours of horrible fights; no one dared to separate the brutes except Mrs. Connor. Once the two mightiest of the bulldogs got 'locked,' as the head man expressed it. 'What did you do?' 'Do? Why I shrook out to Billy to hang on, and I called the Missus, and she gave 'em the hot un, and they give in!' The *hot un* turned out to be a thin bar of steel with a wooden handle which was always kept ready for use in the kitchen fire, and which Mrs. Connor had her own method of applying red hot so as to paralyse the canine culprit without blemishing him. But imagine the condition of that newly furnished parsonage when the poor rector came back to his home.

It is easy for everybody else to look only at the ludicrous side, but the clerical sufferer has to bear the real bitterness of such an experience, and to him the mere damage to his property is the least part of the business. Everybody says sulkily, 'Why were we left to such a man as that?' For the country parson has to answer for all

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the sins and shortcomings of those whom he leaves to represent himself; all their indiscretions, their untidiness, their careless reading, their bad preaching, their irreverence or their foolery, their timidity or their violence, their ignorance or their escapades. One man is horribly afraid of catching the measles; another 'has never been accustomed to cows' and will not go where they are; a third is a woman-hater, and week by week bawls out strong language against the other sex beginning with Eden and ending with Babylon. The absentee returns to find everything has been turned topsy-turvy. The *locum tenens* has set everyone by the ears, altered the times of service, broken your pony's knees, had your dog poisoned for howling at the moon, or kept a monkey in your drawing-room. People outside laugh, but when you are the sufferer, and the conviction is forced upon you that harm has been done which you cannot hope to see repaired, you are not so likely to laugh as to do the other thing.

Shall I go on to dwell upon the aggrieved parishioner, the amenities of the School Board, the anxieties of the school treat, the scenes at the meetings of the Poor-law guardians, the faithful laity who come to expostulate, to ask your views and to set you right? Shall I? Shall I dwell upon the occasional sermons which some delegate from some society comes and fulminates against you and your people? Nay! Silence on some parts of our experience is golden.

. . . . . .

When we have said all that need be said about the minor vexations and worries which are incident to the country parson's life, and which, like all men who live in isolation, he is apt to exaggerate, there is something still behind it all which only a few feel to be an evil at all, and which those who do feel, for many good reasons, are shy of speaking about; partly because they know it to be incurable, partly because if they do touch upon it they are likely to be tabulated among the dissatisfied, or are credited with unworthy motives which they know in their hearts that they are not swayed by.

That which really makes the country parson's position a cheerless and trying one is its absolute *finality*. Dante's famous line ought to be carved upon the lintel of every country parsonage in England. When the new rector on his induction takes the key of the church, locks himself in, and tolls the bell, it is his own passing bell that he is ringing. He is shutting himself out from any hope of a further career upon earth. He is a man transported for life, to whom there will come no reprieve. Whether he be the sprightly and sanguine young bachelor of twenty-four who takes the family living, or the podgy plebeian whose uncle the butcher has bought the advowson for a song, or the college tutor, fastidious, highly cultured, even profoundly learned, who has accepted university preferment, or the objectionable and quarrelsome

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man, whom it was necessary to provide for by 'sending into the country'—be he who he may, gifted or very much the reverse, careless or earnest, slothful or zealous, genial, eloquent, wise and notoriously successful in his ministrations, or the veriest stick and humdrum that ever snivelled through a homily—from the day that he accepts a country benefice he is a shelved man, and is put upon the retired list as surely as the commander in the navy who disappears on half-pay. I do not mean only that the country parson is never promoted to the higher dignities in the Church, or that cathedral preferment is very rarely bestowed upon him; but I do mean that he is never moved from the benefice in which he has once been planted. You may ply me with instances to the contrary here and there, but they are instances only numerous enough to illustrate the universality of the law which prevails—*Once a country parson always a country parson*; where he finds himself there he has to stay.

As long as the patronage of ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England remains in the hands it has remained in for a thousand years and more, and as long as the tenure of the benefice continues to be as it is and as it has been since feudal times, I can see no remedy and no prospect that things should go on otherwise than they do now. Give a man some future in whatever position you put him, and he will be content to give you all his best energies, his time, his strength, his fortune, in return for the chance of recognition that he may sooner or later reasonably look forward to; but there is no surer way of making the ablest man a *fainéant* at the best, a soured and angry revolutionist at the second best, and something even more odious and degraded at the worst, than to shut him up in a cage like Sterne's starling, and bid him sing gaily and hop briskly from perch to perch till the end of his days, with a due supply of sopped bread crumbs and hemp seed found for him from day to day, and a sight of the outer world granted him—through the bars.

There is a something which appeals to our pity in every career *manqué*. The statesman who made one false step, the soldier who at the crisis of his life was out-generalled, the lawyer who began so well but who proved not quite strong enough for the strain he had to bear—we meet them now and then where we should least have expected to find them, the obliterated heroes of the hour, and we say with a kindly sigh, 'This man might have had another chance.' But each of these has had his chance; they have *worked up to* a position and have forfeited it when it has been proved they were in the wrong place; they have gone into the battle of life, and the fortune of war has gone against them; tried by the judgment of that world which is so 'cold to all that might have been,' they have been found wanting; they have had to step aside, and make way for abler men than themselves. But up and down the land in remote

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country parsonages—counting by the hundreds—there are to be found those who have never had, and never will have, any chance at all of showing what stuff is in them—men of real genius shrivelled, men of noble intellect, its expansion arrested, men fitted to lead and rule, men of force of character and power of mind, who from the day that they entered upon the charge of a rural parish have had never a chance of deliverance from

> The dull mechanic pacing to and fro,
> The set grey life and apathetic end.

You might as well expect from such as these that they should be able to break away from their surroundings, or fail to be dwarfed and cramped by them, as expect that Robinson Crusoe should develop into a sagacious politician.

'Pathos,' did I say? How often have I heard the casual visitor to our wilds exclaim with half-incredulous wonder, 'What, *that* Parkins? Why, he used to walk the streets of Camford like a god! He carried all before him. The younger dons used to say the world was at his feet—a ball that he might kick over what goal he might please to choose. And was that other really the great Dawkins, whose lectures we used to hear of with such envy, we of St. Chad's College, who had to content ourselves with little Smug's platitudes? Dawkins! How St. Mary's used to be crowded when he preached! Old Dr. Stokes used to say Dawkins had too much fire and enthusiasm for Oxbridge. He called him Savonarola, and he meant it for a sneer. And that's Dawkins! How are the mighty fallen!'

I lay innocent traps for my casuals now and then, when I can persuade some of the effaced ones to come and dine with us, but it is often just a little too sad. They are like the ghosts of the heroic dead. Men of sixty, old before their time; the broad massive brow, with the bar of Michael Angelo, is there, but—the eyes that used to flash and kindle have grown dim and sleepy, those lips that curled with such fierce scorn, or quivered with such glad playfulness or subtle drollery—it seems as if it were yesterday—have become stiff and starched. Poverty has come and hope has gone. Dawkins knew so little about the matter that he actually believed he only required to get a *pied à terre* such as a college living would afford him, and a (nominal) income of 700*l.* a year, and there would be a fresh world to conquer as easy to subdue as the old Academic world which was under his feet. Poor Dawkins! Poor Parkins! Poor any one who finds himself high and dry some fine morning on his island home, while between him and the comrades who helped him to his fate the distance widens; for him there is no escape, no sailing back. There are the fruits of the earth, and the shade of the trees, and the wreckage of other barks that have stranded there; but there is no to-morrow with a different promise from to-day's, nor even another islet to look to when this one has been made the most of and explored,

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only the resource of acquiescence as he muses on the things that were,

Gazing far out foamward.

Such men as these I have in my mind were never meant to be straitened and poor. They never calculated upon six or eight children who have to be educated; the real dreariness of the prospect, its crushing unchangeableness only gradually reveals itself to them; they shut their eyes not so much because they will not as because they *cannot* believe that such as they have no future. Their first experience of life led up to the full conviction that character and brain-power *must* sooner or later bring a man to the first rank—what did it matter where a man cast anchor for a time? So they burnt their ships bravely, 'hope like a fiery column before them, the dark side not yet turned.' But suppose there was no scope for the brains and consequently no demand for them? We in the wilderness have abundance of butter and eggs, but *keep* these commodities long enough, and they infallibly grow a trifle stale.

People say with some indignation, 'What a pity, what a shame, that Parkins and Dawkins should be buried as they are!' No, that is not the shame nor the pity; the shame is that, being buried, they should have no hope of being dug up again. Yonder splendid *larva* may potentially be a much more splendid *imago*; let it bury itself by all means, but do not keep it for ever below ground. Do not say to it, 'Once there, you must stop there, there and there only. For such as you there shall be no change, your resting place shall inevitably be your grave.'

But if it be a melancholy spectacle to see the wreck of a man of great intellect and noble nature, whom banishment in his prime and poverty in his old age have blighted, scarcely less saddening is the sight of the active and energetic young man of merely ordinary abilities to whom a country living has come in his youth and vigour, and once for all has stunted his growth and extinguished his ambition. There is no man more out of place and who takes longer to fit into his place than the worthy young clergyman who has been ordained to a town curacy, kept for four or five years at all the routine work of a large town parish, worked and admirably organised as—thank God!—most large town parishes are, and who, at eight or nine and twenty, is dropped down suddenly into a small village, and told that there he is to live and die. He does not know a horse from a cow. He has had his regular work mapped out for him by his superior officer as clearly as if he were a policeman. He has been part of a very complex machinery, religious, educational, eleemosynary. Every hour has been fully occupied, so occupied that he has lost all the habits of reading and study which he ever possessed. He has to preach at least one hundred sermons in the course of the year, and there is not

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a single one in his very small repertory that is in the least suitable for the new congregation; and for the first time in his life he finds himself called upon to stand alone with no one to consult, no one to lean on, no one to help him, and in so much a worse condition than the original Robinson Crusoe that the indigenous sons of the soil come and stare at him with an eye to their chances of getting a meal out of him, or making a meal off him, in the meantime doing, as the wicked always have done since the Psalmist's days, making mouths at him and ceasing not!

Talk of college dons being thrown away upon a handful of bumpkins! You forget that the cultured Academic has almost always some resources within himself, some tastes, some pursuits; and if he spends too many hours in his library, at any rate his time does not hang heavily upon his hands. When he goes among his people he will always have something to tell them which they did not know before, and something to inquire of them which they will be glad to tell him about. But your young city curate pitchforked into a rural benefice when all his sympathies and habits and training are of the streets streety, is the most forlorn, melancholy, and dazed of all human creatures. An omnibus driver compelled to keep a light-house could scarcely be more deserving of our commiseration. Ask him in his moments of candour and depression, when he realises that he has reached the limit of his earthly hopes, when he has been in his parsonage long enough to know that he will never leave it for any other cure, when he realises that he must (by the nature of the case, and by the unalterable law which prevails for such as he) wax poorer and poorer year by year, and that men may come and men may go, but he will stay where he is till he drops—ask him what he thinks of the bliss of a country living, its independence, its calm, its sweetness, its security, above all, ask him whether he does not think the great charm of his position is that he can never be turned out of it, and I think you will find some of these young fellows impatiently giving you just the answer you did *not* expect. I am sure you will find *some* among them who will reply: 'It is a useful life for a time. It is a happy life for a time. For a time there is a joy in the country parson's life which no other life can offer; but we have come to see that this boasted fixity of tenure is the weak point, not the strong one; it is movement we want among us, not stagnation; the Parson's Freehold is a fraud.'

Our vehement young friends in the first warmth of their conversion to new ideas are apt to express themselves with more force than elegance, and to push their elders somewhat rudely from behind. But they mean what they say, and I am glad they are coming to think as they do. As for us, the veterans who have lived through sixty summers and more, there is no cloud of promise for us in the horizon. *We* are not the men who have anything to gain by any

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change; we know the corner of the churchyards where our bones will lie. We do not delude ourselves; some of us never looked for any career when we retired into the wilderness. We asked for a refuge only, and that we have found.

Oh, Hope of all the ends of the earth, is it a small thing that for the remainder of our days we are permitted to witness for Thee among the poor and sad and lowly ones?

But you, the strong and young and fervid, take heed how you leave the life of the camp, its stir and throb and discipline, too soon. Take heed now, before the time you join the reserve, only to discover too late that you are out of harmony with your surroundings, that you are fretting against the narrowness of inclosure within which you are confined, that there is for you no outlook—none—only a bare subsistence and a safe berth, as there is for other hulks laid up to rot at ease. If that discovery comes upon you soon enough, break away! *Make* the change that will not come, and leave others to chuckle over their fixity of tenure, and their security, and their trumpery boast that 'no one can turn them out.' But let us have your testimony before we part—you and we. Bear witness Yes or No! Has the consciousness of occupying a position from which you could never be removed raised you in your own estimation, or helped you for one single moment to do your duty? Has it never kept you down? *Frauds* are for the weak, not for the strong—for the coward, not for the brave; they are for those who only live to rust at ease, as if to breathe were life; they are not for such as make the ventures of Faith, and help their brethren to overcome the world.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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MR. LECKY AND POLITICAL MORALITY.

It affords me satisfaction to find that Mr. Lecky has not found it necessary to take exception to the chief part, and probably the most important part, of the paper in which I was allowed, two months ago, to touch upon the last published volumes of his history. For in that paper I have supplied, and have supplied thus far without challenge, a demonstration from Mr. Pitt's own correspondence that, in the earlier and wiser portion of his great career, his views of the best form of international arrangement between these two islands were based on the autonomy of Ireland, regulated in a manner essentially corresponding with that adopted in the defunct Bill, and the living and breathing policy, of the year 1886.

It is as a debt of courtesy to me that Mr. Lecky has,[1] by way of exception, entered anew on the consideration of the passage of his history, in which he announced that the worst enormities of political corruption attaching to the eighteenth century fairly found their match in the offer of a Minister, on the occasion of a dissolution in the year 1874, to abolish the income tax.[2] But, had I known the way in which this friendly office was to be discharged, I should have been too happy, as far as I was myself concerned, to release him from any obligation to a further performance. For while retracting none, and qualifying none, of the feeble tributes which I endeavoured to pay to his conspicuous distinctions, I have still to lament that, instead of withdrawing, he multiplies accusations alike arbitrary and unfounded. Having wandered out of a province which he knows into one which he does not know, he seems to suffer from an infirmity not unfrequently attaching to extremely clever men—this, namely, that when they have accidentally gone wrong, they can never find it out.

I shall endeavour in this short paper to distinguish between the important political issue raised between Mr. Lecky and myself, and the personal charges with which he has embittered it. Of these charges I will dispose at once, and as briefly as possible.

With regard to the dissolution of 1874, now dragged into the controversy, I am not at liberty to enter into the full particulars.

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1887, p. 52

[2] Lecky, vol. vi. p. 300.

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It is, however, totally untrue to say that it was due, in whole or in part, to any personal influence or pressure. To propose a dissolution is certainly the proper if not the exclusive duty of the Prime Minister. But, while this duty fell to me, the advice tendered to the Crown was tendered by the regular, and, I will add, the harmonious decision of the Cabinet.

Mr. Lecky's account of the pledge of 1853, which bound me not to miss an opportunity of repealing the income tax, is[3] that I 'joined a ministry which had promised it should not be permanent.'

The Aberdeen Administration, of which I was an original member, had made no promise whatever on the permanency of the tax. It was in order to avoid egotism that I recited with extreme brevity the pledge of 1853. I am now driven, however reluctantly, into somewhat greater length. The great mission of that Government, as stated by the Prime Minister in the House of Lords, was to restore finance. The Tory party under the guidance of the Tory Government, and probably two-thirds of the Liberal party from conviction and preference, favoured the differentiation of the tax. The school of Peel was convinced that this meant financial confusion. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was the post of danger. It was offered to me. I endeavoured to persuade my honoured friend Sir James Graham to take it. He had passed sixty, his health was no longer strong, and he declined. My first duty was to examine, with extreme labour, a subject which Mr. Lecky appears to comprehend by the facile method of innate ideas. My next was to ask the Cabinet to adopt a plan which handled the income tax in a manner known by us to be unacceptable at the time to a very large majority of the House of Commons. My third was to propose the plan to Parliament. Parliament threw aside the ruinous scheme of differentiation, and also gave the tax not as before for one year, but for seven, upon an elaborate argument from the Government to show that in all likelihood the impost could be dispensed with at a future date. It was a bargain of honour with the House of Commons. It is in my view a little strange to find that I ought to have forgotten it. But is it not more than a little strange that my censor should convey this doctrine in the name of political morality?

He sneers indeed at the long dormancy of the pledge through fourteen years. But the pledge was one wholly conditional on the power to fulfil it. If, as is the fact, there was no power to fulfil it before 1874, then this persistent recollection of an ancient debt ought rather to have been regarded by an historian's scrupulosity and purity as a merit, than as a fault.

The topics with which I have further to deal are rather historical than personal. I come, then, to a part of the history of the case as it stood at the election of 1874. Each elector was told that, *if he*

[3] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1887, p. 53.

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would support Mr. Gladstone, 'each individual among them would be freed from a specific pecuniary burden.'[4] 'If Mr. Gladstone won the day, the income tax would cease.'[5] Mr. Lecky evidently supposes that the election was fought between Liberals offering, and Tories refusing, the repeal of the income tax. But this supposed historical fact is a pure historical fiction. The offer made on Saturday in the name of the Liberal Government was met on Monday by the leader of the Opposition with the statement, that he and his friends had always been for the repeal of the income tax. Therefore, as to their promises, both parties stood upon the same footing. Mr. Lecky is at liberty, I think, to blame us for having forced this offer from the Tories. But he has not done so. As to the election, he has stated that it was fought upon an issue, on which it was not fought. As to the promises, we were denied the opportunity of fulfilling. Our opponents had the opportunity given them by their accession to power, and did not fulfil. Our public censor has not a word to say against those who promised and did not perform, but he matches with the highest immoralities of the last century the case of those, or at least of him, who was denied the opportunity of performing.

It was of course to be foreseen that the Opposition would not be behind us in undertaking the repeal of the tax. Accordingly, on the 24th of January, in my election address, I had in advance stated my hope, with respect to the contemplated work, that 'undertaken and performed I trust it will be *whether by us or by others*.' That which it was rational to forecast was this. That our thrust at the income tax would be seconded by a like blow from the other side; that the two, between them, would strike it dead; and that we might thus secure for the nation relief from the most demoralising of all imposts, a readjustment of taxation perhaps the largest and most effective ever known, and a constraint to public economy far more effective than any amount of honest intention on the part of a minister or a ministry could supply.

Mr. Lecky observes that at the period of the election, while promising in terms to propose the repeal of the income tax, I said no more of a compensating charge on property, than that such a charge ought to be made in some shape and 'to some considerable and equitable extent.' He is right. And I was wrong in saying he had suppressed my proposal to enlarge the death duties. What I announced was, it appears, no more than this: that on the repeal of the tax property ought, in lieu of it, to be further charged 'to some considerable and equitable extent,' and this it was which Mr. Lecky overlooked. He holds[6] that there ought to have been joined with the announcement of the repeal a 'clear and definite statement of equivalent burdens to be imposed.'

[4] *Nineteenth Century*, July, p. 52. [5] *Ibid.* p. 54. [6] *Ibid.* p. 53.

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Now in the first place there were no such 'equivalent burdens' to be imposed. The estimated surplus was equal to the proceeds of the tax, each being between five and six millions. For purposes purely fiscal, the tax might (as was the case in 1845) have been removed without causing a deficit. But the largeness of the surplus offered an opportunity for a greater financial reform than had or has ever at any one period been feasible; and for great further relief, with new taxation equivalent not to the income tax but to that further relief. Now I confidently state that the disclosure of the particulars of the plan would have been both wholly novel, and in the highest degree mischievous to the public interest.

To announce to the nation the repeal of the income tax involved no danger of public mischief, because it did not enable individuals to work in any particular manner against the public interest. To have named the enlargement of the death duties would not have been so absolutely safe, as it might have suggested to individuals here and there the alteration of testamentary arrangements in order to evade the change. It was, therefore, better not to name them, but only to sketch the substitution in general terms. A far more conclusive consideration, however, was this: that, if one substituted tax had been named, it would have been hard to resist that disclosure of the entire scheme, which I now find might, like a lightning conductor, have drawn off part, at least, of Mr. Lecky's displeasure. For that scheme included, as was announced in my address of Jan. 24, 1874, marked relief to the general consumer. That is to say, it was intended to propose large alterations of indirect taxation. But, as is well known to all persons conversant with such matters, announcements of changes in the duties on great articles of consumption cannot be made until the actual moment comes for putting them in force, as they would afford opportunity for wholesale gains at the public charge. On this account, though Mr. Lecky has evidently made his suggestion in a spirit of uninformed benevolence, I have stated that it was wholly out of the question.

The real issue, however, between Mr. Lecky and myself is much wider than the vindication of a particular minister or ministry in regard to a particular occasion. It is of the utmost public interest, and therefore warrants some remark. We are told that the people ought not to be invited at an election to vote upon taxes. And yet the original, primary, and perpetual duty of our Parliaments has been to grant taxes, and to make them the fewest and the least injurious they could. Mr. Lecky thinks that the elector should never vote with any view to the alleviation of his burdens; for it disparages his lofty function. Such is the way in which gentlemen, to whom the payment of taxes is a secondary matter, dispose of the interest of the nation in good and thrifty government. Just so, in regard to the sufferings of the electors from open voting, it was urged that they

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ought to bear those sufferings cheerfully as offerings to duty. To preach high doctrines of this kind is a very cheap method of attaining at once the summits of virtue and the pleasures of self-complacency. But politicians know that the large majority of men find it very difficult to live. They ought, then, to have every opportunity given them for the diminution of that difficulty through public thrift; and this not least through the repeal of any tax which, by the remarkable facilities it has offered for extending charge, has been, and I fear ever will be, an engine of public extravagance.

The elections of 1841 and 1847 were fought upon direct issues of pecuniary gain and loss by the repeal, the maintenance, and the restoration of the corn tax. And when, in 1852, the Tory Ministry resorted to a dissolution, the nation was informed from authority that the Government would bring forward measures of which one part would redress the grievances of the cultivators of the soil, and other parts would relieve every class in the country by introducing improved principles of taxation.[7] From first to last, money, money, money, was the burden of the only song, which at that time commanded the ears of the agriculturist. Nor did any one contend that promises of pecuniary relief were in principle illegitimate and corrupt. They are full of danger. They should be watched with vigilance, and tested, as to their feasibility and utility, with great severity. These cautions, which Mr. Lecky seems to think it a peculiarity of his own to have inculcated,[8] are among the merest commonplaces of politics. The doctrine of Mr. Lecky would seem to preclude even the mention of gains by economy, as well as gains by repeal of taxes. But my contention is that the promise of January 1874 was prompted on the one hand by the most cogent motives of honour and public policy for making it, and attended on the other with every incident of time and circumstance which could neutralise the dangers specially inherent in this class of subjects; especially with the very best of all securities, the absolute and inexorable necessity of immediate redemption.

The sum of the matter, then, is this.

The election of 1874 was not fought between two parties, one surrendering and the other upholding the income tax, but between two parties both approving the repeal, while one of them claimed the additional credit of having been always opposed to the tax.

There was nothing novel or peculiar in referring to the nation at an election a great subject of financial readjustment.

The Budget of the year was not made known in an address or speech at the election, because such a proceeding would have been wantonly and grossly injurious to the public interest.

[7] Speech of Mr. Disraeli at Aylesbury, July 16, 1852.

[8] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1887, p. 54.

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While each party struggled for its own success, the Liberal party strove to insure that, whether it were successful or defeated, the tax should be repealed.

The repeal of the tax, however, was only one principal item in a great financial settlement, rendered possible by previous reductions, and by a surplus equal to its entire proceeds, which never has recurred, and is, I fear, at present most unlikely to recur. In that settlement, the means in hand were sufficient to afford needful relief to trade and general consumption, and to maintain a just balance of charges between property and industry; while public economy would have largely recovered the vantage-ground of which the tax has deprived it, and, by the removal of a tangled network of man-traps for conscience, a great stroke would have been struck on behalf of 'sound political morality.'

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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AMERICAN OPINION ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, writing to the *Times* a year ago, after his last visit to the United States, touching the condition of American opinion on the Irish question, was good enough to say something—I cannot recall his exact words—to the effect that I was the only highly instructed or widely informed person he had met with in America, who took a favourable view of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, and then ruined even my feeble testimony by adding 'but Mr. Godkin is an Irishman.' I was prevented from taking any notice of this at the time by doubts as to whether the English public cared particularly what Americans thought about Home Rule, and whether they would be disposed to listen to what anyone had to say about it whose claims on their attention were less strong than Mr. Arnold's. But since then the discussion of the matter has, I see, continued in the English press. It has, I suppose, been more or less kept alive by the resolutions of protest against the Coercion Bill which several of the State Legislatures have thought fit to pass, by the appeals which Mr. Gladstone and other English Home Rulers now and then make to the judgments of foreign nations on their Irish policy, and by the letters which Americans, who, however, never give their names, frequently address to the *Times*. These letters generally assure that journal that the 'real Americans' hold Gladstone's plan and the Irish race in abhorrence: that nobody over here has or expresses any sympathy with Home Rule, except through fear of 'the Irish vote.' The only American, so far as my observation goes, who has been willing to put his name to assertions of this sort, is Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who gave in an article in this Review, as the result of his observations during a recent short visit to New York, the following explanation of the attitude of the American press on the Irish question:—

> The Irish have, I think, no daily paper; they prefer to edit ours. If they do not edit them they swarm on the various editorial staffs of the New York press. They are clever and versatile, and their cleverness is in nothing more plainly seen

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than in the bent they often give to what passes for American opinion. Whenever an Irish question is uppermost in England—and when is it not?—the cable supplies the English public with what is here supposed to be an expression of American opinion on these Irish matters. The American himself distinguishes readily enough between the American accent and the Irish brogue. But how should the readers of English journals detect the difference? It does not exist. There are journals in New York which speak in no foreign tongue. They may have aliens on their staffs, but the deciding voice is of the soil.

Mr. Smalley in making these statements had evidently been imposed upon by some unscrupulous person, as there is hardly a word of truth in them. I am able to say, both as the result of long observation of the American press, and of particular inquiries instituted in consequence of his article, that there is no American newspaper in New York, except the two which I edit myself, edited by an Irishman, or which has an Irishman among its leader writers. The *Herald*, of which the story seems most probable, had an Irishman for a few years as its managing editor, but for the last six or seven certainly has been managed by an 'editorial council' of which the chairman is an ex-Unitarian minister of New England birth, and the other members also born Americans. The editor and proprietor is an American of Scotch origin.

I think I might tell the same story of the leading newspapers of all the leading cities, but, as I have not made any inquiry about them, would not tell it with the same positiveness. I know of no leading American journal, in short, out of New York which is either owned, edited, or written for by Irishmen. Doubtless many of them have Irish reporters. Some years ago the work of reporting was largely in the hands of Irishmen, but during the past thirty the Americans have succeeded in ousting the Irish in this field also, and have brought the 'interviewing' and embellishing branch of the business to a pitch of perfection which it certainly never could have reached in Irish hands. The common English belief that the American press had a large number of Irish contributors may have had some foundation in a state of things that existed forty years ago when American journalism was undergoing the transformation introduced by James Gordon Bennett in the *Herald*. Americans had not at that time turned their attention to journalism as a calling, but they soon did so and hold it now just as securely against foreigners as they hold any other business which requires knack, versatility, and energy. The notion that they are allowing Irishmen to 'run' their newspapers for them or even to do their interviewing and reporting in our day, is, in truth, a delusion which is generally harmless, but might possibly in the present case do some mischief if allowed to pass unnoticed. That is, it might possibly aggravate the bitterness of the Anglo-Irish controversy to have it supposed that American opinion about Home Rule was a pure sham of Irish manufacture.

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The difficulty which I have in gainsaying Mr. Arnold's assertion as to what Americans think about the Irish question lies in my ignorance as to who the men of education were whom he saw and consulted about Home Rule during his stay here. He would be the last man to attach much importance to the opinion of even the most highly educated people on a subject which they had not examined and of which they knew little or nothing. My own opportunities of learning what educated Americans think about the Irish question have been unusually good and have extended now over thirty years, and I am bound to say that I have never met with one who had what Mr. Arnold would call an intelligent opinion about it. By an 'intelligent opinion' I mean the opinion of a man who is familiar with the political, social, and economical history of the Irish, or knows much more about them than that they are a lot of poor and ignorant Catholics who have been very badly treated by the English, and of whom large numbers have been driven into emigration by poverty. I think this fairly describes the state of mind on the Irish question of nineteen-twentieths of the well-to-do people of the Eastern States who are given to entertaining strangers, and into whose society the travelling Englishman is apt to fall. In conjunction with this ignorance of the Irish question, properly so called, will be found, particularly in New England, more or less dislike of the Irish owing to their turbulence, their activity in politics, their low standard of living, and the inefficiency of many of the raw hands as household servants. I think thousands of Americans, many of whom doubtless Mr. Arnold met, are opposed to Home Rule simply on account of their sad experience of Irish cooking. That is to say, they care so little or know so little about Ireland that they are very ready to oblige an agreeable Englishman who is dining or staying with them with denunciations of the Irish inspired solely by recollections of personal inconvenience or discomfort.

In order to bring this discussion to some sort of point, I determined a month ago to canvass the only class of men of education I knew of in the country, who were in the least likely to have examined the Irish question in such a way as to have an opinion about it which Mr. Arnold would consider a conclusion, and not a mere notion. I accordingly addressed inquiries to the Professors and Assistant Professors in the four leading universities of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, Columbia College in New York, Yale College in New Haven, and Harvard College in Cambridge. I will now give the results just as they have been furnished to me, beginning with Harvard where my friend Professor Thayer of the Law School was good enough to make the canvass for me, though under great disadvantages owing to the fact that the university year was closing and some of the professors had gone away, while the rest were occupied with matters of more pressing interest to them than Irish Home

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Rule. The question as he put it on my behalf was, 'How they would vote on Irish Home Rule, were they Englishmen.'

On this twenty-nine professors and assistant professors answered 'Aye' simply. Fifteen of these added the following remarks or explanations respectively: 'As now advised;' 'with restrictions;' 'heartily;' 'unhesitatingly, not independence;' 'try it;' 'strongly, but not independence;' 'reserving the right to change my vote;' 'Gladstonian;' 'in local affairs;' 'Gladstonian;' 'as an experiment, no faith in its success;' 'not independence;' 'emphatically Gladstonian;' 'Home Rule in some form.'

Six declared they had no decided opinion, and of these five added the following remarks respectively: 'As an American, would like to see it tried;' 'favourably inclined;' 'in sympathy with Gladstone generally;' 'have always pinned my faith in Gladstone and Bright, now they are on opposite sides;' 'I do not know enough of the details of the question to say how I should vote; but the inquiry intended is, I suppose, as to one's general sympathy. My sympathy is decidedly anti-Irish. It is founded largely on my dislike of the political methods and conduct of the Irish in this country, and disgust at the way in which so many public men and newspapers truckle to them;' 'sympathy rather with Home Rule;' 'rather inclined against it;' 'have not specially examined the subject, and do not care to report prejudices;' 'as an American, my sympathies are of course with the Home Rule party.'

One refused to express himself about the matter one way or the other. Eight only voted decidedly 'No,' with the following remarks from five of them respectively: 'strongly opposed, but don't know anything about it;' 'as now advised would not vote at all without knowing more about it;' 'can't stand the means;' 'can't transplant American character if you do transplant American institutions;' 'coercion rather;' 'I am a thorough believer in local management of local concerns, local self-government. But I am also a believer in national control of national affairs. If I were an Englishman I should heartily support any scheme for allowing Ireland to manage her own local affairs, drawing the lines between local and Imperial affairs roughly as drawn here between State and Union, or in Canada between province and Dominion. But I should never vote for Gladstone's Bill.'

From Yale College, where Professor Sumner was kind enough to make the inquiries for me, I got the following result, embodied in a letter from him. He says:—

There are about 120 names in the Faculty and Instructors. To about sixty-five I addressed this question:—

'In the present state of British politics, if you were an Englishman, would you vote with the Government or with Gladstone?' I also interviewed those whom I met later. Some thought that Americans ought not to meddle or be

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quoted. Some of these did not give any vote; others did. More than forty made some disclaimer as regards knowledge or understanding of the question. Nine who answered said that they would decline to vote for lack of sufficient information to justify them in voting. A number of these really knew a great deal more about it than some who did vote. Of those who voted, twenty-eight voted with Gladstone, eighteen against him. Total answers received, fifty-five. Eight or ten vote eagerly and promptly for Gladstone; about the same number positively against him. I believe that all would favour some measure of local self-government for Ireland on the American plan. Not more than eight or ten approve of the Bill which Gladstone proposed at the last session. The numbers above fairly indicate the number who would vote to restore Gladstone to power if there were now a general election. Very few of them understand the present Coercion Bill. I do not think an intelligible vote could be got out of them on it. The five or six with regard to whom I am most sure that they understand it are Liberal Unionists. All the ill-informed and uninterested voted for Gladstone through prejudice and old sympathy. It is those who really understand more or less about English politics who have been led away from their natural affinity. Many of them said that they voted 'reluctantly' against Gladstone.

From Johns Hopkins, which is a smaller college than either Harvard or Yale, I got answers from sixteen of the faculty. Of these nine were favourable to Home Rule; three were distinctly anti-Gladstonian and in favour of coercion, and four refused to express any opinion for want of knowledge, or for other reasons. In the case of these latter, Professor Gildersleeve, who is well known in England, I may make an exception to my rule by mentioning his name, as he simply testified that 'American opinion was evidently in favour of Home Rule.' Similar inquiries made among the graduates who were taking post-graduate courses brought answers from eighteen, of whom all but two were opposed to coercion, and in favour of Home Rule.

In Columbia College in this city, I found eighteen of the professors and assistant professors were decidedly in favour of Home Rule, and four only as decidedly opposed to it. From the observations of some of the leading professors in all the faculties, taken down on the spot, I make the following extracts:—

'I believe in letting the English and Irish settle their own affairs in their own way: all that has been said on this side of the water is gratuitous impertinence. What I regard as the just, natural, and inevitable solution of the problem is Home Rule. I don't think the matter will be satisfactorily and finally laid to rest with anything short of that. But that does not mean absolute independence of course, it means that Ireland shall have a Parliament of her own which shall control all local matters at the same time, being an integral factor of the empire, the relation being somewhat like that of our own States.'

'One thing that strikes me very forcibly is that Englishmen pay so little attention to the real sentiments and aspirations of the Irish people, they seem to care so little about cultivating their patronage. The real bulwarks of a nation consist after all in the patriotic devotion of the people, and England has been continually acting in a way to cultivate their hatred. . . . As regards coercion, I think that the application of any measures of coercion are not only impolitic and unjust, but will on the whole prove practically nugatory. Coercion Bills have failed too many

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times to make coercion seem any longer a device of wise or practical politics, and the nineteenth century is wholly unsuited to the appreciation of any such schemes particularly in countries which have reached a high measure of civilisation.'

'Theoretically I should be opposed to the idea of Home Rule, because I think it will dismember the Empire. What I think they ought to try is some modified form of local self-government without the entire Home Rule that Mr. Gladstone proposes. In other words, I should be a Tory if I were an Englishman, but I should try to put the government of Ireland in the hands of Irishmen as far as it is possible without sacrificing the unity of the Empire. I think the present Tories make a mistake in not bringing forward in some form local self-government in connection with the Coercion Bill.'

'Home Rule seems to involve so many difficulties that it requires more thought than I have given to the subject, and I therefore cannot express a definite opinion, but I have been waiting and watching the progress of events whereon to base a view. I would be glad to see Home Rule established for Ireland; the government of its own local affairs, subject of course to its connection as an integral portion of the United Kingdom. I am a firm and enthusiastic believer in the principles of Home Rule in their application to the present Irish problem.'

'The application of coercion as formulated in the latest Bill is truly monstrous, from which nothing but incessant discord can result. I am, accordingly, a staunch Gladstonian and a hearty supporter of his Irish policy.'

'I should vote with Gladstone; my sympathies have always been that way, and it seems to me that everything points towards letting them try at least. It is practically hopeless to try to coerce them. I should vote for Home Rule.'

'As to special measures I could not be said to have reached a conviction. The only definite impression I have on the subject is that some sort of local self-government is the only way out of the difficulty. Whether that will cure it or not I don't know, but it seems to be the only thing to be done both on general principles and what I know of this particular case. As regards coercion, I saw the last instrument advertised as something like the seventy-eighth Coercion Bill, which I think is all that is to be said upon that subject.'

'I am completely opposed to the breaking up of the organic unity of the empire, and if I were an Englishman I should oppose to the bitter end the giving to the Irish of a preferred position. To let the Irish govern Ireland independently and then to let the Irish bear their part in the Imperial Parliament would be grossly unfair. The true solution is to be found, I think, in the Federalist Union of the three kingdoms so as to let each part manage its own local affairs and all three parts co-operate in the Imperial Parliament. I am in favour of coercion. The first duty of a civilised government is to sustain order and the supremacy of the laws until the laws can be changed.'

'I have had the sense more or less indefinite, that there should be some system of Home Rule adopted for the Irish, which seems the only measure of justice for the centuries of oppression they have suffered.'

'How I should vote if I were an Englishman would be difficult to say. I might be governed by my prejudices. From my side of the water I hope they will get Home Rule. It seems curious that the Teutonic people, historic lovers of liberty, should in two notorious instances be grinding down their weaker subjects as exampled by the English in their oppression of the Irish and the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine. Any application of coercion seems utterly futile for any length of time, unless they succeed in driving all the Irish out of the country.'

'I believe that justice and true policy would grant to Ireland Home Rule, by which, however, I would not be understood to advocate what the present ministry charge the leaders of that movement as supporting—the rupture of the organic unity of the Empire.'

'I have turned this subject over attentively and often, and I have great sympathy

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for the people of Ireland. I can't conceive of a greater folly than the present administration of England are committing in what is called the "Coercion Bill;" for the reason that a measure of that kind can't settle the question, and we want the question settled.'

'I should vote against Home Rule in the form proposed by Mr. Gladstone, but if it were modified to conform somewhat to our Federal system, that would be an entirely different question. I should probably favour such a scheme if the details could be worked out practically, so as to promise success.'

'Without detail, I in general believe in a large measure of Home Rule for Ireland: it will be to the interest of England itself as well as of America, since it would tend largely to our own peace and quietness.'

'In the main, without going into matters of detail, I am a Gladstonian on that question. As an Englishman I should of course oppose in every possible way the disruption of the English empire; sentiments of national pride, if nothing else stood in the way, would prevent my consent to diminishing the territory or the power of the country. But that being conceded, the largest possible amount of Home Rule —that is to say, the management of those things that belong particularly to Ireland by the Irish themselves—would be in the interest of justice not only, but of peace and prosperity. It seems to me that the provisions of the Coercion Bill are barbarous.'

'I believe if the Irish accept the situation and consent to become a part of the English people and work for the United Kingdom, it would be best for them and best for England not to have Home Rule. By Home Rule, however, I have in view a distinct nationality and complete separation from the Mother Country. This I conceive to be their ultimate object, and in it I fail to concur. But if they persistently refuse to accept a modified local autonomy, it is best that they should be set off rather than continue this everlasting turmoil.'

I have reported the opinion of the professors of Columbia College more fully than those of the others, simply because the gentleman to whom I am indebted for interviewing them, himself a member of the University, was able to make copious notes of their remarks, and not because I consider them in any way peculiar.

These views of the professors of these Eastern colleges, are, it is plain, very far from being opinions which throw any new light on the subject or from which any instruction in dealing with the Irish question can be extracted. They are the opinions of men who, however highly instructed or intelligent, have not given any particular attention to the subject, and an English statesman who cared nothing about what foreigners thought about English legislation would of course pay no attention to them. But what I understand Mr. Arnold, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Professor Tyndall to contend for, is that intelligent Americans, whether they understood the Irish question or not, disapprove of Home Rule, and that English statesmen have their sympathy in refusing it, and that American legislatures in supporting it by resolution, and American newspapers in arguing in its favour, are simply trying to please Irish-American voters. This is, to speak plainly, an almost childish delusion. Go where you will in the United States, you will find that popular feeling, however ignorant about the facts of the case, runs in favour of the Irish, and the farther west you go, the stronger it will be. I have not yet seen,

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nor have I heard of a single American newspaper, North, South, East, or West, which does not side with the Irish on the question of Home Rule. The notion that the editors do this to please the Irish, who probably do not furnish one in five thousand of their readers, and do it in disregard of the real opinions of the American public, does not deserve serious discussion.

E. L. GODKIN.

New York: July 15, 1887.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXXVII.—SEPTEMBER 1887.

A GREAT LESSON.

THE most delightful of all Mr. Darwin's works is the first he ever wrote. It is his Journal as the Naturalist of H.M.S. 'Beagle' in her exploring voyage round the world from the beginning of 1832 to nearly the end of 1836. It was published in 1842, and a later edition appeared in 1845. Celebrated as this book once was, few probably read it now. Yet in many respects it exhibits Darwin at his best, and if we are ever inclined to rest our opinions upon authority, and to accept without doubt what a remarkable man has taught, I do not know any work better calculated to inspire confidence than Darwin's Journal. It records the observations of a mind singularly candid and unprejudiced—fixing upon nature a gaze keen, penetrating, and curious, but yet cautious, reflective, and almost reverent. The thought of how little we know—of how much there is to be known, and of how hardly we can learn it—is the thought which inspires the narrative as with an abiding presence. There is, too, an intense love of nature and an intense admiration of it, the expression of which is carefully restrained and measured, but which seems often to overflow the limits which are self-imposed. And when Man, the highest work of nature, but not always its happiest or its best, comes across his path, Darwin's observations are always noble. 'A kindly man moving among his kind' seems to express his spirit. He appreciates every high calling, every good work, however far removed it may be from that to which he was himself devoted. His language about the missionaries of Christianity is a signal example, in striking contrast with the too common language of

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lesser men. His indignant denunciation of slavery presents the same high characteristics of a mind eminently gentle and humane. In following him we feel that not merely the intellectual but the moral atmosphere in which we move is high and pure. And then, besides these great recommendations, there is another which must not be overlooked. We have Darwin here before he was a Darwinian. He embarked on that famous voyage with no preconceived theories to maintain. Yet he was the grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin—a man very famous in his day, who was the earliest popular exponent of Evolution as explaining the creative work, and who, both in prose and verse, had made it familiar as at least a dream and a poetic speculation. Charles Darwin in his Journal seems as unconscious of that speculation as if he had never heard of it, or was as desirous to forget it as if he concurred in the ridicule of it which had amused the readers of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Only once in the Journal is there any allusion to such speculations, and then only to the form in which they had been more scientifically clothed by the French naturalist Lamarck. This is all the more curious and interesting, since here and there Charles Darwin records some facts, and enters upon some reasoning, in which we can now see the undeveloped germs of the theory which ultimately took entire possession of his mind. But that theory was, beyond all question, the later growth of independent observation and of independent thought. He started free—free at least, so far as his own consciousness was concerned. The attitude of his mind was at that time receptive, not constructive. It was gathering material, but it had not begun to build. It was watching, arranging, and classifying facts. But it was not selecting from among them such as would fit a plan. Still less was it setting aside any that did not appear to suit. He might have said with truth that which was said by a greater man before him: 'Hypotheses non fingo.' This is one of the many great charms of the book.

And yet there was one remarkable exception. Like every other voyager who has traversed the vast Southern Ocean, he was struck, impressed, and puzzled by its wonderful coral reefs, its thousands of coral islands, and its still more curious coral 'atolls.' Why is it that so many of the continents and of the great continental islands whose coasts front or are surrounded by the waters of the Pacific, are fringed and protected by barrier reefs of coral? The curious question that arises is not why the coral should grow at all, or how it grows. All this, no doubt, is full of wonder—wonder all the greater the more we know of its structure and of the nature of its builder. But let the growth of corals in seas of a certain depth and temperature be assumed and passed over, as we do assume and pass over a thousand other things with which we are familiar. The puzzle here is why it uld grow in the form of a linear barrier along a coast, and yet touching it, but at a distance more or less great—sometimes very

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great—and always leaving between it and the land an enclosed and protected space of water which, once they have found an entrance through the reef, ships can navigate for hundreds of miles. Why should this same curious phenomenon be repeated on a smaller scale throughout the thousands of islands and islets which dot the immense surfaces of the Pacific? Why should these islands so often be the centre of a double ring—first a ring of calm and as it were inland water, then a ring of coral reef fronting the outer sea, and lastly the ocean depths out of which the coral reef rises like a wall? Why should this curious arrangement repeat itself in every variety of form over thousands of miles until we come to that extreme case when there is no island at all except the outer ring of the coral reef and an inner pool or lake of shallower water which is thus secluded from the ocean, with nothing to break its surface—shining with a calm, splendid, and luminous green, set off against the deep purple blues of the surrounding sea? For effects so uniform or so analogous, repeated and multiplied over an area so immense, there must be some physical cause as peculiar as its effects. Moreover this cause must be one affecting not merely or only the peculiarities of the animal which builds up the coral, but some cause affecting also the solid rocks and crust of the earth. The coral animals must build on some foundation. They must begin by attaching themselves to something solid. Every coral reef, therefore, whatever be its form—every line of barrier-reef however long—every ring however small or however wide, must indicate some corresponding arrangement of subjacent rock. What cause can have arranged the rocky foundations of the coral in such curious shapes? Extreme cases of any peculiar phenomenon are always those which most attract attention, and sometimes they are the cases which most readily suggest an explanation. Ring-shaped islands of such moderate dimensions that the whole of them can be taken in by the eye, supply such cases. There are atoll islands where ships can enter, through some break in the ring, into the inner circle. They find themselves in a perfect harbour, in a sheltered lake which no wave can ever enter, yet deep enough and wide enough to hold all the navies of the world. Round about on every side there are the dazzling beaches which are composed of coral sand, and crowning these there is the peaceful cocoanut palm, and a lower jungle of dense tropical vegetation. On landing and exploring the woods and shores nothing can be seen but coral. The whole island is a ring of this purely marine product; with the exception of an occasional fragment of pumice stone, which having been floated over the sea from some distant volcanic eruption, like that of Krakatoa, here disintegrates and furnishes clay, the most essential element of a soil. But reason tells us that there must be something else underground, however deeply buried. When the corals first began to grow, they must have found some rock to build upon, and the shape of these walls

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must be the shape which was thus determined. One suggestion is obvious. Elsewhere all over the globe there is only one physical cause which determines rocky matter into such ring-like forms as these, and which determines also an included space of depth more or less profound. This physical cause is the eruptive action of volcanic force. When anchored in the central lagoon of a coral atoll, are we not simply anchored in the crater of an extinct volcano—its walls represented by the corals which have grown upon it, its crater represented by the harbour in which our ship is lying? The vegetation is not difficult to account for. The coral grows until it reaches the surface. It is known to flourish best in the foaming breakers. These, although confronted and in the main resisted by the wondrous tubes and cells, are able here and there in violent storms to break off the weaker or overhanging portions of the coral and dash them in fragments upon the top of the reef. Often the waves are loaded with battering rams in the shape of immense quantities of drift timber. These bring with them innumerable seeds and hard nuts able to retain their vitality whilst traversing leagues of ocean. Such seeds again find lodgment among the broken corals, and among the decaying pumice. Under tropical heat and moisture, they soon spring to life. The moment a palm-tree rears its fronds, it is visited by birds—especially by fruit-eating pigeons bringing with them other seeds, which are deposited with convenient guano. These in turn take root and live. Each new accession to the incipient forest attracts more and more numerous winged messengers from interminable archipelagoes until the result is attained which so excites our admiration and our wonder, in the atoll islands of the Pacific. All this is simple. But here as elsewhere it is the first step that costs. Are all atolls nothing more than the cup-like rings of volcanic vents? And if they are, can a like explanation be given for the barrier reefs which lie off continental coasts, and where the crater-like lagoon of an atoll is represented only by a vast linear expanse of included and protected sea?

Here were problems eminently attractive to such a mind as that of Darwin. Vast in the regions they affect, complicated in the results which are presented, most beautiful and most valuable to Man in the products which are concerned, the facts do nevertheless suggest some physical cause which would be simple if only it could be discovered. All his faculties were set to work. Analysis must begin every work of reason. Its function is to destroy—to pull to pieces. Darwin had to deal with some theories already formed. With some of these he had no difficulty. 'The earlier voyagers fancied that the coral-building animals instinctively built up these great circles to afford themselves protection in the inner parts.' To this Darwin's answer was complete. So far is this explanation from being true, that it is founded on an assumption which is the reverse of the truth. These massive kinds of coral which build up reefs, so far from wanting the

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shelter of a lagoon, are unable to live within it. They can only live and thrive fronting the open ocean, and in the highly aerated foam of its resisted billows. Moreover, on this view, many species of distinct genera and families are supposed instinctively to combine for one end; and of such a combination Darwin declares 'not a single instance can be found in the whole of nature.' This is rather a sweeping assertion. In the sense in which Darwin meant it, and in the case to which he applied it, the assertion is probably, if not certainly, true. The weapon of analysis, however, if employed upon it, would limit and curtail it much. We cannot indeed suppose that any of the lower animals, even those much higher than the coral-builders, have any consciousness of the ends or purposes which they or their work subserve in the great plan of nature. But Darwin has himself shown us, in later years, how all their toil is co-operant to ends, and how not only different species and families, but creatures belonging to different kingdoms, work together most directly, however unconsciously, to results on which their common life and propagation absolutely depend. In the case before us, however, this second objection of Darwin is superfluous. The first was in itself conclusive. If the reef-building corals cannot live in a lagoon, or in a protected sea, it is needless to argue further against a theory which credits them with working on a plan to insure not their own life and well-being, but their own destruction.

But next, Darwin had to encounter the theory that atoll islands were built upon extinct volcanoes, and represented nothing but the walls and craters of these well-known structures. This he encountered not with a sweeping assertion, but with a sweeping survey of the vast Pacific. Had those who believed in this theory ever considered how vast that island-bearing ocean was, and how enormous its supposed craters must have been? It was all very well to apply some known cause to effects comparable in magnitude to its effects elsewhere. The smaller atolls might possibly represent volcanic craters. But what of the larger? And what of the grouping? Could any volcanic region of the terrestrial globe show such and so many craters as could correspond at all to the coral islands? One group of them occupies an irregular square 500 miles long by 240 broad. Another group is 840 miles in one direction, and 420 miles in another. Between these two groups there are other smaller groups, making a linear space of more than 4,000 miles of ocean in which not a single island rises above the level of true atolls—that is to say, the level up to which the surf can break and heap up the coral masses, and to which the winds can drift the resulting sands. Some atolls seem to have been again partially submerged—'half-drowned atolls' as they were called by Captain Moresby. One of these is of enormous size—ninety nautical miles along one axis, and seventy miles along another. No such volcanic craters or mountains exist anywhere else in our world. We

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should have to go to the airless and waterless Moon, with its vast vents and cinder-heaps, to meet with anything to be compared either in size or in distribution. And then, the linear barrier reefs lying off continental coasts and the coasts of the great islands are essentially the same in character as the encircling reefs round the smaller islands. They cannot possibly represent the walls of craters, nor can the long and broad sheltered seas inside them represent by any possibility the cup-like hollows of volcanic vents.

These theories being disposed of, the work of synthesis began in Darwin's mind. He sorted and arranged all the facts, such as he knew them to be in some cases, such as he assumed them to be in other cases. Above all, like 'stout Cortez and his men,' from their peak in Darien, 'he stared at the Pacific.' The actual seeing of any great natural phenomenon is often fruitful. It may not be true in a literal sense that, as Wordsworth tells us, 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.' But it is true that sometimes she discloses her secrets to an earnest and inquiring gaze. Sometimes things actually are what they look to be. Outwardly they are what their image on the retina directly paints them; and in their history and causes they may be what that image suggests not less directly to the intellect and the imagination. So Darwin, one day, standing on a mountain from which he commanded a wide space of sea, looked down upon an atoll with its curious ring of walled-in water, calm, green, and gleaming in the middle of the oceanic depths of blue. Did it not look as if there had once been an island in the middle? Did it not look as if the coral ring had been built up upon the rocky foundation of its former shores? Did it not look as if, somehow, this island had been removed, and the encircling reef had been left alone? Somehow! This could not satisfy Darwin. How could such an island be removed? Its once fringing and encircling reef would have protected it from the devouring sea. Did it not look as if it had simply sunk? Subsidence! Was not this the whole secret? The idea took firm hold upon his mind. The more he thought of it, the more closely it seemed to fit into all the facts. The coral fringing reef of the island would not subside along with its supporting rocks, if that subsidence took place slowly, because the coral animals would build their wall upwards as fast as their original foundation was sinking downwards. And was there not a perfect series of islands in every stage of the suggested operation? There were islands with coral reefs still attached to their original foundations, islands with fringing reefs adhering to them all round, and leaving no lagoons. There were others where the foundations had sunk a little, but not very much, leaving only shallow and narrow spaces of lagoon water between the island and the barrier reef. Others there were again where the same process had gone further, and wide and deep lagoons had been established between the reef and the subsiding island.

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Then there was every variety and degree of the results which must follow from such a process, until we come to the last stage of all, when the island had wholly sunk, and nothing remained but the surviving reef—a true atoll—with its simple ring of coral and its central pool of protected water. Then further it could not but occur to Darwin that the objection which was fatal to the volcano theory was no difficulty in the way of his new conception; on the contrary, it was in strict accordance with that conception. The vast linear reefs lying off straight and continental coasts, which could not possibly represent volcanoes, were completely explained by a vast area of subsiding lands. The reefs were linear because the shores on which they had begun to grow had been linear also. The immense areas of sheltered sea, from twenty to seventy miles in breadth, which often lie between the barrier reefs and the existing shores, for example, of Australia and New Guinea, were explained by the comparatively shallow contours of land which had gradually subsided and had left these great spaces between the original fringing reef and the existing shores. The more Darwin pondered, the more satisfied he became that he had found the clue. The cardinal facts were carefully collated and compared. First there was the fact that the reef-building corals could not live at any greater depth than from twenty to thirty fathoms. Secondly there was the fact that they cannot live in water charged with sediment, or in any water protected from the free currents, the free winds, and the dashing waves of the open and uncontaminated sea—that vast covering of water which in the southern hemisphere is world-wide and world-embracing. Thirdly there was the fact that the coral reefs rise suddenly like a wall out of oceanic depths, soundings of a thousand fathoms and more being constantly found close up to the barrier reefs. Fourthly there is the fact that on the inner side, next the island or the continent which they enclose or protect, the lagoon or the sheltered area is often very deep close to the reef, not indeed affording oceanic soundings, but nevertheless soundings of twenty to thirty fathoms. All these facts are indisputably true. Taking them together, the conclusions or inferences to which they point may well seem inevitable. Let us hear how Darwin himself puts them in the short summary of his theory which is given in the latest edition of his Journal:—

From the fact of the reef-building corals not living at great depths, it is absolutely certain that throughout these vast areas, wherever there is now an atoll, a foundation must have originally existed within a depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms from the surface. It is improbable in the highest degree that broad, lofty, isolated, steep-sided banks of sediment, arranged in groups and lines hundreds of leagues in length, could have been deposited in the central and profoundest parts of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, at an immense distance from any continent, and where the water is perfectly limpid. It is equally improbable that the elevatory forces should have uplifted throughout the above vast areas innumerable great

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rocky banks within twenty to thirty fathoms, or 120 to 180 feet, of the surface of the sea, and not one single point above that level; for where on the whole face of the globe can we find a single chain of mountains, even a few hundred miles in length, with their many summits rising within a few feet of a given level, and not one pinnacle above it? If then the foundations, whence the atoll-building corals sprang, were not formed of sediment, and if they were not lifted up to the required level, they must of necessity have subsided into it; and this at once solves the difficulty. For as mountain after mountain, and island after island, slowly sank beneath the water, fresh bases would be successively afforded for the growth of the corals.

So certain was Darwin of these conclusions that he adds, in a most unwonted tone of confidence:—

I venture to defy any one to explain in any other manner how it is possible that numerous islands should be distributed throughout vast areas—all the islands being low, all being built of corals, absolutely requiring a foundation within a limited depth from the surface.[1]

The voyage of the 'Beagle' ended in the autumn of 1836, and Darwin landed in England on the 2nd of October. He proceeded to put into shape his views on the coral islands of the Pacific, and in May 1837 they were communicated to the public in a paper read before the Geological Society of London. His theory took the scientific world by storm. It was well calculated so to do. There was an attractive grandeur in the conception of some great continent sinking slowly, slowly, into the vast bed of the Southern Ocean, having all its hills and pinnacles gradually covered by coral reefs as in succession they sank down to the proper depth, until at last only its pinnacles remained as the basis of atolls, and these remained, like buoys upon a wreck, only to mark where some mountain peak had been finally submerged. Besides the grandeur and simplicity of this conception, it fitted well into the Lyellian doctrine of the 'bit by bit' operation of all geological causes—a doctrine which had then already begun to establish its later wide popularity. Lyell had published the first edition of his famous *Principles* in January 1830—that is to say, almost two years before the 'Beagle' sailed. He had adopted the volcanic theory of the origin of the coral islands; and it is remarkable that he had nevertheless suggested the idea, although in a wholly different connection, that the Pacific presented in all probability an area of subsidence. Darwin most probably had this suggestion in his mind when he used it and adopted it for an argument which its author had never entertained.[2] However this may be, it must have prepared the greatest living teacher of geology to adopt the new explanation which turned his own hint to such wonderful account. And adopt it he did, accordingly. The theory of the young naturalist was hailed with acclamation. It was a magnificent generalisation. It was soon almost universally accepted with admiration and delight. It passed

[1] *Journal*, p. 468. [2] Lyell's *Principles*, 11th edition, p. 595.

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into all popular treatises, and ever since for the space of nearly half a century it has maintained its unquestioned place as one of the great triumphs of reasoning and research. Although its illustrious author has since eclipsed this earliest performance by theories and generalisations still more attractive and much further reaching, I have heard eminent men declare that, if he had done nothing else, his solution of the great problem of the coral islands of the Pacific would have sufficed to place him on the unsubmergeable peaks of science, crowned with an immortal name.

And now comes the great lesson. After an interval of more than five-and-thirty years the voyage of the 'Beagle' has been followed by the voyage of the 'Challenger,' furnished with all the newest appliances of science, and manned by a scientific staff more than competent to turn them to the best account. And what is one of the many results which have been added to our knowledge of nature—to our estimate of the true character and history of the globe we live on? It is that Darwin's theory is a dream. It is not only unsound, but it is in many respects directly the reverse of truth. With all his conscientiousness, with all his caution, with all his powers of observation, Darwin in this matter fell into errors as profound as the abysses of the Pacific. All the acclamations with which it was received were as the shouts of an ignorant mob. It is well to know that the plebiscites of science may be as dangerous and as hollow as those of politics. The overthrow of Darwin's speculation is only beginning to be known. It has been whispered for some time. The cherished dogma has been dropping very slowly out of sight. Can it be possible that Darwin was wrong? Must we indeed give up all that we have been accepting and teaching for more than a generation? Reluctantly, almost sulkily, and with a grudging silence as far as public discussion is concerned, the ugly possibility has been contemplated as too disagreeable to be much talked about. The evidence, old and new, has been weighed and weighed again, and the obviously inclining balance has been looked at askance many times. But despite all averted looks I apprehend that it has settled to its place for ever, and Darwin's theory of the coral islands must be relegated to the category of those many hypotheses which have indeed helped science for a time by promoting and provoking further investigation, but which in themselves have now finally 'kicked the beam.'

But this great lesson will be poorly learnt unless we read and study it in detail. What was the flaw in Darwin's reasoning, apparently so close and cogent? Was it in the facts, or was it in the inferences? His facts in the main were right; only it has been found that they fitted into another explanation better than into his. It was true that the corals could only grow in a shallow sea, not deeper than from twenty to thirty fathoms. It was true that they needed some foundation provided for them at the required depth.

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It was true that this foundation must be in the pure and open sea, with its limpid water, its free currents, and its dashing waves. It was true that they could not flourish or live in lagoons or in channels, however wide, if they were secluded and protected from oceanic waves. One error, apparently a small one, crept into Darwin's array of facts. The basis or foundation on which corals can grow, if it satisfied other conditions, need not be solid rock. It might be deep-sea deposits if these were raised or elevated near enough the surface. Darwin did not know this, for it is one of his assumptions that coral 'cannot adhere to a loose bottom.'[2] The 'Challenger' observations show that thousands of deep-sea corals and of other lime-secreting animals flourish on deep-sea deposits at depths much greater than those at which true reef-building species are found. The dead remains of these deeper-living animals, as well as the dead shells of pelagic species that fall from the surface waters, build up submarine elevations towards the sea level. Again, the reef-building coral will grow upon its own débris—rising, as men, morally and spiritually, are said by the poet to do, 'on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things.' This small error told for much; for if coral could grow on deep-sea deposits when lifted up, and if it could also grow seaward, when once established, upon its own dead and sunken masses, then submarine elevations and not submarine subsidences might be the true explanation of all the facts. But what of the lagoons and the immense areas of sea behind the fringing reefs? How could these be accounted for? It was these which first impressed Darwin with the idea of subsidence. They looked as if the land had sunk behind the reef, leaving a space into which the sea had entered, but in which no fresh reefs could grow. And here we learn the important lesson that an hypothesis may adequately account for actual facts, and yet nevertheless may not be true. A given agency may be competent to produce some given effect, and yet that effect may not be due to it, but to some other. Subsidence would or might account for the lagoons and for the protected seas, and yet it may not be subsidence which has actually produced them.

Darwin's theory took into full account two of the great forces which prevail in nature, but it took no account of another, which is comparatively inconspicuous in its operations, and yet is not less powerful than the vital energies, and the mechanical energies, which move and build up material. Darwin had thought much and deeply on both of these. He called on both to solve his problem. To the vital energy of the coral animals he rightly ascribed the power of separating the lime from sea-water, and of laying it down again in the marvellous structures of their calcareous homes. In an eloquent and powerful passage he describes the wonderful results which this energy achieves in constructing breakwaters which repel and resist

[2] *Journal*, ed. 1852, p. 477.

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the ocean along thousands of miles of coast. On the subterranean forces which raise and depress the earth's crust he dwelt—at least enough. But he did not know, because the science of his day had not then fully grasped, the great work performed by the mysterious power of chemical affinity, acting through the cognate conditions of aqueous solution. Just as it did not occur to him that a coral reef might advance steadily seaward by building ever fresh foundations on its own fragments when broken and submerged, or that the vigorous growth of the reefs to windward was due to the more abundant supply of food brought to the reef-building animals from that direction by oceanic currents, so did it never occur to him that it might melt away to the rear like salt or sugar, as the vital energy of the coral animals failed in the sheltered and comparatively stagnant water. It was that vital energy alone which not only built up the living tubes and cells, but which filled them with living organic matter capable of resisting the chemical affinities of the inorganic world. But when that energy became feeble, and when at last it ceased, the once powerful structure descended again to that lower level of the Inorganic, and subject to all its laws. Then, what the ocean could not do by the violence of its waves, it was all-potent to do by the corroding and dissolving power of its calmer lagoons. Ever eating, corroding, and dissolving, the back waters of the original fringing reef—the mere pools and channels left by the outrageous sea as it dashed upon the shore—were ceaselessly at work, aided by the high temperature of exposure to blazing suns, and by the gases evolved from decaying organisms. Thus the enlarging area of these pools and channels spread out into wide lagoons, and into still wider protected seas. They needed no theory of subsidence to account for their origin or for their growth. They would present the same appearance in a slowly rising, a stationary, or a slowly sinking area. Their outside boundary was ever marching further outward on submarine shoals and banks, and ever as it advanced in that direction its rear ranks were melted and dissolved away. Their inner boundary —the shores of some island or of some continent—might be steady and unmoved, or it might be even rather rising instead of sinking. Still, unless this rising were such as to overtake the advancing reef, the lagoon would grow, and if the shores were steady, it would widen as fast as the face of the coral barrier could advance. Perhaps, even if such a wonderful process had ever occurred to Darwin—even if he had grasped this extraordinary example of the 'give and take' of nature—of the balance of opposing forces and agencies which is of the very essence of its system, he would have been startled by the vast magnitude of the operations which such an explanation demanded. In its incipient stages this process is not only easily conceivable, but it may be seen in a thousand places and in a thousand stages of advancement. There are islands without number in which the fringing

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reef is still attached to the shore, but in which it is being 'pitted,' holed, and worn into numberless pools on the inner surfaces, where the coral is in large patches dead or dying, and where its less soluble ingredients are being deposited in the form of coral sand. There are thousands of other cases where the lagoon interval between the front of the reef and the shores has been so far widened that it is taking the form of a barrier, as distinguished from a fringing reef, and where the lagoon can be navigated by small boats. But when we come to the larger atolls, and the great seas included between a barrier reef and its related shores, the mind may well be staggered by the enormous quantity of matter which it is suggested has been dissolved, removed, and washed away. The breadth of the sheltered seas between barrier reefs and the shore is measured in some cases not by yards or hundreds of yards, not by miles but by tens of miles, and this breadth is carried on in linear directions, not for hundreds of miles, but for thousands. And yet there is one familiar idea in geology which might have helped Darwin, as it is much needed to help us even now, to conceive it. It is the old doctrine of the science, long ago formulated by Hutton, that the work of erosion and of denudation must be equal to the work of deposition. Rocks have been formed out of the ruins of older rocks, and those older rocks must have been worn down and carried off to an equivalent amount. So it is here, with another kind of erosion and another kind of deposition. The coral-building animals can only get their materials from the sea, and the sea can only get its materials by dissolving it from calcareous rocks of some kind. The dead corals are among its greatest quarries. The inconceivable and immeasurable quantities which have been dissolved out of the lagoons and sheltered seas of the Pacific and of the Indian Ocean, are not greater than the immeasurable quantities which are again used up in the vast new reefs of growing coral, and in the calcareous covering of an inconceivable number of other marine animals.

Here then was a generalisation as magnificent as that of Darwin's theory. It might not present a conception so imposing as that of a whole continent gradually subsiding, of its long coasts marked by barrier reefs, of its various hills and irregularities of surface marked by islands of corresponding size, and finally of the atolls which are the buoys indicating where its highest peaks finally disappeared beneath the sea. But, on the other hand, the new explanation was more like the analogies of nature—more closely correlated with the wealth of her resources, with those curious reciprocities of service which all her agencies render to each other, and which indicate so strongly the ultimate unity of her designs. This grand explanation we owe to Mr. John Murray, one of the naturalists of the 'Challenger' expedition, a man whose enthusiasm for science, whose sagacity and candour of mind, are not inferior to those of Darwin, and whose

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literary ability is testified by the splendid volumes of Reports now in course of publication under his editorial care. Mr. Murray's new explanation of the structure and origin of coral reefs and islands was communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1880,[4] and supported with such a weight of facts and such a close texture of reasoning that no serious reply has ever been attempted. At the same time the reluctance to admit such an error in the great Idol of the scientific world, the necessity of suddenly disbelieving all that had been believed and repeated in every form, for upwards of forty years—of cancelling what had been taught to the young of more than a whole generation—has led to a slow and sulky acquiescence, rather than to that joy which every true votary of science ought to feel in the discovery of a new truth and—not less—in the exposure of a long-accepted error. Darwin himself had lived to hear of the new solution, and with that splendid candour which was eminent in him, his mind, though now grown old in his own early convictions, was at least ready to entertain it, and to confess that serious doubts had been awakened as to the truth of his famous theory.

If, however, Mr. John Murray has not been cheered by the acclamations which greeted his illustrious predecessor, if the weight of a great accepted authority and of preconceived impressions has kept down the admiration which ought ever to reward the happy suggestions of laborious research, he has had at least the great satisfaction of observing the silence of any effective criticism. But more than this—he is now having the still greater satisfaction of receiving corroborative support from the observations of others. His own series of facts as ascertained during the voyage of the 'Challenger' constituted an array of evidence tolerably conclusive. But since he read his paper in Edinburgh, an island has been discovered in the Solomon group by another naturalist, Dr. Guppy,[5] which lifts into the light and air a complete record of the series of operations beneath the waters of the Pacific to which Mr. Murray ascribes the origin of countless other islands, islets, and atolls. Here the barrier reef and the atoll have been elevated from their bed, and all their foundations have been shown. Those foundations are not solid rock, but are just what Darwin assumed they could never be, deep-sea deposits. These had been originally, of course, laid down in more or less oceanic depths. But elevation, not depression, had begun the work. The deep deposit had ceased to be deep because the crust of the earth, on which it lay, had been bulged upwards by subterranean force. The deep bottom had become a shoal, rising to the required distance from the surface level of the sea. The moment it reached the thirty or the twenty fathom depth, the reef-building corals seized upon it as their resting-place, and began to

[4] *Proc. Roy. Soc. Edin.* vol. x. pp. 505–18.

[5] Surgeon of H.M.S. 'Lark.' *Trans. Roy. Soc. Edin.* June 1885.

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grow. Possibly some process of induration may have affected the deposit before it reached this point. Probably it was consolidated or indurated by the luxuriant growth of myriads of deep-sea creatures at depths greater than thirty fathoms.

It has recently been discovered by another naturalist of the 'Challenger' school[6] that there may be a special explanation of this part of the operation. It is found that shoals have the immediate effect of converting the tidal wave of deeper water into a current. This current sweeps off the looser deposits covering the shoal. Deep-sea corals then settle upon it. These may, and often do, build up their walls to a great height, and if this height reaches the zone of the true reef-building species, a firm basis is at once provided for their operations. Shoals have lately been discovered off the African coasts of the Atlantic, which in tropical seas would probably have become coral islands. This may or may not have been often the case in the Pacific. But it does not affect the question, except in so far as it may justify Darwin's conception that reef corals cannot grow on 'loose deposits.' They may have ceased to be so soft and loose as they are when resting in the quiet depths of the thousand fathoms sea. This induration may be part or an accompaniment of the process of elevation, but whether it be so or not the process is equally one of elevation and not of subsidence. In the island described by Dr. Guppy the foundations of the reef-building corals are seen resting directly on the remains of the pelagic fauna, and both theories equally assume and assert the uncontested fact that these foundations when the coral wall began to grow must have been previously elevated to the requisite level, that, namely, of from 180 to 120 feet below the surface of the ocean. Mr. John Murray's explanation is fully confirmed that the coral reefs often begin on shoals; that these shoals are due to elevations of the sea bottom; that the reef when once established can and does grow seaward upon its own fragments broken and submerged; that these form a 'talus' capable of indefinite advance until the furthest limit of the shoal is reached; that the rearward ranks of the coral animals die as they are left behind in the hot and shallow waters of the lagoon; that their calcareous skeletons are then attacked by the solvent action of the water, are eaten away and carried off to form the materials of new reefs and the shells of countless other creatures. These have likewise been confirmed by the investigations of Mr. Alexander Agassiz in the West Indies. Often in the Pacific, as in all other regions of the earth, the elevating forces rest for ages, having done all the work which on some particular area they have got to do. The shoals remain shoals only covered with the walls and battlements of coral. This is the case which accounts for countless islands never

[6] 'On Oceanic Shoals discovered by the S.S. "Dacia,"' by J. Y. Buchanan, F.R.S.E. *Proc. Roy. Soc. Edin.* Oct. 1883.

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exceeding a certain height. On the other hand, and 'otherwhere,' the elevating forces, after a rest, resume their operation, lift up these coral walls and battlements wholly out of the sea, and make other islands by the thousand which become the delight of man; whilst in yet another class of cases the elevations open out into volcanoes, and constitute great areas of land which are among the most fertile regions of the habitable globe. But everywhere and always the ubiquitous coral animals fix on every shoal and on every shore, whether old or new, and resume the wonderful cycle of operations in which they are a subordinate but a powerful agent.

In a recent article in this Review I had occasion to refer to the curious power which is sometimes exercised on behalf of certain accepted opinions, or of some reputed Prophet, in establishing a sort of Reign of Terror in their own behalf, sometimes in philosophy, sometimes in politics, sometimes in science. This observation was received as I expected it to be—by those who being themselves subject to this kind of terror are wholly unconscious of the subjection. It is a remarkable illustration of this phenomenon that Mr. John Murray was strongly advised against the publication of his views in derogation of Darwin's long-accepted theory of the coral islands, and was actually induced to delay it for two years. Yet the late Sir Wyville Thomson, who was at the head of the naturalists of the 'Challenger' expedition, was himself convinced by Mr. Murray's reasoning, and the short but clear abstract of it in the second volume of the Narrative of the Voyage has since had the assent of all his colleagues.[7]

Nor is this the only case, though it is the most important, in which Mr. Murray has had strength to be a great iconoclast. Along with the earlier specimens of deep-sea deposits sent home by naturalists during the first soundings in connection with the Atlantic telegraph cable, there was very often a sort of enveloping slimy mucus in the containing bottles which arrested the attention and excited the curiosity of the specialists to whom they were consigned. It was structureless to all microscopic examination. But so is all the protoplasmic matter of which the lowest animals are formed. Could it be a widely diffused medium of this protoplasmic material, not yet specialised or individualised into organic forms, nor itself yet in a condition to build up inorganic skeletons for a habitation? Here was a grand idea. It would be well to find missing links; but it would be better to find the primordial pabulum out of which all living things had come. The ultra-Darwinian enthusiasts were enchanted. Haeckel clapped his hands and shouted out Eureka loudly. Even the cautious and discriminating mind of Professor Huxley was caught by this new and grand generalisation of the 'physical basis of life.' It was announced by him to the British

[7] *Narr.* 'Chall.' *Exp.* vol. i. p. 781.

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Association in 1868. Dr. Will. Carpenter took up the chorus. He spoke of 'a living expanse of protoplasmic substance,' penetrating with its living substance the 'whole mass' of the oceanic mud.[8] A fine new Greek name was devised for this mother slime, and it was christened 'Bathybius,' from the consecrated deeps in which it lay. The conception ran like wildfire through the popular literature of science, and here again there was something like a coming plebiscite in its favour. Expectant imagination soon played its part. Wonderful movements were seen in this mysterious slime. It became an 'irregular network,' and it could be seen gradually 'altering its form,' so that 'entangled granules gradually changed their relative positions.'[9] The naturalists of the 'Challenger' began their voyage in the full Bathybian faith. But the sturdy mind of Mr. John Murray kept its balance—all the more easily since he never could himself find or see any trace of this pelagic protoplasm when the dredges of the 'Challenger' came fresh from bathysmal bottoms. Again and again he looked for it, but never could he discover it. It always hailed from home. The bottles sent there were reported to yield it in abundance, but somehow it seemed to be hatched in them. The laboratory in Jermyn Street was its unfailing source, and the great observer there was its only sponsor. The ocean never yielded it until it had been bottled. At last, one day on board the 'Challenger' an accident revealed the mystery. One of Mr. Murray's assistants poured a large quantity of spirits of wine into a bottle containing some pure sea-water, when lo! the wonderful protoplasm Bathybius appeared. It was the chemical precipitate of sulphate of lime produced by the mixture of alcohol and sea-water. This was bathos indeed. On this announcement 'Bathybius' disappeared from science, reading us, in more senses than one, a great lesson on 'precipitation.'[10]

This is a case in which a ridiculous error and a ridiculous credulity were the direct results of theoretical preconceptions. Bathybius was accepted because of its supposed harmony with Darwin's speculations. It is needless to say that Darwin's own theory of the coral islands has no special connection with his later hypotheses of Evolution. Both his theory and the theory of Mr. Murray equally involve the development of changes through the action and interaction of the old agencies of vital, chemical, and mechanical change. Nevertheless the disproof of a theory which was so imposing, and had been so long accepted, does read to us the most important lessons. It teaches us that neither the beauty—nor the imposing character—nor the apparent sufficiency of an explanation may be any proof whatever of its truth. And if this be taught us even of explanations which concern results purely physical, comparatively simple, and compara-

[8] *Proc. Roy. Soc.* No. 107, 1868, pp. 190–1.
[9] *The Depths of the Sea*, 2nd. ed. London, 1874, pp. 410–15.
[10] *Narr. 'Chall.' Exp.* vol. i. p. 939.

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tively definite, how much more is this lesson impressed upon us when, concerning far deeper and more complicated things, explanations are offered which are in themselves obscure, full of metaphor, full of the pitfalls and traps due to the ambiguities of language—explanations which are incapable of being reduced to proof, and concern both agencies and results of which we are profoundly ignorant.

ARGYLL.

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FROM EASTER TO AUGUST.

THE Session is ending. Whatever we may have wished, whatever we may have conjectured, when the Session began, as to things likely to happen in it, it is ending now, and its facts can speak for themselves. And for any one with his eyes open two facts above all, at the closing of the present Session, stand out clear and undeniable—the disappearance of the Gladstonian plan of Home Rule, the weakening of the Government.

Whether the Liberal Unionists live or die, they have at any rate rendered to their country this signal service—they have compelled the abandonment and disappearance of the Gladstonian plan of Home Rule. The Land Bill which was to be its accompaniment and condition disappeared long ago. But the scheme of a separate national Parliament and a separate national Executive for Ireland remained, and was full of dangers. To give to the people of Ireland the due control of their own local affairs was, as I said a year ago, an object approved by all reasonable people in this country, and professed by every Liberal Unionist, by Mr. Bright and by Mr. Chamberlain as much as by Mr. Gladstone. But what gave to Mr. Gladstone's scheme its essential character was the withdrawal of the Irish members from Westminster and their establishment as a national power in Dublin, with an executive and justice and police of their own. It is now conceded that the Irish members shall be retained at Westminster. Nor is there to be at Dublin any national Parliament or Executive for Ireland. An assembly and executive for the northern province is conceded; and so Ireland will have, at any rate, not a national Parliament and national Executive single, but an assembly and government for northern or British Ireland on the one hand, and an assembly and government for southern or Celtic Ireland on the other. Finally, assurances appear to have been given with respect to the control of justice and police which to Sir George Trevelyan, at all events, are satisfactory.

The Liberal Unionists, I say, may survive or they may be extinguished, but they have saved their country from a great peril, they have converted the Gladstonian scheme of Home Rule from a most dangerous to a comparatively safe one. Not a single Gladstonian candidate who now wins an election wins it as a supporter

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of Mr. Gladstone's old unconverted plan. The plan converted, or to be converted, is the one he adopts and upholds; and the conversion of the plan has been brought about by the opposition of the Liberal Unionists to the surrender originally offered by Mr. Gladstone.

On the other hand, the Government is weaker than when the Session began. It has been losing, not gaining, in credit and consideration. I speak of home affairs only. The Leader of the House of Commons has qualities which win every one's good word; he has filled his difficult position far better than people in general expected, and on the whole with success. Mr. Balfour, who did not begin happily, has since shown himself to possess great vigour and resource. The Government has carried and applied the closure, which the country, I am convinced, heartily wished to be carried and applied; it has also carried the Crimes Bill, which its adversaries loudly and confidently defied it to carry. Still it is at the present time visibly, I am sorry to say, declined and declining in consideration, credit, and power. True it has actually lost only four seats, but the change indicated by the voting at those and other elections is grave. Nor can the Government show any important gain, except in one constituency, to set on the other side. It is manifest that the democracy, in whose impulses lies the Government's danger, is beginning to move; while, on the other hand, the great body of quiet reasonable people, in whose support lies the Government's strength, are somewhat discouraged and disconcerted.

Let me recall two warnings which I was moved to give (it is so easy to give warnings!), one of them in a letter to the *Times* more than a year ago, the other in this Review just before the present Session began. In the *Times*, after a misunderstood and unfortunate speech by Lord Salisbury, I urged that however necessary restraining measures for Ireland might be, still for the Government to rely on restraining measures merely was to play the game of their adversaries and to deliver us over to Cleon and his democracy. In this Review I urged, when the Session was about to begin, that of fumbling and failure the country has had more than enough, that people are become impatient of seeing the efforts of Government turn awry and our affairs go amiss; that *success*, clear and broad success, is what the general sentiment earnestly demands from the Government and its measures.

Now it is evident that, if the first of these two warnings was sound, the Government could not expect that the Crimes Bill, a purely restraining measure, would be sufficient alone. It might be accepted, and I am convinced it *was* accepted, by the great body of quiet reasonable people as a necessity, and as such approved, but with the understanding that fit remedial measures would follow it. By the democracy, by the new electorate, any Crimes Bill was sure to be regarded with impatience and misgiving. It might be just

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tolerated, in the hope of better things immediately to follow it; it could not be approved. Everything depended upon what came after. What came after was the Bodyke evictions, a repetition of the scenes enacted at Woodford and Glen Beigh. Mr. Balfour said he 'thought it his duty' to enable the Bodyke evictions to take place. Mr. Balfour is a brilliant man, but his 'thinking it his duty' to carry into execution, at that juncture, the Bodyke evictions, reminded me painfully of a saying of Goethe's: *The English are pedants!* It was pedantry at that juncture, in a revolutionary state of things, with a bad case, and with a Crimes Bill before Parliament, so to construe his duty. And heavily indeed was Mr. Balfour's stroke of pedantry punished. The evictions were conducted, like the preceding cases of the kind, in a manner to bring ridicule and contempt upon the police and soldiery, and upon the Government which was behind them. Some of the evictions were of a character to raise the temper of the democracy, already impatient and annoyed at the Crimes Bill, to a white heat of indignation. Rude but moving pictures of the harshest passages in the evictions were hawked about through the villages; mob orators used with all their might the opportunity given to them. 'It is to perpetuate scenes like this,' they kept crying, 'that the Government pass a Crimes Bill!' Quiet, reasonable people, out of the reach of mob orators, and well knowing that even in harsh evictions the fault is not always all on the side of the evictors, were yet seriously shocked and disquieted.

In this untoward condition of things, it was of the utmost importance that the next proceeding of the Government should be beyond all question frank, firm, simple, and healing. Success is what is demanded, and the first conditions of success for the measures of a government are frankness and firmness. It was necessary, further, that their proceeding should be simple, because the time was short, and healing, because after the Crimes Bill the turn for a healing measure was come, and was announcing itself imperiously. Under these circumstances the Government appeared with their Land Bill in the House of Commons. The measure was neither frank, firm, simple, nor healing. The promise of a complete Land Bill at the beginning of next Session, and a short bill staying evictions in the meantime, would no doubt have produced a far better and more satisfying effect upon the mind of the country. But to take this course was thought impossible. A course, however, less calculated to weaken the Government than the course actually followed by them might surely have been found. When something healing has to be done, it is surely weak statesmanship to seek to do it by a bill fashioned at first in the House of Lords so as to suit the landlords, then gravely altered in the House of Commons at the instigation of the Liberal Unionists, but with a burning question, that of arrears, left unprovided for; subsequently again altered in the House of Lords in such a manner as to create fresh dissatisfaction

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and delay. I will not pronounce an opinion upon a single clause of the bill, it is not necessary to do so in order to be convinced that this intended measure of healing has been managed most unhappily. The main alterations made by the House of Lords have finally been adopted, but to the bitter disappointment of the Ulster Unionists and at the cost of much heart-burning and friction; so that, instead of the Government having derived any advantage from this their first attempt at a healing measure, the positive weakening of the Government is, I fear, the capital and serious fact at the close of the Session.

Plainly, then, Conservatism is not now any longer at its zenith. It ought to be added that this is in no degree by the fault of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. That party has behaved admirably. Readers of the Fathers, if there are any such readers left, may possibly remember a passage in a homily at the end of St. Cyprian's works: *Incredibilis res est pastores pati posse aliquid a pecore.* The homilist puts it too strongly; the shepherd has sometimes cause to complain of the flock. But certainly of their *pecus*, the Conservative flock in the House of Commons, the Ministerial shepherds have no cause to complain. Never was there a body of followers more steady, more willing, more self-sacrificing. Mr. Courtney has spoken severely of the demeanour of some of their younger members; but Mr. Courtney, like myself, has come to an age when one is liable to attacks of a sort of irritable antipathy towards white waistcoats, and when one has to be on one's guard against the moroseness of old age. From all I have myself seen, or can learn from others, I should say that any impartial observer who recalls the interruptions prevalent and victorious in the House of Commons of former days, and who witnesses the provocation offered by many of the Irish members now, would be inclined to pronounce the parliamentary demeanour of the whole Conservative party at present, young as well as old, almost angelic. At any rate, of the staunchness, fidelity, patience, and reasonableness of this party towards its leaders there can be no doubt. Nor has the staunchness of the Liberal Unionist members been less exemplary. Their course has been that of men sincerely anxious to save the Government from committing errors, to help the Government out of difficulties, not to make capital out of those errors and difficulties for themselves. Their position is in many respects a harassing one, a position to cause restlessness; but only two of them have been unsettled and carried away by restlessness, Mr. Winterbotham and Sir George Trevelyan. The majority behind the Government has, I repeat, done its duty perfectly. But the fortunes of the Government decline, and those of the majority cannot but decline with them.

Before the Session began, I inquired what the Government should do in order to retain the goodwill of that great body of quiet, reasonable people throughout the country, who thought the course

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attempted by Mr. Gladstone and his followers a false and dangerous one, and had placed the Conservatives in power in order to stop it. And I answered my own inquiry by saying, as I have mentioned above, that what the Government had to do was to take, on the great questions of the Session, a course not dubious, fumbling, and failing, but frank, firm, and successful. At Easter I inquired how things stood at the moment to which we were then come; what had been accomplished, what still remained to be accomplished; what was likely to lead to final success, what to failure. And again I answered my own inquiry, and said that reasonable people were glad to see the closure carried, and would be glad to see the Crimes Bill carried, but that there was perhaps a danger of quiet people not insisting strongly enough upon a further thing: how much, after the Crimes Bill was carried, would still require to be done. I said that I believed them to desire and intend most sincerely both to defeat Mr. Gladstone's dangerous plan of Home Rule, and also to remove all just cause of Irish complaint, but that I feared we did not all of us adequately conceive how large and far-reaching were the measures required in order to effect the latter purpose. I added that it was the more necessary for reasonable people to acquire an adequate conception of this, and to make the Government act upon it, because the democracy, the new voters, were feather-brained, were unapt to understand the dangers of such a plan of Home Rule as Mr. Gladstone's, were by nature inclined to dislike a restraining measure such as the Crimes Bill, were being plied with fierce stimulants by Mr. Gladstone and his followers, were agitated and chafing, and if nothing effective was done for removing cause of complaint in Ireland as well as repressing crime there, were likely to burst irresistibly in, bearing Mr. Gladstone back to power.

What I feared has in great measure come to pass. The democracy has not yet indeed borne Mr. Gladstone back in triumph to power, but in the Northwich division it has broken irresistibly in, carrying in triumph on its shoulders Mr. Brunner, who adopts his leader's watchword of *Masses against classes!* and proclaims his election to be a signal victory in that war. Mr. Gladstone and his followers are superbly elate, they will ply the democracy with fiercer stimulants than ever; if things continue to go as they are now going, the agitation will grow hotter and hotter; at election after election will be raised the cry of *Masses against classes!* and a perpetual series of Mr. Brunners will win by it, until at last there is nothing left for them except to devour one another.

The end of the Session will give us a little breathing time. At Easter I said that the prospects of a final happy issue were favourable, if the great force of quiet reasonable opinion throughout the country —the force which defeated Mr. Gladstone at the last election— remained active and watchful. At the end of the Session, in spite

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of all that has happened, I still say the same thing. The Government is weaker. But the dangerous parts of the Gladstonian plan of Home Rule have been dropped and abandoned by its authors. To plain people outside of the rivalry of parties it will seem of little matter which party settles the Irish question so long as the settlement is a safe and good one. But it may be said that the passions they have fomented, the tempers they have raised, the feather-brained democracy to which they appeal, may compel Mr. Gladstone and his lieutenants to withdraw concessions which he had been compelled to make, and to recur to a scheme of Home Rule bad and unsafe. And this is no doubt a possible danger. Only in one way can it be averted. Only in one way can either the present weak Government be strengthened so as to endure and so as to achieve a settlement of the Irish question, or Mr. Gladstone be controlled and influenced so as to adhere to his present concessions, and to adopt a settlement of the Irish question, if to him it falls to settle it, safe and reasonable. Either thing can come about only by the force of quiet reasonable opinion in the country continuing active and watchful—nay, increasing its activity and watchfulness. And it is in one direction above all that its activity and watchfulness have to be directed: to secure the full and frank removal, now that power has been taken for quelling disorder, of all just cause of complaint in Ireland; and with this object, to habituate itself to consider, more adequately perhaps than it has yet considered, what large and far-reaching measures are required for that purpose, and to make its insistence on such measures as operative as its approval of a Crimes Bill has been.

Nor, in doing this, need our friends go back in the very slightest degree from their approval of the closure and the Crimes Act. To them, indeed, to brush away the claptrap and insincerities, with which the politician inflames the feather-brained democracy, is not difficult. In 'the present deplorable Session, which must make every Englishman blush, or weep, or both,' cries Mr. Gladstone, 'the closure imposes upon the deliberations of your free Parliament restraints hitherto totally unknown.' But in the eyes of reasonable people the present Session is deplorable not because too much restraint has been put upon the barren obstructive talk which Mr. Gladstone is pleased to call deliberation, but because too little has been put upon it. 'The liberties of the House of Commons,' he cries again, 'have been sacrificed to the causeless, wanton, mischievous, insidious coercion of Ireland.' But a Judge declares to us that in parts of Ireland 'the law has ceased to exist; there is a state of war with authority and with the institutions of civilised life.' Mr. Dillon boasts that 'there are hundreds of farms in Kerry on which no person dares lay his foot.' The *Tuam News* reports: 'Hugh Baldwin was summoned to attend the meeting of the Kiltartan branch of the National League, the charge of associating with a notorious

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anti-Nationalist being brought against him. He assured some members of the Committee before the meeting that he did not know what he was doing, and that it would not happen again.' If these things are so, if there is this paralysis of the law, this intimidation and terrorism, and if the offenders either cannot be brought to justice, or if they are brought to justice cannot be convicted, what reasonable quiet man will call it 'causeless, wanton, mischievous, invidious coercion' to strengthen the ordinary law so as to enable it to reach them? 'No coercion, but a vigorous enforcement of the ordinary law!' cries the feather-brained journalism of the democracy. This is as much as to say, 'No enforcement of the law, but a vigorous enforcement of it!' It is because the ordinary law cannot be enforced that it needs strengthening. Every reasonable man must surely see that the strengthening of the power of the ordinary law is here no case for crying out against 'causeless, wanton coercion,' but rather for applying the excellent Bible text: 'Do that which is good, and thou shalt not be afraid of the power.'

Or, again, when Sir George Trevelyan asserts that 'the real defect' of the Crimes Bill is that 'it is directed against the written and spoken expression of opinion,' and Mr. Labouchere complains that it will 'crush out the legitimate expression of opinion in Ireland,' and Professor Stuart admonishes us that 'whatever may be the opinions of any body of persons, it is for the public detriment that those opinions should not be fully expressed,' reasonable people will surely take the trouble to ask what is really the sort of *opinion* which all this fine talk is to cover and license. And they will find that it is such opinion as this of Mr. Wm. O'Brien's: 'If Trench dares to lay a robber hand upon any honest man's house in Ireland, we will hunt Lord Lansdowne with execrations out of Canada.' And reasonable people will surely think that to permit, in the present state of things in Ireland, the free expression of this sort of 'opinion,' is good neither for Ireland, England, Canada, nor Mr. O'Brien. No one would call this 'the legitimate expression of opinion' except a political agitator; and he would himself expect no one except a feather-brained democracy to take him seriously.

The coercion, then, is not causeless in the present instance. Is it mischievous? Reasonable people in this country, if they have no bias, will not think so. The democracy, with a life full of restraints, naturally thinks restraint a curse, and doing as one likes the height of felicity. The Americans in general think so too. Mr. Godkin reports that 'go where you will in the United States, you will find that popular feeling, however ignorant about the facts of the case, runs in favour of the Irish.' It runs in their favour because of the opinion, so prevalent in the United States, that 'any measures of coercion are not only unjust, but nugatory.' Perhaps in a country like America, with society in an early and simple stage, even reason-

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able people may easily enough come to hold this opinion. I do not say that it does them no harm, but at any rate they have little practical experience of its unsoundness and danger; they have not yet reached that corporate stage when its falsehood is manifest. Senator Riddleberger is thrown into prison in Virginia for some contempt of court. His friends are indignant, and these plain citizens, in their unsophisticated stage of life, after a repast of fishballs, no doubt, and a drink of iced water, march to the prison with ladders and take Senator Riddleberger out. And what is characteristic of American society in its present stage is, that then the citizens go away, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, and no disturbance follows. But reflecting people in our artificial European world would be inexcusable if they expected here a like termination to a like case. Suppose Mr. Labouchere were unlucky enough to be cast into prison, and that the democracy of Northampton, when the tocsin sounded from all the Nonconformist chapels, could go with ladders and take him out; we all know that here this would mean riot, roughs, drink, fires, and bloodshed. And Macaulay used to contemplate with sadness, as we know, the sure coming of a time when in America too it would, alas, be the same.

The Irish themselves are the worse, not the better, for the license which they claim for themselves, and of which their friends say it is wrong to deprive them. Democratic journalism reproaches the Conservatives with want of chivalry in not sparing men who are down, as the Irish are. Mr. Parnell's threat that his countrymen will 'look to methods outside the Constitution,' Mr. O'Brien's threat, 'If Trench dares to lay a robber hand upon any honest man's home, we will hunt Lord Lansdowne with execrations out of Canada,' is scarcely the language of men who are down. In fact the extraordinary impunity which the Irish enjoy has generated in them a temper of audacity and defiance as mischievous to themselves as it is to England. Misgovernment—for the misgovernment must never be denied or put out of sight—has begotten alienation, impunity in violent language and proceedings has begotten defiance. The Irish have many fine qualities, but they have also qualities which render them prone to be reckless and defiant, and which make excess of this kind peculiarly baneful to them. A penetrating moralist has observed that of ordinary human nature itself 'the ground is seditious, insolent, refractory, inclined to contradict and contemn whatever lays claim to rule over it; consequently opposed to order, ungovernable, and negative.' Certainly this is no inaccurate description of the temper which has grown up, whosesoever the fault may be, in Ireland, and which at present is in possession of the Irish nature. And it is a fatal temper; the *radicale Böse*, as our moralist goes on to say, of Kant; a temper which makes not only government impossible, but all order, progress,

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and happiness. Until the Irish are convinced that the law is stronger than they or we, until they have had to renounce and forgo this temper of 'insolence, refractoriness, defiance,' not only they cannot be governed, they cannot be sane, they cannot be settled, they cannot be happy.

Both Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan have used an argument, intended to embarrass the Unionists, which may usefully be noticed in this connection. They reproach the Unionists with believing and countenancing certain grave charges against Mr. Parnell and others of his party, and they say: 'You yourselves propose to bestow on Ireland local government, to give to the Irish, not indeed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule, but the due control of their own local affairs; and how can you reconcile it with your conscience to put the local government of Ireland into the hands of men against whom such charges as these are admitted by you?' Now of the charges here spoken of I say nothing; I have never relied upon them in the discussion of the Irish question—never, I believe, mentioned them. But this I will say to Lord Spencer and to Sir George Trevelyan: To put the local government of Ireland into the hands of men in whom their present temper of insolence, refractoriness, defiance is rampant, would indeed be to invite failure and misery. Not until the temper has yielded, not until Irishmen have convinced themselves that the law is stronger than they, that it is vain and foolish for them to talk of making the government of Ireland impossible and of driving Lord Lansdowne with execrations out of Canada, not until then can a system of local government work well in Ireland. And surely all reasonable people will see that this is an irrefragable argument for the Crimes Bill.

Whether or no it is expedient to suppress the National League, or any particular branches of it, must depend, reasonable men will think, upon whether or no this refractory temper of outrageous defiance yields or is broken down without such suppression. If not, all reasonable people will wish the League suppressed. But they will wish it suppressed simply to break this malign temper, and not to comply with any clamour or hatred; as, on the other hand, they will wish its not being suppressed, if suppressed it is not, to be because this temper is suppled and reduced, not because the Government is nervous about an election, apprehensive of enraging the democracy. And if any branch of the League is to be suppressed they will wish it suppressed firmly, not in a hesitating and fumbling manner; because proceedings taken in a hesitating and fumbling manner never succeed. Meanwhile all reasonable people must rejoice, I should have thought, that the League has been, at any rate, proclaimed.

I have said that any Crimes Bill will be distasteful to the democracy, because a measure of this kind is a restraining one; and the

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proclamation of the League is likely to be distasteful for the same reason. But I believe that the new electors, who have a root of the English good sense and moderation in them, and who not only hear Irish stump orators but begin also to read newspapers, and newspapers not all on one side only—I believe that the new electors might have been brought to understand the necessity for a Crimes Bill, and even for the proclamation of the National League. They might be disposed to judge severely men who had told them they would never vote for a Crimes Bill, and then went and voted for one. But neither would this have been decisive with them. What was decisive with them was, I repeat, the evictions, the continuing evictions, the harsh and inhuman evictions of suffering people. The plea that the landlord had no other course left to him; that the same thing is done elsewhere; that the sufferers are much to blame—the kind of unction which the propertied and satisfied classes lay to their souls so readily—had and could have no power upon the democracy at all. These evictions were brought home to their imagination, feeling, senses; they thought them horribly harsh and inhuman, and that was decisive. It cannot be too often repeated: Mr. Balfour's 'thinking it his duty' to allow the Bodyke evictions to take place was the crying, fatal fault in the Government's proceedings this Session. It has made it almost impossible for the democracy either to see the Crimes Bill, or to see the proclamation of the League, as reasonable people see it.

Of course the dangers of Mr. Gladstone's plan of Home Rule the democracy was not likely to see; of course the grievances alleged as a reason for it the democracy was likely to see readily, and readily to admit the separatist constitution prescribed as a cure for them. To the mass of mankind nothing can sound more plausibly than a cry for Home Rule; nothing needs more training and reflection than to appreciate rightly the character and tendencies of the Home Rule proposed. Let me ask Mr. Godkin (it is a pleasure to converse with him even in the pages of a Review), whether he has sufficiently understood how small was the number of persons I meant, when I said that all the highly instructed and widely informed people I met in America, except himself, thought Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule injudicious. Mr. Godkin begins by quoting my words accurately enough; but presently he makes me speak of 'intelligent' Americans, as if that were the same thing as 'highly instructed and widely informed' Americans. Now the whole American nation may be called 'intelligent,' that is to say, quick; and certainly I never meant to dispute that, as Mr. Godkin asserts, 'go where you will in the United States, popular feeling is in favour of the Irish demand.' I fully admit that this is so, that such is the feeling of the mass of 'intelligent Americans' as they are called; only I add, with Mr. Godkin himself, that these intelligent Americans are for the most part 'ignorant of the facts of the case.' But I

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said that when I came across highly instructed and widely informed Americans, I found *them* of opinion that Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy was a mistake. I say the same thing still. I say it of the Continent of Europe as well as of the United States of America; I say it of what Mr. Gladstone calls 'the civilised world.' Mr. Gladstone sometimes appears to think that the civilised world is on his side if it agrees that Ireland has been misgoverned. But what I maintain is, that throughout the civilised world, so far as my experience goes, the highly instructed and widely informed people, while strongly thinking that Ireland has been misgoverned, think at the same time that Mr. Gladstone's plan of Home Rule, with its national Parliament and national Executive for Ireland, was a mistake. But indeed he has now abandoned the plan himself, although apparently without any just conception, even now, of its intrinsic character and of its dangers.

Yet Mr. Gladstone is a highly instructed and widely informed person. So is Mr. John Morley, so is Mr. Godkin. But in each and all of these cases there is a bias. Mr. Gladstone is biassed by his longing to command the eighty-five Parnellite votes, and so to be master of the House of Commons and of power. Mr. John Morley is so convinced of the stupidity and stiffness of the English nation, that he despairs of its ever managing Ireland properly. Mr. Godkin has the alienated feelings of so many of his Irish countrymen. All the three men, having this bias, use arguments, take a line, which without bias such men would never employ.

I always invite Americans, who call out for Irish Home Rule, to consider how they would themselves like to have not a number of Southern States each with its own Legislature and Executive, but one South with a national Southern Congress and a national Southern Executive. No one has ever cried, that I know of, *Alabama a nation!* as the Irish cry, *Ireland a nation, and the green flag of our people!* But there has been in America, as we well know, the cry, *The South a nation, and the flag of the Confederate States!* Would the Americans concede that nationality—would they not recognise its danger? I can myself imagine but one answer from them. Yet I seem to remember that Mr. Godkin, in his zeal to parry the argument against Home Rule which this illustration of mine conveys, was capable of maintaining in his newspaper that if the South had chosen to insist on their own Congress and Executive they might have had it.

Mr. Gladstone too—how, without a bias, could a man of Mr. Gladstone's training and knowledge, who has learnt how hard and slow a labour is the grand work of building a nation, how mischievously the jealousies and pretensions of 'our parish' interfere with it—how could such a man go about the country evoking and envenoming provincial discontents everywhere, and thus not only vexing the present, but sowing also, so far as in him lies, the certain seeds of

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trouble for the future? Without a bias how could Mr. John Morley taunt the Ulstermen with being bad Irishmen if they hold aloof from the national Parliament and Executive in Dublin? As if the height of political virtue for the Irishman was to feel allegiance to his island, not to the Empire! As if a Breton who stood aloof from a separatist movement in Brittany, and said that he placed his pride in being a citizen not of Brittany but of France, was to be called a bad patriot! Yet a Breton is no more a Frank than an Irishman is an Angle.

Reasonable people have no cause to waver in their judgment that Ireland, like Brittany or Wales, is and must be now a nation poetically only, not politically, and that all projects for making it a nation politically are disastrous and pregnant with danger. A project of the kind their firm resistance has baffled. Let them be watchful and zealous to prevent any reappearance either of that project or of a second project fraught with like dangers.

But Home Rule is not the pressing question for the moment; the pressing question for the moment is the question of the land and the landlords. The greatest possible service, which the body of quiet reasonable people in England can now render to their country, is to set their face like a flint against all paltering with this question, to insist on a thorough and equitable settlement of it. I am convinced that they are sincerely bent on doing right as to the land, no less than on quelling disorder. Their body is not aristocratical in its composition; if it were, it would have but a very small part of its present strength. The Conservative Government is aristocratical in its composition, and inevitably contracts weakness from this cause; it leans to the landlords; it imagines solidity where there is none; above all, it has not the popular fibre, the instinct for what will please or offend the feelings and imagination of men in general. The present Conservative Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, is even conspicuously devoid of this instinct. His Jubilee honours afforded a good measure of his popular fibre. As seriously as if he had been celebrating the Jubilee by assigning to Phidias or to Socrates a public maintenance in the Prytaneum, he celebrated it by investing Mr. Eaton with a purple robe, and lost the Coventry seat for his party in consequence.

The body of quiet reasonable people throughout England is not a feather-brained democracy, but it has popular fibre enough to be shocked by such evictions as some of those which we have seen, to feel the madness of permitting them, to insist on their ceasing. And it does not lean to the landlords. On the contrary, it judges them with entire freedom. As I said in January: 'If Lord Clanricarde's tenants are evicted, the general opinion of reasonable people wishes them evicted without rioting; but it has its own thoughts about Lord Clanricarde.'

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The Irish landlords complain that they are being sacrificed, that they are treated differently from other landlords, that the faults of the past are visited upon them, that no account is taken of their amendment. And indeed their case is peculiar. Everywhere the propertied and satisfied classes have to face an aspect of things which is new and unfamiliar to them; everywhere a change is preparing; everywhere the word *equity* is acquiring a force and an extension hitherto unknown; everywhere it becomes plainer that he who thinks it enough to say, *May I not do what I will with my own?* will no longer be suffered to have the last word. But for the Irish landlords we cannot but see that, above and beyond this general and gradual law of change, an epoch has indeed come, what the Bible calls a *crisis*, the close of a period, of a whole state of things. In such an epoch, even the amendment of individuals and the efforts of their friends are powerless to avert the end which is inevitable. We may and must insist on the morality of a crisis of this sort by calling to mind the faults committed and the warnings given. And that is why it is well to repeat again and again that impressive expostulation of Croker, an Irishman and a Conservative, with the Irish landlords: 'A landlord is not a mere land merchant; he has duties to perform as well as rents to receive, and from his neglect of the former springs his difficulty in the latter, and the general misery and distraction.' It is well to recall the words of Henry Drummond, an English country gentleman and high Tory: 'I much err if the enemies to the happiness of the Irish people are not the Irish gentlemen and nobility; but this is a truth which well-conditioned people dare not utter.' Even at the present hour, though amendment there has undoubtedly been, the evictions which have recently caused so much scandal have shown us still existing and powerful for mischief the three types of landlord which have been the bane of Ireland: the insolent landlord, the exacting landlord, the beggared landlord in the hands of mortgagees and attorneys. But we need not dwell on the faults of living individuals, or deny the amendment in the class of Irish landlords. What we have to do is to recognise and acknowledge that great law of human affairs, which makes amendment, after a certain lapse of time and course of conduct, too late, and the crisis and fall inevitable. Butler's profound and solemn sentences utter the stern truth which is fulfilling itself in Ireland to-day:—

> Though, after men have been guilty of folly and of extravagance *up to a certain degree*, it is often in their power to retrieve their affairs, at least in good measure, yet real reformation is, in many cases, of no avail at all towards preventing the miseries naturally annexed to folly and extravagance *exceeding that degree*.[1] There is a certain bound to imprudence and misbehaviour, which being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance in the natural course of things. It is further very much to be remarked, that neglects from inconsiderateness, want of attention, not

[1] The italics are Butler's own.

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looking about us to see what we have to do, are often attended with consequences altogether as dreadful as any active misbehaviour from the most extravagant passion.

It is by steadily directing their minds to the necessity for great and far-reaching changes in the land system of Ireland that the body of quiet reasonable people will keep abreast of events, and can now be of most service to their country. By bringing the Government to recognise that necessity they will be of service to the Government. For the Government everything now depends upon their producing an adequate Land Bill next Session. I say that everything depends upon this, presuming, of course, that in the meanwhile Mr. Balfour will not 'think it his duty' to authorise any more evictions such as those of Bodyke.

Not impossibly, however, we may have to traverse a time when the quiet reasonable people will be swept away, and their influence quenched for the time and annulled; when the Liberals of the nadir and the new democracy will pass over their body. It is not for nothing that a stump orator of Mr. Gladstone's calibre proclaims the divorce between the masses and the classes, and invites every province and platform to consider its wrongs. The masses are stirred, tempers are kindled, a torrent of insincere and envenomed declamation feeds the flame. Mr. Gladstone's powers of self-deception are so inexhaustible that he is never insincere. But how is it possible for Sir William Harcourt or Mr. John Morley, if, as I suppose, they are sincerely desirous to get judicial rents in Ireland revised, to imagine that they further this object by covering the Government with scorn, contumely, and insult for adopting it?

This is probably the last time that I shall speak on these political subjects; certainly, if I follow my own inclination, it will be the last time. In ending, therefore, let me fortify the quiet reasonable people, with whom all along I have supposed myself conversing, by reminding them that even if, as seems not altogether improbable, they should have to traverse bad times, to see their wishes thwarted, and to be for a while powerless, yet the temper of fairness and moderation, which makes their force, is not to be the less kept up and prized by them, but on the contrary is to be still cultivated by them in the highest degree. In the first place, its time is sure to come again, it will not be powerless always, or even for very long; in the second place, it is its own exceeding great reward. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the comfort and consolation which this temper is capable of producing, even in view of characters and proceedings obnoxious to us. The Irish members are extremely provoking; but the provocation is far less acute when we have the fairness to remember that these men are impulsive natures to start with, pariahs in the House of Commons, with no hand in the regular administration of their country, and that country long and grievously mismanaged; that

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they are men, finally, maddened by the stolid self-delusion of a number of worthy people in Great Britain that the Irish have nothing to complain of, but are treated just like the English and Scotch. Again, it is painful to see the new democracy inflaming itself by feeding greedily on the declamation of stump orators who to a man of training and reflection are intolerable; but here again it is tranquillising to make oneself consider that here may be the first beginnings, however crude, of a new life and new interests among men full of good stuff, and who are by skill and patience to be brought to listen by-and-by to the counsels of reason and moderation. Mr. Gladstone makes us indignant with his *masses and classes*; but what peace of mind comes from the spirit of mildness and indulgence which makes us own that to lose power after so many years of it is for a public man a sore trial, and the re-acquisition of it through the popular vote a mighty temptation! Mr. John Morley's pessimism, his conviction that his countrymen are too stupid and stiffnecked ever to manage Ireland, shocks us, and we condemn it; but I for my part find a positive satisfaction in forcing myself fairly to admit at the same time, that our countrymen, with a thousand good qualities, are really, perhaps, a good deal wanting in lucidity and flexibility. Therefore let the body of quiet reasonable people take heart and keep up their spirits, even though the line of Mr. Brunners should stretch out to the crack of doom. To be a quiet reasonable person always answers, always makes for happiness; there is always profit in being, as Horace says the poets are, a counter-influence to asperity, envy, and anger—

Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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PROFESSIONAL IGNORANCE IN THE ARMY.

At the close of last year's autumn inspections the military authorities publicly announced that the officers of the army were ignorant of the most elementary practical work of their profession, and it seems desirable that the British taxpayer should be informed how such a state of affairs has arisen, and what steps must be taken to alter it.

In pointing out the source to which the existing deficiency in tactical training is to be traced, and in suggesting remedies, I shall endeavour to write as temperately as possible, so as to avoid in any way unnecessarily irritating those who, not in my humble opinion only but in that of many others, are responsible for a situation which can hardly be considered creditable to any one concerned. It is necessary, however, that the case should be put before the public plainly and without reserve, as otherwise, in the event of interest in the question being aroused, there might be demanded certain drastic measures, the adoption of which would press on the different ranks of officers exactly in inverse proportion to their culpability.

To the public, this revelation of inefficiency must be almost inexplicable. For years past they have had dinned into their ears by their sons, brothers, nephews, cousins, and other relatives in the service, harrowing stories of the life of torture to which officers are nowadays subjected, owing to the never-ceasing courses of instruction, and the examinations at the end of them; and yet, in spite of all these cruel inflictions, it seems that in the most important branch of a soldier's work the result is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. At first sight it might seem that the matter is one which, lying within the province of military discipline, should be dealt with by the military authorities alone, but the truth is that there are in connection with it certain difficulties which these authorities are powerless to overcome until public opinion brings to their aid its pressure on the service.

The seed from which the present state of things has sprung was sown in 1870. A short time before the outbreak of the Franco-German war a Royal Commission had investigated the question of

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Army Education. The result of their inquiries showed that, putting aside the Artillery and the Engineers, the only regimental officers who had received any systematic professional training, other than drill, were those who as cadets had passed through the Royal Military College, and the few who subsequently, as officers, had belonged to the so-called Senior Department; and, further, that for giving any training to officers whilst in the service no provision existed. At that time, moreover, the tests of efficiency for promotion were so completely nominal, that any officer could rise to the highest rank knowing little or nothing of his profession. In the summer of 1870 steps were taken to remedy this state of affairs, but to the measures then adopted, and to the mode in which they were carried out, the present shortcomings owe their origin.

The first mistake committed was in the programme of subjects in which instruction was to be given. That subject, a thorough knowledge of which is the first essential for all regimental officers on service, the foundation on which all other military knowledge should be built, the prime mover of soldiering, that to which all other aids are but accessories, namely, tactics, was not included in the course of instruction, which comprised field fortification, military sketching and military law only. By 'tactics' is to be understood the art of handling and leading troops both on the battle field and in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. Without a knowledge of the principles of field fortification, and a practical training in some of its technical details, the best tactician would be unable to utilise to the fullest extent the tactical power of his troops, whilst a knowledge of military sketching aids him in finding his way about strange country, and in understanding ground and its influence on tactical operations. Considered solely by themselves, and not in connection with tactics, these subjects are, to the regimental officer, of comparatively little use in the performance of his duties in the field. Undoubtedly in 1870 this close connection was not generally recognised, and the three subjects were regarded as distinctly separated from each other. Anyhow a fatal error was committed. The world in which the cavalry and infantry soldier lives, moves, and breathes on service is that of tactical work. In peace time he is trained for this work, and his teachers during that time are naturally those under whom he carries on that work in war. Fortification and military sketching are, however, special subjects, a knowledge of which is but supplementary to his tactical knowledge, and being thus special, experts must be the teachers.

The course of instruction adopted in 1870 was therefore one based on no proper foundation, it was one in which commanding officers could take no personal nor practical part, and in which therefore they took as a rule not the slightest interest. It was carried on out of their hands and out of their control, and was con-

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fided to experts officially called 'garrison instructors.' At once there arose the idea that the instruction of officers was not necessarily part of the ordinary duty of the seniors, and that it could be delegated to others. Had tactics been made originally the basis of the new instruction, and the garrison instructors been employed simply as experts for the technical details, the work of instruction must necessarily have been undertaken by the senior officers, and they would have been responsible for it. The error was, however, fatal in its consequences. It was not till 1874 that tactics became a part of the course; but even then, although much damage had been already done, it was not too late to remedy it, if only the authorities had themselves accepted the fact that tactics are as vital a part of soldiering as is drill, and therefore that instruction off the drill ground is as much a part of a commanding officer's duty as is instruction on it. Tactics seem to have been regarded by them as a special subject, quite apart from soldiering; and therefore instruction in it was intrusted, like that in fortification, sketching, and law to the official expert, the garrison instructor. But as a matter of fact this officer in teaching tactics had to do so with his hands tied. Tactics can never be thoroughly mastered unless officers and men are available as instruments and apparatus in the hands of the teacher, to be used by him on the ground itself. Here the teacher takes command, and manipulates the instruments used in the lesson. But from the nature of the case the garrison instructor could teach tactics in the hall of study only. Here he might lecture on the attack formation, on the details of outpost duty, on the occupation and defence of a small position, the conduct of a rearguard or the movement of a convoy, till he was breathless; but had he been furnished with the necessary human apparatus and had he proceeded to teach practically in the field, he would have been placed publicly and in the eyes of the men in that position of command which should have been occupied by the regimental commanders of the officers under instruction. Such a course, if adopted, would have been subversive of all discipline, and would have resulted in commanding officers forfeiting the confidence of all under them. The men would naturally have regarded their natural leaders as men competent to train them on parade, but not for the field. The result of the mistake committed has been, therefore, not merely the non-acceptance by commanding officers of their proper position as teachers of the officers under them, but the instruction itself has been divorced from ordinary regimental life, and has been of a kind more or less bookish, unpractical, and of an abstract character.

Had this responsibility on the part of the seniors been universally recognised already, the issue of the announcement referred to at the commencement of this article would have been speedily followed by a notification in the *Gazette* that certain superior officers had 'been

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permitted' to retire from the service. In the face of social and parliamentary influence the military authorities alone are not strong enough to adopt such severe but just measures, unless they feel sure that public opinion will support them. If the army is to be what it ought to be, public opinion must come to their aid and express itself loudly and forcibly.

But whilst it may be pleaded on behalf of the military authorities of that time that the error committed was one of judgment only, this plea cannot be alleged in defence of another mistake which lies at their door, and which was farther reaching and equally, if not more, serious in its consequences. The mistake referred to can only be ascribed either to their own disbelief in the need of the instruction or else to want of courage to enforce it on the officers. In Austria, after the crushing defeats of 1866, the captains were sent to school to learn their profession, and grey-headed veterans might have been seen at work on the ground. But in England the instruction was made compulsory on the last-joined subalterns only, and every facility was afforded to all other officers to escape it. For the last-joined officers, the test fixed for promotion was the passing an examination in the newly devised course of instruction; for the rest, passing the existing nominal examination prior to a specified date was to be accepted as a qualification, and in consequence, through this portal of ignorance, deliberately kept open by the authorities, the subalterns of the army streamed in crowds. Some of these escaped all further tests and all instruction whilst in the service, but the majority, it is believed, were entrapped later on, when, under pressure of the times, the authorities were compelled to insist on all subalterns and all captains alike passing an examination in the four military subjects as a qualification for further promotion. It is difficult to say how high in the service these qualified officers have risen at the present time; but in all probability few of the senior majors, and none of the colonels and the generals, have ever had to undergo the instruction and examination ordeal. I will leave the reader to draw his own inferences as to some of the results of this remarkable scission of the officers into two classes, one of seniors uninstructed, or at best self-instructed, in modern war, the other of juniors instructed in its theory.

But the point which it is absolutely necessary should be impressed on the British taxpayer interested in the efficiency of the army is that the further training of the qualified junior officers cannot be carried a step further unless the work of instruction is taken up and carried on by the superior officers, viz. the regimental commanders and the generals. The garrison instructors have done their own share of the work and have, as a rule, done it well. They have taught the officers of the lower ranks the theory of tactics and the technical details of fortification and sketching. The completion

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of the training is practical tactics. Of this the superior officers alone can be teachers, and by them it must undertaken.

It is not for one moment to be supposed that there is no instruction given by officers of the higher ranks; here and there are colonels and generals who accept, and who have accepted all along, this instruction as part of their ordinary duty; and the results obtained, even when the work has been carried on in the freezing atmosphere of official indifference, have been so excellent that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the value of the work when it shall be performed in the sunshine of official favour. What is asserted here is that there is no systematic instruction, no security that the teachers are competent instructors, no guarantee that the instruction is properly carried out, and no thorough inspection of the work done.

Whilst, however, the existence of some thorough and conscientious teachers in the senior ranks is freely admitted, it must be remembered that there are in these ranks men of other types—men who exercise on all around and below them a pernicious influence. Of these, some openly declare that they do not admit either the need or the desirableness of any instruction beyond what they themselves received in the days of their youth. Such men are simply worse than an incumbrance to the service; when they take the field, lives will be sacrificed to their ignorance of modern war. And others there are who with their lips accept the new order of things, and who, professing their perfect willingness to carry out the new duties which fall on their shoulders, have a marvellous facility for finding excuses 'how not to do it.' These excuses they retail to their friends and relatives in civil life, who receive them with unquestioning credulity; and the result is that civilians generally believe that the deficiency in our training, if it exists, is not in the slightest degree due to any dereliction of duty on the part of individuals, but to the existence of insuperable obstacles in the 'system.' I purpose now to deal with some of these excuses, and to show their utter flimsiness, and, in endeavouring to do so, I may be permitted to say that in writing on this question I am drawing on an experience of practical instruction given to officers of all arms of the service, and extending over some fifteen years.

Now, I venture to predict that if any of our civilian readers asks the next superior officer whom he meets the reason why he does not teach tactics to the officers under his command, the answer will come under one of three heads:

1. That he has no men either to teach or to teach with.

2. That in our closely cultivated country there is no ground available.

3. That there is neither opportunity nor time for the instruction.

With respect to the first class of objections, viz. that of want of

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men, there is no regiment, no battalion, which once a week at all events cannot furnish its commander with a score of private soldiers and half-a-dozen officers.

Put a skeleton force like this in the hands of a competent instructor, and with them not only will he be able to work out on the ground nearly every situation which may occur in tactics, but owing to the small size of his class every individual in it will be thoroughly trained. Later on, when a full battalion is under his command for tactical instruction, the aid his already well-trained pupils will be able to give him in carrying out the operations will be great indeed. When an instructor is called on to give instruction to a large class, the difficulty of doing this satisfactorily is very great, and the teaching is never thorough; details are slurred over, and tactics is a science of details. Let us suppose a battalion taken out for instruction in outpost duty. What a large proportion of both officers and men are necessarily mere idlers whilst the instruction is being given! More than half of each picket. The whole of the supports and reserve are simply resting, or asleep at their proper posts. What need for them to be there at all? For some tactical work large bodies may be necessary, but for the foundation of this and for the vast majority of tactical problems, only a small number of men and officers are required or even desirable. With a force such as I have named—six officers and twenty men—complete instruction in every detail of outpost duty could be given in four-and-twenty hours. Similarly could the tactics employed in defence of a village, retreat of a rearguard, occupation of a piece of ground, and movements depending for their proper posture on considerations of time and space be mastered.

It may be objected that work such as has just been indicated does not teach the leading of troops in action and under fire. Nobody pretends that it does this, but it does teach so much of the preparatory work, that when officers are in the presence of an enemy, leading troops under fire will be the only new problem to be solved, all others—ground, placing outposts, &c.—having been already mastered in peace time.

As regards the second class of objections—those relating to want of ground—the difficulties which our troops meet with in this respect are similar to those encountered abroad. It is in towns that troops are usually quartered: towns do not stand in bare deserts but are usually surrounded by cultivation. In the country there is a lambing season and a season for crops, and if troops are to remain passive, and never to try and make the best they can of the circumstances in which they are placed, the greater part of armies never could be trained at all. But even in the heart of a city, the defence of buildings, occupation of the outskirts, street fighting, &c., can be explained and illustrated. Rarely does the country lie at any great distance from the barracks,

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and from my own experience I can say that if to the occupiers of land it is explained that access to it is asked for in order that the soldiers for whom the occupiers pay may learn their work, if the request for entry is made at the right season, and care be taken to avoid injuring property, leave will rarely be refused, at all events to small parties.

As regards the objections that there is neither time nor opportunity for tactical training, such objections are in the mouths of the officers of our army absolutely suicidal. The officers of the army must and can find the required time, otherwise they will be made to suffer by the loss of the time they are at present allowed to devote to sport, and to spend on leave; and therefore it will be well for them to find it, as indeed it can be somehow or other. It is idle to say that there are no opportunities. Opportunities crop up in shoals to him who is on the look-out for them. One of the weaknesses of our regimental life is that in carrying out work it fails in intensity. Every moment that an officer is not on leave, be it leave of hours or months, it is duty alone which should be the subject of his thoughts. To show how, for instance, a change of quarters might be utilised as an opportunity for a cavalry regiment, let us suppose a regiment marching in two columns from Shorncliffe to York. Whilst on the march it should act as if it were the leading cavalry of an invader advancing from the south; and to resist its progress and delay its march every available soldier, volunteer, militia or regulars, in the towns through which it passes should be utilised; not merely for the purpose of giving the cavalry an opportunity of learning its work, but to practise themselves in preparation for the reception of the historical Uhlan.

What has been put forward above, and which might, had space permitted, have been given in greater detail, is, it is hoped, a sufficient reply to the excuses of the idlers. There is absolutely no reason why the superior officers should not at once undertake systematically the tactical training of the army. The work will entail upon them a great amount of labour, for the work must be their own, and not that of their staff officers and adjutants. Inexperienced as many of them are in this kind of teaching, doubtless they will, in drawing up and in arranging the exercises, require some assistance; but in carrying on the exercise they must personally lead and command. The execution of the exercise must be most carefully watched and unsparingly criticised by them; for work had better be left undone than not criticised; and if the criticisms are known to be those of the staff officers, the superiors lay themselves open to the imputation of not being able to criticise.

And one of the benefits accruing from the adoption of this system of training is, that by teaching others the superior officers will be teaching themselves; and no one, be it remembered, is too old to learn. The superior officers have before them a hard task; it is quite new to most of them, nevertheless let them go boldly at it.

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Never mind how little a colonel or a general knows of his work, let him commence at once to teach those under him. The first year he will make terrible blunders, but this will not injure him in the eyes of his subordinates, who will, on the contrary, feel the deeper respect for a commander whom they see is doing all he can for their benefit. The second year the old pitfalls will be avoided, and the third year he will be completely master of the situation. The head-quarter staff should give a programme of training for the generals commanding districts; these should give similar programmes for the brigadiers, and the latter for the officers commanding troops under them. This training must be systematically arranged, and be made compulsory on all who are to be trained. It must no longer be left to the option of the senior officers to train or not to train. And from this process of self-training, if it be carried out on a proper system, another advantage will be derived, namely, that the very highest authority in the army will be able, if not to detect capacity, at all events to discover incapacity and ignorance among the senior officers.

Of the detailed working of a system which ensures this result I was told at Metz by the officers to whom it was applied; and the following illustration, given me by word of mouth, will show its efficiency, and also how thoroughly in the German service neither rank nor position is allowed to act as a screen to idleness or incapacity. One of my informants was a squadron leader who had been through two, if not three, campaigns, had gained the distinction of the Iron Cross, and was himself a Serene Highness: 'I go out to-morrow morning,' said the prince, 'with orders to prepare a scheme for the occupation by a small force of some ground at a village near the fortress; having done this I am to ride to another place where I have to open a sealed envelope, which will oblige me to alter the arrangements I had at first adopted; I shall then return home, write my report, and send it in.' This was the task set to a veteran soldier of some twenty years' service. But now attention must be directed to the way in which this report is subsequently dealt with. It goes either to the major or the colonel, who writes on it his criticisms and views, and then transmits it to the brigadier, who having now before him the criticisms and views of two or three officers of different grades below him, adds to them his own, and transmits the document thus minuted to the general commanding the division, from whom they are similarly passed to the officer who in the German service is the head centre of responsibility for efficiency, the corps commander. The hold which each rank has on that below him is evident. But if such a system were adopted in the English army care must be taken, as before observed, to ensure that the criticisms are *bonâ fide* the criticisms of the generals and the colonels themselves, and not those of their staff officers and adjutants, otherwise they will be worthless and misleading.

The possibility of a general officer becoming an instructor, and

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the beneficial results arising from it, I also saw illustrated in one of my visits to Metz. In the course of conversation with the adjutant of a dragoon regiment stationed at that fortress, I learnt that he, in company with some nine or ten brother officers, had been out on a ten days' reconnaissance, under the general commanding the cavalry division. The expenses of the trip came partially if not wholly out of the officers' pockets. My friend spoke of the tour with the greatest enthusiasm, and I went to the general to obtain from him the details of the system followed. Now, the general in question, Von Wright, an Englishman, whose memory is dear to all of us officers who made his acquaintance, was one of the most distinguished cavalry officers in the German army. From major in a Cuirassier regiment he was selected by Von Moltke, although personally unknown to him, and on professional recommendations only, as his military secretary in 1866; as commander of a cavalry regiment he led the Third Army into Châlons; subsequently during the campaign he held important staff appointments, including that of quartermaster-general to Prince Frederick Charles during the trying Le Mans campaign. At the time of this particular visit to Metz he was H.E. the Lieutenant-General commanding the Fifteenth or Frontier Cavalry Division. The general was always pleased to talk about his profession and to give any information to those who asked for it. The following was his account of the reconnaissance. 'The evening before we started I thought out a scheme. At 7 A.M. the following morning I met the officers, and to each I gave his day's work, which he returned to me completed at 2 P.M. During the afternoon and the evening I examined the work, and I delivered my criticisms on it when the officers assembled next morning.' The fact that I have been brought up in the English army must be accepted as an excuse for the blundering question I next addressed to him: 'But, general, how many staff officers, A.D.C.'s, A.A. and A.Q.M.-Generals had you to do the details?' 'None,' was the reply, 'I did all the work myself.' Here was a general of the highest professional standing and reputation—a man who has won his position by the hardest of work in European warfare, and at one time at peace manœuvres commanded some four to five thousand sabres—deliberately employing his spare time in giving to some dozen regimental officers instruction which might fall in our army to a garrison instructor. It seems impossible to overestimate not merely the value of such instruction, but the impetus given to professional study among the officers by generals in Von Wright's position not considering it beneath them to become instructors.

Doubtless, General von Wright, when his division marched past him, did not fail to express his opinion strongly on any officer who saluted slackly, or whose squadron did not keep its dressing; but if the defaulter had shown to the general on some reconnaissance that

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in the latter branch of his work he was thoroughly efficient, it is pretty certain that the bad marks were more than balanced by the good. It is the crying evil in our service that marks are given for one branch of military efficiency only, namely, drill and parade work, and so long as this vicious system continues, so will all seniors or juniors work at it in preference to anything else.

Do not let civilians suppose for one moment that the question on which the 'old' school and the 'new' school are at issue is one of steady or of unsteady soldiering. The purely mechanical 'march past' is an essential part of soldiering, but it is not the whole of soldiering. The stiffest drill is perfectly compatible with complete efficiency in tactical work in the field, but, with the few exceptions already referred to, it is the former only which the senior officers teach or are willing to teach, for it is that which at official inspections 'pays' best.

The foregoing statement is, it is believed, a perfectly accurate account of the position in which the tactical training of the army stands at the present moment. Before the public, then, the case is laid in the hope that the force of public opinion will come to the aid of the military authorities. In conclusion let our readers bear in mind that although it is possible for trained soldiers who cannot march past in perfect line to win victories, yet it is not possible for soldiers who march past even to perfection, but who are badly trained in practical tactical work, to meet in the field with anything but crushing defeat.

LONSDALE HALE.

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MORPHINOMANIA.

FROM time to time the English language has been enriched by the addition of words representing varieties of vice, or morbid tendencies. We are by this time painfully familiar with the meaning of dipsomania, and even with that of kleptomania. Irresistible tendencies to drink and to steal are what we wish to express by these terms, and the victims of them we call dipsomaniacs and kleptomaniacs. We now find ourselves face to face with a new vice, which some French writers have termed 'morphinomanie,' and which the Germans call 'Morphiumsucht.' These words have been introduced to indicate an uncontrollable craving for morphia, which is said to be demoralising an ever-increasing number of people in this and in other countries.

It has long been known that opium-eating is not confined to China and other Eastern countries in which it is so rampant an evil. Almost every country in Europe, our own included, has been invaded by the pernicious habit, though, happily for us, opium-smoking has never taken root here. For years past morphia, one of the many substances extracted from opium, has been largely used in medicine in preference to opium, being much more rapid in its action, more efficacious, and unattended with certain inconveniences which are connected with the use of the earlier known narcotic. When administered with prudence morphia is a great boon to many sufferers; but in careless or ignorant hands it may prove a curse. It is usually given by the mouth or injected beneath the skin, the latter method being followed by more speedy relief of pain and other troubles than the former, and being accompanied by less unpleasant consequences.

But the drug is only safe in the hands of medical men who appreciate its dangers: abuse almost certainly follows if its administration be left to the patients themselves. The terrible consequences which often ensue will be referred to again presently, as well as the fatal ease with which the drug may be procured.

But the reader will ask, Who are these morphinomaniacs? and the answer given must be that which De Quincey gives with reference to the opium-eaters of his day—'Reader, I am sorry to say, a very numerous class indeed.' That they are very numerous in this

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country I do not assert, and the object of this article is to try and prevent their being so. That they are very far from few my own personal experience, as well as that of others, forces me to believe; and, if we may accept what foreign writers have said on the subject, this vice has taken very firm hold of society in other countries. In a lecture delivered in 1885, and entitled 'Deux Poisons à la Mode, la Morphine et l'Éther,' Professor Paul Regnard quotes the following passage from 'L'Évangéliste,' one of M. Daudet's novels:

> Poor De Lestande . . . yet another unhappy one. . . . You heard about the death of her husband, that fall from his horse at the great review. . . . She has been inconsolable . . . but, to lull her to forgetfulness, she has her injections. . . . Yes, she has become . . . what do they call it? . . . a morphinomaniac. A whole society of such ladies exists . . . When they have their meetings each one brings her little silver case with the needle and the poison . . . and then in it goes in a moment into arm or leg. It does not make them drowsy, but comfortable. Unfortunately the effect gets less and less, and the dose has to be increased.

In the same lecture Professor Regnard writes as follows:

> Thus morphinomania does not always owe its origin to pain or sorrow. Many people take morphia in the same way that others smoke, drink, or play music . . . to kill time, to divert themselves, to fill with vague musings the void which idleness leaves in useless lives. It is thus that at the very moment I am speaking to you the pink of society in Paris, and probably in London and Berlin too, is peacefully poisoning itself.

Such extracts tend to prove that the habit of injecting morphia has been established in Parisian society, and the professor more than suspects that it has found as favourable a reception in London. That his opinions are in part true I know, but I believe that he exaggerates the prevalence of the vice among us. What he says in another portion of his lecture shows that we cannot unhesitatingly accept everything which he asserts. Thus, speaking of the abuse of ether as a stimulant, he says:

> In London, where ethermania is much more common than with us, the keepers of the squares and parks often find among the clumps of trees empty bottles, invariably labelled 'Sulphuric ether.' They have been thrown there by the victims of this mania, who have fled from their homes to devote themselves to their favourite passion in the open air. Monalte tells us that after the Epsom races many phials of ether are to be found amongst the empty champagne-bottles left on the racecourse.

Most people will be startled to hear from the other side of the Channel that London society resorts freely to the use of morphia injections for the purpose of killing time or of producing certain vague and pleasurable sensations similar to those which are derived from tobacco-smoking, music, etc. Nor will they be ready to credit, without further inquiry, the assertion that their friends seek the more solitary nooks of our squares and parks to narcotise themselves

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with ether. But they may nevertheless rest assured that, as regards morphia at any rate, there is some truth in the dicta of Professor Regnard. The evil is in our midst, often where least suspected, though it has not assumed the proportions which it appears to have assumed among the French. But, once introduced, the danger of rapid growth is great, and so relentless is the habit, when it has once established itself, that few of its victims succeed in releasing themselves from it by their own unaided efforts.

It must not be supposed that the French afford an isolated example of the seductive powers of morphia. Let us see what Dr. Zambaco has to tell us about the Turks, and the extent to which the vice in question has victimised society in Constantinople. In a communication ('De la Morphéomanie') made to the Medical Congress of Athens in April 1882 this physician writes as follows:

I have often seen fashionable people with a regular arsenal of little injecting instruments, who, thanks to their medical men, had always at their disposal a solution of morphia strong enough to poison them. Ladies even, belonging to the most elegant classes of society, go so far as to show their good taste in the jewels which they order to conceal a little syringe and artistically made bottles, which are destined to hold the solution which enchants them! At the theatre, in society, they slip away for a moment, or even watch for a favourable opportunity of pretending to play with these trinkets, while giving themselves an injection of morphia in some part of the body which is exposed, or even hidden from view. Is there any great difference between them and the fashionable opium-eaters, who always carry about with them their rich gold or enamelled box of opium pilules? Do they not also exactly resemble the dipsomaniacs of the upper classes, who, as I have often seen, always carry in their pocket an elegant bottle of bohemian glass filled with cognac, some of which they swallow from time to time, without being obliged, like the common people, to visit the public-houses which they meet on their way.

Wherever morphia has been used medicinally the dangers which accompany its abuse have been experienced. Germany and America suffer no less than France and Turkey, and those who have written on the subject acknowledge what a fearful tyranny the drug establishes over its unwary votaries. England already counts no inconsiderable number of victims, and unless people will take warning in time the consequences threaten to be as disastrous as they have been in other countries. Even in 1871 an American writer (Alonzo Calkins, M.D.) remarked in his work on *Opium and the Opium Appetite*, 'the "dear morphine" it is that commands the especial patronage of English ladies.' Whether the illicit consumption of morphia in all its forms is greater now than it was then one cannot say; but the subcutaneous method of administering it appears to be the most fashionable in modern society. How, it will be asked, is the habit of injecting morphia engendered?

Here in England the abuse of morphia by the habitual employment of injections has its origin, in almost all cases, in its legitimate use as a medicinal agent. During some serious illness or excruciating pain

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a medical man gives an injection as the most effectual and speedy method of affording relief. It is repeated again and again until the condition which called for its use has entirely subsided. The doctor ceases his attendance, and the patient is considered convalescent and perhaps goes away for change of air. But though his pain is gone he does not feel well—an indefinable sense of discomfort, restlessness, and lack of energy oppresses him. He remembers the calm which pervaded him after each injection of morphia, and he tries another. In the short space of a few minutes he is an altered being: he recovers his wonted vigour and vivacity, and the cloud which overwhelmed him is lifted as if by magic. He goes on his way rejoicing, only to relapse after a variable number of hours into that condition of dejection, feebleness, and discomfort from which the morphia lately liberated him. He has recourse to it again, and once more experiences its wonderful effects. And now the habit is developed: injections are habitually required before the ordinary duties of life can be performed, and the quantity of the drug employed has to be periodically increased as the system becomes accustomed to it. The patient has, in short, become the victim of an imperious necessity; for the suffering involved in relinquishing the morphia is more than even the most resolute show themselves capable of enduring. An uncontrollable craving, or morphinomania, is established. Dr. Zambaco gives a most graphic account of the condition of a morphinomaniac before and after his injection, which I cannot do better than quote:

'When the regular time for the injection arrives' (says he), 'an ever-increasing agitation takes possession of me.' The doctor cannot remain still: an intolerable sensation courses through all his limbs, just as if ants were running over him, as if he was being eaten by innumerable worms; a kind of fatigue, of lassitude, of extreme feebleness succeeds. His limbs are dull and heavier than usual, just as they are on leaving a bath in which one has stayed a considerable time. Respiration becomes anxious, deep, and sighing; the pulse feeble, small, and sometimes rapid and irregular. He has palpitation of the heart, buzzing in the ears, and a feeling of emptiness in the head. He cannot fix his mind on anything, and any intellectual work is absolutely impossible. His pupils, which have been contracted ever since he has used the injections, are comparatively widely dilated; one all-absorbing thought dominates him and torments him at that time—the thought of giving himself an injection. If in moments such as these one tries to oppose him, to prevent his injection, or to delay it, he gets into a violent rage—he is beside himself. For the least remark his wife might make to him, he would break and smash everything. In fact, one day, when Madame L. had delayed an injection which she hoped by entreaties to prevent, he was seized with a regular attack of furious madness. I was present at one of these scenes of excitement, and I was surprised at its violence.

As soon as the injection is given, a complete change takes place. He becomes tranquil again, his good humour returns, at any rate to a certain extent, and he experiences a general feeling of ease. All the unpleasant sensations which made themselves everywhere felt at once give place to calm. He becomes more active, and freer in his movements; the pulse recovers, respiration becomes regular, and his intelligence awakens and is fit for work. Food can then be taken, and he

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becomes talkative. In short, the doctor is only to be found in his normal condition after an injection. The numbing and narcotic effects of morphia do not come on until an hour or two after the injection; but the first influence which it exerts upon the body is shown in an increase of power and in calming the nervous system.

The description which has been given of the way in which the morphia habit is induced applies only to those countries (let us hope England is one) in which the vice is comparatively rare and only secretly indulged in. When it becomes more prevalent the drug is used for the most trivial reasons, or even simply to produce a condition of intoxication. Pernicious as alcohol is when used for this purpose, it is not as bad as opium; for, as an American writer says—

The appetite for strong liquors may subside and then slumber for months, or until waked up again, as when a stray spark has accidentally dropped into a powder magazine, thus affording space for an attempted reform: opium allows no slumberings, no intervals, no haltings.

Now what are the ill effects which morphia produces?

Persons who have become morphia habitués remain free from trouble for variable periods of time. Some begin to suffer seriously in a few months, others only after years. This difference depends rather upon individual peculiarities than upon the quantity of the drug which is taken. But sooner or later all degenerate, both bodily and mentally. They become pale, sallow, and emaciated; their appetite is greatly diminished, and the digestive processes are disordered; sleeplessness sets in in spite of their morphia, and what rest they do get is disturbed by horrible dreams. They become sterile, and lose their energy and interest in life, while all their thoughts are concentrated on their morphia. If they have been accustomed to inject the drug subcutaneously, those parts of the body which are within reach of the syringe are one mass of sores, so that they are sometimes at a loss to find a sound spot where they can tolerate an injection. These physical troubles are bad enough, but the moral change eclipses them. No one who has not had experience of these melancholy cases can form an idea of the moral perversion which this habit produces. 'The constant and increasing use of the drug—for this is the rule—at length enfeebles the will and makes the man a moral paralytic, of all spectacles the most pitiable this side the grave' (*Opium-Smoking and Opium-Eating*, by George Shearer, M.D., 1881). Untruth is a second nature with them. 'As a rule, no one thinks of trusting to the word of an opium-smoker, his character is wholly unreliable' (George Shearer); the same may certainly be said of the morphia habitué. Levinstein, one of the greatest German authorities on the subject, says: 'Educated, intelligent men and women, otherwise deserving of respect, descend to lying.' Even De Quincey, though he denies moral perversion, admits that opium renders a man incapable of doing what he knows to be right. 'The

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opium-eater loses none of his moral susceptibilities or aspirations; he wishes and longs as earnestly as ever to realise what he believes possible and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare; he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love: he curses the spells which chain him down from motion; he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise' (*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*). The morphia habit may even transform the tenderest affection into hate. I have known a happy home rendered almost uninhabitable, and a husband driven to despair, by the terrible change produced in the character of his wife by the influence of this habit. An affection of more than twenty-five years' standing was changed to hate, openly and constantly expressed. On the other hand, I have seen a man become attached and engaged to a girl while addicted to the use of morphia, and place himself under treatment for the purpose of giving up the vice and getting married; but his love vanished with his morphia.

Such are some of the changes which are produced on the mind and body of those who have become slaves to morphia or opium, which make life as it then is intolerable, and which drive them to seek advice and relief from members of the medical profession. And what advice can we give? This only, that the habit must be relinquished. Persistence in it may prove fatal. Levinstein says: 'The outcome of the morphia habit, if a cure is not effected, is a condition of debility which finally leads to emaciation and death.' Give up the morphia—that is simple advice enough—and a cure is promised: why then hesitate? Ah! reader, you little know what the patient knows too well. Do not suppose that he has never tried to break himself of the habit, and failed miserably. He knows what a slave he is, and the price at which he must buy his freedom. Whether he gives up the drug suddenly and once for all, or slowly weans himself, a period of bitter suffering awaits him. That he cannot escape. What a dilemma then lies before him! He cannot remain where he is, and a dreadful chasm has to be faced if he will reach the land of safety. For, speaking from my own experience, I know no condition more pitiable to behold, or more painful to the sufferer, than that which supervenes on stopping the morphia. Physicians are aware that few can endure it, and that unless a patient has put himself absolutely under the control of his medical attendant, and can be restrained, he will again seek relief from his distress where he knows so well he can obtain it.

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Just watch a morphia habitué deprived of the drug. The first slight uneasiness and sense of general discomfort gradually passes into extreme restlessness, accompanied by the most profound depression; the stomach becomes so irritable that nothing can be retained, and there is nausea and a distressing sensation of emptiness and sinking. The whole nervous system, which has been working so long under a deadening weight, abuses its liberty and runs absolutely riot; a breath of air which would bring relief to an ordinary sufferer is painful to him; so sensitive is the skin that a touch distresses, and even the eye and ear are incapable of tolerating the most ordinary stimulations. To these troubles is added sleeplessness: the patient cannot get a moment's rest; or, if he should close his eyes in sleep, horrible dreams and an indefinable terror take possession of him, and make him dread that condition which others look to for consolation and relief. Incapacity to take food, prolonged sleeplessness, constant sneezing, yawning, and vomiting, painful acuteness of all his senses, and other troubles sink the sufferer into a condition of prostration and despair, only to be relieved by morphia. Who then can wonder if the wretch yields again to the drug which has so long enslaved him? Hovering between a longing to be free and a feeling of incapacity to endure his agonies, he asks reproachfully whether it is true that science has discovered no means of relief, no substitute for morphia, which may be given him until the storm be past. No, we have no means at our disposal which will do more than alleviate these sufferings; and if the morphia habitué will be freed, he must place himself under such control as can prevent his giving way under the trial, as he almost inevitably will if left to himself.

But severe as the ordeal is, he has this consolation and this great inducement to submit to it—namely, that it is short. A few days will see him through the worst, and although he may not be comfortable for a week or two, his discomfort is endurable, and becomes less and less, until it gradually passes into ease and health.

A more detailed description might have been given of the condition to which those who make a habit of using morphia reduce themselves, and of the troubles which accompany the process of cure. But it would have been out of place in an article in this Review, the only object of which is to call attention to a very serious vice which threatens to take root among us, as it appears to have done among our neighbours. For I am convinced that the prevention of the evil rests rather with the public in general than with medical men. The latter no doubt have been to blame in being too ready to continue injections of morphia, and even in handing over the syringe to the patients themselves. But it required time to realise the danger, and now that it is fully appreciated they are not likely to be guilty of negligence in future. Many an individual falls a victim to the

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habit without clearly understanding what he is doing, and therefore without premeditation. He only knows that he is suffering from severe pain or discomfort, and he calls loudly for relief. If he appreciated the danger he would be less ready to put himself within the grasp of so ruthless an enemy.

When the disease from which the patient is suffering is one which will require prolonged treatment by morphia, whether administered internally or subcutaneously, both he and his friends should be cautious how they expose themselves to such a risk: the doctor should be left to decide whether such treatment is essential, but he should not be driven to it, as he often is, by urgent demands for immediate relief.

When the disease is both painful and necessarily and quickly fatal this caution does not apply. Opiates may be freely given and unhesitatingly accepted.

It may be thought that after all, when pain has been relieved and the affection which gave rise to it cured, it requires the doctor's co-operation to procure morphia for his patient. Unfortunately this is not the case; the public are allowed to poison themselves without let or hindrance. Experience has taught us that opium and morphia can be freely procured either by means of old prescriptions, or in the absence of any prescription at all. So that people are at liberty to become morphinomaniacs if they please. Professor Regnard says:

> But rest assured of this, gentlemen—it is the duty of the patient's family, it is the duty of all, to prevent the terrible mania of which we have been just speaking from developing itself. If they will succeed they must arrest their friends in their downward course, they must take from them the means of injuring themselves, they must be ever on the watch to snatch pitilessly from them the instruments of their madness.

It is perfectly true that prevention must be left largely to patients and their friends. Medical men too often first hear of the habit which has been contracted when called upon to aid in overcoming it. Ignorance seems to be responsible for many cases, and should this article be the means of pointing out the dangers of morphia to some who would otherwise have fallen victims to its habitual use, the object which the writer has in view will have been accomplished.

SEYMOUR J. SHARKEY.

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RECENT CRITICISM ON RAPHAEL.

THE life and works of Raphael have been studied during the last few years with a zeal previously almost unknown. In France, England, Germany, and Italy, biographies have been compiled of him by the most distinguished writers on art. Among them that by the Alsatian Professor Eugène Müntz, being profusely illustrated, has become widely popular, *Raphael, sa Vie, son Œuvre, et son Temps*. The recent works on Raphael by two of the most distinguished German art critics, Hermann Grimm and Anton Springer, are not less important as literary productions, though more remarkable perhaps as to manner than as to matter; while the English volumes by Messrs. J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, *Raphael, his Life and Works*, are generally regarded as an almost exhaustive compilation from more or less authentic sources. Considerably more valuable as a literary effort, and, which seems to me the main point, far more trustworthy in its critical judgment, is the *Life of Raphael* published not long since by the well-known Italian statesman Marco Minghetti.

The 300th anniversary of Raphael's birthday was kept in Italy three years since, and the almost simultaneous appearance of these various works, quite independently of each other, may perhaps have had some connection with that event. At the same time, it seems only natural and obvious that such a comprehensive study of Raphael should be the outcome of the modern interest in pictorial art which is now so universal that it may almost be regarded as a matter of fashion.

It may seem a cause for surprise that in none of these works have any facts of importance been brought to light which were not known to Raphael's earlier biographers; nor can modern authors claim to have catalogued any greater number of works with Raphael's name than were known a century ago; indeed, a modern history of Raphael based on scientific study could not be expected to attempt any such enterprise. It is, of course, quite true that we know very few facts, and those merely superficial, of Raphael's private life; the autograph records of Raphael are no less scanty, while of his two great contemporaries, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, a great number

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of autograph remains have come down to us. But what gives value to a really scientific biography of an artist is the amount of critical method the writer brings to bear, in the first place, in discriminating the genuine from the false; and his being in a position to give an account of the development of the master's art, or, in other words, his style.

The circumstances of his life, however, and his personal relations, the private life in short, of any artist as a rule contributes but little to our comprehension of the works he has bequeathed to us; and it must be admitted that we might be intimately informed as to such extraneous matters without being competent to form an opinion as to the works of the master in question, or having any clear views as to his characteristics as an artist revealed in those works. Nothing can be easier than to know and remember the few authentic facts of Raphael's private history; but to enable us to recognise and discriminate Raphael's work demands a competent judgment in the eye which can only be acquired by special training, and not even by that unless the critic himself has a true artistic instinct. Since now-a-days the criticism of works of art lays claim to the dignity of a science, it is bound to adduce proofs of its assertions. The layman has a right to demand of the scientific art critic who discourses to him of Raphael that he should bring evidence when he classes the works attributed to the master as genuine, doubtful, or spurious. He will ask, too, for proof of the grounds on which they are ascribed to an early or a late period of the artist's career. Certainly, if we measure the earlier writers on art by this standard of modern criticism, they will yield no answers to such questions, or at best very unsatisfactory ones; and indeed, we can hardly regard the most recent writings as anything more than attempts and vague efforts to establish a true critical method.

In books on architecture we have long been accustomed to regard the different forms of various features as characteristics of certain styles; the reasons why a similar classification has not yet been adopted in painting are self-evident. An analysis of the architecture of the Gothic period, for instance, leads to the construction of certain comprehensive categories, of which individual buildings must first be studied as a distinct example. Thus a grammar of architecture has been constructed, and without a knowledge of its principles it is impossible to master the history of architecture. And, as it seems to me, it is equally impossible to judge of works of painting without thorough familiarity with the laws by which they must be classified. The exposition of these laws is, no doubt, a more difficult task than in the case of architecture; and for this reason above all others, that the works of the painters of any great art-epoch bear the distinct mark of the artist's individuality, and that this stamp of personal distinction is far more difficult to

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identify and define than the less specific differences by which architectural works are classified. It requires great practice of eye, and besides that a peculiarly keen sight, to distinguish confidently and explain the difference between the work of Raphael's teachers and those which Raphael himself copied as a pupil from those of his masters, while it is comparatively easy to recognise a French Gothic from an English Gothic church. And with special reference to Raphael it must be stated that an accurate knowledge of the master's works is only possible, if based on a critical study of the types of form that characterise his individual style.

So long as the study of art made no pretensions to be esteemed a science, it mattered little that the better works of his pupils should be ascribed to Raphael, or even the works of well-known painters of quite other schools having no sort of connection with him. During more than two centuries Raphael was regarded as *the* idealist Italian painter; and on the basis of this vague æsthetic assumption writers on art have not hesitated to attribute to him a vast number of pictures and drawings without asking any further proof of their origin. These authorities were satisfied to appeal to the individual taste of the reader, or of the general public, forgetting that the æsthetic principles on which individual tastes are founded are no less liable to frequent change than the systems of philosophers. Of course I am far from asserting that the sense of beauty which is stamped on the works of Raphael has but a transient and limited value; still, it is quite certain that the genetic development of Raphael's art is directly allied to that of his teachers, and that a clear apprehension of this relationship to his precursors is indispensable to an understanding of Raphael's work. We must, therefore, remember that an appeal to the æsthetic sense as a criterion in the study of art is not merely inadequate but actually misleading. It is also very intelligible that the commerce in works of art in the past must have profited largely by the extensive application of this æsthetic but ill-defined principle.

We know that even in Raphael's lifetime the craving to possess works by him far exceeded his power of supplying them. We are fond of picturing this prince of painters as making his way to the Vatican or to some Roman palace, followed by his famous pupils and by other painters, and there proceeding to paint with his own hand the wonders still admired as his work, to the amazement of these appreciative bystanders. But the facts were by no means as his romantic biographers would make us believe. It can be proved by documentary evidence that even princes were satisfied if they could obtain from the Pope's court painter the sketch for a composition from which one of his pupils—Giulio Romano, Pierin del Vaga, or whoever it might be—would execute a picture in oil. And when it was only to gratify the taste of a would-be

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Mæcenas, such as Francis I. of France, we can hardly blame the overworked master for doing no more than outline the composition of the required subject in a sketch and leaving the execution of the painting to his best disciples. The two famous large pictures executed for the French Court which now hang in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, the St. Michael and the Large Holy Family, as it is called, are both signed 'Raphael Vrbinas pinxit 1518.' I cannot think that Raphael is to be held guilty for having sent forth studio works like these under his name. It was at that time the universal practice, as can be proved in the case of many painters before Raphael: Pietro Perugino, Luca Signorelli, Giovanni Bellini, Cima da Conegliano, Bartolommeo Vivarini, and others. It is the pride and merit of the modern science of art criticism that it can discriminate between the studio works that have come down to us under the names of these masters and the work of their own hands, and this is no less possible in the case of Raphael. But, unfortunately, the neglect of this discrimination has led certain writers on the subject to decry Raphael as an apostate from his own standard, and to date the decline of art from Raphael himself. This verdict on the great master is, in my opinion, unquestionably a wrong one, though criticism has not yet rectified it and done him due justice. It will suffice in this place to point out that such a conception of Raphael's art is an error in obvious contradiction to historically authentic facts, and founded on an uncritical study of his works from the purely æsthetic point of view.

If, then, modern criticism cannot consent to recognise Raphael's hand in every picture which can be proved to have originated in his studio, or which during his life was accepted as his work, how much more is caution needed in pronouncing on works which have come forward and been fathered on him in the course of the long years that have elapsed since his death! Suspicion here becomes a duty. The royal and other collectors of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and the directors of the various public galleries in the nineteenth, have striven to acquire works by Raphael, and private owners have in the same way felt a natural ambition to possess pictures by this great master. When once the æsthetic school of writers had pitched their estimate of Raphael so high that his genius was ranked as immeasurably far above that of any other painter of the Renaissance, it was but natural that every collector should try to purchase a 'Raphael.' If we glance, for instance, through the catalogues of the numerous private collections formed in England alone during the last century and the beginning of this, in almost all we find at least one picture attributed to Raphael. But if Raphael had painted only half the pictures which now exist under his name, he must have produced more during the thirty-seven years of his life than the most hasty and superficial decorator who ever lived to a ripe old age with paint and brush in hand.

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It is easy to perceive how this lavish supply of 'Raphaels' was thrown upon the world; collectors and curators are less to blame for false attributions than dealers interested in selling pictures. How, indeed, should they resist the temptations offered by the unlimited demand for works by this particular master, and the high prices bid for them, to christen pictures by his name, and endow them with high-sounding pedigrees? Nor can they even always be accused of having acted against their better knowledge. In the interest of their trade they could not allow themselves to take up critical studies, even if they had had the requisite scientific culture; and how often has a really conscientious dealer been himself cheated by the professional forger of works of art! But this must suffice to indicate the endless difficulties which beset us when we proceed to a critical examination of the works of Raphael. A due appreciation of these difficulties will certainly not lead us to deny that it is a right and a duty to be sceptical of the current ideas as to examples of this master.

It may, however, still be objected that though a critical study of Raphael may well be a task for the specialist, the public, whose only concern with art is to enjoy it and be elevated by it, cannot possibly trouble itself with these questions of detail. This is, in fact, a widely accepted view of the matter; but I do not think it is the right one. In my opinion the case is much the same as with classical music—true enjoyment is impossible without natural gifts and thorough knowledge; in the study of painting, perfect appreciation is out of the question unless it is attained through artistic culture. Full and genuine enjoyment is the privilege of those only who have made themselves acquainted, by a general study at least, with the principles of art; who cannot, for instance, regard it as unimportant, or trivial, to decide whether a work is rightly or wrongly ascribed to Raphael. How is it possible to feel any true enthusiasm about Raphael so long as we are incompetent to distinguish his works from those of other masters, whether his teachers or his followers?

The really and supremely interesting fact in a work by a great master is not so much the subject as the artistic conception and treatment; in a word, the individuality of the artist as revealed in his work. In the case of Rembrandt, for instance, there are very few of his works of which it can be said that the action or the person depicted is interesting *per se*. His portraits may even repel us, from the plebeian type of the faces, and there is nothing to charm us in a representation of the Holy Family, where the Child is nothing more than a common peasant baby, and Joseph is simply taken from the life, a carpenter of the homeliest type of the seventeenth century artisan. Where we value such pictures as noble works of art, it is in spite of this repellent treatment of the subject. We take our

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stand above the elements that strike us as vulgar or repulsive; or rather, the artist himself lifts us above it all. He has transfigured that which would seem ignoble by making it the vehicle of a spiritual purport; and it is this spiritual meaning—in the case in point it is Rembrandt's personal conception of his subject—which is so full of individuality that it can never be mistaken for that of any other painter.

With regard to Raphael, indeed, it cannot be said that his personages or the scenes he depicts startle our fancy by their strangeness or singularity. But here again we must distinguish between the *subject* and the *treatment*. This alone is what stamps the work with specific value. The types and the subjects of Raphael's designs are, as any one may see, closely related to those which we find in the works of his rivals and fellow-disciples; indeed, in his earliest works Raphael confessedly took those of his teachers and precursors as models for imitation. Vasari, in speaking of his first great altar-piece, the 'Crucifixion, with Saints,' now at Dudley House, tells us that this painting might have been taken by any one for a work by his master Perugino, if Raphael had not signed it with his name. Among the drawings by Raphael at the British Museum there is one representing Michael Angelo's statue of David; the value of this drawing is not in any way diminished or affected by the fact that it is not an original design of Raphael's, for, like every other work of his own hand, this drawing bears the impress of his treatment, the true hall-mark of Raphael's character. On the other hand, when we have before us a drawing or a picture which is only a pupil's copy from a composition by Raphael, it is impossible to place it on the same level of merit as the original sketch, however slight and unimportant this may be—no, not even when Raphael's drawing is lost to us.

I may here take the opportunity of remarking that it is a great mistake to attach small value to the drawings of great masters as compared with their finished pictures, as though they were no more than memoranda for the history of the pictures. The drawings, of course, are but sketches—projects, as it were; while in the pictures the artist has put forth every power and every effort to attain a complete result. But in the course of years the colour of the pictures has changed, and the hand of the restorer has almost always destroyed the original surface of the injured portions; the drawings, on the contrary, have come down to us in the state in which the artist left them. They have, too, the same kind of value as relics, as it were, that autographs possess, though their interest as curiosities is, of course, a minor consideration to the art critic; nor can it be pretended that drawings, viewed even as sketches for pictures, can compare in value with the pictures themselves. But if, as I have just said, what is really precious in the works of the old masters is the *treat-*

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ment, the characteristic individuality of the creative mind, then indeed their drawings and sketches are of inestimable importance. It is in the nature of things that each master's personality should be more spontaneously and immediately revealed in a drawing than in a finished painting. Nay, not unfrequently a comparison of the first sketch with the finished work shows that it has lost some of its fresh originality in the careful and painstaking elaboration of details. It seems as though the lines suggested on the paper had lost their easy flow in the transfer to canvas and had become somewhat rigid. Even living painters could confirm this statement from their own experience. In the case of Leonardo da Vinci it is well known that the consciousness of these shortcomings of paintings, as compared with drawings, produced a positive repugnance to execute pictures. In consequence we have at the present day hundreds of genuine drawings by him, while the authentic pictures that have come down to us may be enumerated on the fingers of one hand.

Still greater importance attaches to drawings by masters of the Renaissance from the circumstance that it was the custom at that time in painters' studios to make the pupils copy their masters' drawings. This was the regular employment of the *garzoni* during the long winter evenings. Nothing, then, can be more natural than that the early drawings even of the greatest artists should reflect their teachers' favourite types. A copy, to be sure, did not at that time mean a servile facsimile. Thus, where Raphael works from a composition of Perugino's, it is not very difficult to distinguish the copy from the prototype. The difference is seen in the spontaneous variations from the original introduced by the pupil, especially in certain details where his artistic individuality unconsciously reveals itself. This, remarkably enough, is conspicuous especially in the characteristic drawing of the hands and ears, even more than in the disposition of the drapery and the types of the figures. In the latter, as a rule, the pupil follows the original for a comparatively longer time, so that the different individuality is here less immediately recognisable than in the details of the hand and ear.

Drawings accredited with the name of Raphael are not less numerous than pictures; and spurious specimens of these, as of those, are often mistaken and treasured as genuine. No wonder, then, that the history and criticism of Raphael's works should have lapsed into utter confusion. All his recent biographers, it must be said, have attempted to sift out the genuine from the false. But most of them have done it on arbitrary grounds, either relying on tradition as their authority, or trusting to their own æsthetic instinct; hence, while seeming to introduce order into primæval chaos, they have brought in the element of endless contradictions. The consciousness of these irreconcilable differences as to what is genuine and what spurious

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has so far misled Raphael's latest biographer—perhaps, too, his most ingenious, though his least critical, judge—Hermann Grimm, as to make him doubt altogether the authenticity of Raphael's early works. His scepticism does not spare even the picture of 'The Graces,' which passed, not long since, from Dudley House into the hands of the Duc d'Aumale, nor the charming little picture of 'The Knight's Vision' in the National Gallery. The reader of Grimm's biography is led to regard it as almost a miracle that there should be nothing known and nothing to tell of Raphael as a painter till we suddenly find him, a perfect master of his art, in the great altar-piece known as 'Lo Sposalizio' in the Brera at Milan. Thus we cannot speak of his *development*; nay, we are required to regard Raphael's genius as a supernatural inspiration, and to marvel at this work, painted in his twentieth year, as a meteor-like phenomenon. It is hardly necessary to add that this view is not the outcome of critical study, but rather the result of a scepticism that is wholly uncritical.

A similar scepticism with regard to all purely scientific research appears to me to lie at the root of almost all recent writings on Raphael, and it has unfortunately resulted in a sadly superficial treatment of the subject. It would seem, too, to spring from the same cause in all these writers. Eugène Müntz, the French professor, in a review (published lately in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*) of a certain critical essay on Raphael's earliest works—to which I must presently return—says very truly: 'L'autorité de nos études a été compromise.' When, some years ago, Senator Giov. Morelli, the Italian connoisseur, published the remarkable results of his long-continued study of Raphael, it happened that several writers, and among them E. Müntz, had a short time before laid their opinions before the public as established facts. As a matter of course, when new and revised editions of their works on Raphael were brought out a few years later, they disparaged or ignored the results of Morelli's researches.

As every one knows, very few details of Raphael's youth and training have come down to us. Various hypotheses were therefore willingly accepted as enabling us to fill up wide gaps in the sequence of events. Since the beginning of the present century a particular collection of pen-and-ink drawings, commonly known as 'the Venice Sketch-book' (from the fact that it is now preserved in the Accademia delle Belle Arti in Venice), has been esteemed an indubitable and invaluable document in the history of Raphael's earliest studies. Senatore Morelli, however, has proved—as it seems to me beyond dispute—that the drawings in this collection are by Pintoricchio, the Umbrian painter, and were attributed to Raphael under circumstances which make the ascription doubtful or, to say the least, disputable. This collection, which is now famous, became

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known to the public in the following manner. It was discovered by Giuseppe Bossi, a professor of the Fine Arts in Milan, better known as a writer than as a painter, who died at the age of thirty-eight in 1815. In his diary, published not long since, the following interesting passage occurs:

Yesterday, I may well say I received a greeting from Fortune. A good while ago I had made Giocondo Albertolli promise to let me see certain drawings in possession of a Parmese lady. . . . At last the longed-for day arrived, and I found, beside Albertolli, the painter Mazzola, both commissioned by the lady to effect the sale of the said drawings. There were fifty-three leaves, all of about a span long and somewhat less in width. I at once recognised the hand, but ran over the pages very hurriedly, &c. &c. . . . and at last offered a hundred scudi of Milan (about four hundred francs), with which the proprietress declared herself quite satisfied. Having gone home with my little treasure, I find, after carefully examining the pages, that not only some of them were designed by the divine hand of Raphael, but that they are all of the same size, and therefore must have formed a little book together, and that they are all from his hand, with the exception of some three or four, &c. . . . This little book, much worn by having been long carried about, either at the girdle or in the pocket, contains a little of everything, and comes down to the year 1505, that is a year after the completion of his work for Città di Castello (the 'Sposalizio') which is now at the Royal Gallery of the Brera. It must have been begun much earlier, and it is very interesting to observe therein the studies he has made after Perugino, Pollajuolo, Leonardo, and others. Then there are wonderful women and children, studies of folding, and from models, heads of old men, &c.; all things that breathe that grace, that love, that certain something which cannot be expressed, which penetrates our souls, and which belongs almost exclusively to that angel in art, who never fatigues our mind, and who affords us nothing but sweet enjoyment. . . . I have lately gone over again that wonderful book of Raphael's, and it seemed to me as if I were following the author in his studies. There are, in fact, many figures that he must have used in the cartoons he made for Pinturicchio at Siena. There is also a study from the antique marble group of the Graces, which therefore at that date was already set up in that famous sacristy. We find here also studies of heads for the picture of the 'Marriage of Mary' (in the Brera).[1]

This last statement—and not this alone—was simply an optical illusion on the part of the sanguine possessor of the so-called Raphael drawings.

A further account of the volume is to be found in a letter from the Venetian writer Cicognara to his friend the Marchese Gino Capponi, not long since dead, dated the 27th of May, 1827, in which he says:

When Bossi, the painter, died in Milan, I took it upon myself to prevent his capital collection of original drawings by old masters from being carried abroad, and I succeeded in securing it intact for our Venice Academy. Among many other valuable examples I may especially mention seventy original drawings by Leonardo da Vinci and a hundred by Raphael.[2]

[1] See 'Memorie inedite di Giuseppe Bossi,' in the *Archivio Storico Lombardo*, anno v. 2, 1878.

[2] See Marco Tabarrini, *Memorie di Gino Capponi*, p. 205.

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As regards Leonardo's drawings, the writer would have been nearer the truth if he had said seventeen instead of seventy. This estimate has long been acknowledged to be excessive; still, in evidence of the original condition of the collection, a thick volume bound in leather may still be seen in the library of the Venice Academy, with the title, obviously of Bossi's time: 'Disegni originali di Leonardo.' The pages of this volume are now blank paper; the drawings have been taken out and are exhibited on the walls under glass, some with the master's name and others as the work of his pupils.

Here, too, are displayed the separate leaves of the book known as Raphael's Sketch-book. Whether they were cut out by the order of some former directors of the Academy, or previously detached by Bossi, cannot now be ascertained; the cover of the book seems to have disappeared entirely. This cover would have had some interest now that the contents of the Sketch-book have lately been subjected to a more searching examination than was ever before bestowed, perhaps, on any collection of drawings by an old master. The original paging of the volume gives fifty-four as the number of leaves contained in it; a few are now wanting. These were probably extracted from the book before it came into Bossi's hands. One of them has found a resting-place in the Wicar Museum at Lille, but what has become of the others is not known. On the other hand a few leaves have been added, which evidently never formed part of the Sketch-book; among others two studies from life by Antonio del Pollajuolo, the Florentine painter, and two drawings of warriors on the back and front of a single sheet of paper, which are beyond all doubt the work of Raphael, the shape and make of the paper plainly proving that it never belonged to the volume which is now commonly known as Raphael's Sketch-book.

Not one of the many writers who discussed the Venice Sketch-book before Morelli published his notes on the subject ever succeeded in proving the identity of any one of these studies with a finished work by Raphael. They are for the most part single figures, very carefully executed. It may, therefore, be easily imagined that students of art were not a little surprised when Morelli, in a chapter on the Berlin Gallery ('Italian Masters in German Galleries'), gave positive proofs that several of the most finished drawings in the Venice collection were exactly the same as certain figures in the pictures of an earlier painter of the Umbrian school, Bernardino Pintoricchio. For instance, one of these drawings, delicately executed in pen and ink, represents a young woman kneeling with clasped hands. Morelli tells us:

> This excellent drawing is the finished study for the Virgin in the picture representing the 'Adoration of the Infant Christ, with St. Jerome,' forming the altar-

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piece of the first chapel to the right in the Church of S. Maria del Popolo at Rome. Pintoricchio is known to have painted this picture as well as the frescoes which decorate the walls of the same chapel about the year 1483 (the year of Raphael's birth), as a commission from his patron, the Cardinal della Rovere. We have here already the same type of hand with long, bony fingers, that we again find in the beautiful Madonna of his splendid picture in the Town Gallery of Perugia (painted in 1495). The sharp, pointed strokes of the pen are another peculiarity of his, as well as the stairlike arrangement of the folds on both extremities of the mantle.[3]

On another leaf we find a drawing of a lion with a singularly lengthy body. This, as Morelli again has pointed out, is the study for the lion by the side of St. Jerome in a lunette painted on the wall in the same chapel of S. Maria del Popolo. Other drawings are studies for arabesque decorations of pilasters; these Pintoricchio painted on the roof of the choir of the same church. Now Pintoricchio's taste in designing arabesques—grotesques as they are called—is quite peculiar, and it may be noted incidentally that he, more than any other painter, was instrumental in familiarising the art of the Renaissance with this antique style of decoration.

Another drawing represents a woman kneeling, in profile to the right, her arms outstretched.

This pen-and-ink drawing is a study for the kneeling woman who operates on the infant Moses in Pintoricchio's fresco of the 'Journeys of Moses' in the Sistine Chapel. In the painting, the foot, which is here visible, is covered by the dress, and this is the only difference we are able to point out. On another page of the Sketch-book we find a study of drapery for the figure of Zipporah in the same picture.[4]

One of the most admired of these studies is a pen-and-ink drawing of four female heads, three seen in full face and one in profile. These probably are the heads in which Bossi, the enthusiastic discoverer of the Sketch-book, fancied he had found Raphael's studies for his picture of the 'Sposalizio' now in the Brera. However, as Signor Morelli has shown, three of these fine heads are studies for Pintoricchio's wall-painting 'The Journey of Moses.' Of the two upper heads, that to the left is used in the picture for the woman who follows the procession with a pitcher of water on her head, at the extreme left of the fresco; there is but a slight change in the position. Of the two lower heads, the one to the left served as a study for Zipporah, who leads her little son with her right hand; the other, to the right, was used for the seated Zipporah with the child on her knee. The fresco in the Sistine was formerly ascribed sometimes to Perugino and sometimes to Signorelli. But in fact it is impossible to detect the peculiarities of either master in this picture, and it is now admitted by a great number of art critics that it can only be the work of Pintoricchio. The drawings under con-

[3] Pp. 275, 276. [4] P. 278.

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sideration all belong to pictures painted in Rome in the years 1480 to 1482, before Raphael was born, though hitherto his biographers have been unanimous in designating them as the work of his hand.

It may easily be imagined how unpleasant a surprise Morelli's discovery must have been to all these writers. The accepted view had always been that Pintoricchio, from time to time, had drawings made for him by Raphael, overlooking the fact that his beautiful paintings in the Appartamenti Borgia in the Vatican, and elsewhere in Rome, when he was Court painter to Alexander VI., were executed before Raphael was born, which event took place in the year 1483.

Bernardino Pintoricchio was probably born in Perugia in 1454; his teachers were Perugino and more particularly the earlier master Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Perugino was born in 1446, and was thus but eight years older than Pintoricchio. There can be no doubt whatever that Pintoricchio worked in partnership with Perugino for many years, as his assistant rather than as his pupil. Proof of this is to be found, among others, in the so-called Raphael Sketch-book, which, as we have seen, is in fact Pintoricchio's work. Among these drawings there is a standing figure of a youth with long hair, and his right hand on his breast, squared out to work from.

This elegant and noble figure (writes Signor Morelli) appears to be a study executed by Pintoricchio for his master, Perugino, after a slight sketch by Perugino for the figure of the Apostle John, in his fresco of 'St. Peter receiving the Keys,' in the Sistine Chapel. This pen-and-ink drawing, with elaborate folds in the mantle, is divided into squares, and seems therefore to have been destined to be transferred to the cartoon on a larger scale.[5]

And Signor Morelli makes the same remark with regard to two other drawings in the collection. He nevertheless emphatically notes of the composition, 'that it is entirely Perugino's own, though he entrusted the designing of the drapery on a smaller scale to his friend and former pupil Pintoricchio; both the cartoon and the wall-painting itself were entirely executed by the hand of Perugino.'

Such keen discrimination is by no means the expression of a hypercritical method of inquiry. It is, on the contrary, a logical deduction from a comparative study of the two painters which has resulted in a familiar acquaintance with their characteristic differences.

If in representing serious religious subjects Pintoricchio does not come up to Perugino, as regards proportionality, finish, and the filling of space; if his forms are not so noble, and the expression of religious sentiment not so deep as in Pietro Perugino; yet, on the other hand, Pintoricchio is more spontaneous, more fresh and racy than Perugino; nor does he so often fatigue us by monotony and that conventional sweetness which, especially in the productions of his last twenty years, make Perugino positively wearisome. Finally, as an imaginative landscape painter Pintoricchio surpasses almost all his contemporaries.[6]

[5] Pp. 276, 277. [6] Pp. 284, 285.

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When Raphael arrived at Perugia, in 1500, and entered Perugino's studio to finish his studies, he was about seventeen years old; at an age, therefore, at which many artists of the Renaissance had already produced masterpieces. We have a considerable number of drawings by Raphael of this and the following years; some in France, in the Louvre and in the Lille Museum, some in England, in the University Galleries at Oxford, and the Print Room of the British Museum. The National Gallery, which can boast of owning Raphael's earliest known painting, the naïve and delightful picture of 'The Vision of a Knight,' also possesses the master's carefully finished cartoon for the work. If we compare all these early drawings of Raphael, we shall have no difficulty in discerning the same technical characteristics in all of them: the same treatment of the human figure, the same method and manner of drawing the outlines, of arranging the drapery, of defining the shadows, and many other details of execution. But if, on the other hand, we compare these authentic drawings by Raphael with the Venice Sketch-book from the same point of view, we cannot fail to detect the hand of a master whose instincts and talent are totally dissimilar. At the same time it cannot be denied that a resemblance between the genuine drawings by Raphael and those of the Venice Sketch-book may be detected in certain points; these coincidences may be explained by the fact that Pintoricchio, all his life through, and Raphael at a certain period of his career as an artist, gave their works the common stamp characteristic of the Umbrian school generally.

The collection of drawings in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence includes a number of pen-and-ink drawings, which are traditionally and correctly ascribed to Pintoricchio. They are, indeed, only slight sketches, while the drawings from the Venice Sketch-book are highly finished studies; but in both we find the same individuality of treatment of the figure which is characteristic of Pintoricchio, the same handling of the pen, the same peculiarities of conception. To give but a single instance: Among the female heads in Pintoricchio's sketches in the Uffizi, there is one with a very peculiar headdress, not unlike a curled ram's horn; this headdress recurs in the drawings in the Venice Academy, and again in Pintoricchio's paintings. On the other hand, it is never met with in any authentic drawing by Raphael, or in any picture by him. This is sufficient proof that this head-gear was a peculiarity of the elder master's taste, and may therefore be accepted as corroborative of his handiwork.

Morelli's proof, showing that Pintoricchio and not Raphael was the master of the Venice Sketch-book, is so complete and striking that it seems to me beyond controversy. It is no mere hypothesis based on a greater or less mass of probabilities; it is an

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indisputable fact which can be as positively proved as any other scientific proposition. And till very recently no attempt was made to controvert Morelli's argument. Lately, however, Eugène Müntz, in a new edition of his life of Raphael, and in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, has endeavoured to resuscitate the old opinion that the drawings of the Venice Sketch-book are the work of Raphael. Since the question as to the master of the Venice Sketch-book must be one of supreme interest to all who care to trace the artistic development of the greatest master of the Renaissance, I think it may be well to analyse the arguments of Raphael's French biographer. Monsieur le Professeur Müntz begins by attempting to discredit Morelli's hypothesis, by saying that it is that of a mere amateur as distinguished from art professors, whose function it is by virtue of their calling to study and teach the history of art. Hence, if, as we must infer, the reading public are at all times to pin their faith to these official teachers, they must accept the utterances of the amateur or the connoisseur with grave distrust. While he carries on his studies in our galleries and private collections by examining works of art, the professor's more serious task, according to M. Müntz, is to search through archives and to set aside critical studies as misleading or open to suspicion. Moreover M. Müntz holds it as an article of faith in the study of art, that ascriptions of works which have become traditional and have been tacitly accepted for centuries are unimpeachable beyond the possibility of doubt. Since Professor Bossi, no longer ago than 1816, pronounced the Venice Sketch-book to be the work of Raphael, any attempt to revise this opinion, which has now become traditional, is to be reprehended as sacrilege. Now, as it seems to me, Morelli's theory as to these drawings would be unworthy of our serious consideration were it not that of a man who has devoted years to the investigation of the subject. Morelli, as is well known, has put forward his views as to the Venice Sketch-book in direct connection with his studies of the works of Italian masters in the Berlin Gallery. His critical deductions are often diametrically opposed to traditional ascriptions; but in spite of this they have been recognised and accepted, not always indeed without demur, by the curators of German galleries, in Berlin as well as in Dresden and Munich. Dr. Bode of the Berlin Museum has lately published his acknowledgment (in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, No. 42, 1886) that 'Morelli's decisions have been adopted to a very great extent, and with the fullest assent, by the directors of the collections in question.' M. Müntz made an unlucky move when he spoke with so much contempt of the independent research of a mere connoisseur, or, as he calls him, 'un spirituel amateur.'

We will now proceed to inquire more closely into the history of Raphael's youthful development from M. Müntz's point of view, as it

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is revealed in the *critique savante* of the Alsatian professor in contrast with the *critique paradoxale* of the Italian connoisseur. We are told that we must imagine Raphael as having developed his genius with great pains. Hence his progress during his stay at Perugia, from 1500 to 1504, is supposed to have been very slow and imperfect; indeed, that he wandered about bee-like in search of nutriment. Notwithstanding this view we are to suppose that the youth still found time to make the cartoons for the frescoes in the cathedral at Siena, which Pintoricchio, by his contract—still extant—had pledged himself to execute unaided by any one. Pintoricchio, whom M. Müntz very rightly speaks of as a 'véritable chef d'école' (p. 45), is supposed to have been incapable at the age of fifty of composing for himself these well-known frescoes, though twenty years previously he had done work at least as important, as Court painter to the Pope. In evidence of the slow and tentative advance made by Raphael in his art, M. Müntz adduces the various 'manners' in which he experimentally worked—the Umbrian, the Florentine, and the Roman. The *maniera umbra*, he tells us, is conspicuous in the drawings of the Venice Sketch-book. Vasari, indeed, in his rather superficial and somewhat unsympathetic life of Raphael, makes use of vague expressions in speaking of his Umbrian manner, which he calls 'minuta, secca e di poco disegno,' and from this M. Müntz infers that the Venice Sketch-book may very well be pronounced to be by Raphael's hand. In his opinion these drawings were executed between the years 1500 and 1504.

There are, however, serious objections to this assumption on close examination. Among these drawings there are some—as is well known—from compositions by Signorelli; some are copied from Mantegna's engraving of the 'Entombment;' there is a study from a head by Leonardo; while a great many of the figures can be proved to have been designed by Pintoricchio, and some by Perugino. Supposing that Raphael copied these drawings from originals by Pintoricchio, Perugino, or Signorelli—as M. Müntz opines—we find the same technical handling in them all. Thus we are compelled to say that in copying them Raphael did not aim at imitating the technique of these models, each of whom has a strongly marked manner of his own, but translated it, so to speak, into his own mode of expression. Thus, in the copy from Mantegna for instance, in spite of the identity of the composition, not only is the touch of the outline and shading totally different, but the folds of the drapery, the drawing of the hands and fingers, are quite altered, so much so, indeed, that the character of the original could scarcely be guessed from that of the copy. It would be indeed strange if Raphael, who, as we are told, developed but slowly, and who therefore had been singularly open to the influence of others, and at any rate not yet *artiste*

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formé, should nevertheless have had such marked individuality as the draughtsman of the Venice Sketch-book manifests throughout. In all these drawings the meagre forms of the arms and legs are very notable, and in all we discern the same peculiarities in the disposal of the draperies, the same heavy folds towards the lower edge of the mantle, the same drawing of the ear with the lobe curiously independent of the shell, the same form of hand with long thin fingers, and finally the long fine penstrokes in the shading—obvious characteristics which we do *not* find in Raphael's authenticated drawings of that very period. And this absence of correspondence with his authenticated drawings M. Müntz tells us may be explained by the circumstance that the Venice pen-and-ink drawings are executed on rather rough paper; as if the treatment and drawing of the limbs, the arrangement of the drapery, and so forth, could be different in finished drawings, whether in silver point on prepared paper, or in pen-and-ink on common paper. This argument can certainly not be accepted as conclusive.

And what is the result if we compare the pen-and-ink drawings of the Venice Sketch-book with authentic drawings by Raphael, also in pen-and-ink and on rough paper, and executed between 1500 and 1504—at the very time, therefore, when M. Müntz believes the Venice Sketch-book to have been filled? There is no lack of capital pen-and-ink drawings by Raphael of this date, in various collections, sketches for pictures for the most part. For example, there is at Stockholm a pen-and-ink drawing for the predella now in the Pinacotheca of the Vatican, the 'Adoration of the Kings.' A reduced facsimile of this drawing will be found in M. Müntz's work (p. 79). If we compare the figures in this drawing with those of the Venice Sketch-book we cannot fail to observe that in this the limbs are full and firm, while in Pintoricchio's drawings at Venice, as has been said, they are remarkably slender and lean. In these, again, the shading is almost entirely executed with fine cross-hatching, while in the Stockholm drawing, as in all of Raphael's, the shading is produced by uncrossed lines following the modelling.

The centre subject of the predella above mentioned is the 'Presentation in the Temple,' and Raphael's pen-and-ink drawing for this picture is in the University Galleries at Oxford. In this drawing we find, here and there, a few instances of cross-hatching in the shadows; but their execution is quite unlike that of Pintoricchio in the Venice Sketch-book. In Raphael's work the lines are not close together side by side, and the shading generally is not characterised by the painful precision which is the rule with Pintoricchio. The oval of the faces, too, is very different in the Oxford drawing from the type recognisable as Pintoricchio's in the Venice Sketch-book. The set and fall of the drapery has no doubt the general character of

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Perugino's school, but when compared with that of Perugino himself and of Pintoricchio, certain individual peculiarities are at once perceptible which are entirely unlike those of either of these Umbrian painters.

Nor is the result different when we compare the minuter details of drawings undoubtedly by Raphael with those of the Venice drawings. In the splendid collection belonging to Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, in London, there is a finished study in black chalk of an apostle's head done by Raphael for the picture of the 'Coronation of the Virgin' painted in 1501–2, and now in the Vatican. In this drawing, as well as in that of the head of S. Placidus for the fresco in the Church of S. Severo—the drawing, executed in 1595, is now in the University Galleries at Oxford—a peculiar modelling of the ear is to be noted; it is very round and fleshy, whereas the master of the Venice Sketch-book has quite a different notion of the form of the ear. Their representation of the form of the hand differs no less considerably. Though such divergences are not easy to describe in words, their physiognomical importance strikes the eye at once, and when once they have been impressed on the mind any mistake seems henceforth impossible.

For all these reasons M. Müntz's theory that the Venice Sketch-book was the work of Raphael between 1500 and 1504 seems quite untenable. It is self-evident that not laymen alone, but scientific students also, must be unwilling to abandon a traditional opinion which they have fully adopted. But after it has been so conclusively demonstrated that Pintoricchio and not Raphael was the master of the Venice Sketch-book, it is impossible, as it seems to me, to ignore the theory or treat it as simply ridiculous; it becomes the duty of every scientific inquirer to examine it with care. Among Raphael's recent biographers M. Müntz merits recognition as the first and, till now, the only writer who has not evaded the question, but has sifted it to the bottom. Still, I cannot say that the results of his investigation are satisfactory. Henceforth the critic who takes it upon himself to assert that the drawings from the Venice Sketch-book are by Raphael, must also accept the onus of constructing an hypothesis as to the period when he could have executed them. As we possess authentic examples of Raphael's pencil in comparative abundance in an unbroken series from about his fifteenth year, we have in them a test for every hypothesis that may ascribe this collection to any particular epoch of his career. Many circumstances combine to favour that of M. Müntz which assigns them to a date between 1500 and 1504; but, as I have endeavoured to show, this theory collapses as soon as it is brought to the inevitable test of comparison. Nor can the idea that the drawings are by Raphael be saved by assuming that they were executed at any other time. Every connoisseur of

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experience will at once admit that the circumstances of the case make it impossible, not to say absurd, to assert that Raphael could have done these drawings either in earlier youth or later in his lifetime. To me, indeed, it seems quite clear that M. Müntz by his antagonism has indirectly proved that though the Venice Sketch-book may still indeed be attributed to Raphael, the attribution can never be justified.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

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THE EAST END AS REPRESENTED BY MR. BESANT.

EVER since the days of Defoe readers of English have been deeply indebted to writers of fiction for the production before their mental vision of scenes and facts which would be otherwise unknown to them. There is no province of science, politics, or philanthropy, that has not been illustrated by this form of literature, and mostly with lasting benefit to each; and the great blessing and duty of fellowship betwixt man and man have been enforced in a multitude of publications and in a great variety of forms.

Of all living authors of fiction Mr. Walter Besant seems to write most directly with high social aims; the East of London is the locality he brings before our eyes; and some of his pictures are indeed drawn with a master-hand. With a true poet's instinct he at once places his readers face to face with the most impressive of his facts. What can be more vivid than the following passage describing the effect produced on an imaginative mind by its first consciousness of the immensity of the multitudes collected in that vast area?

> He became haunted by crowds of faces, processions of faces. . . . There were millions of them, two millions as nearly as he could count, and he seemed to know them all. They were all different, yet all alike in one respect, that they were all faces which lacked something. There was no happiness in them, they were dull, they had no sunshine in them; they bore no secret fountains of joy beneath them; they wanted hope. . . . He saw before him the whole of East London, the mighty city, the joyless city, the neglected city, the city of the baser sort, and he trembled.

It was with some such feeling of awe that the late Mr. Bancroft, on his first arrival from the United States, in reply to an inquiry as to what most impressed him in the old country, said, 'The fact that I am in a city containing three and a half millions of human beings.' The thought of the overwhelming numbers may well indeed, at first, have an oppressive, even a paralysing, effect on any one whose sympathy with the welfare of his fellow-creatures is highly developed as it is in Mr. Besant. But this is usually the first impression only, and to leave this idea uncorrected by a more detailed experience is sadly unreal and unjust, for the East of London is permeated through and

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through with influences both secular and religious, all tending, with more or less success, to modify the dreariness and sadness so pathetically described above. These influences undoubtedly are insufficient to overtake the rapid accretion of this vast population; but they are leavening and humanising it throughout, and are the most important and hopeful features in its present history. East London is neither 'neglected' nor 'joyless'; still less can it justly be called 'the city of the baser sort,' as if it were exclusively occupied by inhabitants of the criminal or lowest class. Wherever two millions of the poorer working people are congregated, there must of necessity be a proportion who are low in moral as well as in physical welfare; but taken as the type of his class the rough East-End workman would be given the palm over the loafing cringing West-End idler by any competent observer. It is, therefore, to be regretted that a writer of Mr. Besant's brilliant powers should present pictures of this portion of London which, by systematic suppression of all its more hopeful features, are distinctly unfair. Such descriptions are moreover depressing, and even offensive to the more educated portion of the inhabitants. Many of these are living noble lives of active earnest work for the improvement of the communities around them; and some have united to form an East-End Defence League for the purpose of correcting such misapprehensions.

Dr. Matthew Corner, for nearly twenty years medical officer of health of Mile End New Town, writes:

> It would be difficult to trace out the origin of the infatuation, which seems to pervade the minds of all people who do not know the East of London, that it is the matrix and birthplace of everything typical of penury, disease, and general human discomfort. That it has its share of all these mortal infirmities is true enough, but the delusion that it is afflicted with anything like the disproportionate quantities ascribed to it should be dispelled by a better acquaintance with the facts.

Dr. Curshan Corner also, of the Tower Hamlets Dispensary, refers thus to this mania for depreciation:

> The inhabitants of East London appear to be themselves becoming infected with depreciatory feeling, and as a consequence lose respect for the locality and for themselves; and are coming to think that any discomforts or annoyances, any offensive innovations or dangerous nuisances, whether injurious to health or disagreeable to neighbours, must be resignedly tolerated because it is East London.

It is undoubtedly most desirable to secure on behalf of the East the fullest amount of sympathy that can possibly be obtained from the West End, but this aid would be dearly bought at the cost of the self-respect and energy which form so marked a feature in the work carried on by the local residents.

It is not the intention of this article to offer a literary criticism on Mr. Besant's novels. But it seems hard to ignore the graceful handling of both plot and local character in 'All in a Garden Fair,' the wit and sarcasm of 'The Seamy Side,' the ingenious weaving of

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an impossible situation in 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' and in the 'Children of Gibeon,' and above all the telling dramatic character of special scenes in each and all.

But many readers seek for much more than mere amusement in these pages, and the founding of the People's Palace is a brilliant proof, not only of Mr. Besant's resources in the way of suggestion, but also of the prompt readiness of the wealthier classes to forward any scheme that offers a fair hope of giving comfort and relief to the working people.

The most satisfactory feature in Mr. Besant's treatment of the methods by which such help can be extended lies in the fact that all the plans which he puts forward have already been tested and tried in various places. Good women of gentle birth and breeding have for years been living and working in the East End. They differ only from Angela Messenger and Valentine Eldridge in the amount of their worldly goods, and in their open avowal of a religious motive for their work. There are now four workrooms opened by ladies for the employment of needlewomen, conducted on the soundest business principles, and where the workers are properly treated and paid. The first of these was founded by a clergyman; and if we want a living model of a Christian layman, ready to sacrifice personal ambition and social enjoyment for the benefit of his poorer brethren, we find it in the life of Lord Shaftesbury, instinct with reality and fervour, the genuine result of Christian thought and duty, and so far exceeding the somewhat shadowy personalities of Mr. Besant's heroes.

What seems strange and uncalled for in this author is his systematic suppression of all the efforts made on behalf of the poor by any religious body, or from any acknowledged religious motive. Not being himself in sympathy with these influences, he despises them and ignores their results. The following is one among many passages which could be cited:

> They also made the discovery, made by many before them, that all well-dressed people go to church or chapel, and that those who are not well dressed stay away. . . . Therefore it would seem at first sight as if religion begins with a frock coat, and the man in the workman's jacket does not feel any necessity for religion. This is a most truly wonderful outcome of civilisation. There seems no active hostility to church or chapel. Religion appears to most of the people a very harmless thing, but they don't want it for themselves. And if a man lacks the religious sense, how shall another man restore it to him? Perhaps when one lives for ever in a great crowd, one's personality is destroyed and each man thinks only of the crowd.

Now there are few observers who will deny that the usual effect of living in a great crowd is to lessen the sense of brotherhood and fellowship and to make the individual selfish. Dwellers in large towns are insensible to the fortunes of their neighbours; public spirit

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is not highly developed in them; they keep to themselves, they are selfish. It is to the rapid aggregation of masses of persons, all nearly in the same condition of life, that this materialising influence is due. The counteracting forces of religious life and teaching have been insufficient to restrain this hardening result, from the simple fact that they have been in a minority. There have not been enough teachers to equal the needs of the multitudes, and thus selfish influences have prevailed, not because the poor look upon religion as a useless or indifferent matter, but because they have drifted into ways of life which are incompatible with any religious profession. Therefore a lower standard is adopted, and naturally they turn away from religious rites and religious services. Yet even as to church attendance the case is not so bad as Mr. Besant implies, for the census taken lately by a Nonconformist newspaper shows far better results than the sweeping expressions quoted above seek to convey, and yet this census took no account of mission services or school services, or of any undenominational services, so that a large addition would have to be made to these figures if a just estimate is to be formed. Those whose duty leads them to preach the Gospel to the poor know well that men do not lack the 'religious sense' necessarily one whit more among the working classes than elsewhere, and, moreover, that the opening of the human heart to that sense is everywhere due to some teaching from 'another man.'

But when this 'other man' belongs to the Church of England, or apparently to any organised body of teachers, Mr. Besant will have none of him. It would indeed be difficult from the mass of contradictions contained in his various stories to eliminate any plan or scheme which could possibly meet Mr. Besant's ideas. His best and most intelligible expression asserts well and explicitly the superiority of face-to-face Christianity over any method of persuasion to be derived from institutions. He brings out very successfully the value of social and friendly intercourse and of healthy recreation, his tendency being to exaggerate the value of these, and to erect them into panaceas against degradation and vice; while in his continual objection to all organised teaching he invariably ignores the initial difficulty of the overwhelming numbers. Organisation of some kind must be attempted, and if the poor are to be helped let us not teach them to quarrel with their best friends. Can anything be more profoundly unfair than the inferences sought to be established in the following passage?

> This time the recipients of the circular to the clergy did answer. . . . Search had been made, and no such marriage had been discovered. Some sent useless returns, finding the marriage of a certain Hamblin a hundred years back, and demanding the reward by return of post. When it did not come they wrote again, asking indignantly for the cause of delay, and threatening legal proceedings. Others, while admitting that their search had been fruitless, took the opportunity of advocating the claims of their 'Restoration Fund,' their 'Increase of Benefices

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Clergy Stipend Fund,' their 'Soup Kitchen,' their 'Pickled Onions' Fund, their 'Fund for enabling the Clergy to see their way out of it,' their 'Deaconesses' Aprons Fund,' their Schools, their 'Sisters' Cold Shoulder of Mutton Fund,' their 'Impoverished Bishops Fund,' their Homes, their 'Penitentiaries,' and their Grand National Society for the Pauperisation of the British People, officered entirely by the bishops and clergy of the Church of England, and embracing the aims and objects of all the preceding minor societies. No fewer than twenty-five sent in a bill for time spent in conducting the search. Eight hundred and thirty-seven curates, answering for their rectors and vicars, hinted at the patronage of the Hamblins, which consisted of one small living, and their own unappreciated merits. Three hundred and sixty-five asked for nominations to city schools for their boys. One hundred and fifty-two asked for scholarships on the city companies' foundations for sons about to go to Oxford or Cambridge. All alike addressed the advertisers in terms of affectionate intimacy as if they were all-round grateful personal friends who could refuse each other nothing, . . . and most of them exhibited a proficiency in mendacity to be equalled by no other profession.

It is most probable that no other profession would have left such offensive expressions as these unnoticed and unchastised. But the known dignity and patience of the clergy give an impunity which has not been worthily used in this case. The best and most complete answer to these remarks may, strangely enough, be found in Mr. Besant's own pages. The description in the 'Children of Gibeon' of the assistant priest attributes to him a career of absolute self-devotion and sacrifice, and yet this narrative is from beginning to end a sneer. But it gives a picture which may be found in most parishes in the East End, and it well deserves attention.

It is a kind of life which has one great distinctive quality; it has perceived very plainly that there is a kind of life possible to all who choose to follow it, which is an imitation, however humble, of the great Exemplar. . . . In fact, no hermit, no solitary, no friar of orders grey, black, white, blue, green, yellow, buff, indigo, magenta, mauve, or alezan, ever more diligently followed that Exemplar than do the men of this kind. At the age of twenty-three—that is to say, as early as it is possible to them—they absolutely renounce for ever the world and all its delights; they give up society, art, culture, learning, and pleasures of every kind; they plunge head foremost into a vast ocean, murky and cloudy, whose waves have no brightness and whose waters have no smiles. They become, in fact, assistant priest or curate in a parish of poverty; they are the slaves all day long of the people; they cease to have any individual life; they have no longer any pursuits.

It is a comparatively unimportant detail in such a life that the man has a church where he must perform certain duties. Yet these take time. He has to read prayers or to sing mattins and evensong; he marries and baptises; he has once a week to provide a discourse always full of new thoughts, powerful logic, and words which burn—at least, these things are expected. It does not really matter in the least what he preaches in a place like Hoxton, because no one ever goes to church. Generally he preaches a set of doctrines which the British working-man is just as likely to embrace as he is to abandon the franchise, or to dissolve his trades-unions, or to give up his beer, or to join goody clubs. But his real work is outside his church. He is the almoner of the parish; he is always administering charitable funds, finding out deserving cases, and dividing eighteenpence equally between thirteen poor persons. He is a professor of the conduct of life; because weaker brethren get drunk, he has to wear a nasty little blue ribbon, and may not look upon the amber and the froth of the cheerful pewter. He lives with the

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greatest frugality, and gives away all that he can spare. . . . Of late years he has been expected, who has neither art nor culture, to become the prophet of culture and the fosterer of art; and now on the top of all these duties he has had imposed upon him the care of providing and devising amusements, holidays, excursions, clubs, and institutes for the young and old.

The next passage alludes to the priest's religious duties, always with the same sneer, the same implied inference that this work might become good if religion were swept out of it. He makes the priest decline to consider the subject of work and wages, as if religion blotted out all interest in such matters.

Throughout all his utterances Mr. Besant proceeds on the assumption that no clergyman is competent to assist in any educational work. And yet it is to the zeal and care for the poor evinced by the Bishop of Bedford and his clergy that the East of London owes the foundation of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, which was opened two years ago for the purpose of enabling University men, chiefly laymen, though not excluding some few clerical visitors, to 'take part in the furtherance of Christianity and education, and the bettering of the moral and sanitary condition of the various neighbourhoods.' The last report states:

The work itself is varied, but the principal part is in connection with working-men's clubs. . . . The Oxford House Club numbers about 220 members. . . . There is a debating society, a dramatic society, a glee society, and a cricket and football club, all managed by Oxford men. Classes and lectures are given on scientific, historical, and religious subjects.

In another club, under the management of the Oxford House, now numbering over 300 members, there is a night school, a Bible class, a sick fund, a loan society, and an athletic society. The Mape Street Club is for the rougher class of men; the St. John's Club is for clerks. From the same report it appears that three larger works especially occupy the attention of the Oxford House. The first is a scheme for the federation of all the working-men's clubs in London which are not political and which do not sell intoxicating drinks. The Earl of Jersey is the president of this federation, and it promises to be a great success. The second is a system by which lectures are provided, free of any charge, to any institute for working-men in London. The third is the Jubilee Exhibition of the Trades of East London, already open in the People's Palace. Thirteen concerts and entertainments have been provided for different neighbourhoods by the members of this House. Sixteen University men have resided there for more than a month during the year, and twelve more have come on certain days in the week to carry on branches of work.

The kindred and much larger institution known as Toynbee Hall is almost identical in its aims, which are 'to provide education and the means of recreation and enjoyment for the people, to inquire

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into the condition of the poor, and to consider and advance plans calculated to promote their welfare.' The development of this enterprise by the opening of Toynbee Hall and the gradual enlargement of its sphere of work were, as in the previous case, due to the care and culture of a clergyman, the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, one of that body whom Mr. Besant would fain persuade us 'has neither art nor culture.' In the printed programme of this work there are ten literary or scientific societies, one of which is a free library and reading-room, open daily, Sundays included. The summer session for this year includes five groups of classes and reading parties, embracing a great variety of subjects in English literature, philosophy, and history. Instruction in French, German, and Latin is also offered. Another group gives teaching in vocal and instrumental music, as well as freehand drawing and shorthand. The course on natural history includes practical geology, chemistry with laboratory at work, botany, physiology with dissections and microscope, and a lecture on practical biology. The last group teaches carpentering and wood-carving. The Saturday lectures during last winter included a variety of distinguished names. In this very list Mr. Besant's own name is included. It seems scarcely credible that he should actually proceed immediately after to print and publish the passage quoted above. The description of Mr. Barnett's work in Toynbee Hall leads naturally on to the report of his own more personal efforts among his parishioners of St. Jude's, Whitechapel. Organisations for clubs, entertainments, relief of sick and needy, country excursions, mothers' meetings, and what may be called the usual parochial work, are here in full energy, as in so many other places. The special feature peculiar to the place is the fine art exhibition. This has now been opened for several successive years, the visitors last year amounting to 46,763. On the walls were masterpieces by Leighton, Watts, Herkomer, and other distinguished artists. New buildings have been erected, which will facilitate the repetition of these exhibitions throughout the year.

The annual money value of work originated for the poor by the clergy in each parish in East London may perhaps enable outsiders partly to estimate its importance, though it is far from representing its essential merit. The sum of 1,200*l.* a year is a by no means unusual amount paid for social and charitable objects in a single parish. Such an outlay must surely make no small difference in such a neighbourhood as Hoxton. It pays the rent of rooms for classes, recreation, institutes, clubs, and gymnasia for men and women; also it occasionally gives a nurse's lodgings and food for the sick—in short, it provides every comforting, humanising, and elevating influence which the experience and energy of the incumbent can devise for the good of his people.

There is a strong local colouring in each parish. The aims must

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of course be generally identical, but the methods vary greatly. For instance, in the parish of St. Augustine's, Settles Street, Commercial Road, one very salient peculiarity is the existence of classes and services in Hebrew for the Jews who abound in that neighbourhood, as well as in German for people of that nation. Hebrew classes and controversial instruction to the Jews are also actively carried on in St. Mary's, Whitechapel, where the bounty of the late Mr. Octavius Coope built up so noble a church. There is indeed no apathy here. Besides the work among Jews and Germans, the parish possesses a great variety of energetic enterprises for the good of the 14,000 parishioners—one of the best of which is Mr. Robinson's course of historical lectures to working-men. These are made most interesting, and are capitally attended. Mr. Robinson always employs the second half of the time allotted to the lecture in reading carefully selected passages from English authors, illustrating the particular part of the history treated. In this way he brings before the working-men such authors as Shakespeare, Tennyson, Sir Walter Scott, Kingsley, &c. Visitation of lodging-houses, open-air services, temperance and band of hope societies, are in full operation, as well as a fathers' meeting for the older men, which enjoyed a delightful excursion to Cambridge. There is considerable testimony to the especial usefulness of these fathers' meetings. They are frequently entirely conducted by ladies, who give very interesting details of the humanising effect of quiet conversation, interesting reading, and personal influence on these poor fellows. With these, as with most other persons, religious conviction follows good instruction; the habit of church-going is an effect, more than a cause, of this change of tone, but it is sure to follow in the end.

In the parish of St. Philip's, Stepney, Mr. Vatcher has produced a most delightful change in the appearance of a piece of neglected ground at the back of the London Hospital. This open space, formerly dedicated to cats and broken bottles, is the property of the Brewers' Company. By Mr. Vatcher's earnest representations the Company was induced to throw it open to the public for ever. It is now laid out as a delightful garden, containing seats, lawns beautifully watered and mown, ferneries, a drinking fountain, an aviary, a pool for waterfowl, a sheltered summer-house for delicate people, with pigeons and birds flying about, not one of which has ever been stolen or hurt by the visitors. A money-box hangs at the gate suggesting, but hardly asking, contributions. The amount put in during the first twelvemonth was 25*l*. It is most satisfactory to observe the poor men and women sitting resting there, quietly reading or watching the waterfowl. The whole extent of the ground is under an acre, and it is therefore impossible to admit children; but their interests have not been neglected, a sufficient playground having been provided for them, where they may be seen any day at

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their games under the kind supervision of a teacher, or often of Mr. Vatcher himself. There are special classes and services here for the blind, a great variety of evening parties and concerts for recreation; but the special care and knowledge devoted to the subject of female emigration by Mrs. Vatcher would take many pages to describe in all its fulness, and is becoming of world-wide importance. Leaving the Brewers' Garden and going down Philpott Street, the office of the East London Nursing Society may be observed at No. 49. This house is interesting as having been the place to which Edward Denison, in all his youthful enthusiasm and goodness, came down to live amongst the poor. The faithful women who attend the sick poor in their own homes, and whose work emanates from that centre, are indeed emulators of his self-devotion and energy. No better woman's work can well be devised than this. It is of course mainly supported by West-End donations, but it possesses the confidence and approbation of all those portions of the East End in which it is established; and, though it nurses all who need, irrespective of creed or opinion, it affords additional testimony to the usefulness of the parochial clergy in East London, being established parochially, and its funds being met by local contributions. Hard by, across the Commercial Road, is Christ Church, Watney Street, where Mr. Jay administers all help in strict combination with the Charity Organisation Committee. No relief is given away excepting to the sick; but a special effort was successfully carried out last winter for supplying halfpenny dinners to children, who came for them in hundreds. The organisation was so good that at that low price the expense was fully met.

At some distance from this locality, and a good deal farther East, the parish of St. John's, Isle of Dogs, deserves especial notice. In the Parish Magazine, edited by the Rev. Maurice Stack, the following passage occurs:—

> The attendance at church still continues to improve, not by fits and starts, but by a steady flow which knows no ebb. . . . One most encouraging sign is the large proportion of men who attend the House of God. It is often said that the church is not in touch with the working classes; this is quite a delusion as regards our parish. . . . The Sunday schools have further increased in numbers; we could take more children if we only had a larger staff of teachers—it is true that there are 41 teachers, 17 men and 24 women, but then there are 477 children, and large classes are not easily managed.

Here we find also a penny bank with 365 depositors, and a sick benefit club with 106 members; also a building society which invites working-men to become their own landlords, and in which 465 shares have been taken up out of the 500 to which the society is limited. Mr. Stack speaks thus of his district visitors, who, he says, are as poor as the women they call upon, and who number 36: 'They do

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their work splendidly, more regularly and thoroughly than intermittent visitors from the West End.'

It is impossible in this limited space to do justice to the varied character of all that is done by the clergy in East London. In many parishes containing 6,000, 8,000, and 10,000 inhabitants, the clergy are the only educated gentlemen, and the one centre of help and comfort to the poor.

Stress has been here especially laid on the secular rather than on the religious side of the work done. To readers who may be ready to accept Mr. Besant's assertion that the words uttered in church by the preachers are absolutely of no moment whatsoever, nothing more can be said. But, though the ignoring of these and other spiritual forces may be an easy way out of a subject for which Mr. Besant feels no sympathy, it will hardly satisfy inquirers who seek the whole of the facts, and these establish the conviction that more has been accomplished on behalf of the poor by the influence of religious teachers than by any other power whatsoever.

It is a pleasanter task to turn from these misleading utterances to the really admirable part of Mr. Besant's books. When he invites and challenges all dwellers in ease and luxury, and especially in leisure, to come down and see how their brethren and sisters are living, he does indeed show us the real, the 'more excellent way.' Whoever does this heartily and with an open mind will not long hold off from the saintly and noble band who have been the pioneers, and who are still striving against such fearful odds: for although the clergy are bringing to bear on their fellow-sufferers all that spiritual fellowship, education, culture, music, art, and personal service can effect, the establishment of these benefits is only as yet in its commencement. By reason of the overwhelming numbers the work may be looked upon only as sketched out.

The cry is still, 'We want men.' Until the number of educated workers is less inadequate, results must appear imperfect, while the sense of the all-pervading multitude numbs the energy and daunts the zeal of all but the bravest. Each worker must frankly accept the fact that he cannot deal effectually with more than a limited number. Intimate personal acquaintance is the best method for obtaining a lasting influence. The reserve of poor people is so complete and so habitual that their more educated friends are hardly yet beyond the threshold of the temple of friendship: a structure hard to build up in all its fulness of blessing to both the classes it should seek to unite.

District visitors are among the many agents scorned by Mr. Besant; and he has a theory that the poor dislike the visits of accredited persons. The exact contrary is the experience of numbers of long-tried workers. Immediate admission and often a cordial welcome are offered as soon as the official intention of the visits is explained;

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but no people know better than the poor how to say 'Not at home' to unauthorised visitors. But the numbers allotted to each visitor are too apt to be impossibly large. Something nearer to the Elberfeld system, which placed one poor family under the intimate care and guidance of one rich one, would be far more effectual, if it could be accomplished. Some of the clergy have established the fullest conditions of friendship and confidence with individual working-men. In one case a man, who at first showed them the door, became touched by their persistent kindness to his sick wife, and is now working with them, day and night, with the zeal of an apostle.

It is from the splendid firmness and steadfastness of working men that so much may be hoped for. Why has Mr. Besant exhibited these fine inherent qualities in so disagreeable a light? The whole character of Sam and of Melenda is forced and exaggerated, though the power of friendship displayed by the latter is beautiful and quite true to nature. Here again he strays into his curious tendency always to quarrel with and attack the very persons who are trying to do the things he wishes to see undertaken. Why else does he write such a passage as this?

> There was then no help to be got from man, not even from those who go continually among the people, and see their sufferings and the patience of the girls every day. There are men and women working perpetually for every other possible class, but none for the workgirl. She alone is left unprotected and unheeded, and 'no man regardeth her.'

This is a gross misstatement; but the following is worse:

> She may rely upon getting no help from anybody, certainly none from her brothers, who, poor fellows, have to pay for their clubs, their drinks, and their amusements, and cannot do what they would wish for their sisters; none from the political economist, to whom an ill-paid workgirl illustrates in a most satisfactory way the beneficent law of supply and demand, ordained by the Creator in the day when He created man and woman for the advantage of the middleman, chosen of his race, and for the development of His next noblest creation, the manufacturer; none from politicians, because they think that the working-woman will never be a danger to any party; none, alas! from ladies, because their injustice is too old and stale, and the 'Song of the Shirt,' which has been sung for forty years, is known by heart, and the sight of the sister who never cries out or complains is familiar, and because of that strange hardness of women's heart towards women, which is a wonderful and a monstrous thing. Nor will the working-girl expect any help from her own class, because they have not learned to combine, and there is none to teach them; and the sharp lessons, including thwacks, kicks, hammerings, rattening, and boycotting, by which the working-men were forced and driven into their unions, are impossible for the girls.

The inconsistency which enables Mr. Besant to express in all their beautiful reality the characteristics of such lives as those of Valentine and Angela, and yet seriously to dwell on the 'monstrous hardness' of women to each other, which he actually appears to believe in and even to specify as one of the causes of distress among workgirls, is so stupendous, that it is next to impossible to imagine

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that he is serious in what he is saying. Does any educated person dream that the women of the prosperous classes can affect the labour market at all—either by an artificial interference with prices, or by any outside intervention into the right of employer and employed to make their own contracts? What ladies *can* do is, to raise the others by every possible influence that can affect them religiously, socially, or physically. They can educate so as to lift workers out of the million of the unskilled up to the higher level of the skilled, for it is on the ignorance and incapacity of the former section that the avidity of the employer mainly depends for the acquisition of his ill-gotten gains. Mr. Besant notices, with a commendable severity, that the natural protectors of these poor creatures leave them to struggle in the hopeless contest, whilst they are themselves living in comparative self-indulgence. But he almost simultaneously proceeds to draw his readers into the inference that the educated portion of womankind in Christian England is absolutely callous to the wants of the wage-earners, indifferent to their welfare, and blind to their sufferings.

This is a heavy indictment. But what are the facts? With strong practical energy they seek present attainable results rather than future political possibilities.

Consequently we find an increasing proportion of educated women in the present day not only occupied with philanthropic work, but preparing and training themselves for it by careful intellectual and practical study. And though many more workers are wanted to carry out what is being done, women can now confidently point to a galaxy of names famous by the established success of their-long tried efforts.

A few may be cited as instances—*e.g.* Mrs. Buckton of Leeds and Miss Fay Lankester in sanitary work, Miss Davenport Hill, Miss Louisa Twining, Mrs. Charles, Miss Hall, Lady Lothian, and Miss Augusta Spottiswoode as poor law guardians, and, most splendid of all, Miss Octavia Hill and Miss Emma Cons as improvers of the dwellings of the working classes. Mrs. Alison has shown how women can be well employed and supported by means of their own needlework, and she has now added her room in Holborn to the three others consolidated under Lady Marian Alford's Needlework Registry in Westminster, which is managed with extreme ability by Miss Burke. Supreme in its importance as a resource and outlet for all the suffering we know and deplore, is the really vast work of colonisation and emigration, in which department three names stand conspicuous as pioneers—viz. Lady Gordon Cathcart, Baroness Burdett Coutts, and Viscountess Ossington. These are aided less magnificently in money only, but none the less effectually as to soundness of results, by the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Vatcher, and many more, who carry on well-selected emigration as much in the interests of

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the colonies as of the sufferers at home. We must also include the noble help given to the working class by the Countess of Meath, who devotes to this one aim a donation of two thousand a year; and, though the ever-lengthening list cannot be completed here, in a review of woman's work nursing must not be forgotten, in which so many devoted followers of Miss Nightingale are giving their lives in the service of the poor.

Let no one for one moment think that it is intended in this remonstrance to convey the idea that enough has been done, or that more than a portion of the necessary ground has been covered.

But when Mr. Besant is able, as well as willing, to aid suffering humanity by his really remarkable genius, it is unjust in him to reiterate in spoken words and by his pen that the lessons taught by the 'Song of the Shirt' have been forgotten, and that all the noble utterances in the same sense that have been so constantly expressed in the literature of the last decade have failed to meet with any response.

A description of the institutions on behalf of women would fill a volume. Suffice it to say that the four largest—viz. the Girls' Friendly, the Society for Befriending Young Servants, the Young Women's Help Society, and the Young Women's Christian Association—include fully 300,000 persons in their work. These and many more are proofs of the existence of sympathy in a great variety of persons, and they can exhibit excellent results. Anecdotes in proof of their value would fill many pages. It is enough to say here that the basis of their influence rests on the acknowledged willingness of ladies to extend sympathy, advice, help in sickness, protection in travelling, lodgings when out of employ, and general assistance at all times to unmarried women engaged in every variety of occupation. Their machinery extends all over the United Kingdom and to several of the colonies, but the demand for more help is still in advance of the supply.

Mr. Lakeman, factory inspector over the Central London district, has stated that in that district alone there are 69,000 women employed in factories. Moreover, in an exhaustive report[1] which is printed at the close of this paper, Mr. Lakeman shows the very low wages (sometimes even none at all) given to the learners at an age when life is specially fraught with temptation, the result of which must have an inevitably disastrous effect on the lives of these girls. In all this Mr. Lakeman most fully confirms the admirable picture of the poor workgirl's life portrayed by Mr. Besant. Such delineations are invaluable for the further enlargement of ideas required for the general comprehension of the problem; but workgirls in Hoxton will have little cause to bless Mr. Besant, if the perusal of his pages leads them away from the religious and friendly helpers to be found there as elsewhere in

[1] See pp. 376, 377.

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the East End. The prevalence of industries supplied by female labour attracts a large number of women to that neighbourhood. Many of these are widows, with families of young children to support. The neglected condition of these children in the hours when the schooling was over, and the mothers still away at work, engaged the attention of a group of ladies. These children are now taken into a comfortable room, where each child receives three good meals a day, and where they are carefully tended. Payment is received from the mothers, who fetch their children home whenever they return from work. The extraordinary improvement in the demeanour, language, and health of these children since they have been kept out of the streets is a signal proof of the value of this intelligent effort for their good.

But, alas! little good can come to the workers themselves until, by fearless and continual exposure of their sufferings, a more complete knowledge of their home life and general condition is forced upon the masters. In all this political economy is blamed for much of which it is innocent. It is difficult to resist the conviction that ordinary employers systematically hold aloof from any acquaintance with the home life of their workwomen. Not long ago a lady, travelling along one of the East London railways, fell into conversation with a fellow-traveller. The latter stated that she had quite a hundred women in her employ in some factory. On this the first lady made some inquiries as to the mode of life of the workers, how they obtained their mid-day meal, and where they lived. The reply was short and summary, 'Oh! I know nothing about all that.' The West-End lady cared and thought for their good; the East-End employer did not.

This indifference is not universal. In Messrs. Spottiswoode's, in Cassell's, and, thank God! in many other places, the thoughtful care for the employed makes such establishments schools of virtue for the young, and abodes of respectability for the adults. A more interesting field for illustration could perhaps hardly be suggested to the genius of writers of fiction than some narrative which would lay fairly side by side the effects of the good and evil influences which are in such sharp contrast in these poor neighbourhoods. That earnest friend to the poor, Mr. Lakeman, whose statistics have been already alluded to, has thought of appealing to certain employers to put themselves into direct communication with any or all of the great societies already mentioned, so as to ensure protection and care during the autumn and winter months to workers at the season trades. These trades are: artificial-flower-making, book-binding, bonbon-making, collar-making, clothing for men, costume and skirt-making, fancy-box-making, millinery, mantle, shirt, and scarf-making. In these trades are employed not less than 30,000 females in the city of London alone.

Mr. Lakeman remarks:

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In these trades there are more fluctuations in continuity than in most others, for besides being *season trades*, labour in them is redundant, therefore in slack times misery is the more extended. It is to the advantage of masters to secure the most competent labour they can; when hands are discharged they must seek employment elsewhere, so that their services are not available when the season trades revive. In the book-binding trade especially, all good hands are kept on at a loss for three days or less per week, and they receive about three shillings per week as wages. I have heard of sore trials undergone by the young girls of this trade. The pinch comes, with fearful temptations to make life endurable. With an almost empty pocket, companions in adversity are found, cheaper lodgings are procured, and then the first downward step is taken. . . . Want first, exigency next, bad companions in low lodging-houses next, and the fatal step—the last.

After especially commending the strictness of the rules adopted by the Girls' Friendly Society to preserve the good character of its members, Mr. Lakeman continues thus:

I would propose that females employed in season trades be not lost sight of by their masters, whose interest it is to retain their services. I think that trades should be kept separate, that all occupiers of factories and workshops be invited to contribute to the support of their workers on condition of the latter remaining in the homes, so that when wanted they would be found in as virtuous and fit a condition as when they left their employment. I believe that many employers would help in proportion to the numbers discharged, for they would thus be enabled to find their skilled workers, with a guarantee that in the interim their lives had been well protected. If out of the hundreds of employers in the season trades, many of them very rich, a fair proportion would recognise this scheme, a vast strength in their position would be manifest to employers in other occupations, and the principle of securing respectability among workwomen would be adopted.

There are seven homes for workgirls in various parts of London, all known as 'Lady Aberdeen's Homes,' which are on a very suitable scale and plan for what Mr. Lakeman suggests. The lodgings provided for the Girls' Friendly Society's members, and those belonging to the kindred societies, might well be extended under their own present organisation. No better line of extension could be devised, and who can now ignore the crying need of the case of these poor girls? But to accomplish it a large increase of intelligent work and sympathy is required, and more workers and more money must be obtained.

A healthy action on the conscience of employers, with a view to evoking a higher sense of their responsibilities and of their opportunities, can only be obtained by a steadfast effort to bring the facts home to them, and thus to establish everywhere a higher standard of duty in these most important matters.

In this most noble field of enterprise Mr. Besant will always be a leader of men. Is it too much to hope that henceforward he will know who are his best coadjutors?

JANE STUART-WORTLEY.

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Table referred to on p. 373.]

WEEKLY WAGES PAID TO FEMALE OPERATIVES, IN CITY AND EAST OF LONDON, OF THE AGE OF FOURTEEN YEARS AND UPWARDS.

	Period for Learners	Wages as such	Young taught Hands	Experienced Workers	Extra Clever Hands	Remarks
Artificial flowers	One year	3/	6/ to 8/	10/ to 15/	18/, 20/	Mounters with taste
Bookbinders	Two years	3/ to 4/	7/ to 8/	12/ to 16/	18/, 21/	Forewomen
Boots and shoes	One year	3/	2nd year, 4/, 3rd year 5/, then 10/ to 12/			Machine hands 15/ to 22/
Brushes, tooth	2 months	2/6 to 3/6 for 6 mths., 5/ for a year, then 1/ a week to 10/, 12/				—
„ hair	3 months	None	5/ to 8/	10/ to 13/	14/, 16/	3 departments here
Baby-linen	6 months	2/6, then 6/ for 6 months		10/	12/, 16/	Machine-workers
Braces	3 months	None	3/ for 3 months	6/ for 3 months	10/, 14/	For best workers
Cigars	5 years	1st year 3/, 2nd 4/, 3rd 5/, 4th 6/, last 8/			10/, 12/	But very best 15/, 17/
Cigar-boxes	2 weeks	3/, then 3/6 for 4 weeks, then 4/ for 3 months, 4/6 to end of year, then 10/, 12/				
Confectionery, bonbons	1 month	8/	10/	12/	14/	Fancy packing
Collars	1 year	2/6	5/	13/ to 14/	16/	Machine-sewers
Clothing, men's	6 weeks	2/, then 4/, 5/ for 6 weeks, then 12/, 14/; best, 16/, 18/				Handwork
„ machinists	Taught during hand working			15/ to 20/	30/, 35/	Jews and Gentiles
Caps, hats	2 years	2/ for 6 mths., 4/ for 6 mths., 6/ for 6 mths., 8/ for 6 mths., then 10/, 12/, 16/				
Costumes and skirts	2 months	None	5/ for 1 mth., then 8/ to 10/		15/, 18/	Machine-workers
Envelopes	1 year	None	7/ to 10/	12/	15/	Piece-work and machine
Frilling	6 months	2/6, then 5/ for 6 months, then 10/			12/, 15/	Piece-work and machine
Fancy boxes	6 months	None	3/6 to 5/	13/ to 14/6	15/, 18/	On best work
Fur (sewing)	6 months	2/, then 3/ for 6 mths., then 4/ for 6 mths., then 6/, 7/; best 9/, 10/				Slop-work
Fur sewing	6 months	2/, then 3/ for 6 mths., then 6/ for 6 mths., then 7/, 9/, 10/, 12/ best				Middle trade
Fur sewing	Drawn from others, for high class furs 11/, 15/; 18/ best					Machine
Laundry, washers	2/6 to 2/8 per day—4 days a week					These women work very late, and make 10/ a week extra very often. They are as a rule terribly heavy drinkers
„ linen ironers	3/6 to 4/ per day—4 days a week					
„ collar ironers	3/6 to 5/ per day—4 days a week					
„ learners	1/ a day for 3 months, then 3*d.* per day to 2/6—every 3 months					
Leather bags	3 months	3/ to 6/ for a year, then 8/ to 14/			20/, 24/	Machine workers, same work by men 25/ to 30/
Machine-ruling	2 years	2/6 to 3/	6/ to 8/	12/, 15/	—	
Mantles, wholesale	9 months	None	6/ for 9 mths., 9/ for 6 mths., then 14/, 16/		18/, 21/	Machine workers, very quick
Millinery, wholesale	1 year	None, then 4/ a year, then 5/, then 6/ each year to 10/ to 14/				—

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WEEKLY WAGES PAID TO FEMALE OPERATIVES, IN CITY AND EAST OF LONDON, OF THE AGE OF FOURTEEN YEARS AND UPWARDS (continued).

	Period for Learners	Wages as such	Young taught Hands	Experienced Workers	Extra Clever Hands	Remarks
Ostrich feathers	3 years	2/, 3/, 4/ each year, 6/ to 8/		14/, 15/	18/	Sample bonnet maker 20/ to 30/
Shirts	1 month	None	6/ for 6 months, then 10/		12/, 15/	Machine-workers
Silk and cotton winding	Adult females generally			12/	14/	—
Corsets	6 months	None	2/6 to 10/	12/, 15/	16/, 18/	Machine-workers
Fringe	1 week	None	2/ for a mth., 1/ per mth. to 5/, then 10/, 12/			18/ best
Trimmings and braid	1 year	5/	1/ a week extra every 6 mths. to 9/, then 10/, 14/			Machine-workers
Jewel cases	4 years	2/, 4/, 6/, 8/ each year	12/	16/, 18/	21/, 24/	Artistic mounters
Paper colouring	1 year	4/	9/	10/, 12/,	14/	Dirty and low-class work
Japanning	2 weeks	2/	6/	9/, 10/	12/	Dirty low-class work
Fancy work-baskets	None	3/ for 6 months, 5/ for 6 months, 6/ for 6 months, then 13/				15/ best
Upholsterers	1 year	3/	4/ to 6/	12/, 14/	18/, 20/	—
Underclothing	6 months	2/6, then 5/ to 10/		10/, 15/	18/	Machine work
Umbrellas	1 month	None	4/ to 6/ for 2 months, then 10/		15/, 18/	21/ best machine hands
Dressmaking (Retail)	1 and 2 years	None	6/ for 2nd or 3rd year, then 12/, 15/		18/	Best
Millinery (Retail)	1 year	None	6/ to 8/ for 2nd year, then 10/, 12/		15/, 20/	25/ very best

The figures given herein have been the result of comparison and averages, and may be taken as a sound statement. In most of those trades overtime is allowed at the rate of two hours per day for forty-eight days in each year, for which extra payment is made. Most of these employments are piece-paid, and therefore the quickest and most industrious make highest figures. This return is very suggestive—for until a worker becomes an adult low wages are the rule: no wonder then that overtime is so much sought after. The workers of machines earn more money than hand-workers, for being paid by piece the larger quantity turned out increases the amount of earnings. In all those trades worked up with sewing-machines the labour is so subdivided that an increased production results in favour of employer more than to the benefit of worker; and, moreover, being unskilled in the perfecting of the article worked upon, the employer can assume a position as to terms which the female workers cannot but accept.

Notwithstanding a superabundance of female labour, there is work for all in fair times, and many females take work home with them after the legal hours for factory employment, where for two, three, and up to midnight they work in places unfit for them and to the injury of their health.

However much we may try to do good to our female operatives, we are frustrated in securing even the benefits the law vouchsafes to them by reason of the avidity of employers and the lowness of wages paid to so many.

March 12, 1887. J. B. LAKEMAN.

(For numbers employed in each trade see *Nineteenth Century*, December 1885.)

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CHURCH-GOING.

A Dialogue on Hymns.

A. Are you going to church this afternoon?

B. No.

A. You rebel against the morning service; you say it is too long for real devotion or benefit; why do not you attend a shorter service instead? You are not of those who 'forsake the assembling' of Christians together, in theory or in feeling; why do so in practice?

B. I do not consider that I forsake it in practice. I attend church with moderate frequency.

A. Very moderate.

B. But you must excuse me if I do not quite reach the level of clerical households in appreciation of the existing church services. I am afraid I shall pain you by what I say, but to tell the truth (since you have broached the subject) there is a great deal in church services as at present conducted which seems to me to jar with rather than promote devotion. Long habit deadens you to that which I, a poor sinner needing help to a devout frame of mind, feel acutely. You good Christians, constantly engaged in the ordering of these 'functions' according both to the law of the Prayer-Book and the devotional taste of the day, do not realise how the details of the performances strike those outside your circle.

A. I suppose I cannot; but it is at least open to question whether the fault be not in the mind that finds the services hinder rather than help. You intimate that the 'details of the performances' strike you unfavourably—put you into a cavilling, critical, non-devotional frame of mind; in short, that the services fail utterly to

. . . . . .

Uplift your heart to the great Consistory.

B. Yes. You express pretty fairly my meaning.

A. But you must be aware, you must admit, that in the experience of thousands this is not so. Innumerable Christians find these services devotional, soul-inspiring, comforting, ennobling.

B. My good creature, I am not denying it. But I will maintain that they do so in spite of lamentable blots and holes to which I

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refer. Thank God, there is still a great deal of piety in England; you, and thousands of adorable unknown saints like you, have a *fonds pieux* which can sustain your devotion in presence of worse hindrances than I complain of in church. You soar above them—the eyes of your understanding are not opened to them—but I am not sure that you are right.

A. Surely it can be no duty to rouse our critical understanding to pick faults, and so (inevitably) to occupy the whole field of our mind, when

> Will, reason, understanding, heart, and sense

ought all to be drawn into the supreme act of worship.

B. Surely it can be no duty to tolerate in the supreme act of worship any contributions but of the best. Granted that numbers of pious souls simply float over—that many cannot even perceive the checks and jars that are patent to others—yet I want you to see that you, the pious souls, are culpable in this matter. I do not say that you should occupy your mind during the service with a running commentary of criticism, striking out this and amending that. Such would be indeed, not a hindrance, but a fatality to devotion. But what I am urging is that you ought at other times seriously to consider the real character and purport of your doings and sayings and singings in church with the same directness as a painter his picture or a poet his poem—

A. For a person who attends church 'with moderate frequency' this is fair preaching.

B. —whereas, as things are, far from considering the subject with any directness, pious people are too often thoroughly conventionalised about it. In church you tolerate—nay, you cling to—things which you would scout anywhere else. And so doing you injure the quality of your own devotion; and, worse still, you hinder outsiders from coming nearer. They are revolted by the factitious accompaniments, the hard, smooth painted shell, the unreal language of English church observances. I admit that outsiders are often not so quick as they might and should be to recognise the kernel of sweet, sound piety which is under this hard conventional shell. But the fact for you is that outsiders *are* too often kept at a distance.

A. I recur to my former question. Is it not at least possible that the fault may lie with 'the outsiders'?

B. The outsiders are, no doubt, fallible human beings. I daresay we are too ready to prefer the newspaper, a chat, a walk, a smoke, to attending church. I admit that we ought not to surrender worship for the sake of these. But—

A. But nevertheless you and those like you do constantly surrender it for no better sake. And so, in keeping away from church worship, or attending it with such most moderate frequency, you get out of tune with public prayer and praise. And when you

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do attend, it is with the eyes of your understanding wide open, but your heart and soul asleep.

B. I don't think I can admit all that on our side. I think there are many hearts and souls awake enough, and asking for that which the usual church service does not give—or gives them mixed up with so much that repels them that they stay away from it. Do understand that I fully confess idleness, secularity, and all our other sins and defects that hinder our church-going. All I contend for is that these our offences and defects are not our only hindrances.

A. Of course we know that there are (alas!) sincere and good people who cannot accept our services as expressing belief, many who have arrived at no definite convictions in matter of religion, and others to whom, since they hold the idea of God's existence a mere superstitious excrescence on religion, religious services addressed to God seem absurd mumming or a ghastly pretence. We do not wonder that these two classes stay away from church. But I did not think of you as belonging to either. I take it that theirs are not the 'hindrances' you allude to.

B. No, they are not. I hold as strongly as you that Christianity is the one and only means for the regeneration of mankind, and that its regeneration is needed by every creature of the kind. But it is for that very reason that I revolt from the mean accompaniments, the conventionalities and hypocrisies with which we Christians degrade it, till we go near to make of the ever-blessed Gospel a by-word and a hissing among the heathen!

A. Oh, oh!

B. 'Church' is one great field of these hypocrisies and conventionalities. I am not speaking of the Liturgy. It is as sincere as the Bible. But the way in which it is used in these days is often (so it seems to me) anything but sincere. Then the modern accompaniments—not to speak of the sermons, that were too wide a sea for me to sail on—take the hymns.

A. The hymns! Well, *they* are often, to us who have to think and reckon what our services are worth, the most satisfactory parts of them.

B. Indeed!

A. I mean that they are often more heartily joined in by the whole congregation than any other parts of the service. So many can hardly be said to *pray* the beautiful prayers of the Liturgy! they can at best but dutifully follow them as things proper to be said. But look round a church when a popular hymn is being sung, and you will see a real companionship in worship—a true lifting of hearts and voices together.

B. So far, so good. But surely you will not tell me that for a hymn to be thus 'popular' it is necessary that its wording should be silly, vulgar, false, conventional? I gather that you are speaking of

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the main body of uneducated persons of all degrees and classes, who no doubt constitute the majority in most congregations.

A. Yes, I am. And surely it is more important that they should be able to 'sing with heart and voice' to the praise and glory of God —that they should find in the hymns that which they can love and understand, and which congenially expresses their devotion—than that the hymns should be ideal poems in perfect English, such as to satisfy the æsthetic taste of critics like you.

B. I am not demanding that hymns should be 'ideal poems in perfect English.' I ask first that they should *not* be silly, vulgar, false, or conventional. Presently, if you care to hear, I will say what, as I humbly conceive, they ought to be. First let us mark off what they should *not* be.

A. I am ready to listen; but I shall not admit that the sensibilities of persons of literary culture are to be the test of fitness for a canon of hymns. The test of a hymn is its suitableness and adequacy for expressing our praise of God and our sense of need of Him.

B. Most true.

A. And the people for whom a hymn speaks are first and chiefly the rank and file—the 'uneducated majority,' as you call them. Just as it is the test of true Christian preaching that 'the common people hear gladly,' so it is the test of any expressions of devotion that the common people use them gladly.

B. Certainly. Yet it cannot be asserted that all things the common people hear gladly in matter of religion are the Gospel, but only that that which they do not hear gladly cannot be the Gospel. So, too, it is not true that everything which common or commonplace people sing gladly in church must be a true hymn. It is only true that that will not be a true hymn which they cannot sing gladly. It comes to this: the broad hopes and fears and longings and aspirations of men ought to be spread out, as it were, before the Lord in a true hymn—a hymn, that is, for the congregation (for of course there are hymns of individual devotion to which the same tests will not apply). But though the language of a congregational hymn should be simple, it ought by no means to be vulgar.

A. I shall be greatly obliged to you for a definition of that last word. What is 'vulgarity'? What is vulgarity in language? According to some people, every curt trenchant phrase coined by working folk is 'vulgar.' Giusti—a great master of diction, surely —was of a different opinion. He held that the speech of the common people—the people most in contact with the realities of life—is the fount of vigour and renewal of a language.

B. That little phrase about 'the people most in contact with realities'—I cannot quite let it pass: it is a bit of fashionable cant. I protest against its being taken for granted that working people are necessarily more in contact with the realities of life than other

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people. It seems to me that in one sense, and that very important, they are less so. In the nature of the case it is impossible that they should appraise life even with the poor attempt at accuracy which can be made by the more instructed classes. Of course, if by 'contact with realities' you mean a practical experience of the difficulty of getting bread and cheese in England nowadays, they are superior to the wealthier classes in that. But you do not make these primary anxieties the measure of thought and the source of expression on all subjects, do you?

A. I think that people who are, as it were, 'down upon the ground,' and who feel these primary needs at first hand, pressing sharply on them and their children, have a simplicity and force of speech on the broad human hopes and fears which must be wanting to others more fenced and shielded. The speech of the common people may be rough, but it will be vigorous and true.

B. I think you are right there—always provided that their speech is their own, not caught up by rote from newspapers and magazines and schoolbooks. It was for vigour and simplicity, I should suppose, that your master Giusti valued the common speech of a country. But vigour and simplicity will not alone secure language from vulgarity. The essence of vulgarity, I take it, is unfitness. Dignity is fitness. Dignified language is language fit for the subject, and for the relative positions of the speaker and the person addressed. Thus language may be vulgar in one case which would be fit in another. Think of the petition highest in dignity and simplicity:

> Our Father which art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread.

Then suppose another:

> O Lord, grant to all of us shareholders in the Metropolitan Railway a dividend of 8 per cent.

That is a vulgar, undignified petition. Yet no one can say it is not vigorous and simple. It is this vulgarity of which I complain in some hymns.

A. Instance.

B. Well, I take up your hymn-book lying here, and find this—not a flagrant instance by any means, but still an illustration of my meaning:

> I could not do without Thee,
> O Saviour of the lost!

That is vulgar. A trivial, colloquial expression, such as you would use to your cook-maid when she asks for an inconvenient holiday, is not fit language for a worshipping soul addressing Christ. Here, again, such phrases as these—'all rapture through and through,' 'with love inebriate'—are vulgar. They ignore the relation of the persons speaking to the Person addressed. They are destitute of

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appropriate awe and reverence. Therefore they are vulgar. Hymn writers inclined to intemperate language of this sort should bethink them of the words, 'Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?' I admit, however, that, so far as I can observe, vulgarity is not a frequent fault of hymns now favoured in church singing. That is reserved for the perpetrations of the Salvation Army, of which—

A. I am with you in that matter. One must humbly hope that they are pardoned for singing blasphemy—like the Inquisition for burning heretics—because it is done in good faith.

B. Even so. But to come back to your church hymns—They are not often vulgar. But they are often simply silly.

A. Often? I should be sorry to think so.

B. I cannot believe, with all respect to you—nay, because of my respect for your mind—that you often 'think' about it. Now listen to this, which I heard sung by a large congregation the other day:

> We cannot trust Him as we should;
> So chafes weak nature's restless mood
> To cast its peace away;
> *But birds and flowerets round us preach,*
> *All, all the present evil teach*
> *Sufficient for the day.*

It is difficult at first to discern any sense whatever in that production. But after some little worry of mind you make out that it is a base and impertinent parody on our Lord's words, 'Consider the lilies,' 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' &c. But by the grammar (if it can be called such) of this wretched doggerel, it would seem that birds and flowers are engaged in teaching present evil, every day a sufficient portion of it. And the rest of the hymn from which I have culled this specimen is of like quality. Now, my dear friend, you are a thoughtful person, of liberal education. You read Shakespeare and Milton, and Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. William Morris—you have been known to read their verse aloud to your friends. But I will undertake to say that in no circumstances whatever would you propose to read aloud that rigmarole to which I treated you just now. And yet I doubt not that, had you been in the congregation I speak of, you would have sung it as lustily as the best. You would, in short, have thought it quite good enough for God Almighty, though not for your friends at your tea-table.

A. Well, well, I give up that hymn. I think it a poor one.

B. Poor! say bad. But have you heard it sung?

A. Oh, yes, I have.

B. And have you sung it?

A. Oh, yes, I have. What would you have one do?

B. I would have you not dare to sing such trash, but keep silence

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if you have the misfortune to hear it in church, and protest against its use whenever you can properly do so. To my mind, there is the grossest impiety in uttering that stuff, in any person capable of estimating it.

A. Come, come. 'Gross impiety!' Nine people out of ten would think your language *outré* and absurd.

B. Plenty of people ought to know—if they ever troubled themselves to think about the words they say and sing in church—that this so-called 'hymn' is the veriest balderdash: bad English, bad verse, a wretched travesty of some of the holiest and most beautiful words in the world. And this, forsooth, is furnished us as our wherewithal for fulfilment of the highest function of which the human mind is capable!

A. I say again, I do not defend that hymn. But you will not find many like it.

B. Perhaps not many so flagrant. But if you will look through a hymn-book as you would through any other volume of verse, you will find plenty of silliness—plenty with which you would scorn to entertain your friends—plenty which if any poetaster addressed to *you*, you would forswear his acquaintance and fling his verses in the fire. But it is as I said: the educated classes are thoroughly conventional in their view of this matter, and never trouble themselves to lead those who cannot judge to better things.

A. And how would you propose that we should 'lead those who cannot judge' to choice of better hymns? We may think many hymns not in good taste, that others are in bad English, or even fail in reverence. But I can assure you that if every inmate of all the rectories and vicarages in England were to think all this of an established popular hymn, its popularity would not be disestablished.

B. Would it not? I think you underrate your power, you who sway these little kingdoms within the kingdom, from Berwick-on-Tweed to the Land's End. But suppose I overrate it, yet surely you can do something. For instance, you can discourage your own children singing foolish, bad hymns at home, and train up the new generation to *think* more of what they sing than has been usual. Now, I heard your children to-day singing this:

> My Jesus to know,
> And feel His blood flow,
> 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!

A. No, no. Were they really?

B. Yes. Do you approve that hymn?

A. Certainly not. I should have thought you might have known as much. It is shamefully irreverent, though no doubt the writer, poor thing, did not know that.

B. Well?

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A. But I can tell you how the children came to sing it. We have a musical cook—most musical—and a very good creature, very pious. She has been many years with us, and ever since the children could sing it has been her delight to have them sing hymns on Sunday afternoon. There is quite a 'sacred concert,' I hear, in the nursery or housekeeper's room, and I have never interfered. I like the children and servants to be friends.

B. Very good. But—

A. But she was brought up a Dissenter, and the hymns she likes I daresay may sometimes taste of chapel rather than church. That you quoted is not a *church* hymn, I should say.

B. No, I cannot say I recall it in church. But I think I could match it, in your chosen 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' too. Here is one:

> Here I rest, for ever viewing
> Mercy poured in streams of blood;
> Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
> Plead and claim my peace with God.

Or this:

> By Thy red wounds streaming,
> With Thy life-blood gleaming.

Or, again:

> Come let us stand beneath His cross,
> So may the blood from out His side
> Fall gently on us, drop by drop;
> Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Such hymns equal that frightful one for which poor Cowper's disease of mind was the only (though the sufficient) excuse:

> There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
> Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
> And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains.

I say it is a diseased, unwholesome piety that gloats, as it were, over the physical details of the sufferings of the Saviour of mankind, in the awful mystery of His passion and death. Do but consider the reticence, the decorum, the dignity with which this is treated in the Gospels. Brief mention is made of the main facts, and then they are left to awe and contrition, to fructify, as it were, almost unconsciously in the mind.

A. Yet you must recall many expressions of St. Paul nearly as strong, on the physical side, as those you reprobate.

B. No doubt, in St. Paul's impassioned language to his converts, there are often forcible images, and references to the physical side of our Lord's passion, the better to impress on them the searching purport of the whole matter, 'deep as pain.' But they are *passing* expressions. There is no dwelling on butcherly horrors. 'Nailing sins to his cross,' 'Crucified to the world,' 'Justified by his blood'

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—these brief phrases are very different from the elaborate, wordy *description* in the hymns I quoted, and their like.

A. I agree in much that you say. But I think that to refine away or ignore the physical part—nay, the physical horror—of our Lord's passion, is to be morbid on the other side. Our day is too apt to shrink from pain, from suffering, witnessing, or even thinking about anything disagreeable. We are in danger of forgetting that physical pain is not the worst thing in this world; that, on the contrary, there are deep gains in it. Our Lord's, being a bodily as well as a mental and spiritual agony, is a perpetual sign to a soft, cowardly, enervated generation. Therefore I think there should be plain language in our hymns upon this awful subject.

B. Plain as you will—plain as St. Paul—as St. Luke's Gospel—as our Litany. But the more we think on the subject, and realise its import, the less shall we overlay it with words of our own. I am not frequent enough in church-going, you say; and I daresay you are right. But, indeed, if frequent attendance is to result in the ease and freedom with which I hear such phrases as those rolled out in hymns, the lightness with which the most momentous topics are taken up, and flirted with, and then thrown utterly to the winds till the next Sunday comes round—I am driven to say, far be my feet from the church door. With certain books and certain men, ay, and even with my own poor thoughts, I can ponder the mysteries of this life—better than in the general assembly of the faithful.

A. Ah, there—I must venture once more to say—there is your great mistake. With all its faults—I for one do not deny them—the 'general assembly' is better than books, better even than chosen friends, for helping us to ponder and worship. There is something in a heterogeneous throng of men, women, and children, trying to think, however feebly and intermittently, about those mysteries and God who is behind them—something in the joint endeavour of a number of souls 'feeling after the Lord'—that no select books nor select companions can give to the individual soul. To forsake that general assembly is one of the most deplorable of mistakes, if not one of the gravest of sins.

B. Then let me humbly adjure the general assembly to bethink itself a little more about its ways and means of raising itself and me. For one thing, in this matter of hymns, let it cease from singing trash, or morbid, irreverent, sensational appeals, or conventional language which it does not believe in, and consequently does not act upon, nor has the slightest intention of ever acting upon—

A. This is a new count in the indictment. Explain, if you please.

B. Take many of your Lenten hymns. Can anything be more false, more conventional, than for an ordinary modern congregation to sing this:

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Once more the solemn season calls,
A holy fast to keep;
And now within the temple walls
Let priest and people weep.

. . . . . .

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

Again:

Grant us to mortify each sense
By means of outward abstinence.

Or:

Then let us all, with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above.

A. False! conventional! I should be sorry to think of you as sneering at church order because it is distasteful to *you*. But I must assure you that numbers in the Church of England now fast dutifully. Why should they be false in mentioning it in their hymns?

B. Yes, they fast!—rigorously eating scalloped oysters instead of minced veal, and fried soles instead of roast mutton. And you have a damsel in a charming costume of Lenten black, singing of these and other like durances, in the intervals between lawn tennis and concerts, and picture exhibitions and 'shopping.'

A. That is the observance of Lent as *imitated* by the frivolous. It is a caricature of the reality, which very many now practise devoutly.

B. I don't presume to deny that many good church-people try to use *a* Lent discipline. There are all degrees, from the *schöne Seele* who arduously endeavours to meet the problems of the nineteenth century by a strained attempt at the methods of the ninth, to the black butterflies I spoke of. But I still maintain that, for better for worse, the reality of the ancient discipline has passed away *from our Church at large*. We have to find other methods than those of real privation of food, real beating of the breast, and heaping ashes on the head, and weeping between the porch and the altar. Therefore it is false and conventional to sing as if we practised all this. And I would humbly urge that the singing of such hymns as these be discontinued.

A. Perhaps it might be better to confine their use to special congregations, and for ordinary parochial services in Lent to choose hymns in which the broad facts of repentance and remission of sins are dwelt on, without reference to the tears and fasting which you feel so incongruous.

B. I should say it would be better. Then, again, take other

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hymns whose language is conventional, corresponding to no real belief in the singer's mind. Do not let us sing of 'angels singing to welcome pilgrims' when no one of us believes that he will now hear angels, let him listen ever so intently. Do not let us announce with our lips, as in this hymn I open upon—

Soon will come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb—

when we know in our minds that the probability is the present order of things will go on for hundreds more of human generations, and when we ourselves have not the slightest expectation of that 'soon' coming. It is false and conventional for Christians of the nineteenth century to sing as if they had the belief in an imminent judgment day that possessed those of the first. And would it be too much to ask one other thing? That view of the 'scheme of redemption' which may be called the ledger-and-cash-book view—

A. What *do* you mean?

B. —is, I am credibly informed, far less widely accepted than it was. I mean by my rough metaphor that particular version of the Gospel which represents the Almighty as driving a bargain with each shivering soul, by which He covenants to accept Christ's sufferings instead of the soul's damnation, on condition that the soul gets up certain ecstatic emotions, through which it feels itself 'saved'; the soul being moreover represented as keenly and exclusively occupied with 'getting saved.'

A. *I* certainly never hear such a gospel in church.

B. I rejoice that you do not. But now I come to my petition. Is it too much to ask that the many hymns in which such a gospel is dilated on should be disused in church singing, since their doctrine is happily falling into discredit? Here is a hymn, for instance—not in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' but in another of your books—I think it is a hymn of Watts:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies—

'When I can be quite easy about the lease of that house in Great George Street'—if anyone will put that into a stanza of 'common metre' it will be equally devotional. It is only in a strictly mechanical sense that the first aspiration is more *elevated* than the second. And there is plenty more of the same sort still sticking in every hymn-book—the apotheosis of anxious selfishness—the detestable save-me-and-damn-the-world of it all—oh, I do not wonder that certain poor folks think they have discovered to the world an improvement on Christ's Gospel, and call it 'altruism'!

A. I would hint, in the gentlest manner possible, that you are using rather strong language.

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B. For a parson's parlour on Sunday afternoon? Strong but appropriate.

A. But I am a practical person, and I should like to know what is the outcome of all these interesting and forcible remarks? The only definite counsels *I* have received are, to keep silence when a certain hymn is sung, and to prevent my children learning bad Dissenting hymns.

B. *Any* bad hymns. The Dissenters have no monopoly of them.

A. Well, well; I want to know what you recommend for the bettering of our hymn-singing, on whose faults you are so eloquent? I once heard a poet and man of letters say that there are only about seven *good* hymns in the language. Would you propose to restrict our choice to these?

B. No. As I said before, we must often be content in a hymn with something less than a poem in perfect English. If I had the ordering of hymn-singing, I should act liberally to hymns which, though faulty as poetry, are not wanting in devotion, reverence, or truth, and are consecrated by the pious singing of Christian people. But I should be rigorous in excluding, by every means I had, such hymns as offend in vulgarity, irreverence, morbid sentiment, conventionality. And I should go a step further; I should exclude such hymns as present perversions of the Gospel which, though once prevalent, are now generally discredited amongst those able to think as well as feel, and which will slowly and surely drop away from those whose main guidance in religion must be through feeling.

A. It is all very well for you to say 'I should exclude' and 'I should admit.' Bachelors' wives and old maids' children are always well managed. How, I should like to ask, would you proceed if you were plunged into the depths of ordinary parochial life?

B. Well, there is one obvious course open. Certain hymns ought to be dealt with as were certain amendments to a memorable bill in the House of Commons. They should be 'ruled out.' They ought not to be allowed upon that mystic slate which, as I observe, appears in the rectorial study on Saturday mornings.

A. Regardless of the feelings of the choirmaster, organist, or schoolmistress, on whose help the rector depends for the musical part of Sunday?

B. Not regardless of feelings, but managing them. The rector must educate, and suggest, and censure as occasion serves. He must wean his good folks from base loves.

A. Not so simple and easy a matter as it seems to the layman 'free as air.' We cannot rule out a hymn as you can write down a book. But I am very candid. I own that more might be effected than has been attempted. On the other hand, you are bound to listen when I tell you that you, the 'outsiders' as you choose to call

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yourselves—you who look down on the parochial circle with careless superiority—might do much to widen and enlighten that circle. For instance, silly, vulgar, conventional hymns, and also hymns expressing perversions of the Gospel, would be far less sung than they are if people like you would *care* about the ordinary church services, instead of merely giving them an intermittent attendance, which apparently serves no purpose but that of affording you materials for sarcastic criticism.

B. Do not you make our talk end in bitterness; it has, I hope, not been profitless on either side. My motives and aims in this matter are the same as yours, though I do not feel myself worthy to expatiate upon them in words.

A. This is a comfortable word to me, in any case.

B. I recall to-day how a dear young friend of my youth (now with God) used to sport with this same grievance of the hymns. His church going was (for a season) due rather to a reluctance to distress his mother and sisters by discontinuing it than to any solace or delight found in it for himself. And I well remember how he would archly call the attention of the devout sister or cousin beside him in church to any stanza of especial platitude or folly in the hymn being sung, to her mingled distress and amusement. Well, it was amusing. And yet it was not the effect which, one should say, the solemn singing of the praise of God *ought* to have on an able young man full of promise. But the public praise of God can never engage the energy and reverence of such, so long as we allow ignorance, and indolence, and cowardice to rule over our attempts at its utterance. Would it not have been better for all concerned, and for the sceptical, somewhat cynical, somewhat scoffing attitude of my friend's mind, if there had been some such power in the church singing for him (and he was very musical) as Augustine found? Here comes your husband from the afternoon service, which *we* have neglected. Let me end our talk by reading you St. Augustine's words on church singing:

> How did I weep, in Thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of Thy sweet-attuned church! The voices flowed into mine ears, and the Truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotion overflowed, and tears ran down, and happy was I therein.[1]

THEO. CHAPMAN.

The Vicarage, Penrith.

[1] St. Aug. *Conf.* ix. 14.

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THE CAPACITY OF WOMEN.

MR. ROMANES'S article, published in the May number of this Review, is so excellent an example of the manner in which this subject should be treated, that it invites a few supplementary remarks and qualifications, which scarcely amount to criticism, as they in no way invalidate the general practical conclusions which he advocates.

Mr. Romanes is of opinion, for assignable and intelligible reasons, that 'in the animal kingdom as a whole the males admit of being classified, as it were, in one psychological species and the females in another.' And he is also persuaded that, among human beings, the course of history has resulted in bringing the minds of men and the morals of women respectively to a higher degree of development. The first of these propositions is no doubt true in the main; but so long as vague metaphysical notions about an *Ewigweibliche* continue to becloud the atmosphere, it is important and interesting to note that the psychological and other distinctions of sex are among the after-thoughts of the primæval mother nature.

Who would have ventured to predict, after comparing a rudimentary vertebrate in the undated past, say, with the common ancestor of ants and bees, that the future did not belong to the insects? There is a vast region of animal life in which existence seems renewed by transmigration rather than birth, where parentage is virtually unknown, and where the community is differentiated into castes rather than sexes. By an easy flight of the imagination, we can suppose ants and bees or butterflies to have developed on their own lines to a point as far removed in organisation, morals, and intelligence from the typical rudimentary insect as man is from the rudimentary vertebrate. The psychological distinctions of sex, noted by Mr. Romanes, would have no place in such a world. Even among the vertebrates, it was not a foregone conclusion from the first that the mother bird or fish should hatch and protect the young: this function is shared or monopolised by the male so often that we can not be certain, if the rulers of the world had been developed from the races that swim or creep or fly, that intellectual birds or moralised

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reptiles would have noticed the same psychological sex distinctions as ourselves.

Of course it will be said that the existing distinction has emerged and survived because of its natural fitness; that is, that it has proved favourable to the life and development of the higher vertebrates; but there is a difference between things practically useful under given material conditions and things belonging to the eternal and immutable 'nature of things.' Science teaches that nature is eminently mutable, and that all elaborate qualities are the products of lengthy and complex processes of manufacture. Supposing the kind and degree of sex differentiation which was advantageous to mammoths to prove inconvenient to man, we shall find Nature as much open to the reasoning of facts now as in the days when she decided against the sociological experiments of insects and fishes. If the social life of men and women is not modelled upon that of seals or stags, any human propensities which are a mere survival from earlier stages of mammalian development will die out after a few ages of inappropriateness. This is in fact the conclusion at which Mr. Romanes's argument arrives, and we can only hope that it will not lose any of its force from being allowed to begin a stage further back.

With regard to the mental inferiority and moral elevation of women, there are one or two grounds for doubting whether either is quite as considerable as even Mr. Romanes is disposed to maintain. It may seem ungracious to disturb a complimentary consensus of opinion to the effect, as Mr. Romanes expresses it, that 'purity and religion are, as it were, the natural heritage of women in all but the lowest grades of culture.' But if the statement is not quite unassailable historically, its correction had best take the form of a modest disclaimer on the part of women themselves before some brutal misogynist demolishes the flattering illusion, and with it our last poor claim to some impartiality of judgment.

The exceptive clause, that women are devout and virtuous 'in all but the lowest grades of culture,' is not wide enough. The primitive saint, the primitive sage, and the primitive humourist agree, it must be admitted, in taking a low view of feminine morality. The typical view of the typical woman is as a daughter of Eve, on intimate terms with the old serpent and given to the beguiling of men. The picture may have been—and to a certain extent was—unjust, but it was the one sketched by man while he monopolised the arts of portraiture. Indian rishis and mediæval monks took this view. Their ideal being ascetic, if a woman appeared on the horizon at all, it could only be as an ally of the lower nature they were endeavouring to subdue, and so, not unnaturally, from their point of view, they concluded every woman to be all 'lower nature.' This was unjust because the mass of men who were not ascetics had just as much 'lower nature' as the

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women, and it was not the fault of the latter that imperfect ascetics found their existence a trial or temptation.

Primitive philosophers have as a rule less to say about women than ascetics, and in place of moral disapprobation feel only a little mild contempt for their intelligence and want of moral elevation; but even in this there is a measure of injustice. The sage despises all women because they are ignorant of philosophy, but he does not despise all men, who are equally ignorant, because some men, he himself at least, have obtained knowledge. Later on, no doubt, cross divisions are established, and a 'religious' woman may be ranked as higher than a lay or lewd man; but from the earliest times even until now, I think, our comparative estimate of the virtue and intelligence of the average man and of the average woman is influenced by the fact that when we talk of men in general we mean all men, the great known to history and the small known to us in the flesh, and that when we speak of women in general we think of the ordinary known sort only.

The first thinkers of the first ages were taken from the class of gentlemen of leisure, rulers of men, possessed of whatever experience life then could teach; their leisure was secured by the industry of wives and slaves, and any latent aptitude their sisters might have had for religion or philosophy was sacrificed to the necessity for grinding corn or looking after the maids. The educational privileges, as one may call them, enjoyed by the favoured few, as a class, were utilised by the tiny cluster of individuals whose natural faculties allowed them to seize the happy moment. But from the prehistoric days when unknown sages translated the experience of primitive *Weltweisheit* into the language of an ancient saw, from those days down to the last moment of our own degeneracy, it has been and remains true that the ruling minds of the ages have always been a *minority of a minority*, the units selected from a select few, the cream of the cream of the intelligence of their time.

The immortals whose names stand upon the brief list agreed upon by the whole civilised world were men who towered above the heads of a generation of great contemporaries, who as a rule had the way opened before them by an age of great precursors. In art, in literature, in philosophy, this is almost uniformly the case. Suggestive teaching, training that inspirits or provokes to growth, combine with the happy moments of historic and ethnic destiny to produce the cluster of eminent talent which all becomes articulate and effective at the same time. The great men of the great generations educate each other, and the greatest generations produce an immortal or two apiece. The thesis is almost too obvious to need illustration. Plato and Aristotle follow Socrates and the Sophists, as Raphael and Michelangelo succeed Giotto; Shakespeare, Chaucer; and Goethe, Klopstock *plus* Winckelmann, Lessing, and the vernacular *Reineke*

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Fuchs. So much will be conceded readily, but it is not so easy to understand what the immortals, whose features alone show clearly through the haze of time, may have owed to their long since forgotten contemporaries. Probably, since a heightened sensitiveness to all immaterial influences is a part of genius, the immortal owes even more than lesser men to all that is fortunate in his surroundings, and we can more easily imagine the wits of the 'Mermaid' without Shakespeare than a Shakespeare stranded on a realm of Hayleys. To drop into the familiar regions of modern literary biography, we know what Goethe owed to Schiller, and Coleridge and Wordsworth to each other, as well as to the lesser lights of their society; conscious and unconscious feelings of emulation drove Byron and Shelley to do their best work for each other, just as Thackeray was stirred by his admiration for *David Copperfield* to accomplish *Esmond* and prepare for Colonel Newcome.

If the fashion of the day causes all available talent or genius to be applied to some special branch of study, astronomy, theology, metaphysics, or whatever it may be, the result is of course still more obvious, and all Europe produces schoolmen as France of the Restoration produces romantic fiction in prose and verse. Héloïse and George Sand yield to the spirit of the age like Abelard or Victor Hugo—if they have learnt to read, and the chapter of accidents brings them into the current of intellectual life. But before we can form any opinion as to the fitness of their sex to produce half a dozen immortals in a millennium, we must first ask if historic and social influences have produced a generation of womanly precursors, and a group of women of talent, out of which the missing immortal might have emerged. It does not quite settle the question to say, what is no doubt true, that if women had had stronger brains they might have produced both. The brains both of men and women exercise themselves habitually upon such stuff as the customs of their age and race set before them. An enormous part of the brain power of mankind has been spent, or wasted, in smiting the Philistines hip and thigh: an enormous part of the brain power of womankind has been spent, or wasted, in cajoling Samson. But the victories of Samson pave the way for those of Saul, and the victories of Saul lay the foundations of the throne of Solomon. The daughters of Delilah found no dynasty, though they help to upset a good many. In other words, by following the fashion which required men to fight, the men on the winning side may drift into social and political relations favourable to the growth of civilisation; while the primitive division of labour, which confined women to the tent or homestead, cut them off, as a class, from the educational influences of power and free association with powerful equals. Here and there a woman of exceptional capacity and position might appear by chance among the rulers of men, but the opportunity would be owing

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to her connection by birth or marriage with the privileged class, and would make no opening for others of her sex.

Once the gulf was formed between the occupations and interests of men and women, it tended naturally to widen and perpetuate itself, until civilisation had made such progress that uncivilised wives went out of fashion, and women began to learn to read. If the workings of intelligence were quite unconditioned, we might ask why, when this first step was taken, women with some masterpieces of literature behind to help them did not develop intellectually, say, like men in and after the Homeric age. But the omission is perfectly intelligible if we are right in supposing that all intellectual movements, and especially such as culminate in the production of a world-famed genius, originate when a whole class of persons are engaged together in occupations which suggest and stimulate fresh thought and action, under circumstances which allow the individual and the group to act and react upon each other, striking out fresh combinations, and multiplying suggestions and possibilities for those who come after.

Until the present day, even in the most civilised communities, it cannot be said that this social life of the intellect, as one may call it, has been open to women in appreciable numbers. The two above named reached their fame by chance; happily married or happily cloistered—and both had by nature as good a chance as other women of such a fate—both would have remained unknown to letters. Thrown by chance into the current of contemporary thought, their brains began to work to the same tune as their neighbours', and we find them to be made of the same intellectual paste as those able men of a period who, once in a way, find a genius to out-top them. While it is the exception for a woman to find herself in a position to produce anything, it is virtually inconceivable that she should produce immortal work. Nor is it altogether unscientific to hold our judgment in suspense as to what feminine brains may do, should circumstances ever become propitious to their productiveness; for we observe in the past that on the rare occasions when similar demands have been made upon the minds of men and women, chosen in the same way, the nature of the response has been surprisingly similar. Curiously enough, the demands thus made and met are such as the most ancient *à priori* theories of feminine frailty would have thought most inappropriate. Our primitive sage would certainly have been as ready to believe that women could write immortal poems as that they could discharge the higher functions of government or enter into the higher emotions of the religious life. We may not perhaps think very highly of the wisdom of crowned heads, or altogether endorse the mediæval ideal of saintliness, but we note that when public opinion has called upon women of high birth to rule, they have done so readily and with an amount of intelligence and good-will fully

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equal to that displayed on the average by masculine potentates.[1] Again, when opinion called men and women equally to embrace a life of religious devotion and asceticism, women were found as able and willing as men both to follow and to lead, to organise and administer in the interests of the church on the one hand, and on the other to control the hostile forces of the world itself by purely spiritual influences. Here for the first time we find clever women, as a class, provided with a career, in the religious life, and much ability was shown by divers saints, abbesses, and founders or reformers of religious orders for women. Many of them were certainly quite clever enough to have addled their brains over the subtleties of the scholastic philosophy, but public opinion called on them to become saints and did not call on them to become theologians or metaphysicians, and then, as always, popular expectation fulfilled itself.

But, it will be said, men of genius or eminent talent have manifested themselves in social strata where intellectual eminence was neither looked for nor desired. The Ipswich butcher's son is called by his circumstances to be a butcher, not a cardinal, and the long list of 'self-made men' is quoted as a reproach to the other sex, as if women rich and poor had at least had no worse chances than the men who have triumphed over the difficulties of poverty alone. We may observe in passing that the inner circle of immortals is not recruited from the otherwise most justly honoured ranks of the self-taught. The non-existence of a phenomenon must not be mistaken for its impossibility; but we note that men who have had to fight for the rudiments of humane learning have not as a matter of fact ever subsequently reached the very topmost summits of human achievement. But there is a standing difference between the position of the boy or man who has to contend with adverse circumstances before his natural talents find fair play, and the position of girls or women even belonging to the leisured class. The difference is that the boy, if he escapes from the thrall of poverty at all, escapes into the surroundings to which he belongs by nature. The carpenter's boy with a turn for mathematics makes his way to Cambridge; the barber's lad with a taste for cuneiforms gets into the British Museum, and for all purposes of self-development and production the difficulties of birth and origin are left behind. Natural genius and cultivated talent meet on equal terms, and the education of comradeship and emulation is not less available to the poor man's son than to those with whom a kind of learned mediocrity is hereditary, or to those who inherit the means of cultivating all their natural aptitudes to the utmost. Every age and every branch of thought has its first and second rate men, who rise above a crowd of fellow-workers as the rare immortal rises above a great generation.

[1] At one time in China a succession of able empress-mothers succeeded in establishing something like an irregular feminine dynasty.

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But first-rate achievement never crowns a lifetime of continuously solitary work, and in many, if not most cases, first-rate ability does not declare itself until promising natural faculties have been matured by exercise and polished by intercourse with other minds in the prime of their activity. Any intellectual coterie may serve to this extent the purpose of a university, and the debates and readings of Mill and the other young utilitarians in London were just as academic as the society in which Arthur Hallam was the leading figure.

It is needless to say that the most studiously disposed or gifted of young women in past generations have been cut off by custom as absolutely from the stimulus of such common intellectual life as from the advantages of university teaching in its stricter form. Middling abilities suffice to enable us to learn what we are taught, and we may agree that no youth is to be called exceptionally clever who cannot pick up, let us say, Greek or algebra without a teacher. But what clever man, who looks back upon the modicum of such learning acquired in or out of school, can imagine the cleverest youth proceeding to do any good with such acquirements amid the trivial occupations and mental solitude of the ordinary middle-class maiden? Youth insists on being amused, and clever youths find intellectual amusements the most fascinating of any; but, as children say, it is dull to play by oneself, and if the game is spoilt for want of school-fellows, the delightful play of young minds, instead of leading up to still more delightful work, gradually loses its charm, and one more of the clever girls, who might have grown into an able woman, drops out of the field altogether, and spends or wastes her brain power in some quite different direction.

Ruling minds, we began by saying, are a minority of a minority, but in fact we arrive at them by a process of winnowing indefinitely repeated and renewed. We have a senior wrangler at least every year; every university generation has its cluster of best men, but the best men of bad years soon drop out of sight, and even the best men of brilliant generations often fail to survive the rigorous tests of after life, and disappoint the hopes which centred on their future. The ability believed in may have been real, but besides the accidents which may cause a man to obtain less success or reputation than his deeds or powers deserve, there are a thousand circumstances which may prevent powers from turning into achievement, may cause good work to produce less than its fair proportion of result, may make good qualities neutralise instead of reinforcing each other, and, as a result of these or countless other discouragements, may prevent the promises of youth from being fulfilled and leave the man of exceptional ability, who had every chance at starting, after all as unproductive of great works as any woman. Then, again, the man in whom his contemporaries have seen the promise of immortality may,

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through some fault or merit in his character, become, womanlike, content to do something else with his mind. So Charles Austin, held to be the most brilliant man of a brilliant set, was content to spend his life in making a fortune at the Parliamentary bar. Brain force can spend itself on such work, and Charles Austin's cleverness still made itself felt in the narrow sphere he had chosen. But if men, who begin by dreaming of immortality and counting upon celebrity, are constantly found ready to subside into ordinary professional existence, can we wonder that women, who have never had so near a view of the tempting prizes of ambition, should be content to occupy their minds, even when these are really 'strong,' with the ordinary incidents of social and domestic life? Even supposing that there were at a given moment as many girls as boys naturally capable of attaining some degree of intellectual eminence, it would be natural, under all past conditions, for the girls to be choked off into contented obscurity in each case at an earlier stage of their intellectual development than would be the case with a boy of corresponding character, while of those who were not so finally choked off an overwhelmingly larger proportion would swell the ranks of comparative unsuccess, of those who apparently 'might have been' but are not exactly great.

It may even rest with circumstances to decide whether the flower of genius shall show itself or not upon the stock of natural talent. The extraordinary mathematical power of Mrs. Somerville is sometimes quoted as a proof that women at their best are without originality, since Mrs. Somerville at last had as much knowledge as men who do original work, and yet did none herself. But what are the facts? With ordinary teaching, it will no doubt be admitted that such a born mathematician would have been senior wrangler at Cambridge at the usual age, but poor Miss Fairfax was eighteen before she could get hold of a Euclid, could then only read it in bed at night, and was deprived even of that resource by the confiscation of her candles. She was clever all round at the learning of schools, having taught herself some Greek and Latin as well as algebra, yet, human-like, she was led to go in the groove society prescribed, and submitted to marry, uncongenially, at twenty-four, and to spend her brain power in keeping house and minding babies on a small income. She was over thirty before she obtained possession of such a mathematical library as an undergraduate begins his college course with. When she was over forty she taught herself to stop in the middle of a calculation to receive morning callers, and to take it up where she had left off when they were gone. Can we wonder that no original work was done in a vocation thus cavalierly treated? The young mathematician of genius talks and thinks and dreams of formulæ; his very jokes are in their jargon; facility of manipulation reaches its highest point by constant exercise, and the constant familiarity

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with certain conceptions not only makes apprehension easier, but also keeps the whole field of mathematical thought so constantly present to the mind that discoveries, as it were, make themselves, in the recognition of new relations, on the suggestion of the known relations embraced in a single glance.

In such a science one sees clearly that genius is only talent carried to a higher power. In all cases, it is by the constant application of the mind to operations of the same character that intellectual work, of whatsoever nature, is made easy to those who are by nature able to perform it; and real mastery of this kind is seldom unrelieved by flashes of more or less brilliant inspiration, unless it is attained too late, after the first vigour of intellectual maturity is exhausted and worn out. But there is a further element of good fortune even in the productiveness of solid work. Circumstances determine whether there is room in this or that field for an epoch-making inspiration, and we cannot tell whether women will furnish their due proportion of original discoveries till we have a due proportion of them engaged in lifelong diligent day labour in the service of thought and knowledge. Probably most of us know venerable 'double-firsts' who have by no means set the Thames on fire, and we must no more expect certain, prompt, and conspicuous eminence from every girl who takes a good degree than we do from men with the same record.

After all, the practical interest of the question is of the smallest. If women are to do any kind of literary or other intellectual work, however humble, it is for the interest of the community that they shall be taught and required to do it as well as their natural faculties will allow. This is the practical conclusion to which Mr. Romanes' argument points, and it is quite unnecessary for us to waste time and energy in guessing how good their best may prove in the ages which are to come. Reading women are no doubt interested in increasing the amount of good work of all sorts, and in the apparition of immortal works as often as niggard fate allows; but there is no room in the great republic of letters for the small jealousies of sex or nationality. If England has no immortal to produce, we shall be thankful to welcome one from France, and we should be sorry for the world to refrain from producing, if it could, an immortal man in the next decade, in order that an immortal woman—should the twentieth century give birth to such—might reign in more unrivalled eminence. The world and even its immortals exist after all for the many, not the few, and in the case of both men and women alike the main business of education must be to teach the many to understand and enjoy, while the very, very few who can originate or impart will educate each other, if we leave them free to do it and guard against having the light of any promising capacity snuffed out by discouragement in the tender years of youth with their irrecoverable treasures of vitality.

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The intellectual capacity of women, then, is a problem—and not a very pressing one—for the future to decide, while their present moral capacity is a matter of observation. Granted that popular opinion may have somewhat underrated the powers which have as yet been imperfectly tested, there is no very apparent reason why it should have overrated the merits which could be proved and numbered, unless indeed there is somewhere hidden in the recesses of the public mind a conviction that after all men and women are 'pretty much of a muchness,' and that therefore, if for any reason we credit one or other of them with any special merit, we must in fairness discover or invent some counterbalancing merit or defect that will make the scales as even as our widest involuntary generalisations declare them to be. We know of men incomparably wise, we know of women incomparably good, and so it seems natural when we want to generalise about the good qualities of the sexes to speak of men as naturally clever and women as naturally good. But are not the best of men really as good as the best of women? Have there not been in the world's history as many men as women eminent for goodness? We have endeavoured to show why the natural cleverness of women—assuming it to exist—has remained comparatively undeveloped and unproductive; but as regards both cleverness and goodness, is not any kind of eminence in either sex so far the exception as to make us hesitate in claiming either as a psychological sex characteristic?

The earliest comparative estimate of the sexes regards women as both morally and intellectually inferior to men.[2] Subsequently, public opinion has demanded some domestic virtues from women, and, with really commendable consistency, has to a certain extent supplied them with the means of cultivating the same. Accordingly the one virtue of which popular tradition formerly held women to be incapable is now ascribed to them as 'a natural heritage.' Is it not, however, historically certain that the superior chastity of civilised women is the product of sustained, deliberate pressure, legal, social, and religious, and in itself, so far as it exists, a proof of the extent to which the human race has power to realise its own ideals?

It is difficult to assign a date for the beginning of such pressure. Every community as it emerges from barbarism tries its own experiments, and if these are so far unsuccessful that culture and morals in the end break up together, the work has to begin again not very far from the beginning. The ideal of spiritual purity in mediæval Europe is embodied in the conception of a perfect knight, a Percival or Galahad, to whom we find no feminine counterpart or equivalent; the untamed maidenhood of Brunehild of course belonging to a quite different and more archaic legendary cycle, without

[2] 'A Mediæval Latin Poem,' reproduced in the *English Historical Review*, July 1887, may be referred to as a specimen of a copious kind of literature.

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any moral significance. In the time of Boccaccio, it seems that ladies were required to disguise their amusement when very scandalously loose stories were told in their presence; but as they also tell such stories themselves, their protests are evidently more a matter of manners than morals, and in the days of the *Decameron* the sex had evidently not yet entered upon the enjoyment of its heritage.

It is a long way from Boccaccio to the ladies' novelist of five centuries later, but our fastidiousness evidently grows at an accelerated rate, for Richardson himself appears to our present taste to pitch the standard of feminine virtue rather insolently low; at least he would be open to such a charge if we did not make allowance for the tone of feeling of the age, which was still a shade more barbaric than his own. As regards the particular virtue which poor Pamela was supposed to illustrate, our ideal has certainly been so far raised that she at least no longer satisfies it. But the whole duty of woman cannot be reduced to the single chapter, whether to marry—or not to marry—a rake. And it is an ethical blunder, nearly as offensive as any of Richardson's, to praise the virtuousness of women as a class merely on the assumption that they are all that Pamela was meant to be. Perhaps the assumption now current would add that they sometimes nurse in hospitals and are concerned for the happiness of dogs and cats; which is also in itself a good thing, and a sign of moral progress, since the natural woman is as prone as the natural man to enjoy bull fights and even gladiatorial shows. But civilised man is overtaking civilised woman in the distaste for bull fights, and even this acquired extension of the sympathetic sensibilities is not the whole of human duty.

If it is a damaging illusion to believe that all men are intelligent and well-informed because they are on an average better taught than women, it is not less damaging to assume that all women are fine moral agents because they are more chaste, and dislike the sight of pain more than men. As was argued long ago by an immortal moralist, wisdom and virtue, ignorance and vice, are inseparable, and it is a fact that our women would have been wiser, would have sought and seized knowledge and the means of obtaining it more resolutely for themselves, if their moral fibre had been of a finer and stronger cast than it could be while knowledge was still wanting. A secondary proof, if one is needed, that the intellectual superiority of mankind cannot be so marked as has been supposed, is supplied by the very fact that we do not find in men the marked moral superiority which should go with superior wisdom. But to suppose that superior virtue all round can co-exist with inferior wisdom, is to suppose walls and towers to be raised without scaffolding and sustained without foundations. In fact, where the knowledge and practical experience of women are defective, so also is their sense of moral obligation.

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The intellect of women, as a class, has been concentrated and expended upon the incidents of private life and the domestic relations, and within these limits, as a natural consequence, their sense of moral obligation has been developed. Their participation in the public life of the community has been restricted, and hence their knowledge of the needs and duties arising from social and political relations is still very incomplete, while it is impossible alike with men and women for the conscience to speak concerning matters of which the mind has no consciousness at all.

If we are disposed to take a cheerful view of the moral future of the race—and all evolutionists are optimists at heart—we must look forward, not to a continued difference between the functions and ideals of the sexes, but to the evolution of an ideal of human character and duty combining the best elements in the two detached and incomplete ideals. Great men, we have seen, educate each other, and we shall never have both men and women at their best and greatest until we have the cream of the cream of both sexes educating each other towards the highest standard of all imaginable human excellence.

EDITH SIMCOX.

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POSITIVISM IN CHRISTIANITY.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has said very truly that opinions and movements of thought live by virtue of the elements of goodness and truth which they possess. They may not be entirely true, but what gives them vitality is the part of them that is true, and not the part that is false. This holds good, in its measure, in the history of intellectual, political, and religious movements alike. If we read the mediæval controversies between the Realists, the Nominalists, and the Conceptualists, we find most of what is said by the ablest partisans on all sides true, and each theory had a living hold in virtue of this truth. Each had truth, but not the whole truth. So, too, the life of the French Revolution was a righteous indignation against tyranny, and the life of the reaction against it was a righteous horror for its lawlessness and impiety. The Reformation would never have had the living force it had but that it embodied with all its defects a protest against real corruption. The Church recognised this in the wonderful counter-reformation within its own limits, which was effected by St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Philip Neri, and the crowd of saints who came to the rescue at that critical epoch, and who in their measure condemned the very excesses which Luther and his associates had protested against. The same thing is to be observed in some of the recent discussions between Christians and Agnostics. When Mr. Huxley triumphantly traces symptoms of Anthropomorphism in the Hebrew conception of God, much of what he says is true. The delicate critical points at issue, infinitely important though they be, fall outside the limits taken up by the impassioned rhetoric which gives his view its life and force. The idea of an evolution in the conceptions of God and duty, beginning in an anthropomorphic deity as the nearest attainable idea for the popular mind in its primitive state, and gradually purifying itself, beginning by claiming paramount obedience to this deity, and only gradually making it clear that this obedience was based on the eternal laws of right—this idea, which is quite in harmony with the whole Christian conception of an ever-increasing perfection and development in religious knowledge, really tallies with much which Mr. Huxley eloquently describes under the evident impression that it

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is destructive of supernatural faith. He describes an imperfect and inaccurate conception of God, and an imperfect popular morality connected with it, and condemns both, failing to see that in both were germs of great truths, overlaid by a mass of ignorance; and that the road to exacter knowledge lay in removing these obscuring elements by degrees, and not in sweeping away everything, good and bad alike. He fails to see in the anthropomorphic God and in the morality of ritual obedience the germs of the purer conceptions of the inscrutable Godhead, and of the spirit of absolute submission to all that is commanded by Him whose nature is based on the eternal laws of right. Both the Christian and Mr. Huxley may be equally eloquent on the imperfection of primitive conceptions, but the critical point is, Are these conceptions a mere *ignis fatuus*, or is there in them a genuine beacon light, distorted, true enough, by many refracting media, but still real? Mr. Huxley holds the former, the Christian will hold the latter; but still the fact remains that Mr. Huxley's attack derives its force not from the critical issue where he differs from Christians, but from the undeniableness of the facts he adduces, their bearing being presupposed in his sense, and no other interpretation being suggested as possible.

These remarks were suggested by the perusal of Mr. Cotter Morison's recently published work on *The Service of Man*. I am not intending here to deal with the broad conclusions of the work, from which all Christians would shrink with horror. The book contains incidentally a great deal of eloquent writing, and an able vindication of some important ethical truths. It will have influence, then, on the principles I have been considering, in virtue of the amount of truth it contains. My purpose is to examine some of the problems which it raises, with a view to showing that the really powerful part of the book does not tell, as the writer supposes, against Christian ethics, but, on the contrary, is an exhibition of principles implicitly contained already in Catholic books on moral and ascetical theology, whose full bearing and application, no doubt, the development of science will make clearer, but which are, nevertheless, as principles, fully recognised by the Church. His protests, on the other hand, against Catholic moral maxims (for it is mainly so far as he deals with Catholicism that I shall speak of his criticism) are based on an inaccurate account of the doctrines which he criticises, and lead him by reaction against the views which he falsely attributes to Catholics, as a body,[1] into extremes equally untenable on the other side. The strong part of his book is his advocacy of the Positive method in moral cultivation and training, and I maintain that this method is,

[1] I say in the text 'as a body' because I do not deny that some taint of Lutheranism or of Calvinism may from time to time have infected individual Catholics, and no doubt both Lutheranism and Calvinism are to some extent liable to Mr. Morison's criticism. This subject is too large a one to speak fully of here.

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in essence, recognised in Catholic ethics. The weak part is his failure to place at the back of the Positive method any *stimulus* to practical morality which can replace the Christian sanctions, and the idea of moral responsibility which he banishes from the field of ethical training.

The main thought running through Mr. Morison's book is the contrast between the systematic moral training, which Positivism advocates, based on ascertained laws of human character, certain in its results, empirical, proceeding on scientific principles, and concerned with the use of the individual to the social organism, with the Christian doctrines of free will, of grace given irrespective of all antecedent claims to it, the conceptions of deathbed repentance, of sudden conversion after years of vice, of sudden lapse after years of virtue. These ideas are, he considers, the essence of the Christian scheme, and are immoral. They admit the possibility of ultimate salvation after an immoral life, therefore Christianity is concerned with salvation and not morality. I should say, on the other hand, that the idea of an omnipotent free will untrammelled by habit is opposed to the teaching in every page of Catholic moral theology; that the idea of the action of grace being purely capricious contradicts the well-known maxim of the scholastics, 'Facienti quod in se est Deus suam non denegat gratiam;' that deathbed repentances, sudden conversions, and sudden lapses, far from being put forth prominently by Catholic moralists as giving the basis of everyday practical morality, are always regarded as quite exceptional phenomena; and that if salvation is the ultimate goal of the Christian life, the normal path to salvation is the path of morality and asceticism. If Mr. Morison went through the ordinary course of instruction for hearing confessions, he would find almost all he has to say about the tenacity of habit anticipated there, and he would find detailed moral instruction based chiefly on this very consideration. There is a meaning in allowing the possibility of sudden changes, and laying stress on them in certain emergencies, and I shall speak of this later; but it no more affects the practical rules of conduct enjoined in the confessional—and this is of course the real measure of the Church's moral teaching—than the possibility that there may be an unseen ledge eight feet below the edge of a cliff will make a man ready to throw himself over. It might as well be alleged that because Catholics believe that food has, on occasion, been given miraculously, therefore they must neglect to order their dinner. The marvels he refers to are miracles of grace, and are no more counted on in the general ordering of the spiritual life than miracles of nature in our everyday arrangements for eating, travelling, or sleeping.

But before going further into detail, one word must be said to clear the issue raised by Mr. Morison from the confusion which

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arises from his inadvertently identifying two distinct doctrines. He quotes Power's Catechism as saying, 'We cannot do a good action nor produce any good fruit conducive to salvation without the grace of God,' and at once identifies it with the doctrine that through special grace 'in an instant a criminal may become a saint;' and he remarks that this doctrine must produce 'an indifference, almost a recklessness, as to the cultivation of human nature so far as the heart and feelings are concerned,' because it leaves everything to 'an unknown factor whose presence or absence cannot be foreseen.' But in reality the moral of the two doctrines is not identical but opposite. We need ordinary graces for ordinary good actions, but then this is balanced by the further Catholic dogma, 'Deus vult omnes homines salvos fieri,' which presupposes that God is *always giving* ordinary graces. The human will must co-operate with these, and moral theologians tell us that constant co-operation with them forms good habits, and that good habits are the *ordinary* road to salvation. So far as the scope of Mr. Morison's criticism goes, it can make no difference to the practical effect on morality whether we believe that our efforts towards the cultivation of good habits are co-operation with a supernatural power, or co-operation with natural power (as *he* supposes). A tune is played just as reliably on a barrel organ by a man who is constantly turning the handle, as by the clockwork in a musical box.[2] And so if we believe in aid ever given freely, we are so far much in the same position as if we believe in a natural power necessarily existing. But Mr. Morison's statement of the grace doctrine that by God's grace 'in an instant a criminal may become a saint' concerns *extraordinary* and *special* graces, which *may* be given but which none have a right to expect. When this evident, the force of his criticism is destroyed. He says that Christians concern themselves with salvation and not with morality; and think that salvation may come in spite of immorality by the action of an extraordinary and unpredictable grace at the last. The reply is that the ordinary road to salvation is through morality and by means of graces neither extraordinary nor (so far as the certainty that they will be sufficient) unpredictable. And if his criticism had any force so far as the occasional action of extraordinary graces goes, it is curiously enough answered by anticipation in his own book. He admits (p. 286) that a 'mood of profound emotion' *may*

[2] It must not be understood that I am claiming a mechanical regularity for any kind of grace. I only refer to the certainty that grace sufficient for each emergency (*gratia sufficiens*) will be given to those who ask for it. But the fact that we do not pretend to know beforehand the degree or kind of grace makes us none the less vigilant. The analogy of riding a horse has been used. It is undoubtedly a science, although we can only predict within limits what a restive horse will do next. And the Positivists themselves do not profess to know *exactly* the natural powers influencing a man's dispositions at a given moment, as appears from the passage quoted a little later in the text about 'random cyclones.'

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make a permanent change and 'snap the chains of habit,' and adds, 'but it is rash, not to say reckless, to trust to a random cyclone of the nobler passions to save us from our sins.' For 'random cyclone of the nobler passions' substitute 'special grace,' and where does the Christian's answer differ from Mr. Morison's? 'I do not think of dispensing with the ordinary means of grace,' he would express it, 'because exceptional graces *sometimes* secure salvation. Such a course would be rash, not to say reckless.'

It is curious, however, to note, considering that Mr. Morison professes to be criticising Catholic views of practical ethics, the source from whence he derives his theory that the Church is concerned, as he puts it, with salvation irrespective of morality. He takes, not a work on ascetics or morals, not Rodriguez or Scavini, but St. Alphonsus Liguori's book, *The Glories of Mary*, a book of pious tales which do not pretend to be critically verified. I have never heard of an educated Catholic who supposed them to be true as a whole. It belongs to a class of literature which is entirely unscientific, a class designed, as Father Ryder of the Oratory has expressed it in this Review, to 'nourish the imaginative piety' of certain readers. Still its very title and object indicate that, even as a book of popular religious stories, it is directed to showing what marvels Our Lady has worked and may work: it is a list of wonderful and exceptional cases, and in no sense an account of the principles laid down for a Catholic's everyday guidance. If Mr. Morison consulted the same writer's works on moral theology, he would find rules of conduct, based upon that empirical knowledge of human nature (on which Mr. Morison lays so much stress) which can nowhere be gained as it can in the confessional—rules taking into account the iron grip of habit, the probability that he who has fallen will fall again, the certainty that those who do not resist evil occasions will fall, and so forth. These conceptions, which Mr. Morison puts forward as discoveries of Positivism, are the commonplaces of our text-books of moral theology. The scientific estimate of a man's moral power, the indirect ways of reforming evil habits which cannot be reformed directly and immediately, have always formed the subject-matter of ascetic text-books, and, in so far as this is the employment of the Positive method in ethics, Catholic theology has most certainly employed that method. And this is only natural, for moral theology is based on the recorded experiences of the confessional, which give the material for as complete an inductive science on the subject as is to be attained. The facts I speak of are so well known to those who have studied casuistry that it would be pedantry to give references.

Let this pass, however. So far I have spoken of Mr. Morison's general statement, that the doctrine of grace *ought* to tell against the systematic cultivation of morality. But what are we to say of his

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outside the course of regular sequence, they are subversive of morality. Now, passing by the fact, which I have noted, that we are taught at every turn to look to training as a *means* of grace, and are warned in every pulpit and every confessional of the weakness of the will and the paramount necessity of good habits, I would look for a moment at the main features of Mr. Morison's own practical ethics. What are the means of improvement which he suggests?

Firstly, an exacter knowledge of the conditions of good habits, of the laws of the human mind, and of the ways of influencing the human character, and doing good to the human race; in short, a systematic application of the discoveries of social and physical science to moral science—a point on which Catholic ethics is quite at one with Mr. Morison, and which it has explicitly advocated; secondly a very systematic cultivation of the feelings and affections on the principles thus ascertained, with a view to facilitating good habits—again a point on which Catholic theology has laid prominent stress, though it would add a cultivation of the will, and of habits of effort, and of the sense of responsibility in small things, whereby, gradually, power in greater things is gained. So far the Positive method is fairly reconcilable with the natural development of Christian ethics. But here the coincidence ceases. Mr. Morison advocates thirdly—what? The destruction of the idea of moral responsibility. 'The sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of, the better it will be for society and moral education.' Because some have assumed that the will can do everything, therefore Positivism must teach that it can do nothing. Because Johnson, as referred to by Mr. Morison, fails to reform bad habits in spite of repeated endeavours, therefore all endeavour is *useless*. No supposition is allowed that he might have got worse without endeavour; but because he did not do everything, it is triumphantly inferred that he did nothing! Because, had he known more of science, he would have reflected that a change in his diet and habits of living would make it much easier to overcome his sloth—a proposition which I do not at all deny—therefore all effort *quâ* effort is useless. One might as well say, because a man cannot knock down a stone wall, therefore he cannot push down a wooden fence. Science is needed to direct effort in the proper channel, and to measure the degree of our power in a particular case, and perhaps, in morals, to help us to estimate the *degree* of our moral responsibility, but it can no more dispense with effort or destroy responsibility than the invention of Krupp guns can dispense with soldiers or do away with the necessity of their taking aim.

But indeed, Mr. Morison's denial of the value of the *idea* of moral [illegible]y strikes far deeper than he supposes, and would in con-

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sistency strike at the roots of his own theory of the cultivation of human nature.

Having regard to the natural limits of this paper, I cannot do more than barely indicate my meaning on this head. Mr. Morison holds that 'bad men will be bad do what we will,' and that it is 'no more rational to blame a garotter who half murders you, than it would be to blame a locomotive which knocks you down;' that consequently the only way to get on is to 'eliminate' the bad—he does not fully explain how; and further—note well—he finds fault with Mr. Sidgwick for saying that the metaphysical question at issue in the free-will controversy is not of practical importance, and preaches as a doctrine that all should realise to the full, that we can no more help our virtues and vices than our stature or the colour of our hair. It is not to my purpose to enter here into the old free-will controversy, but I would point out that Mr. Morison fails to see what the subtler determinists have seen—that the *ideas* of free will and responsibility are actually a great *stimulus* to moral progress. They may hold that moral improvement follows mechanically and necessarily on the ideas under particular conditions—in which opinion, of course, the advocates of free will do not concur—but that they do act as a *stimulus* to pursue virtue and avoid vice, few before Mr. Morison have denied. And, similarly, Mr. Morison's elimination of these ideas must induce a general feeling of passivity and fatalism, which would be destructive to that very self-cultivation which he recommends. Further, he presents again and again, as an exhaustive alternative, that men are either equally promising subjects for moral training, or that some are hopeless and must be eliminated as having no good instincts, while those with good instincts are to be improved, and their instincts developed. He seems to ignore, practically, the patent fact that in the majority of men there are good instincts and bad; that they are capable of being Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde; and that it is the constant acting under a sense of responsibility, of repressing or developing one side or the other, which ultimately fixes the character, in some degree, with a balance of tendencies one way or the other. Let moral responsibility be ever so false an idea (little as I think such a view can be maintained), it is nevertheless, in its measure, quite indispensable to all moral improvement. Mr. Morison may advocate a new objective morality, may hold out a new ideal to be aimed at by those with good instincts capable of being cultivated; but if, to start with, he teaches men, who are for the most part of divided tendencies to good and to bad, that they can no more help doing good or doing evil than a clock can help going fast or slow, he will destroy all chance of his moral principles being realised by any save those few who have only good instincts, and are consequently outside the need of moral training. He may get his locomotive in excellent order, but he has put the fire out and it won't go.

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life, and so forth, which Comte adopted when his mind commenced to fail, and which Mr. Frederic Harrison at one time attempted to perpetuate. I have, on another occasion, commented on the utter unreality of preserving this external clothing of theology after theology itself had been condemned, and it is satisfactory to note that the Positivists are now ready to enter the arena unencumbered by this strange and embarrassing attire.

WILFRID WARD.

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THE WORKING OF SCHOOL BANKS.

MISS LAMBERT, in her interesting papers on 'Thrift among the Children' (*ante*, April 1886 and August 1887), strongly urges 'the practical recognition of school banks in the time table.' One of the reasons for this proposal is the labour entailed upon teachers in working the banks after school hours.' 'Yes,' said a teacher to me, 'we have already a deal too much *clerking* work out of school hours.' That is true enough; and, though some teachers, being convinced of the value of school banks, do not complain of the extra labour they cause, others do complain, or at all events, whether they complain or not, they feel it a burden. The London School Board lately

> issued a circular to the head teachers of the Board, requesting general and particular information about school banks. . . . The summary of the teachers' replies showed: (1) the existence of fifty-nine school banks, i.e. school banks established in only about one-ninth of the schools of the board; (2) thirty-seven banks discontinued; (3) eighty-two teachers adverse to starting them, and two desiring to discontinue theirs; (4) forty-four head teachers desiring to establish them (*ante*, p. 208).

It does not indeed appear that the teachers 'in their individual replies' put in the foreground their apprehension of extra work to be done by themselves. Naturally they would be unwilling to lay much stress on an objection of that kind. Such apprehension, however, if not prominent in their replies, may have been strongly felt in their minds. Less reticence on this point is used by managers and other persons interested in schools. A member of the Hastings School Board, 'a strong supporter of school banks,' referring to 'the teachers' cry of want of time,' says: 'Our teachers are so sorely pressed by the "result" system that they put all their working power into subjects that will pay' (p. 214). The bishop of Shrewsbury says: 'In the case of many of our poorer schools, barely manned, and hard driven to hold their ground against their rivals, the pressure upon our teachers is already far too great, and the bank with all its excellence becomes in such cases "the last straw"' (p. 214). Mr. Banner Newton, of Liverpool, who has done as much as any one in England to promote school banks, says that 'the extra work of the bank out of school hours presses very heavily on some of the teachers' (*ante*, xc. p. 554).

The remedy suggested by Miss Lambert and others is that

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'under existing circumstances it is necessary for the speedy and complete success of school banks in England that the weekly exercise should be recognised in the code (1) as part of the ordinary school work, to give time for it; (2) in the grants, to give encouragement to it' (cxxvi. 213–14). This of course is much to be desired.

Meanwhile, pending such recognition, it may not be out of place to point out a way by which even 'under existing circumstances' the teacher's labour in working a school bank may be so far reduced as to be in no sense a burden. Eleven years ago, when I was chairman of the School Board at Brampton, a market town in Cumberland, the board resolved to establish a school bank, and took counsel, as to the best way of working it, with the head teacher of the boys' department, Mr. W. Hugill, a man of considerable administrative ability. They told him they desired the bank to be as little burdensome as possible to the teachers, whose share in the work was to be confined to collecting the deposits. Accordingly he devised a plan which has ever since been worked with great success, the details of which are explained in the following extract from a paper subsequently read by him to the Cumberland Teachers' Association.

The master or mistress will cause to be served on each class-teacher, or trustworthy scholar if no teacher: (*a*) a lead pencil; (*b*) a half-sheet of paper with the number of the class and the date written thereon; (*c*) a small box or saucer; (*d*) a piece of cardboard the size of the bank books with an elastic band. This will not be necessary if strongly bound books are used. At the time for recess,[1] by order or signal, the master causes all those who have money to deposit to sit down, while those who have not march out. Each depositor then rises in turn, and with bank-book open ready in one hand and money in the other approaches the teacher, who simply with pencil marks the amount of money in the proper column, places the money in the saucer and retains the book, while the scholar passes on to the yard and makes way for another. If there be a new depositor, of course he has no book; the teacher takes his money and records his name, residence, and amount of deposit on his paper. In this way all the children, after the first or second week, will be out in three minutes or less. Therefore this system cannot be said to deprive the children of their play. When the last child is gone, the teacher arranges his books according to number, and fixes them to the cardboard with the band, adds up the amounts he has entered, including the new money on the paper. He also counts the cash to see if it corresponds with the books, and, finding all correct, carries books and money to the master, who also adds up and counts the money and thus checks the teacher. The master enters the total of each class on a separate sheet and retains the books and money. The total on his paper will correspond to the total cash. In large schools an assistant can share the work of the master by checking the takings of a section. This work of the master may be done in four or five minutes, according to the size of the school. Up to this point everything should be done by the regular school staff, and here the teachers' work and responsibility should end.

The books, papers, and cash are then sent to the trustee, treasurer, or whoever else undertakes the further work. This consists of taking each book separately,

[1] The 'recess' is the quarter of an hour, generally from 10.45 to 11.0, during which the children go out to play.

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and with ink entering the date, inking over the money already entered in pencil, and affixing his or her initials, and also entering the account in the ledger cash book. Two persons will do this more expeditiously, one to fill up the books and read out to the other, who finds the proper line by number and name, and enters the sum at once. When all the transactions have been thus entered the cash book must be added up, and the money counted to see if it corresponds. In case of fresh deposits a new book is prepared for the depositor, and returned with the others belonging to the same class. The books, arranged in classes as before, are returned to the teacher, who gives them out in the afternoon or next morning, and the money is taken to the post-office on the first opportunity. This work is done at Brampton by the chairman of the Board assisted at times by another of the members.

The population of Brampton is 3,000. The average attendance in the three departments of the school is 389. The deposits since the opening of the bank have amounted to 1,258*l.* With statistics, however, this paper is not concerned. Nor is there any need for me to dwell on the benefit resulting from the bank to the school or the parish. Such benefit is the same in all schools and parishes, and has been well explained by Miss Lambert. I am only concerned to show how the obstacles to the spread of the system arising from the labour entailed upon the teachers may be overcome. I left Brampton in 1884. But the bank is still carried on in the same way as in my time. The chairman, or some other member of the Board, goes on the collecting day to the board-room, which is close to the school. The deposits of each department of the school are brought to him, and he goes through the process above described. It occupies him about an hour. At all events that was about the average time I took to do the work.

Now surely there is not, or there ought not to be, a single school in London the managers of which could not carry out this mode of working a school bank. When one hears or reads of the attention now paid in London to social subjects, of 'well-worked' parishes, of bands of district visitors, of Charity Organisation committees, of zealous men going down to live at the East End, &c., it seems simply ridiculous to suppose that in any district some men or women cannot devote an hour a week to a work which, requiring no other qualifications but a businesslike habit of mind and ability to keep accounts, is yet deemed to be of such importance as to justify a demand for its recognition in the Code.

H. WHITEHEAD.

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A GERMAN VIEW OF MR. GLADSTONE.

As long as I can remember, it has been the fashion on the Continent to shower abuse on England for misgovernment of Ireland. Some used to throw the whole blame on the unsympathetic, the harsh and imperious character of Englishmen; others tried to attribute the unsatisfactory condition of Ireland to the unfitness of nations with parliamentary institutions to govern other countries. Violent haters of England kept on upbraiding her, as Mr. Gladstone does, for severity practised in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—a period, forsooth, when humanitarian views were reigning supreme in the rest of Europe, when massacre and plunder and wars of religion were unknown in Germany! People found little to say concerning the measures passed since 1829, and they did not give England due credit for the Reform Bill of 1868, the Irish Church Disestablishment of 1869, the Land Bills of 1870, 1881, and 1885. They refused to recognise that the Irish themselves are principally to blame for having derived so little advantage from the generous legislation of the last twenty years, and they were too partial to acknowledge that unlimited private property in land and similar institutions, which are at the bottom of Irish discontent, were introduced and kept up by Englishmen without the slightest notion that anybody could get on without them, and to a great extent with a firm conviction that they were conferring a signal benefit on the conquered race, which regarded land as tribal property.

That the behaviour of England to Ireland was, as a rule, not commented upon with complete fairness, is easy to explain. In the first place, nations are as subject to envy as individuals, and not likely to overlook a fault in their rival. Jingoism and Spreadeagleism everywhere need nourishment; hatred and contempt keep them alive; like the village or town gossip, they relish no food more than the iniquities and shortcomings of others; it makes them feel superior.

In the second place, journalists who, from motives of prudence, refrain from sharp criticism on home affairs, have always been in the habit of venting their indignation, ill-humour, and sarcasm on foreign nations and governments. And it is, unfortunately, not in Moscow alone that such writers flourish. It is a pleasant thing to stand up

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for the cause of humanity, to display love of justice and an abundance of fine feeling and sentiment. In countries where the blood, liberty, and money of the subject are held rather cheap, and where a hasty word can lead to imprisonment for a twelvemonth, newspapers and their readers enjoy drawing attention to coercion and misgovernment abroad and overlooking it at home.

In the third place, rackrenting is unknown in Germany, and land no more fetches an inordinate price. The lower classes have for the last fifty years been wise enough, in spite of their governments, their ruling classes, and their pseudo-economists, to escape by migration, and especially by emigration, the fatal consequences of over-population. Had prejudice against emigration been joined to wholesale contempt of the great truth preached by Malthus and J. Stuart Mill,[1] competition would have allowed German proprietors to rackrent tenants and crofters; and had these crofters been told by men of education that they had a right to claim acres enough to live and thrive upon, independently of other work, we should now, in some parts of the country, no doubt be facing a dangerous agrarian movement.

Fourthly, absenteeism is strongly disapproved of in Germany, and so rare, that I might say it does not exist. All proprietors farm their own estates, unless they own more than one; and then they rarely let them, but generally farm them by agents well versed in agriculture, and acting in every respect as personal representatives of the owner.

How is it, then, that notwithstanding all these considerations public opinion in Germany has perhaps been even quicker and less hesitating than in Great Britain to range itself on the side of the Liberal Unionists *versus* the Home Rulers?

Already in 1884 and 1885, when the Representation of the People and Redistribution of Seats Bills were under discussion, we felt astonished at the alacrity with which parties proceeded to democratise the Irish electorate and were ready to allow an unruly province more representatives than it was strictly entitled to, in an assembly far too numerous for all practical purposes without them. The occasion seemed so propitious a one for limiting their number. Some of us were thoroughly aware of the danger of bringing in a new Reform Bill before sedition had been vanquished. And when the Conservatives did not shrink from bidding for the Parnellite vote, we feared that England had ceased to be the land of hereditary wisdom, as our fathers used to call it, and we predicted serious dangers for the

[1] I am aware that statistics have proved how, for a time, under particular circumstances, the production of food on the globe can increase at even a quicker rate than population. But of what avail is this if the purchasing power of the average member of a community does not keep pace with the increase of his family? If we bear this fact in mind, we shall not venture to speak otherwise than with respect of the doctrine of Malthus and Mill. May the voice of their successors be listened to before a catastrophe takes place.

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British Empire. Soon after Mr. Gladstone had brought in his Home Rule Bills, the majority of the Conservative and National Liberal press, and even the most noteworthy of independent Radical papers, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, recognised that the adoption of Mr. Gladstone's two bills could hardly fail to lead to either separation or anarchy, and in both cases probably to a reconquest of Ireland. If some organs of public opinion were slower than others to take this line, the following three reasons may partly account for it:—

1. It was not in the interest of some editors and contributors to the periodical press to make their readers too suddenly aware of the reticence that had been practised with regard to the Irish question. It would not do to say too much at once about the generous intentions of the three Land Bills or about the glaring ingratitude with which the Irish Nationalists had received those gifts. Time was needed to veil the gradual change of language.

2. Some again were seized by enthusiasm at the sight of a venerable statesman glowing for justice and humanity, unmerciful for oppression, and sacrificing to cosmopolitan sentiment all national feelings and prejudices. They felt in honour bound to make common cause with British Liberalism, and to protect it against attacks proceeding from quarters where little or no sympathy was known to exist for representative government and predominance of parliaments. They took for granted that such a popular man as Mr. Gladstone must have the touch of the new British electorate, that English democracy was determined not to permit coercion, and that it would insist on Ireland for the Irish. They considered the Tories incapable of letting landlordism fall and putting an end to its abuses. They looked upon the elimination of the Irish members from the parliament at Westminster, and the establishment of peasant ownership by the Land Purchase Bill, as a good set-off to the creation of an independent Irish legislature. This was e.g. more or less the position taken up and ably defended by the chief Liberal weekly paper, the Berlin *Nation*.

3. Another, and, I am happy to say, a still smaller section of the German press, full of envy of British prosperity, and of antipathy to, or jealousy of, English liberty, thought that it was not Germany's business to inquire what consequences Irish Home Rule might entail on our great commercial and industrial competitor, and that Germans had no reason to deplore the self-sought ruin of the British Empire, were it to take place.

Among the causes which are rapidly diminishing the ranks of anti-Unionists in my country, two are clearly preponderant, viz. the analogy of the position of both Great Powers in respect of sedition at home, and the identity of the danger that threatens them from abroad.

In the first place, Germans have been reflecting what they would

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do if boycotting were practised in Elsass, if a national league were started in Posen or a land league in Northern Schleswig, if dynamiters subventioned by Parisian fanatics were to appear in Metz, or if the various Reichstag members of non-German extraction were to imitate the example set by Messrs. Tanner, Sexton, Dillon, Redmond, or Healy. On addressing this question to my friends here, their first remark was: 'But such things are simply impossible. Our police would stifle such combinations and conspiracies in their infancy. Our law knows no mercy for those who assail the fundamental institutions of the country, who question Imperial supremacy, who attempt to create ill-will, hatred, or contempt between different classes of the community, or who oppose the slightest resistance to the authorities. If any Lothringer ventured to pour boiling porridge on a German policeman, the punishment would not be delayed for months, and would be amply sufficient to deter others from repeating the same offence. Persons offering medals and rewards to the offenders would be shunned by respectable people, and would find themselves lodged in gaol on the morrow. Hardly better would a member of Parliament fare, were he to rouse the passions of tenants against landlords by inflammatory harangues. German magistrates are not wanting in power to institute thoroughgoing inquiries concerning acts of intimidation and terrorism without awaiting the complaints of the injured. They can make witnesses depose and they can incarcerate recalcitrant witnesses. Were moonlighting or cattle-maiming started on a large scale, we should begin by clearing the district of suspicious characters. If this did not put a stop to such atrocious contempt of the law, we should either proclaim a state of siege or perhaps increase the constabulary or military force at the expense of the parishes or counties concerned. No paper like the *Irish World* could be circulated on German territory, and if persons of the stamp of Mr. Davitt or Dillon or Conybeare were to use law-defying and seditious language, the anti-Socialist laws would secure their being expelled from every place they might visit. Were a whole province undermined by combinations against property or by societies with treasonable intentions, and did its representatives dare to carry disorder into the Reichstag, nothing would be easier than to carry a bill excluding these members, for a given period, or until such time when the Bundesrat and Reichstag might jointly judge it fit to readmit them. A plan of campaign in a German province, instigated by a French committee of pronounced anti-German tendency, would be treated as an attempt at anarchy and rebellion; and supposing the authorities did not succeed in stifling its first beginnings, summary proceedings or, as a last resort, martial law would be soon enough applied.'

I do not think anybody will deny that such would be the action of the German authorities, and that this action would meet with the

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unanimous approval of the upper and middle and—a section of the Socialist party alone excluded—of the lower classes. No doubt a certain portion of the Liberal party objects to the curtailment of personal liberty, of freedom of the press and of association, imposed by our laws against Socialists. No doubt a decided majority of the nation hopes soon to see a new era arise, when individual liberty will be less hampered than it is at present by police regulations, by criminal laws and procedure, and by the administrative action of government in general. But I firmly maintain, that did we ever feel the safety and integrity of the German Empire threatened on our frontiers by a French or Polish Home Rule party, there is not a man in Germany—the extreme Socialists excepted—who would not unhesitatingly be in favour of coercion. By this word I do not mean the mere upholding of the law, which Home Rulers call by that name for the purpose of misleading the English tenant and labourer, but I speak of real repression, of stamping out sedition with all the rigour that circumstances may render necessary. And the main reason—as I shall try to point out later on—why Germans feel in this way is that they are more imbued than most other peoples with what we call *der Staatsgedanke*, viz. a sentiment of the importance of preserving the State as the focus of national existence, and of sacrificing a certain amount of individual advantages for the sake of helping the State across an exceptionally critical period.

Twenty years of resolute government, coupled with a just and benevolent administration, with correction of agrarian abuses, and with encouragement of industry, commerce, and agriculture, is a receipt that has answered admirably in Germany. We found it very hard to understand the Liberal outcry against Lord Salisbury's excellent suggestion, or the dismay produced in the Conservative camp by their leader's honest but unwary language. In those parts of Rhineland and Saxony which were joined to Prussia in 1815, disaffection was general at the time. In 1848 no trace of it remained visible in Protestant Saxony. On the banks of the Rhine the Ultramontanes managed to keep enough disaffection alive to produce in 1848 a momentary cry for union with Belgium. But between 1866 and 1870 the last vestiges of antipathy vanished. Schleswig-Holstein in 1864 and Hanover in 1866 both contained a considerable anti-Prussian party; to-day this party is represented by a few old people without influence and rapidly dying off. At this moment the inhabitants of Bavaria and Württemberg are still rather proud of their own kings and parliaments, and rejoice in having not only their own army corps, helmets, and post-stamps, but even their own excise and tariff on beer and brandy. But unless their tribal pertinacity prove a good deal stronger than that of the Thuringians and Hessians, or of the inhabitants of Nassau or Baden, we shall not have to wait twenty years more before witnessing even in Munich and Stuttgart

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the complete victory of imperial over provincial patriotism. A day is sure to come when the Southern Germans will be proud to have everything in common with the rest of Germany.

I am fully aware that people will be astonished at my venturing to draw a comparison between the gradual coalescence of Teutonic tribes and the amalgamation of Celts with the British nation. But I consider the latter a very natural process, the more difficult part of which has been accomplished by the adoption of the English language, and the final completion of which our grandchildren are sure to witness, unless Home Rule stops the process by reinstating the Gaelic tongue and by reintroducing Gaelic land tenure, Gaelic agriculture, Gaelic discord, and Gaelic poverty. I do indeed hold myself fully justified in drawing such a comparison and in recommending the same cure. Feuds in the family, dissensions among closely related communities, are noted to be quite as violent and as inveterate as between different races. Tribal strife and rivalry have often produced more cruelty and vindictiveness than the conquest of a country by a foreign race. Suabian provincialism is as doggedly tenacious as Celtic national feeling, Suabian pride is on a par with Irish vanity, and yet Suabians are visibly imbibing a patriotic devotion for the German Empire. And does not the joint invasion of the Roman Empire by Cimbri and Teutones point to very early and intimate coalitions between Celtic and Germanic tribes? Does not history furnish many examples of a successful fusion of the Germanic element with Romanic, Slavonic, and Celtic populations? Is not the conjectured prehistoric mixture between Turanic aborigines of Europe and Aryan invaders turning out more and more probable? Do not most Germanic and Scandinavian States owe their origin in the first place to the sword? Though all civilised nations are compounded of different races, how few, if any, are the result of a purely voluntary union! As in the history of Rome, so in the history of modern states, the part played by persuasion is insignificant compared to that played by compulsion. France, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain have been mainly built up by the sword. And yet can any man of average intelligence believe that the breaking up of these states, formed by the ingenuity of thousands of great and good men, and representing an immense outlay of labour and strength, can be useful for the cause of progress? Can civilisation be advanced by casting it off its historical bases, by breaking its pillars into pieces, by dissolving into smaller units the chief disseminators of culture?

I have dwelt long on the twenty years of resolute government, because the efficacy of this remedy has been tested over and over again in Germany with wellnigh invariable success. And indeed at this very moment we are all looking upon that recipe as the best means for resuscitating in Elsass the German patriotism which was

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paramount there up to the French revolution, which was destroyed during three generations of good and 'resolute' French government, and which the 'love and sympathy' policy of Fieldmarshal Manteuffel —though practised for nearly fifteen years—has entirely failed to bring again into life. Baron Manteuffel tried to 'win the heart' of Elsass-Lothringen by flattering the vanity of the population, by showing the greatest indulgence to their whims and peculiarities, by encouraging Home Rule in a modest way, by favouring the non-German and non-Protestant element. In fact he did all that Mr. Gladstone has done or would do in Ireland, with the exception of his outcry against the landlords, his abuse of past and present English governments, and his proposal of an Executive subject to the Legislature. Perhaps that was the reason why Baron Manteuffel failed so entirely. Had he held up Germany to execration and allowed the provincial assembly to name his Secretaries of State, he might, perhaps, have succeeded.

I said above, that what I consider the common-sense view of Irish Home Rule policy, the view so honestly and courageously propounded and defended by Lord Hartington, by Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, by Mr. Goschen and Lord Salisbury, by Messrs. Dicey, Goldwin Smith, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Tyndall, and so many others, owes its progress in Germany chiefly to two causes: (1) the analogy of Germany's position in Posen and Lothringen to England's position in Ireland, and (2) the increase of sympathy for England naturally resulting from an insight into the incorrigibility of Russian and French policy, and into the identity of England's and Germany's position with regard to the two principal disturbers of European peace.

For the last two years the German public's childlike faith in the eternal duration of our alliance with Russia has been on the wane. The feeling is spreading fast, that Russian overbearance and lust of conquest, and French restlessness and wounded pride, are secretly joining hands to throw themselves first upon Germany and then upon England, or first upon England and then upon Germany, as it may suit them best. We are opening our eyes to the fact, evident thirty-three years ago to men whom I could easily name, that both English and Germans would be fools were they to allow their common enemies to get hold of them separately. As soon as Germans began to speculate upon the probability of England, Turkey, Roumania, and Bulgaria joining, in a moment of supreme danger, the Austro-German-Italian defensive league, they were not slow to perceive that the English alliance must lose half its value if Ireland were to be governed first by Parnellites and then by Invincibles, sympathising with France, with Russia, and with anarchists all over the world.

They further perceived that the same spirit of petty economy and selfish narrow-mindedness, mixed up with utopian humani-

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tarianism, which some time ago rendered the idea of giving up India and the colonies popular in Great Britain, was again abroad, and hard at work upon the Irish question. Looking only to comfort at home—hoping to get rid of the necessity of increasing the military and naval establishments, of fortifying the dockyards, arsenals, harbours, coaling stations, and the Indian frontier to boot—fearful of greater claims being made on the citizen's duty of defending his country, English radicalism seemed on the point of abandoning Cromwellian traditions, of losing the energy which builds up and sustains empires. If English democracy, now supreme, could not muster courage enough for upholding the law and putting down the League, was it likely it would ever brace its nerves to a life-and-death struggle with Russia or France, or both together? If democratic England—so argues an average German mind—shrinks from using force in Ireland, it will certainly not fight for empire as aristocratic England has done. And if it will not fight, and prepare in time for the approaching danger, its alliance is of no value whatever. If therefore—such a person might continue to argue—England retreats before Mr. Parnell, would it not be prudent for us Germans to try and ward off a war with Russia and France by joining a coalition against England? If the English fibre of the present day can be unstrung by the word Coercion, if monarchy is so weak in England that it can be forced to hand over to rebels one-third of the population of Ireland—and the best third too—then, rely on it, the cry of Home Rule for India will resound as soon as Mr. Parnell is installed in Dublin. Then the colonies, who have only just begun to acknowledge the fairness of their contributing a mite for their own and their mother country's defence, will withdraw their aid; and the idea of Imperial Federation, one of the grandest and most promising ideas of this century—*ein zukunftsschwangerer Gedanke*—will vanish before it could even attain a distinct shape. The supply of British energy seems indeed failing at the very moment when the demand for it is greatest.

I have supposed a Macchiavellian pupil to argue thus cynically, in order to point out to an Australian contributor to this Review a fact which he has entirely overlooked. If England abandons Egypt and Asia Minor, Bulgaria and Constantinople, to their fate; if she turns her back upon Austria, Italy, and Germany, and leaves Europe to take care of itself, she will force her natural friends and allies to save themselves by sacrificing her; and it will be a long time before Australia is strong enough to protect the United Kingdom and India from a Franco-Russian invasion.

I have taken pains to give a notion of the way in which the average educated German cannot help viewing Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. His first feeling is: That system would never answer in Lothringen, nor in Elsass, nor in Posen. Indeed, it would

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not answer in Berlin; for the leader of our House of Commons, were he a Bismarck and a Gladstone combined, would not be able to rule the German Empire. He would in fact be less able to do so than the Emperor Alexander III. is to rule the Russian Empire. The Czar's time is not so taken up by debating and by listening to debates, by addressing constituents and public meetings, and by answering letters, as the time of the leader of the British, or Irish, or German House of Commons is or would eventually be.

His second feeling is: If sentiment gets the better of English judgment; if the masses refuse to be led as hitherto by the classes, if they begin to follow men who take their cue from the masses themselves, then we cannot any more rely on substantial British help for the conservation or re-establishment of the peace of Europe. We must give up the hope of standing back to back with England in the tremendous struggle against Panslavism and French Chauvinism, unless the Unionist cause is triumphant. If Home Rulers are victorious, we may have to paddle our own canoe, and perhaps to see the British canoe perish in the rapids. So much the worse for the cause of enlightenment and civilisation, for liberty and Protestantism! But it will be no man's fault unless it be perhaps Mr. Gladstone's.

His third feeling is: Our peasants have been grateful to the Hohenzollern dynasty, which converted their farms into freeholds and put an end to their oppression by a feudal nobility. In like manner a diminution of taxation would at any time secure to the government of the day the grateful support of the classes principally benefited. But if I cast my eyes across the frontier and look at the effects of Home Rule on Czechs, Croats, Slovenes, Dalmatians, Istrians, and South-Tyrolese, I fail absolutely to notice any gratitude for the self-government accorded to them by their German rulers. All these more or less unpromising nationalities are using their independence mainly for the purpose of uprooting German schools and colleges, driving away German artisans and merchants, emptying Protestant churches, and supplanting German literature and learning by what are at best bad copies from the original. And if we inquire what are the effects of Home Rule in Hungary and in Gallicia, we find the same anti-German tendencies at work, and in addition a tyrannical treatment of Roumanians, Ruthenes, and other nationalities prevailing. I conclude therefore, logically, that a Dublin parliament for Leinster, Munster, and Connaught would manifest as much aversion for England, Englishmen, and friends of England as the Czechs at Prague manifest for the German Empire and the German inhabitants of Bohemia; whereas an independent Irish government ruling over Ulster would try to extirpate English sympathies and Protestantism there with as much zeal and as much disregard of ancient laws and customs as e.g. the Magyars testify by their conduct to the Germans

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and Roumanians of Transylvania or to the Croats of Fiume. Barring one difference, however! The Magyars and Poles know how to moderate their fanaticism, because the Russian bear is close to them, and they cannot resist his embrace without the assistance of the Germans of Austria and of the German Empire. No similar check will curb the desire of the Irish Nationalists to revenge themselves on every individual Englishman for the contempt into which their recent conduct in parliament and their alliance with conspirators of the most odious kind has brought them.

Home Rulers may object that the average German, whose views I have just been describing, has perhaps never seen an Irishman in his life, and has no idea what a jovial, amiable, and good-natured fellow he can be. I answer, that just as much is known of him here as of the Czech and Magyar, viz. all the patent facts which books of history and newspapers reveal. Indeed, a great deal more than that. For is he not first cousin to the Parisian communard, the Celt, whom Belgians, Romans, Goths, Normans, and Franks have for centuries done their best to improve by infusion of more sober blood, but in vain? The Celt in France has produced the wittiest and most amusing of societies, many clever orators and men of letters, and even a few distinguished thinkers and men of learning. The Gael may be as safe a man to rely upon, as strong in self-control, as the Gaul; so much I am perhaps ready to grant, if that will satisfy Home Rulers. But methinks dynasties, policies, and ministries are of no long duration on the banks of the Seine, and revolts and revolutions of common occurrence. And yet the Church of Rome has there cast her whole immense authority into the balance of order, and not into that of disorder.

The most celebrated German of the present day has—if report be true—exclaimed: 'Had I brought so much calamity on my country as Mr. Gladstone on his, I should long ago have committed suicide' (*So hätte ich mir längst eine Kugel durch den Kopf gejagt*).

Professor Geffcken sums up his views on the subject thus, in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of September 1886:—

> In emigration on a large scale the solution of the Irish question will be found, the real kernel of which is contained in the fact that a people endowed with little talent for making the best use of the small resources offered by nature, have for a long time been vainly striving to keep a greater number of mouths fed than the second-rate soil can nourish.

If the Irish question is at the bottom an economical question, it is evidently a vain attempt to solve it by Home Rule. The more English experience and instinct assist the Irish in coping with the land problem, the better their chance of improving their condition. Of course the improvement will not be lasting. Unthriftiness, early marriages, and want of credit will soon cause the future Irish peasant proprietors to offer land for sale; and rapid increase of the labouring

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population will produce a new clamour for land, and perhaps a second land league and further confiscation of rights of property. If, laying aside theological notions, I try to understand modern science aright, I come to the conclusion that original sin is the sum of evil qualities which men derive from their ancestors. And if I try to read the lessons of history aright, I do indeed feel disposed to attribute to the Celt a double or treble dose of this original sin in comparison to the Anglo-Saxon. When Mr. Gladstone ridiculed a similar idea, he must have forgotten that men of the present day are not all in the trammels of dogmatic formulas, and that science absolutely rejects the notion of children coming into the world with equal doses of bad or good qualities. What magnificent chances the Celt has had, for instance, in France, with her soil and climate, and how far is he even there from having attained stable government and having learnt voluntary submission to the law. On this point again Lord Salisbury stated nothing but a self-evident truth in maintaining that few races show any real fitness for self-government. In the whole British army and navy, in the Indian, colonial, and diplomatic service, few men will be found who are not profoundly convinced of this fact. Now, how does it come that constituencies turn a deaf ear to all similar people, who know the world, and prefer to accept notions taken from books and preached from pulpits and platforms? I can well remember the taunts which used to meet my ears when I spent my schoolboy holidays in England between 1848 and 1851. 'You Germans are all poets, dreamy professors, or enthusiastic students,' that was the burden of the song. Well, I fancy the parts are inversed now, when, after reading a despatch of Prince Bismarck's, I pore over Mr. Gladstone's, Mr. Morley's, or Sir Wilfrid Lawson's speeches. Where is dreamy speculation, where is practical statesmanship now-a-days?

In our pursuit of liberty it will be useful to begin by recognising that there are four kinds: (1) liberty of the individual; (2) liberty and self-government of the commune or parish or union or district; (3) liberty and independence of the tribe, sect, territory, province, nationality; (4) liberty and expansion of the nations who have created modern civilisation, and who are the bearers of it. If either of the first three principles be carried to excess, all states must be dissolved, and what will then become of the *Kulturvölker* or *Kulturträger* as we call them? Some theorists consider the complete liberty of the individual the most desirable object. Then society itself ceases to exist. Russia, France, and Spain contain a number of politicians devoted to the second theory; they desire to establish the sovereignty of each commune. Whoever has so good an opinion of France and Spain as I still retain, must feel doubtful as to the wisdom of carrying through this dissolving principle there. Whoever, on the other hand, has so unfavourable an opinion as I have of the civilising power of

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the Russian Empire, may be allowed to think that the triumph of Nihilism would be no unmixed harm to the peoples of Russia, especially if it led, as it probably would, to the reconstitution of Poland, to the independence of Southern Russia (Small Russia), Finland, and the Baltic provinces. That such a consummation would be a blessing for Europe, I need hardly remark.

The third and fourth forms of liberty are—beyond a certain line—incompatible. The United States have had to absorb French and Russian and a large slice of Spanish America; they have had to put an end, by legislative violence, to the Mormon State, and they will, probably, some day incorporate British America. As to the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, these conglomerations must cease to exist, if any of the component parts acquire complete independence; especially so, if Home Rule be obtained by conspiracy, sedition, outrages, and rebellion, and by rousing in Welsh, Scotch, and Yorkshire hearts that survival from semibarbarous ages which we in Germany call particularism. Amalgamation of small nationalities into great centres of civilisation is the order of the day. Imperceptibly and with very slight friction it is incessantly going on in America, for the advantage of the Anglo-Saxon race. As soon, however, as the process of assimilation meets with any resistance, e.g. from Chinese or Mormons, individual liberty, equality, territorial rights are flung to the winds, and treaties and conventions are no longer respected. If Americans would acknowledge this, and clearly perceive the growth of Imperialism within their borders and its highly salutary effect on their political development, they would probably show less infatuation for Irish Home Rule.

With regard to Austria my proposition may be met by the objection that Hungarian Home Rule has not yet broken up the empire. But this is exclusively owing to the military and diplomatic power of the Crown and to the fear of Russia, which hangs over Hungary like Damocles' sword.

Napoleon the Third was in my opinion perfectly justified in considering *les grandes agglomérations* the characteristic tendency of modern times. Mr. Seeley has shown how, once called into existence, great nations cannot help expanding. To expand without crushing other nationalities (North American Indians &c. excepted) has hitherto been the good luck of the English and American nations. Germans, French, and Russians have not been equally favoured by fate. They must expand by conquest or assimilation of others. America will be in a similar position fifty years hence; Irish discontent obliges England to anticipate the coming era and at once to absorb the thorn in her side. If we look upon great nations as the bearers of civilisation, if we see Providence bent upon creating, maintaining, and expanding them, we must close our ears to the cry

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for Irish Home Rule. Only the fittest nationalities are destined to survive; the rest will be swallowed and disappear. Or can we think that laws of nature make an exception in favour of man—that there can be progress on the globe without destruction of the unfit?

Liberalism is unmistakably split up into four camps according to the importance attached by each school to one of the above-mentioned forms of liberty. Nothing can alter this, and nobody can foresee the end of this sad split. If ever either the extreme individualists, or the believers in communal self-sufficiency, or the adorers of provincial Home Rule get the better of the Imperialist party in a state, that state, methinks, will go to the wall. Five nations are at present marching in the van of civilisation: the English, German, American, Italian, and French. If any one falls off, new competitors are ready to step into the vacant place. Japan, Australia, Scandinavia, China are in the second row; and Spain, the Slavonic race, South Africa, South America, and possibly even India and North Africa, are in the distant background.

I should like to add some words on what is in my humble opinion the vital point with regard to British policy in Ireland—apart from the coming Land Purchase Bill. The Dublin executive must be more independent of Irish public bodies than the Queen's Government in London is of the two Houses of Parliament. Supposing Mr. Gladstone were to offer to place the Duke of Connaught or the Duke of Edinburgh on the Viceregal throne at Dublin. Supposing it were suggested that Prince George of Wales should go to Dublin as his uncle's designated successor. Supposing the Viceroy had an absolute veto on all bills and resolutions of an Irish legislature, *without even having to consult the Queen's Government on the subject*, I should not consider even Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule plan absolutely ruinous for Ireland and the Empire. But a far simpler method has been suggested by Professor Gneist in the *Deutsche Revue* of March and April 1887. After expressing his opinion that Ireland is unfit for English institutions,[2] because their satisfactory working requires more self-control than the Irish possess, the eminent historian of the British Constitution suggests something similar to one of those constitutions which Napoleon the First liked to elaborate: members of the legislative bodies mostly nominated by the Crown, and the counties administered by royal prefects with the assistance of consultative local boards.—Let Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught each elect from ten to twelve members, and let the Viceroy nominate an equal number for each province. Let the assembly be a deliberative one, having a consultative character, not a governing power; give it the regulations prevailing in

[2] Compare what M. Henri Taine says in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March 1 of the current year (p. 14), speaking of Corsica: 'L'institution des jurés a ôté tout moyen de punir les crimes.'

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German popular assemblies, and it may prove a very useful institution for giving utterance to respectable Irish opinion and a position to Irishmen with a turn for politics.

I know with what undisguised horror and contempt English and American Liberals will turn from Professor Gneist's and my proposals. They will call them benevolent absolutism—a return to patriarchal authority. But what did the American Republicans do when in 1803 they became possessors of a backward and disaffected territory, half French, half Spanish, and entirely Roman Catholic? Congress began by authorising the President of the United States to appoint all the requisite officials in the new territory, to instruct them as to their duties, and to support them with the military force. In 1804 the legislative power was placed in the hands of *a governor and a legislative body appointed by the President of the United States.* And has the result been unfavourable? Have not a whole set of free and flourishing Anglo-Saxon communities grown on that soil of Louisiana? With Home Rule after Mr. Parnell's heart the Franco-Spanish Catholics would probably have tried to refuse admission to Anglo-Saxon or Protestant settlers. To go further back still in American history, the Congress of the Confederate States ordained in 1787 that a territory might send one delegate to Congress, *but that he should not be entitled to vote.* American republicans are evidently too shrewd and practical to think that the clap-trap of platforms, 'Equality for all! No taxation without representation!' etc., will bear unlimited application. They reserve such theories for the benefit of their European friends, but they make no use of them at home, directly they feel that order, liberty, or nationality are threatened. In North America the work of the age, viz. the formation of great centres of civilisation, is, thanks to abundance of good soil, as yet proceeding on a peaceable line. All European races are quietly mingling to produce the American of the future. In Europe the entire soil is occupied by a number of different states and discordant nationalities, and the formation of life-giving focuses of real vitality can only progress by war and conquest, by domination of the stronger, and by the final absorption of the weaker. The east and the south-east of Europe, the west and south of Asia, will be the field either of Germanic, Romanic, and Greek, or of Slavonic expansion. On the frontiers and within the borders of Austria, Turkey, Persia, and India, the modern Huns are challenging Europe and threatening civilisation.

Edward the Third and Elizabeth, Cromwell and William the Third, forced Ireland to become one of the ingredients of a great nation. The population of Ireland will not be happier if this historical process is interrupted, and Europe and the world cannot afford to lose England for the sake of Mr. Parnell. If Ireland and India are to be cast loose, Wales and Scotland may begin to feel disposed to

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abandon England. History is stultified by political jumps in a retrograde direction. Men of the present age can really not be expected to view with the same eye Egyptian, Montenegrin, Afghan, Boer, Zulu, and Irish independence on one side, and the kneading and knitting together of Italian, German, or British unity of empire on the other. People are too cosmopolitan to-day, and too undogmatic, to rate all these things at the same value. Welsh and Scotch feeling has been happily merged into British national feeling. Introduce single ownership of land into Ireland, get rid of the Irish members, let the Dublin government be as independent as possible of interference from Westminster, hang all dynamiters and moonlighters, and wait patiently till the Irishman has become an Englishman. And if you find resolute personal government answering in Dublin, then inquire whether the Empire would not be better off if some slumbering prerogatives of the Crown were dragged into life again in London, or if the fashion were at least introduced of not expecting the Crown to change its Secretary for Foreign Affairs, its Secretary for War, and its First Lord of the Admiralty, unless an express petition of Parliament be presented to this effect. With Lord Salisbury or Lord Rosebery as a permanent inhabitant of Downing Street, with Lord Wolseley as permanent Minister of War, and with Mr. J. Chamberlain or Lord Randolph Churchill in permanence at the Admiralty, you would in course of time get your money's worth for the millions you spend towards upholding the Empire.

The head of the State need not wield much power in a country ruled by an aristocracy. But the chief of a democratic nation must be able to exert real influence. If President Cleveland were not in possession of more strength than either Queen Victoria or President Grévy, the United States would by this time be in a greater mess still than France or England. Parliamentary government as hitherto understood and practised in England does not agree with the prevalence of democracy and with universal suffrage.[3] Those who have

[3] In order to persuade your readers to take up Gneist's articles, I shall quote a few sentences from them. P. 319, he writes: 'Es bestehen keine Pflichtgenossenschaften mehr. Alle kommunalen Corrective zur Ermässigung der gesellschaftlichen Interessenkämpfe sind beseitigt. Die Parteiregierung ist nunmehr abhängig von unberechenbaren Combinationen gesellschaftlicher Interessen, von den Vorurteilen der neuen Wähler, von Agitation und taktischen Künsten, denen auch Disraeli und Gladstone ihre Stellung verdanken.' And elsewhere he says: 'Neue Gesetze waren jetzt nötig, da bei dem Uebergang in eine neue Ordnung der Gesellschaft sich die alten Kohärenzen lösen und durch neue ersetzt werden müssen. Diese Aufgabe hat das englische Parlament ebensowenig zu lösen vermocht wie die konstituirenden Versammlungen des Kontinents, weil aus dem Streit der gesellschaftlichen Klassen über ihren Anteil an Gemeinde und Staat solche Gesetze überhaupt nicht hervorgehen.... Verteilung der persönlichen und Vermögenslasten des Staats unter die gesellschaftlichen Klassen und Abstufung des Anteils am Staat, der politischen Rechte, hiernach, *kann nur eine Dictatur oder ein starkes Königtum.*' And again: 'Die grossen Klassenkämpfe des Kontinents infolge der Neugestaltung der heutigen Gesellschaft werden der britischen Nation leider nicht erspart bleiben.'

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introduced the latter are under the moral obligation of strengthening the Executive, whether it remains a monarchical one or whether it becomes a republican one.

It is neither a Tory nor a partisan of State socialism who takes the liberty of making these remarks. I am a Liberal; I consider the extension of local self-government in a liberal sense desirable. Were I an Englishman I should not oppose a reform of the House of Lords nor the disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales—perhaps also in England. I look upon property in general—not in land alone—as having duties to perform as well as rights to enjoy. I should be radical enough to welcome a measure putting an end to all speculation in land, and municipalising land in towns to such an extent as to render expropriation for purposes of public health and comfort more cheap and easy, and so as to secure healthy dwellings for all classes, playgrounds for children, baths for the poor, broader streets, handsome parks and places devoted to gymnastic exercises for the whole nation.

In preaching the necessity of a stronger government for England and of a still stronger government for Ireland, I am guided principally by two convictions: 1. That the future universal brotherhood of mankind is only accessible by fortifying the nations that have shown some capability of reconciling liberty with order, of promoting knowledge and tolerance, and of furthering humanity. I think these nations ought to be united in a common bond for the purpose of overthrowing or holding in awe barbarous kingdoms and empires, and resisting the anarchical tendencies of individuals and small nationalities. 2. That while no better political system has as yet been discovered than the one of popular representation and the reign of enlightened public opinion, yet at the same time *the incompetence of the old parties and of the prevailing system of government in England is discrediting the representative system all over the world.*

May a national party soon arise in England! And if troubled times, if dangers from within or without necessitate a popular dictator, let it be a man who could see O'Donovan Rossa or No. 1 hanged on a gibbet without shedding tears. Let it rather be a man who holds with the Bible that selfishness lies at the bottom of human nature, or with Larochefoucauld that envy, hatred, and self-indulgence are the ruling passions in man, than one who imagines that we have already attained the millennium, and that love will reign unchal-

Gneist expects the advent of a Radical era in England, then the resumption of power by the propertied classes, and lastly a reconstruction of those communitates or commons the inner coherence of which, and their coherence with the House of Commons, are the distinguishing features of the British Constitution, and since the disappearance of which (viz. the commons and their coherence) the Constitution does not work any more satisfactorily.

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lenged, if only the masses will make their voice better heard, and if the intelligent classes will keep their mouths shut.

Party allegiance has accomplished grand things in England during the last sixty years. It has done its duty. Let it go. Make a present of it to the Liberals in Germany, who are sadly in want of it at present. Be manful enough to cast it to the winds, now that it is playing havoc with the British Empire. Desert the tattered flags without a pang and rally round new standards. Do not question the nobility of character of your former leader, nor his wonderful gifts, but think of the words once addressed by Mirabeau to the Dutch: 'Malheur aux peuples reconnaissants! . . . Ils corrompent par une excessive confiance jusqu'au grand homme qu'ils eussent honoré par leur ingratitude!'

If Home Rule does not give the Irish full independence, it does not give the Nationalist party what they want; it will not satisfy them. If they want new land laws and remedy of abuses, they are far surer to obtain these objects with than without English assistance. But if they want to develop and confirm their specific Irish nationality and to uproot all British influence—which the teaching of history renders a very plausible supposition—then the interests of England and Ulster must outweigh those of the National League.

King Philipp is at the gates! Squabbles must cease, or Europe and India are in danger of becoming Russian!

THEODOR VON BUNSEN.

Heidelberg: August 1887.

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ELECTORAL FACTS OF 1887.

POLITICAL meteorology does not offer us a field for the loftiest or most arduous exercise of thought; but yet it has both its interest, and its justification. The country is, in principle, a self-governing country. This principle, indeed, though fully recognised, had until lately been only applied to practice in a manner extremely partial and fitful. Even now it is still struggling out of its swaddling clothes, and probably nothing better than a more or less effective approximation to an acknowledged law is in the nature of things attainable. Still, the mind of the constituency, for working purposes, if not

> The fountain light of all our day,
> A master light of all our seeing,[1]

is yet an indication powerful in its own sphere, and common sense will not dispense with the duty of watching its indications. They are the elements of a case with which we have to reckon; and, as the seaman watches for the signs of weather, it is for us, if we do not wholly exclude the future from our plans of thought and action, to note the omens afforded by the times.

Moreover, the constituency itself has undergone within twenty years the most important of all its historical modifications; and is itself, in respect of these changes, on its trial. Upon a superficial survey the first impressions are, at least in one capital point, unfavourable. A rapid view may suggest that we have become involved in the instability, which has often been the reproach of popular governments.

Said Dante to Florence—

> Fai tanto sottili
> Provvedimenti, che a mezzo Novembre
> Non giunge quel che tu d' Ottobre fili.[2]

After the accession of the House of Hanover, and again before the first Reform Act, Whigs and Tories respectively had each, speaking in the rough, a lease of power for half a century. But stability such as that, when judged by its results, no one wishes, or at least avows a wish, to recall. After the Act of 1832, it took nine years (1833–41) to produce a Conservative majority. Sixteen more years elapsed before

[1] *Ode on the Recollections of Childhood.* [2] *Purg.* vi. 142.

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the numerical superiority of professing Liberals was fully restored in 1857. We then passed through seventeen years, and in 1874 we saw the second Tory majority. These are long periods, and exhibit a slow, or at all events a leisurely, oscillation of the pendulum.

But now let us reckon from 1868, when household suffrage came into partial operation. The election of that year gave a Liberal majority exceeding 110. In 1874 this was sharply converted into a minority stated by me nine years ago in this Review at 48, but placed higher in other reckonings. Whatever its precise figure, it was summarily converted in 1880 into a minority nearly the same as that of 1868. On the dissolution of 1885, the last and greatest enlargement of the franchise took effect. The Irish Nationalists fought in close accord with the Tory party. The Liberals, who had had a majority of fully fifty over their combined forces in the preceding House of Commons, were reduced to an exact moiety of the House, now enlarged from 658 to 670. That election bore testimony to their solidity, and gave them a majority of 86 over the Tories. But when the Parliament was again dissolved in 1886 the 'smouldering scandal' of the schism on Home Rule 'broke and blazed.' While the entire nominal strength of the Liberal body was reduced to about 270, nearly seventy-five of these soon proved to be in fact, for present purposes, a portion of the Tory phalanx. The united forces of the Government were thus raised to 390. The House was composed of four minorities. Of these by far the largest was the Tory contingent, as it reached 315 or 316; while the Liberals in opposition sank to (say) 195; by a great deal the lowest point at which their strength had ever stood, and the lowest in truth to which either of the two great parties had ever declined since the Reform Act, with the single exception of the Parliament of 1832. In that Assembly, Sir Robert Peel found himself the leader of a band of adherents certainly not exceeding one hundred and fifty. He spoke of himself, or was understood to speak of himself, as thereby in a great degree deposed from the ordinary duties of opposition.

We have thus, in eighteen years, had five Parliaments returned, wholly or partially, by household suffrage; and every one of them has differed essentially in political complexion from its predecessor. We shall presently see whether there is reason to suppose that the sixth household suffrage Parliament, still in the womb of the future, will add to those already before us a fresh reversal of judgment on appeal.

The main reason, I conceive, against convicting the present constituency of instability, on such evidence as is now in our possession, is to be found in the great specialty of the case—namely, the enormous force of a great and singular disturbing cause. The Parliaments of 1830, 1831, 1832, and 1835 exhibit differences even more violent, and in a shorter space of time, than those of 1868–86. The Tories fell from about 350 to 140, and rose again to 270, in less than five

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years. But these variations gave no proof of instability. They were due to the extraordinary strain and spasm of Reform. A like strain has again been upon us; for, of the last five elections, three have been governed by Ireland. In the Liberal defeat of 1874, mainly due to dissatisfaction within the party, and in the adverse verdict of 1880 on the very specific issue of the policy pursued abroad, there was nothing abnormal. It remains yet to be seen, after the Irish settlement, whether the system of household suffrage is or is not chargeable with any want of due stability; though it seems probable that there will be some increase of liveliness in its movements, as compared with those of other times and methods.

Undoubtedly, so far as the evidence has yet gone, it tends (as I think) to show that there is at present in progress a movement even stronger than any we have yet seen. In the three first years of the Beaconsfield Administration, Ministers lost nine seats and gained seven. In the three first years of the Administration of 1868–74 nine seats were lost, and as many were gained. It was only after three full years had passed in this latter case, and after two in the preceding one, that any change in the public sentiment became discernible through the bye-elections. When once it had become discernible, it became also decisive. Individuals may recover even from serious sicknesses; it does not appear to be the way with Governments. In the years 1871–73 the Tories acquired 23 seats, against only one gained from them by an adherent of the Ministry. Again, in the *Nineteenth Century* for November 1878, when we were still in the middle period of the Beaconsfield Administration, I showed that, since January 1, 1876, the Liberals had already gained eleven seats against four losses, and that this rate would suffice to place the Government, on a dissolution, in a minority: a forecast which was much more than accomplished by the actual results in March–April 1880. It may, I think, be stated as a general rule of our history since the Reform Act that, after a general election, in which the constituency has passed a marked and decisive verdict upon the relative claims of the great political parties, it has not been possible to discover clear indications of a change in sentiment within a term of three, or at the least of two, years. Of course I do not mean to convey that such a change has always occurred within these limits.

There is certainly one exception to this rule in the period so distinguished for a succession of political reviews between 1830 and 1835. Still, we find that after the great catastrophe of December 1832 the Tory party gave no distinct signs of rallying in the thirteen months between the election and the outset of the year 1834. Within that period they gained two seats, but they lost as many. In the second year of the Parliament it was otherwise. They gained seven seats, without losing any. And in passing, I observe that the promise thus afforded was amply verified after another twelvemonth, in the

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general election of January 1835, when the Conservative party gained one hundred and twenty seats; and, shortly afterwards, receiving an accession from the Stanley section of the Liberals, became thereby a powerful minority of 300.

But we have now before us, as I shall proceed to show, a novel phenomenon. The period of inertia, or balanced force, is to be reckoned, as I shall show, not by years, but only by months: and ere the months had 'rolled' into a full dozen, the signs of reaction had become undeniable. The political *waffenstillstand* extended only to about six months.

The last general election was decided in the middle of July 1886. Before the close of the year there were six contests[3] at bye elections. They made no change in the balance of parties; and the polls afforded no evidence of any alteration in temper and intention since the great decision of the summer.

My second period shall be from January 26 to May 18, 1887. Within those dates there were six more cases of contested bye-elections. These were at Liverpool, St. George's Hanover Square, Burnley, the Ilkeston Division of Derbyshire, Taunton, and Mid-Cornwall. The Burnley seat, which had been held by the Dissentients, was gained by the Liberals, who upon an increased aggregate poll showed, in lieu of a minority of 43, a majority of 545. In Derbyshire, a Liberal majority of 828 was increased to 1,332, again with an increase in the aggregate poll. In Liverpool the Tories were known to have improved their position materially upon the new register by carrying into the Exchange Ward the spare strength which in some of these wards they could afford to dispense with. It was believed that this process would yield them an accession of 300 votes, while the Liberal majority had been only 170. The Liberals, however, held the seat, although only by a nominal majority of 7; and they drew highly favourable omens from this result, which they had hardly dared to expect. On the other side, the Tories gained no seat. In St. George's Hanover Square and Taunton, they showed an increase of their majorities as compared with 1885, but they had carried the seats without contest in 1886. In West Cornwall, where the Liberals had shown overwhelming strength as against the Tories in 1885, Mr. Borlase held the seat without opposition in 1886. In 1887 a Liberal was returned against a Dissentient Liberal by only 211; but this decline, though an indication of great numerical force among the local Dissentients supplied, from the want of recent data, no evidence of a change of opinion. It is to state the case made-

[3] Some may be inclined to refer to the uncontested elections which have taken place since July 1886. But, as these are commonly to fill vacancies made by choice, they usually exhibit the inclinations of selected and not average constituencies. This class of cases was fully discussed in my article of November 1878, and their comparative unimportance in the way of evidence was shown.

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rately if I say that, while two of these elections (Burnley and Ilkeston) already showed a marked change in favour of Home Rule, the other four supplied no appreciable, at least no corresponding, amount of countervailing evidence. Thus the second of the three periods into which I have divided the thirteen months of the present Parliament's existence, already began to note the first stage of a reaction; though it was one not sufficiently marked and decisive to dwell on, unless it had been followed by larger and more significant evidence.

In the third period we are met, within a short space of time (from the 1st of July to the 13th of August), by an unusual number of contested bye-elections. They have been no less than nine, and a tenth is impending over us to fill the vacancy in North Hunts. As that poll has been fixed for August 30, the result could not be included in this article, except by breach of the covenant of honour which requires that the new Number shall be in the hands of its readers on the first of the ensuing month. We must therefore be contented with the nine. With the exception of an election for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow, not one of these has been in Scotland, or in Wales, or in any of those northern counties which are the most favourable to the Irish cause. Two of the nine (Basingstoke and Hornsey) were carried by the Tories in 1886 without contest. We can only therefore compare their polls with the polls of 1885—an election, be it remembered, which gave to the Liberals, then undivided, a majority of 86 over the Tories. These two cases stand as follows.

In Hornsey, the Tories improved upon 1885 by changing a majority of 1,320 into one of 1,988. In this, and in all instances, I avoid all such explanations as are special to the particular case, inasmuch as they would lead me into too great length. But I may, consistently with this rule, observe that the election of 1885 was fought upon a new register, and that of 1887 upon an old one. In the case of Brixton it was found by an examination in July last that one-seventh of the registered voters had removed since the construction of the register, and that of these removals three-fourths were Liberal. The effect of such changes must be allowed for in the case of Hornsey, and in all town constituencies which include any large portion of the labouring class. But I waive this consideration. Turning to the case of Basingstoke, and without any allowance for the age of the register, we find a majority of 1,579 reduced to one of 732. This result shows an advance of 847 votes, which exceeds by 179 the Tory gain in Hornsey. As, therefore, taking the two as one, we stood no worse, and indeed by a trifle better than in 1885, it may be fairly said that we had fully retrieved the ground lost in the disastrous crisis of 1886. In other words, they show that the reaction was already at work.

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But we have now to deal with the largest, which is also the clearest, part of the evidence. There were seven contested elections, fought between the dates of the 1st of July and the 13th of August, for seats which were also fought in July 1886, and which, after the lapse of one full twelvemonth from the Liberal disaster at the general election, supply us (as far as they go) with the necessary data for an accurate measurement of the general position. They are tolerably diversified in character. Four (North Paddington, Coventry, Brixton, and Bridgeton, Glasgow) are town constituencies, and three are divisions of counties—the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, the Forest of Dean Division of Gloucestershire, and the Northwich Division of Cheshire. The rural element is rather scantily represented, as Spalding alone is thoroughly rural; but then two of the seven are in the Conservative stronghold of the Metropolis, and all except Bridgeton are in that portion of the island which is least Liberal in colour. It is also to be borne in mind that a portion of the seats were spontaneously laid open by Ministers, who must be taken to have regarded them as absolutely safe, if not against attack, yet against capture.

The following table exhibits the representation of the seven places before and since the bye-elections of 1887 :—

	1886	1887
Spalding	Conservative	Liberal
North Paddington	Conservative	Conservative
Coventry	Conservative	Liberal
Brixton	Conservative	Conservative
Forest of Dean	Liberal	Liberal
Bridgeton	Liberal	Liberal
Northwich	Dissentient	Liberal

Thus three seats have been gained, none lost, by the Liberals.

Next let it be observed that the recently decided elections have given a much fuller expression to the sum of the constituencies than those of 1886. I subjoin a list of the aggregate polls in the two years. It will be seen that the total number of voters increases by nearly nine per cent.

	1886	1887	
Spalding	8,834	9,473	+ 639
North Paddington	3,689	4,042	+ 353
Coventry	7,997	8,442	+ 445
Brixton	5,186	5,876	+ 690
Forest of Dean	6,237	7,022	+ 785
Bridgeton	7,931	7,907	− 24
Northwich	8,174	9,095	+ 921
Total	48,048	51,857	3,809 total increase

Nothing can more clearly exhibit the nature, and the defect, of the judgment pronounced in 1886. It was a judgment by default; and it indicated not the conviction, but the perplexity, of the country.

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For this perplexity, Ireland has paid in the Coercion Act. But she has not suffered alone. England has also been amerced in the loss of a year of legislative life, and in the most portentous, and most menacing, series of Parliamentary innovations known to the annals of the House of Commons.

I will now set out the actual polls of the seven elections in the two years respectively.

	1886		1887	
	C. or D.L.	L.	C. or D.L.	L.
Spalding . . .	4,561	4,273	4,363	5,110
North Paddington .	2,300	1,389	2,230	1,812
Coventry . . .	4,201	3,796	4,213	4,229
Brixton . . .	3,300	1,886	3,307	2,569
Forest of Dean .	2,415	3,822	2,736	4,286
Bridgeton . .	3,567	4,364	3,253	4,654
Northwich . .	4,416	3,758	3,983	5,112
Total . .	24,760	23,288	24,085	27,772

We have already seen (1) that there was a large increase upon the aggregate polls. We now see (2) that on the Tory (or Dissentient) polls there has been a decrease of 675 voters. (3) Upon the Liberal polls, on the contrary, there has been an increase of 4,484. (4) This aggregate increase is distributed, with fair approach to equality, over each of the seven cases. (5) The year's elections in all yield to the Liberal party a gain of four seats.

One particular, and that the most significant, has yet to be dealt with. We must show the proportional change in numbers on the two occasions; and then, having learned what percentage it forms of the total, we have to consider the effect which such a percentage of change would produce on the complexion of the Parliament, upon the assumption (supported, we have to remember, by the less pointed indications of earlier and other cases) that it is the accidental disclosure in these particular instances of a general change in the aggregate of the constituencies of Great Britain.

The proportional change will be represented in the clearest manner if I take the increment of Liberal strength as represented at the seven elections by the total increase in the Liberal votes, together with the decrease in the sum total mustered by their opponents. It is thus that we obtain the figure of 5,159. Now the total Liberal strength polled by the seven constituencies in 1886 was 23,288. An addition of 5,159 is more than one-fifth, indeed it slightly exceeds 22 per cent. Next we have to look at our aggregate poll of 1886, and thus to obtain our rule-of-three sum. We shall find what percentage of addition it requires in order to bring us to an equality with our adversaries of the moment, or, yet further, to establish the party in possession of some such majority as they at present enjoy.

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At the general election of 1886, the total number of votes polled in Great Britain was:

For Tories	1,041,613
For Dissentient Liberals	378,528
Together	1,420,141
Total polled for Liberals	1,344,963
Majority for Tories and Dissentients together over Liberals	75,178

But in round numbers, an addition of ten per cent. (=134,500) to 1,345,000 raises it to 1,479,000, or carries it by 58,000 beyond the number which returned the present majority. A further addition of 1½ per cent. brings 58,000 up to 78,000, and ought *cæteris paribus* to convert the original Tory and Dissentient majority (for Great Britain) of ninety-three into a minority of about the same depression. But if instead of 11½ per cent. we are to be encouraged by the seven elections to add 22 per cent., the original figure of 1,345,000 becomes 1,641,000, and the excess over the combined Tory and Dissentient votes grows to 220,000. In such a figure there would be the promise of a very heavy Liberal preponderance indeed.

It may be said, and said with truth, that these figures, if true as far as they go, do not fully state the case. The Tories and Dissentients had in Great Britain a large majority of uncontested seats. The seats taken without contest in 1886 were by Tories ninety, and by Dissentients twenty-three, together 113; by Liberals only forty-six. Clearly an allowance ought to be made on this account; but it is not so easy at first sight to say what allowance.

Probably the best method of coming near, at any rate, to the truth, is to go back to 1885 when the new distribution first took effect. Nearly all the seats were then contested. The Liberals had a majority of eighty-six, in the three kingdoms, over the Tories. If then we find that in the seven constituencies we nearly resumed the position of 1885, we may form some estimate of the general result.

I therefore present a table in which the votes recorded by the seven constituencies in 1885 between Liberals and Tories are compared with those recorded in 1887 between Liberals on the one side, and Tories, taken together with Dissentients, on the other.

	1885		1887	
	C.	L.	C. or D.L.	L.
Spalding	4,658	4,580	4,363	5,110
North Paddington	2,482	1,797	2,230	1,812
Coventry	4,565	4,327	4,213	4,220
Brixton	3,427	2,762	3,307	2,569
Forest of Dean	2,421	5,143	2,736	4,286
Glasgow	3,478	4,577[1]	3,253	4,654
Northwich	3,995	5,023	3,983	5,112
Total	25,026	28,209	24,085	27,772

[1] Made up of 3,599 polled for Mr. Russell (whose retirement from Parliament we have now to regret), and 978 polled for a Liberal competitor.

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It thus appears that so far as the constituencies are concerned we have fully maintained, on our old and partially exhausted register, the relative strength we polled on the fresh and full register of 1885. The small decline in the total numbers may be accounted for by the age of the register. The general result is this. The figures of 1887 in the recently contested constituencies give evidence of a state of electoral facts not less, but decidedly more, favourable than that of 1885; for our aggregate excess in these constituencies, which was in 1885 3,183, has now grown to 3,687.[5] But the balance of 1885 was one which gave the Liberals a majority over the Tories for the United Kingdom of eighty-six; for Great Britain, which excludes the Irish Tories from the reckoning, of a full hundred.

There remains, however, another method by which we may get to closer quarters with, and do a fuller, perhaps an extravagant justice to the argument derivable from the uncontested seats of 1886. Let us go back then to that election, leaving Ireland alone for the moment as before. Let us assume, what is most improbable, that the uncontested seats will stand at the next election as they did at the last; and let us credit the opposing party with the whole strength they derived from this source, severing entirely the contested from the uncontested cases.

The composite party opposed to Home Rule exceeded the Home Rulers in Great Britain (372 against 195) by 177.

As they had 115 uncontested seats, and the Liberals only 37, they obtained from this class of seats a majority of 78.

And the contested seats yielded them a further superiority of 99. These 99 seats were won by a balance of less than 76,000 votes, or less than six per cent. on the Liberal poll of 1,345,000. The seven recent elections, as we have seen, show an improvement in the Liberal strength, not of six, but of twenty-two per cent. A gain of less than six per cent. would presumably destroy the majority of 99 and reduce the two parties to par. A gain of seventeen per cent. (an abatement of five from twenty-two is thus made for the chapter of accidents) would give, on the same principle, a Liberal majority of 198 in Great Britain. This, by allowing the adversary credit for the whole balance of 78 uncontested seats, is reduced to 120. Again giving them the benefit of a most questionable assumption, that they will keep their seventeen Tory seats in Ireland, and making this further deduction from 120, they remain in a computed minority of 103.

[5] Shown thus:

Aggregate Tory poll, 1885	25,026
Aggregate Liberal poll, 1885	28,209
Liberal majority	3,183
Aggregate Tory or Dissentient poll, 1887	24,085
Aggregate Liberal poll, 1887	27,772
	3,687

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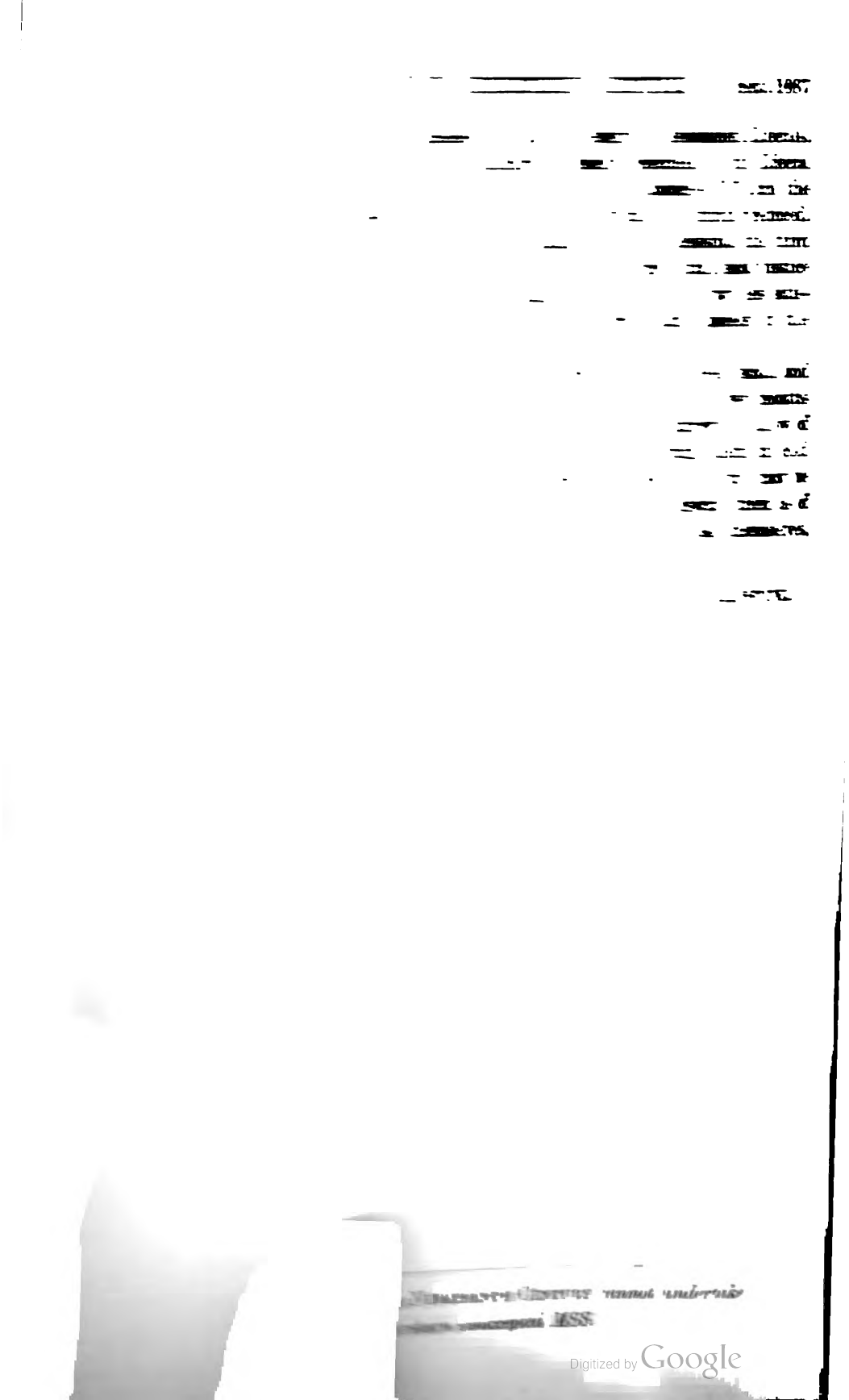

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXXVIII.—October 1887.

INGRAM'S HISTORY OF THE IRISH UNION.[1]

A LIVELY satisfaction, flavoured with curiosity, was the feeling excited in my mind by the announcement that a work purporting to be a history of the Irish Union had appeared; for, so far as I at least am aware, there was no work already existing of such a nature as to deserve that title. The case of the Irish Union, one of the most singular in history, lay before us as the beads of a necklace might lie after the threads had been sharply broken, all scattered one by one upon the floor. Moreover it is not too much to say that, with exceptions altogether insignificant, the party opposed, in the great Irish controversy of to-day, to the 'national aspirations' has declined to enter the historic field. Ingenuity, ability, and versatility have been strained to the utmost by its leaders in their speeches; but as regards the history either of Ireland generally or of the Union, those speeches have presented a dismal blank. Much effort, indeed, has been made, by the party of Home Rule in Ireland, to supply the British public with historical information. Much has been told in tracts and articles. Mr. Lefevre[2] has published an excellent work, and Mr. Childers, I believe, has in hand an examination of the case of the Fitzwilliam Government, which can hardly fail to be of great value. But, speaking generally, the work done has been popular, rather than systematic; and lecturers on Ireland must have experienced great difficulty in gathering any materials at

[1] *A History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland*, by J. Dunbar Ingram, LL.D. London: Macmillan, 1887. [2] *Peel and O'Connell.* London, 1887.

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once comprehensive and trustworthy to elucidate the conception and the progressive course of the vast and unique legislative operation, which has such vital bearings on the present claim of the Irish nation.

On the very threshold of the inquiry, I find myself obliged to affirm that the volume of Dr. Ingram is not a good history, or a bad history, of the Irish Union, but it is no history at all. It is written with talent. It contains some useful information. It pitches its own claims extremely high, and thereby enhances the responsibility of the writer, who 'determined to investigate the subject for himself,'[3] and who found, on 'examining closely and in detail the original and contemporaneous authorities,' that the charges against the Union rested only on the stories of Barrington, or on speeches of the Opposition, which, when challenged, they declined to substantiate. Once more, then, it may be asked—

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

The author of these magniloquent declarations has indeed discussed largely and ingeniously a few points of the question. But (1) of the greater and heavier charges he has offered us no investigation whatever. (2) In those items of the case, with which he principally deals, he has completely misapprehended the point and essence of the charges. (3) He has in certain instances betrayed so gross a want of acquaintance with the leading facts of Irish affairs, as to show that he has not acquired even a rudimental conception of the historic scope of his great subject. He has merely presented us with a piece of special pleading, so narrow and confined that, even if it were as near as it is far from the truth, it would utterly fail to carry us down to the root of the matter, or qualify us to give an opinion on the Union.

Of statements which must sound so harsh I am of course bound to the strictest proof. But, before proving my allegations, let me state the limits of the task I propose to myself. It is not to decide the merits of the Union, on which I shall not say a word; confining myself to the means by which it was brought about. It is not to supply a history of the Union, but to prove that Dr. Ingram, however good his intentions may have been, has not given us such a history. I have for some time past done my best to form some acquaintance with the past experiences of unhappy Ireland, and I now know just enough to be aware that my knowledge is most imperfect, and to have an inkling of the magnitude and complexity of the business. The Thucydides or Father Paul of the Irish Union has not yet mounted above the horizon. When he dawns, he will, as I surmise, require years, and probably volumes, for the full performance of his work. I will briefly refer to two special difficulties in his way—one of them, alas! absolutely irremovable.

[3] Preface, p. vi.

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The first is, that the records of the Irish Government, for some thirty years or more before the Union, are kept secret. It would be well if the present Administration would earn for itself the credit of annulling a rule which has down to this time, I believe, been officially[4] stereotyped in the Home Office. At least I can say that a gentleman known to me, and bent upon a serious work of authorship, has been refused access to these documents. The second difficulty is more serious, especially as it involves an aggravation of the first. There has been something approaching to systematic destruction by individuals concerned in the Union, or confidentially acquainted with its history, of the papers throwing light upon its progress. Let us look separately at the fact of this destruction, and at the inevitable inferences from it.

It was believed, and has been publicly alleged, that the Irish Government had ordered the destruction of many of their confidential and secret papers. But Mr. Ross confutes this statement, while he adds that through neglect many had been lost or inadvertently destroyed.[5] But it is purposed, not inadvertent, destruction to which I have now to direct attention. As respects the fact, I might refer to a writer in the *Athenæum*,[6] or to Mr. Fitzpatrick,[7] but I prefer to cite the authority of Mr. Ross, the accurate and indefatigable editor of the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, to whom, though his action was restrained in important particulars, we are deeply indebted for the disclosure of the astounding confessions of Lord Cornwallis. He refers in his preface[8] to the valuable sources of information freely opened to him; among them, the Spencer, Hardwicke, Sydney, and Melville papers, with many other collections. He proceeds:—

> But, upon investigation, it appeared that such documents as might have thrown additional light on the history of those times, *and especially of the Union*, had been purposely destroyed. For instance, after a search instituted at Welbeck by the kindness of the Duke of Portland, it was ascertained that the late Duke had burnt all his father's political papers from 1780 to his death. In like manner the Chancellor (Lord Clare), Mr. Wickham, Mr. King, Sir Herbert Taylor, Sir Edward Littlehales, Mr. Marsden, the Knight of Kerry,[9] *and indeed almost all the persons officially concerned in carrying the Union*, appear to have destroyed the whole of their papers.

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[4] Mr. C. Ross was allowed by the Viceroy, Lord St. Germans, to inspect these papers. They were brothers-in-law; and I am not aware that this was an official proceeding. *Cornwallis Correspondence*, preface, p. v.

[5] *Cornwallis Correspondence*, preface, p. v.

[6] No. 1634.

[7] *The Sham Squire and the Informers of* 1798, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, ed. 1866, pp. 196–8. This volume not only contains particulars of very great interest, but it exhibits the machinery of Irish government and life at the close of the last century *en œuvre*, and on this account throws on the general subject a light resembling that which the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini casts on the history of the *Cinque Cento*.

[8] P. vi.

[9] It is stated by Mr. Fitzpatrick that this is an error.

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It may seem that it was not necessary to destroy, on account of the Irish Union, the whole of the papers, for example, of the Duke of Portland. But those who know what it is to deal with the papers of deceased personages, often left in a state of chaos, will not be surprised if in one or more instances, for the sake of making sure and yet avoiding irksome search, papers which might have been spared were committed along with the rest *emendaturis ignibus*.

Did the necessary limits of this article permit, it would not be difficult to show that the British Government took an active part in the work of suppression. I will only cite one anecdote from the younger Grattan, as he gives it on the high authority of Mr. Foster. The Opposition had their speeches on the Union, with other documents, carefully prepared for publication, and entrusted them to one Moore, a Dublin publisher, though Mr. Foster warned them that he would betray them. Moore sold them accordingly to Lord Castlereagh, and they were burned in Dublin Castle.[10]

So much for the fact. The inference is nearly inevitable. It is that the history of the Union has been so exceptionally black, that it must be hidden from the eyes of men. But what estimate are we to form of the historical research of Dr. Ingram, who boasts of his study of originals, and who appears to be innocent of all knowledge alike of this difficulty, and of its cause?

Dr. Ingram assures us in his preface (vii) that he 'supports every statement of fact by reference to his authorities.' Doubtless he has said this in good faith; but it is, as we shall find, most inaccurately said. There is another ground of complaint. References, of which he supplies many, are a snare unless they are correctly cited. In cases where I have had occasion to test him, I find him very deficient either in fidelity or in care. For example, he finds it important to show that Orangeism was pure Protestantism, and not associated with the monopoly of the Established Church. Accordingly we are told (p. 21) that, after a time, the Presbyterians 'became *almost universally* Orangemen.' This opinion is denied in detail by Plowden,[11] who seems to me to disprove it; but that is not the point. Dr. Ingram quotes as his sole authority Lord Castlereagh. Now Lord Castlereagh was a most prejudiced witness, for no one perhaps of the higher agents was so deeply implicated in the transactions of the Union. He ought, therefore, to be cited with particular care. He says, 'The Protestant Dissenters in Ulster have *in a great degree* withdrawn from the Union and become Orangemen.'[12]

Thus even this *ex parte* statement is magnified by exaggeration into 'almost universally.'

'Pitt's proposal' as to Reform, says Dr. Ingram (p. 178), was to raise a million as compensation to thirty-six boroughs selected for

[10] *Life and Times of Grattan*, v. 179. [11] *Post-Union Hist.* i. 65–7.
[12] *Corr.* ii. 32.

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disfranchisement. He gives us no authority; but observes that a million would have given 27,000*l.* per borough, which was to be set aside for accumulation by compound interest if deemed insufficient, whereas only 16,000*l.* was given for an Irish borough. Yes; but the readers of Mr. Pitt's speech to Parliament [13] will find that, though it announces the principle of compensation, there is no mention whatever of the million, which appears only in his preparatory communications with Mr. Wyvill, and formed no part of his proposal to Parliament.

Having now touched (1) upon the state of Dr. Ingram's knowledge as to the materials for a history of the Union, (2) upon the trustworthiness of his references, I proceed to remark upon the degree of his acquaintance with the facts of Irish history, with which every historian of the Union ought to be conversant.

In dealing with Grattan's Parliament, he contends (p. 55, *n.*) that the English Government could not venture to use the royal veto against Bills passed in Ireland. In proof of this he gives an instance: 'So strongly was this felt by the English Government that they did not venture to refuse the King's assent to the Irish Act of 1793 granting the franchise to Catholics.' [14]

He is evidently unaware that this measure, one of the few brighter spots in British policy towards Ireland, was pressed by the British Government on the Irish Parliament. Alarmed at the republican sentiments prevailing among the Protestants of the North, and having in view the great struggle with revolutionary France, possibly too urged on by that Whig section, whose sympathies he had acquired, Mr. Pitt wisely determined to draw the Irish people more closely to the Government. But Dr. Ingram's profound study of original documents has not led him to examine a paper so recondite as the Irish Speech from the Throne of the 10th of January, 1793; which says—

> I have it in particular command from his Majesty to recommend it to you to apply yourselves to the consideration of such measures as may be most likely to strengthen and cement a general union of sentiment among all classes and descriptions of his Majesty's subjects in support of the established Constitution. With this view his Majesty trusts that the situation of his Majesty's Catholic subjects will engage your serious attention.

On the 4th of February, accordingly, the Government themselves proposed the Bill, which our historian tells us their dread of the Irish Parliament prevented them from arresting by the royal veto. A Scotch Bishop, profoundly learned in patristic literature and the earlier history of the Church, was asked what he thought of the Reformation. He replied, 'I have not got down so far: I have only reached the twelfth century.' So it would appear that Dr. Ingram, pursuing his studies upwards from 1800, has not yet reached the year 1793. Nay, worse. He cannot yet have touched 1795. For in

[13] *Speeches*, vol. i. pp. 222–38. [14] P. 55, *n.*

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this volume he never touches on the most critical event in the whole history of the Grattan Parliament. I mean the Viceroyalty and recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, whose very name is only mentioned once, and that incidentally (p. 105). The man who can write upon the Union without touching on Lord Fitzwilliam and his Government, whatever else he may be, is certainly not its historian.

It has been truly said that the mission of Lord Fitzwilliam was a covenant of peace with Ireland, and his recall a declaration of war. The mission meant the dethronement of the faction of ascendancy, the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, the purification of Parliament, and the solution of the Irish problem. The recall brought about at once the return of religious discord, the foundation of Orangeism, the conversion of the United Irishmen from a constitutional and in the main open into a seditious and secret society, and a violent shock to public confidence and order. In this so-called History, I am not sure that the name of Burke even once occurs. What says he [15] of Ireland under Lord Fitzwilliam?

I saw the King's business done with success and splendour, and the country united and happy. But the old Court has risen again. The junto which for a long time has ruled Ireland by deceiving Great Britain has returned in triumph, with all that renovated force which it has long since been observed a government acquires from a suppressed rebellion.

Next let us hear his friend Dr. Hussey,[16] on the recall.

The disastrous news, my dear sir, of Earl Fitzwilliam's recall is come, and Ireland is now on the brink of a civil war. . . . An awful gloom hangs on every brow; and every man that has anything to lose, or who loves peace and quiet, must now exert himself for the salvation of the country and to keep the turbulent in order.

Burke himself replies on the 5th of March [17]—

All the letters I have seen from Ireland speak but one language, which is the same with yours.

And again he complains when this 'true friend of both countries' was 'cruelly torn from the embraces of the people of Ireland,' [18] that

the Parliament of Great Britain itself is rendered no better than an instrument in the hands of an Irish faction.

From this point all the stages of the onward process were linked together in a chain of adamant. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam required the revival of religious faction. The revival of religious faction was the introduction of the reign of terror, and of savage lawlessness in the guise of law. By this lawlessness the rebellion was, in the language of Lord Russell, 'wickedly provoked,' and by the rebellion the Union, to which in 1795 no class or party would have

[15] March 17, 1795, *Correspondence*, iii. 296.
[16] *Ibid.* p. 282.
[17] *Ibid.* p. 290.
[18] *Ibid.* p. 388.

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listened for a moment, was rendered possible. All these great and cardinal facts appear to be wholly unknown to Dr. Ingram.

It is now time to state what are the leading propositions which Dr. Ingram has made serious endeavours to support.

1. That a *catena* of distinguished writers had recommended the Union, to whose voice a British Minister could not be deaf (chapter i.).

2. That the Union was carried by fair and constitutional means, without corruption (pp. vii, 228).

3. That before the measure was adopted the people of Ireland, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, were decidedly in its favour (chapters v. vi.).

4. That the compensation to the owners of boroughs was justifiable (chapter viii.).

5. That the dismissal of recalcitrant members of a Government is an established practice (chapter viii.).

6. That there is no sign that Members of Parliament were the recipients of money payments; and that in 1799, when the Union was 'practically carried' (p. 209), there was only 5,000*l.* available (chapter ix.).

I will take these heads in series from the first onwards.

In his first chapter,[19] after showing that in certain instances Irish representatives, under much protest from electors, had been summoned to very ancient English Parliaments, and had again been summoned by Cromwell, he refers to the action of the two Irish Houses in 1703 in favour of some description of legislative union. There were similar declarations in 1707, the year of the union with Scotland. No encouragement could be had from this side the water. Then followed the enactment of the penal code. In 1676 the Irish Council of Trade recommended an incorporating union, and Sir William Petty did the like. He was followed by Brewster (1694), Molyneux (1698), Molesworth (1703), Sir M. Decker (1749), Postlethwayt (1767), Tucker (1775 and 1785), and Adam Smith (1776). Bishop Berkeley (1735) also thought that it was 'the interest of both nations to become one people,' but that this was not sufficiently felt.

Dr. Ingram turns us loose without the aid of reference (a defect too common in his work) among the 595 Queries of the admirable Bishop. He has done this with gross inaccuracy, not only welding questions 89 and 90 into one, but omitting from 89 the earlier portion of the query, 'whether our hankering after our woollen trade be not the true and only reason which hath created a jealousy in England towards Ireland.'

Had these words not been omitted, we should have had a clue to the utter misapprehension by Dr. Ingram of his own citations and

[19] Ingram, p. 6 *seqq.*

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references. He quotes them as if they were declarations at large, and made on behalf of the whole Irish nation (the question we have now before us), that their interests as a whole would be served by a legislative incorporation with Great Britain. They are nothing of the kind. The witnesses called are chiefly enlightened economists, English more than Irish, who mostly, with the experience of Scotland before their eyes, regarded a legislative union as the natural and only means of putting an end to the ferocious persecution of Ireland by iniquitous commercial laws. The wider question was not before those writers, and, like writers of other times, they dealt with the matter which was in hand according to their lights. But their lights were one thing, and ours are another. Our lights have shown us that England is strong enough to give commercial equality, even without legislative interference, to the colonial subjects of the Queen; and that Ireland is wise enough freely to leave the regulation of commerce in the hands of central and imperial legislation. The plea, then, for legislative identity in order to obtain commercial equality is wholly irrelevant to the present controversy.

Still worse is the case of Dr. Ingram with regard to the other section of his authorities, those, namely, which have not an economical but a political bearing. Not merely do these not embrace all Irish interests, but on the point at issue they are in direct antagonism to the greatest of those interests. They are appeals made by the Protestant minority to secure the help of England in fortifying their position against the bulk of the nation. Molyneux, who published in 1698, is most inaccurately represented by Dr. Ingram. But he undoubtedly, and very naturally, expresses a desire for a legislative union;[20] for in his eyes the Irish Protestants were the Irish nation. And he saw that such a union would be the cheapest and most effectual defence of the ascendancy against the real nation. He had in his memory the brief rule of the Roman Catholic majority, and he remembered that it was put down, not by the Protestants, but by foreign troops, with the aid of abominable treachery. He saw that if Irish members were admitted to sit in the British Parliament, Great Britain would become responsible for holding down the Roman Catholic population, 'the wild, ferocious natives of Ireland,' as his editor of 1770 calls them.[21] Failing this best of all resorts (as George the Third, with great acuteness, saw that it would be) for prolonging to the uttermost the reign of monopoly, he fell back on Irish independence as the next best thing. This set the Parliament of the island free from arbitrary and irresponsible interference, and allowed it to use at will its natural arms of self-defence. So it constructed the elaborate system of the penal laws, not to advance the Protestant religion, for which it did not care a rush, but to keep down the Roman Catholics in wealth and numbers, and to draw away from them their aristocracy,

[20] Molyneux, *Case of Ireland*, p. 74, ed. 1770. [21] *Ibid.* p. viii.

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those natural leaders of the people, under whom the religion and the interests of the mass might have acquired political weight.

Just as slavery was maintained in the Southern States of America by virtue of their legislative union with the North, so it is plain that Molyneux, and also the Lords and Commons of Ireland in 1703 and 1707, desired beyond all things to be able through a similar machinery to draw without limit, in their own interest, on the rich bank of English power. The justness of their view is but too fully sustained by the subsequent history. It shows us that the Irish Parliament gave what the British Parliament would not have given. It gave to the Presbyterians in 1778 the liberties which the Imperial Legislature withheld until 1828. It readily enfranchised in 1793 the Roman Catholics. It was ready under Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795 to grant that fuller emancipation, which was delayed by the Union until 1829, and then enacted, but not conceded, grudgingly and in alarm.

The pressure of commercial persecution which Ireland was suffering from England doubtless operated in the same direction. Dr. Ingram himself notices that the penal laws may be said to have followed on the failure to obtain a legislative union, and that the English connection was the only security of the Irish Protestants.[22] But he fails to see that his citations tell directly against him, for, in proving union to have been the best weapon of the minority for upholding its political monopoly, he proves it to have been in its nature injurious to the bulk of the nation.

I pass to the second proposition. To disprove the charge of corruption, Dr. Ingram (in p. 228)—

1. Alleges a distinct denial of bribery given by Lord Cornwallis.

2. Relies on the purity of his character and his action, to show that he was 'not likely to dabble in corruption' (p. 228).

Our author boasts[23] that he supports every statement of fact by reference to his authorities. Here we have, in (1), a most important statement of fact, with no reference whatever and no clue to the passage. Dr. Ingram quotes (p. 229), with mutilation, the statement of Lord Cornwallis that 'it had ever been the wish of his life to avoid all this dirty business, and he was now involved in it beyond all bearing.' He might have added that the Viceroy hopes he shall live to get out of 'this most cursed of all situations,' and that but for this he would most earnestly pray for immediate death. Why such phrases, if the transactions he was engaged in were honourable?

Too plainly this is the language of a man whose moral sense was insufficiently sustained by a vigorous will, and who vented in honest words his disgust at the acts required by a partnership that he did not venture to repudiate. What these acts were, we certainly shall not learn from Dr. Ingram, to whom the gift of language seems to have been given in order to hide the truth. I have elsewhere

[22] Ingram, p. 8.

[23] Preface, p. vii.

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referred to the dense veils cast over what was going on. Even Mr. Ross has not ventured to tell all he knew, but he tells quite enough to confute Dr. Ingram. On the 19th of February, 1801, Lord Cornwallis [24] sends to the Duke of Portland a list containing that portion of his promises which, with all his pains, he feared he would not be able before departing to redeem. This residuary list, says Mr. Ross, 'it is not considered advisable to publish;' but he gives an account of the contents. Thirteen legal appointments; four steps in the peerage; thirty promises of salaried places from 400*l.* to 800*l.*, or pensions of 300*l.* to 500*l.* 'Thirty-five of the persons mentioned in the list were members of Parliament, and had voted for the Union.' Of the pensions three, which were meant for members, were nominally for other persons. The stench of this shameful record was too foul for the public nostrils even in 1859, after two generations of men had passed away. Has Dr. Ingram read the correspondence of Lord Cornwallis, which he frequently refers to? If he has not, what is his competency to write a history of the Union? If he has, then, considering that the courage and honesty of Mr. Ross have lifted just this one little corner of the veil, he palters with his readers, and profanes his office, when he presents to us, as the best evidence at the command of one who has been so busy in consulting originals, his argument that, because Lord Cornwallis purified the service in India, where there was no ascendancy and no Orangeism, therefore when in Ireland he was little likely to dabble in corruption.[25]

But, if evidence yet more direct be required, Dr. Ingram shall have it from Lord Castlereagh, whom also sometimes he quotes. When contending in London against a disposition to a partial repudiation of the enormous demands, he wrote as follows on the 21st of June, 1800, to his second self, Mr. Cooke, in Dublin:—

> It will be no secret *what has been promised*, and *by what means the Union has been secured*. Disappointment will encourage, not prevent, disclosure; and the only effect of such a proceeding on their part will be to add the weight of their testimony to that of the anti-Unionists, *in proclaiming the profligacy of the means by which the measure has been accomplished*.[26]

I shall again touch this subject in dealing with the sixth proposition.

Dr. Ingram devotes two chapters (v. vi.), and a fourth of his volume, to the proof of his third proposition. Taking first the Protestants, he admits (p. 208) that the Orangemen as a body reluctantly remained neutral. Into their individual action he does not examine. The truth, I apprehend, is open to little doubt. The Government, which had favoured them even in crime, had strong claims upon their favour; but collective neutrality, leaving personal action free, was all it could obtain from them, thirty-two of their lodges protesting against it.

[24] *Corn. Cor.* iii. 339 [25] Preface. [26] *Castlereagh Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 331.

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Consistently enough, every effort was made by Lord Cornwallis to turn his personal popularity to account on behalf of the Union. In two tours to the North and South, the Viceroy received addresses (pp. 114–7) in favour of the measure, thirty-six only in number, the large majority being from persons of privilege and authority. Fifteen addresses of Roman Catholic laymen are enumerated (pp. 160–1). Upon many of the higher Roman Catholic clergy, and those who followed them, an impression had undoubtedly been made by the promises and inducements of the Government and by the horror and hopelessness of the situation it had itself wilfully created. Dr. Ingram lays claim in all to seventy-four declarations and petitions (preface, p. v.). Four of them were signed, he says, by upwards of 9,330 persons. Once more I have to repeat, he gives no authority for his statement (p. v, *n*). Plowden[27] mentions two with over 4,886 signatures, but names no other with more than 300. This number of addresses is altogether trivial.

As regards the general sentiment of the country, the most favourable piece of evidence is a letter of the Viceroy, dated November 7, 1799, which says, 'The great body of the people in general, and of the Catholics in particular, are decidedly for it.'

But Lord Cornwallis[28] unfortunately contradicts himself; for in a passage of later date, not produced by Dr. Ingram, March 28, 1799, he states that 'the United Irishmen form the great mass of the people.' No one will for a moment dispute that every United Irishman of 1799 was an anti-Unionist.

As it appears to me, then, Dr. Ingram has wholly failed to lay a sufficient ground for his proposition by his details, of which I have noticed the most important. But this defect he makes good by a surprising assertion, which will demand further notice. Speaking of the Roman Catholics, he boldly says (p. 161), again without citing any authority, 'Notwithstanding this offer and the efforts of the anti-Unionists, the Catholics stood firm. Not a single petition against the Union was presented by that body to the King, Lord-Lieutenant, or either House of Parliament.'

So far so good. I now proceed to the other side of the question; and first I apprehend that (1) beyond doubt it was the opponents, not the supporters, of the Union who during the debates habitually made their appeal to Irish opinion; (2) they demanded a formal appeal to the country by a dissolution. In answer to this challenge, Mr. Pitt poured contempt upon 'an appeal to a people wholly influenced by a few factious demagogues,' and would have nothing to do with 'the mob,' or with 'primary assemblies,' or with 'addresses founded on French principles;' and utterly refused to dissolve.[29] But the speeches of Mr. Pitt evidently are not among the 'original documents' on which Dr. Ingram has bestowed his time and labour.

[27] *Hist. Review*, iii. 318. [28] *Cornwallis Correspondence*, iii. 81.
[29] *Speeches*, iv. 90–1.

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But now as to the petitions, with which Dr. Ingram has made short work. Before he had actually got through the press he seems to have been told by somebody that there did exist an assertion in flat opposition to his own. He was evidently ignorant that this assertion had been cited without any note of discredit by Mr. Lecky.[30] Accordingly, in a note to his preface (v, *n.*) he says—

> One assertion of the younger Grattan will show us the value of his statements. He says only 7,000 petitioned in favour of the Union, and 110,000 freeholders and 700,000 persons signed petitions against the measure. *He gives no authority for this statement.*

And here again, falsifying, as he so frequently does, his own promise, Dr. Ingram has given no authority for his own counter-assertion. Whether the younger Grattan is open to the charge of doing as he himself does I cannot say, for he has given us no reference to Grattan.[31]

As respects the assertion itself, if true it utterly and of itself destroys two whole chapters of Dr. Ingram's work. The figure of 700,000 is startling; and, when I first read it, instilled into me some mistrust. But I have found it to be beyond dispute that the practice of petitioning was in such extended use in Ireland, at any rate on great occasions, as to remove all prejudice against it on the score of its mere magnitude.

In a letter dated February 19, 1795, Dr. Hussey[32] writes to Mr. Burke as follows from Dublin:—

> You know that from every county in Ireland petitions have been framed for the total emancipation of the Catholics; and above half a million signatures to this effect are now lying upon the table of the House of Commons.

Dr. Ingram must condescend to widen a little the field of his vision; and he has to learn that the assertion which he treats, not only as untrue, but as sufficient *per se* to destroy the credit of the younger Grattan, and which, if true, shivers to atoms one-fourth of his whole book, at any rate satisfies these conditions:—

1. It was contemporary.
2. It was public.
3. It was made from a quarter of high responsibility.
4. It was not contradicted by those who had the greatest interest in contradicting it, and the best means of supplying such contradiction.

On the 21st of April, 1800,[33] when the first of the Resolutions for Union had been moved, Mr. Grey moved an amendment to suspend

[30] *Leaders of Public Opinion*, p. 181.

[31] Since writing these words, I have searched for and found the statement. It is in the fifth volume of the *Life and Times*, at p. 51. It forms a portion of an apparently careful statement; it is true, however, that no reference is given. But then the younger Grattan does not state in *his* preface that he 'supports every statement of fact by reference to his authorities.

[32] Burke's *Correspondence*, iv. 277.

[33] *Parl. History*, vol. xxxv.

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all proceedings until the opinion of the Irish people could be ascertained.[34] The minister, he said, had claimed five-sevenths of the country on the ground that there were petitions from nineteen counties, which comprised five-sevenths of the area. These petitions, he said, were procured by the Government, signed by few, and in no case voted at a regular county meeting. On the other side, twenty-seven counties had sent petitions adopted at public meetings.[35] He said:—

> The petition from the county Down is signed by 17,000 respectable independent men, and all the others are in similar proportion. . . . The counter-petition was signed only by 415. Though there were 707,000 who had signed petitions against the measure, the total number of those who declared themselves in favour of it [36] did not exceed 3,000; and many of these only prayed that the measure might be discussed. . . . In fact, the nation is nearly unanimous.

Such was the assertion contemporaneously, publicly, and responsibly made. Of course this was an estimated number. It is not practicable, so far as I know, in such a case, to carry the evidence further, in the absence of the official returns of signatures usual in our own day. And the reply of Mr. Pitt, dealing fully with the demand for a dissolution, contains no contradiction, and takes no exception whatever, to the statement of fact advanced by Mr. Grey.

According to *Grattan's Life and Times*,[37] the petitioning counties were twenty-eight. Six sheriffs, appointed, I need not say, by the Government, refused to call county meetings. Out of these six, five are actually claimed by Dr. Ingram [38] as having declared for the Union. In Tipperary (one of Dr. Ingram's five) fourteen persons of distinction signed an address to the sheriff, praying him not to call a county meeting. These fourteen were friends of the Union, the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General being among them.

Should Dr. Ingram's work reach a second edition, it will be curious to see how he deals with his own note on the younger Grattan, and his own most audacious assertion that no petition against the Union was presented by the Roman Catholics.

I shall only say further that there is scarcely one of Dr. Ingram's misstatements more inexcusable than this. Lord Cornwallis [39] writes an account of the proceedings on Resolutions offered on the previous day by Mr. George Ponsonby. The resolutions recited that there were then on the table petitions from 26 counties and from various cities and towns, and that they were signed by 110,000 persons. But Lord Cornwallis plumes himself on the reply of Lord Castlereagh. It was to the effect that there were 74 'declarations' by 'public bodies' in favour of the Union; that from them was to be gathered the sense

[34] *Parl. Hist.* p. 72. [35] *Ibid.* p. 58.
[36] *i.e.* who declared in favour of it *by petition*.
[37] Vol. v. pp. 50, 590. [38] P. 120. [39] March 5, 1800 (*Corn. Corr.* iii. 204).

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'of the loyal and propertied part of the community;' and that 'if the sense of the people had in former periods been taken against the sense of Parliament, the constitution would have been lost.' The only apology for his allegation that there were no Roman Catholic petitions against the Union is that he himself refers to this debate in another place (p. 172), keeping back, however, the undisputed statement that the petitions then under discussion had 110,000 signatures.

We next meet our historian—or historiaster, if the name might be coined to describe him—on one of the comparatively rare occasions where he is dealing mostly with undisputed facts. I say mostly, because, as I have already shown, he says Pitt's proposal was to raise a million for buying the rights of thirty-six boroughs (p. 172), whereas Pitt made no such proposal to Parliament. He did propose a principle of compensation, and this proposal probably aided in bringing about the instant rejection of his plan. In no case can a man take much benefit from a precedent set by himself, and at once refused by those to whom it was submitted for adoption.

But the vastness of the sum (1,260,000*l.*) paid at the cost of Ireland is a trifling consideration compared with the other considerations involved. Nor will I now do battle with Dr. Ingrama gainst the principle of such compensation, which is a payment to great men, at the charge of the people, for having, through a long period of time, usurped their elective rights. For the moment, let that pass; and let it pass, too, that England has never tolerated the idea of applying such a proposition to her own Parliamentary arrangements. When Dr. Ingram says the money was given to the Irish borough-mongers to secure their impartiality, he surely approaches a little too near the borders of the ridiculous. When he compares the operation to the payment of money under the Irish Church Act to the owners of advowsons, he oversteps those borders; for he either forgets, or is ignorant of, two vital facts—first, that the *jus patronatûs* is part of the Canon Law of at least the Western Church; and secondly, that the patron does not, in law, give the benefice to the presentee, which he only obtains by institution, but presents him to the bishop, whose duty it is to ascertain his competency in life, learning, and doctrine. In the distribution of this money there was ample room for the essence of the most direct bribery, for influence was in some of the boroughs shared among various parties, and these shares had to be determined by the commissioners. The anti-Unionists, it is true, shared the compensation: in bribing the body it was necessary to pay an *extra* price, as the dissenting minority could not be excluded, without destroying the only disguise which covered the hideous nakedness of the measure.

But the purblindness of Dr. Ingram prevents his seeing wherein lies the special *gravamen* of this offence. It lies in the sting to Irish honour. Had it been the mere error, or even the mere guilt,

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of a national body, acting under a national initiative, it would have been comparatively a small affair. Of all the foul and shameful means employed to bring about the Union, it was perhaps the least indecent. And yet its indecency was gross; for, to make the purchasing of the Parliament complete, a sum amounting to perhaps a moiety of the national expenditure for the year is voted for an English not an Irish purpose, under an English not an Irish impulsion. We for a time denied to Canada and New South Wales a responsible Executive; but does any man in his senses suppose that we could have dared to tamper with the independence of these legislative bodies, to corrupt them by giving paid offices, tenable at pleasure, to forty per cent. of their members, even if the pay had come from the British Exchequer, and to let them know that a measure which they had rejected would be pressed upon them again and again until they should consent to pass it? We had never acknowledged their exclusive right to legislate; yet not to the smallest legislature of the smallest colony could the language have been held, or the behaviour followed, which were held and followed in the case of Ireland; and it is as a part of this behaviour, as a piece of high-handed violence against the Irish Constitution, executed from without, that this part of the business becomes so scandalous and offensive. Ireland had to pay an enormous sum for the privilege of being robbed of her own dearest treasure, and to pay it at the beck of a foreign authority.

The same considerations apply to the dismissal of recalcitrant members of the Government, which it is the aim of the fifth among Dr. Ingram's Herculean labours to justify. The case stands thus: In the constitutional government of a nation, carried on by national means and agencies, the dismissal of an official person, who is opposed to a measure the Government desire to pass, is an extreme remedy, to which resort is never had but in the rarest cases. I will not affirm that there have been no cases of it since the Reform Act of 1832; but I do not at the moment recollect any, and Dr. Ingram has none to cite. The military discipline of the Duke of Wellington's Government in 1828–9 supplied more than one example; Mr. Huskisson and Sir Charles Wetherall paid the penalty of their respective dissents from the policy of the Administration. The dismissal of Lord Howe under Lord Grey's Government may be added; but the ladies of the Queen's household in 1839 were not dismissed, and the question was whether they were properly within the circle of political appointments or not.

Such being the case under the Imperial Government, we have first to note that the British Executive, working against the manifest sense of the Irish people, dismissed, as Dr. Ingram is bold enough to write, 'only seven' of the Opposition (p. 201) for nonconformity during the struggle for the Union. He gives the names, which need not be repeated here, but two of them were legal not political

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officers. 'Only seven.' In no country but in Ireland could such audacious measures have been taken. But he is wrong in his 'only seven;' he has omitted to state that there were other dismissals of members of the Opposition, which were in principle even far worse than these. We read in the well-known Red and Black Lists[40] that Lord Corry was dismissed from his regiment in the army, and Colonel O'Donnell and Colonel Wolfe from their respective colonelcies of militia in Mayo and in Wicklow. Dr. Ingram will be a little consoled, perhaps, by finding that the dismissals were not 'only seven,' but ten. Nowhere, I believe, can a precedent for this operation be found, except it be in Ireland under Lord Townshend, and this at a time when Ireland had not yet obtained her free Parliamentary constitution. Note, then, the differences which make it futile to refer to the law dormant in England; first, the extent to which the power was exercised; secondly, its extension beyond political to legal and military offices; thirdly, the immeasurable difference in the effect on the independent action of Parliament. The official squadron in the House of Commons, from which the Duke of Wellington twice expelled a member, is a body of between 30 and 40 in an assembly of between 600 and 700. But in the Irish House of 300 it is not, I believe, disputed that 116 or nearly two-fifths, were dismissible by the Government. On the 26th of June, 1800, the Union Bill was read a second time by 117 to 73, or a majority of 44. But among the 117 are enumerated 72 placemen in the Irish sense; so that the measure was supported by only 45 independent members against the minority of 73.

And how was the Irish House kneaded into such a state, as made it possible even thus to obtain a vote for the measure? It is impossible to describe all the means employed. Nothing was too small for Cooke and Castlereagh, and nothing was too large. Colonel Cole, M.P. for Louth,[41] was in command of a regiment, and was opposed to the Union; and he was not dismissed. A much wiser course was taken. He was sent to his regiment in Malta. He sought to give up his seat, and the constituency was ready with a successor of the same opinions. But, in order to destroy the vote, the Government refused to grant him the nominal office of the escheatorship of Munster, which would have enabled him to vacate. They gave it at the same period to the member for the close borough of Kilmallock, where they could command the return of a supporter. It was in effect by present negotiations to induce opponents to resign, combined with promises for the future, that the affair was mainly managed. On the opening of the session of 1800 (Jan. 15 and 23) 27 new writs were moved.[42] It was, as Grattan called it, a partial dissolution of the Parliament, which became a Parliament made by the minister, not

[40] *Grattan's Life and Times*, vol. v. p. 188; Barrington, *Hist. Union*, ii. 370, 377.
[41] *Grattan's Life and Times*, vol. v. p. 40.
[42] *Ibid.* p. 591.

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by the people. The number of changes thus procured did more than make up their majority for the Union Bill; and in the Black List of voters for the Bill I find 86 persons who held or got civil, judicial, or military offices, 16 who were made peers, and 6 avowed pensioners.[43] To the secret and unowned transactions which probably swelled the list I have no access.

What I understand to be Dr. Ingram's sixth main contention is, that there is no sign that members of Parliament received money payments; and this is propped by the assertion that at the critical time there was only a sum of 5,000*l.* available.

On this delicate matter Dr. Ingram promises (p. 206) to lay before us the whole of the evidence. After all, he thinks, there can be no suspicion except from a single letter of Lord Castlereagh's, and on examination this suspicion will be greatly modified, if not entirely removed.

It does not suit Dr. Ingram to allege on behalf of the Irish Government the palpable and flagrant precedents both of intimidation and of corruption which he might have drawn from Irish history. To establish the command of a Parliamentary majority Lord Townshend[44] dismissed from office Shannon, Ponsonby, and 'a host of subordinate placemen;' the number of whom, I think, is stated at fifteen. He bought over 'at once' seven persons with peerages. He added 1,000*l.* a year to the salary received by the Prime Sergeant for a sinecure. Besides disposing of all patronage, civil, military, legal, and ecclesiastical, for this end, he engaged himself to new pensions said to amount[45] to 25,000*l.* a year. Why should Dr. Ingram be so squeamish? He reasons on the Irish Government, the Dublin Castle of that day, as if it were an institution of maiden purity. But corruption and intimidation were the breath of its nostrils. It is idle to quote (p. 209) the pretence of Lord Cornwallis[46] that he had neither the money nor the will to bribe, when we find in his own correspondence that he not only promised places and pensions to members of Parliament, but actually made use of men of straw to be the nominal recipients of pensions, and thus to hide the transaction. To bribe in annuities is surely the same thing as to bribe in capital. Dr. Ingram thinks he will prove there was no bribery if he can show there was no payment of money down. And this he affects to show by stating that only 5,000*l.* came from England in 1799, and by the ridiculous contention that in 1799 the real contest of the Union was decided; so that, as we are given to understand, there was no more occasion for spending money. The answer to this plea may be sufficiently given in a sentence. Instead of announcing the close of his money transactions in 1799, it is on the 19th of February 1801, that Lord Cornwallis sends in the shameful

[43] *Grattan's Life and Times*, v. p. 192.
[44] Lecky's *History*, iv. 395–7.
[45] *Ibid.*
[46] *Cornwallis Correspondence*, iii. 339.

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list of fifty-three engagements, nearly all of them pecuniary, and much the larger part for members, which he had not up to that date, with all his diligence, been able to fulfil.[47]

But Dr. Ingram is, as usual, entirely wrong in giving it to be understood that only 5,000*l.* was disposable in 1799. There was an ordinary Irish provision voted for secret service amounting to the enormous annual sum of 53,000*l.*[48] And even this did not suffice; for an Act was passed in that year to supply the Viceroy with authority to grant further pensions for secret service to the amount of 1,500*l.* per annum, which I take as equivalent to a further sum of 30,000*l.* So that in lieu of 5,000*l.* for the year 1799, we have thus a total of 88,000*l.*

When we pass on to 1800, and when, as we are told by this pseudo-history, all occasion for illegitimate expenditure had now passed away, the facts become yet more astonishing. The sum voted in Dublin for secret service in that year was 175,000*l.*; and even this did not suffice to clear the account, for no less than 75,000*l.* was voted in 1801.[49]

Nor is even this all. Having promised to lay before us the whole evidence from Lord Castlereagh's letters, he mentions (1) a letter of the 2nd of January, 1799, again without any reference. There is no such letter in the Castlereagh correspondence; but Mr. Ross has published it.[50] Dr. Ingram, with his usual inaccuracy, says he mentions *the* use to which it was intended to apply the money (p. 210). He mentions *a* use—namely, working the press—but he nowhere says he had nothing else in view; nor could he, if his views had been so confined, have demanded such a sum as of extreme urgency, and demanded it 'in bank notes.' This was the only money sent, says Dr. Ingram (*ibid.*), in 1799. How dares he to make such an assertion? Mr. Wickham in his reply tells Lord C. the Duke of Portland had every reason to hope (which means in official language he had settled with the Treasury) that 'a larger sum' would 'soon' follow it. Lord Castlereagh (again we have to thank Mr. Ross[51]) replies, on the 10th of January, that the 'contents' of the messengers' despatches were 'very interesting,' and adds, 'Arrangements with a view to further communications *of the same nature* will be highly advantageous,' and they 'will be *carefully applied.*' The sequel to this correspondence does not appear, and has been probably destroyed; but what are we to say of Dr. Ingram's audacity in informing us, with the promise of a larger sum, and the thankful acceptance of that promise, before him, that no more money was sent?

So this easy-going fabulist passes on to the 17th of December, 1799, again without a reference, and again the correspondence is a blank, but once more Mr. Ross is our helper.[52] Dr. Ingram's com-

[47] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 339. [48] *Grattan's Life and Times*, v. 135.
[49] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 359. [50] *Ibid.* 27. [51] *Ibid.* 34. [52] *Ibid.* 351.

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ment upon it (p. 211) is a mixture of fancy and of fiction. He says the sum is 5,000*l.*; it was sent (on a repeated demand [53]), and being so small it can have no reference to bribing members of Parliament. Now (1) he gives not a shadow of proof that this sum was only 5,000*l.*; and as the latest notice before us is the promise of a 'larger sum,' and this application names no amount, but refers to a former remittance, the strong presumption is that it was for a larger sum. (2) In complying with the demand, Mr. King writes that if a still further sum can be advanced in Ireland it can be ultimately made good from England. (3) Dr. Ingram keeps back the fact that the letter of the 17th of December, in which the request is made, is entirely on the subject of dealings with members of Parliament. With them, he boldly says, the request for money, so carefully whittled down by him, can have nothing to do. But when on a further demand made by Castlereagh he finds that, in promising 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* for five years the British Government went on to discuss the case of the woollen manufacturers, *then* indeed Dr. Ingram first discovers (p. 219) that in interpreting the letter we ought to consider the context. I shall not debate the case of this last letter, because I am of opinion, on the evidence as it stands, that the Irish Government was very probably stooping to bribe even the woollen manufacturers. It is in no way necessary for my purpose, for I have already shown that in the three years 1799–1801 the Irish Government must, independently of all other pecuniary means, have had at its disposal in Secret Service money a capital of at least 300,000*l.*, a sum out of which must have been done large execution, even in the Irish House of Commons. And, after all this, we still find the Viceroy, on the 9th of December, 1800,[54] pressing hard for still more money to fulfil his engagements, and to reimburse a person, who had lent the Government for these vile transactions 'a considerable sum.' Finally, the flag of distress is again hoisted by Mr. Marsden, on the 6th of May, 1801.[55]

There remain two points, which I must touch. As Dr. Ingram knows of no other letter of Lord Castlereagh exhibiting a case of pecuniary corruption, I will supply him with one. On July 12, 1800,[56] he writes to the congenial Mr. Cooke that Blaquière has 'waived his representative peerage for *more substantial objects*,' to the great satisfaction of the writer, 'though it may cost us dear.' The 'substantial objects' were, says Mr. Ross, a pension of 1,000*l.* given to a man who had already fleeced his country to the extent of over 3,200*l.* a year as a compensation for sinecures. It is no cause for wonder that the Blaquière papers were duly destroyed.[57] As to Lord Castlereagh, on all these questions, and on some others even more important, he seems to have been inaccessible to shame.

[53] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 156.
[54] *Ibid.* 278.
[55] *Ibid.* iii. 308.
[56] *Ibid.* 358.
[57] *Sham Squire*, p. 207.

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Lastly, Dr. Ingram informs us that the Opposition boasted of their having 100,000*l.* collected to out-bribe the Government, and, to the 'certain knowledge' of the Viceroy, their offering 5,000*l.* in 'ready money' for a vote. These statements are substantiated, he says, by Grattan's Life and Barrington's writings (pp. 216–8). As usual, no reference. I cannot undertake to traverse the entire wilderness of Barrington, against whom we are, with some degree of justice, warned in the Preface as a writer of romances. But I will show what is the fidelity of Dr. Ingram in citing Grattan's Life for his purpose. Undoubtedly it is related [58] that a list was opened, and that 100,000*l.* was 'subscribed,' evidently [59] meaning promised. He then gives details which seem to show the whole thing was little better than a bubble. Firstly, Lord Downshire, the representative of vast pecuniary interests, put down his name for no more than 1,000*l.*, and Mr. Ponsonby for 500*l.* But how did it work? One Whaley had voted for the Union in 1799. He did not like it, but he was a poor man and had paid or promised 4,000*l.* for his seat. Mr. Goold agreed to pay off his bills, and he voted with the Opposition in 1800. Mr. Cooke went to buy him back, and offered him *carte blanche*; but he refused and kept to his bargain. But the funds were soon exhausted. To pay Whaley, Goold obtained the money, but he could not reimburse the lender, and an execution was put in his house accordingly. He had to carry round the begging box, and by this operation he was finally indemnified. Such is the statement, which Dr. Ingram quotes to prove that Irish members could not have been bought by the impoverished Government with promises, when they had only to cross the floor and 'receive each his 5,000*l.* ready money' (p. 218).

I have now gone through what appear to be the most serious contentions of Dr. Ingram. But it remains to notice the really supercilious as well as perfunctory manner in which he passes over the most serious contentions of his opponents.

Dr. Ingram presumes to treat as 'childish,' and passes by without other notice,[60] the argument used, he says, by Plunkett, Foster, and Bushe, three of the most distinguished public men of the day in Ireland, and he might have added by Ponsonby, and by O'Connell, more distinguished than any of these, 'that the Irish Legislature was not competent to enact the Union.' Is Dr. Ingram aware that the Septennial Act of 1706, an immeasurably milder venture, was the subject of the gravest discussions on this very ground of competency, and that Archdeacon Coxe,[61] loyal as he is to Walpole, says that 'in theory the arguments of those who opposed the Bill are the most specious *and convincing*? But he pleads a great and overruling necessity. The best constitutional argument for the Septennial Act was, that the right to repeal the Triennial Act could hardly be ques-

[58] *Life and Times*, v. 71.
[59] P. 130.
[60] See Mr. Ross's note in *Corn. Corr.* iii. 174.
[61] Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 136.

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tioned, and that with the lapse of that Act all limit to the duration of Parliament would have been removed, except the life of the sovereign. My point, however, is simply this: that on the title of Parliament to pass even this measure the controversy was solid and real, although at that period the precedent created in 1784 of an appeal to the people by dissolution, growing out of the India Bill, had not been set. There is a difficulty, no doubt, in arguing with rigour on the word competency. The Parliament of London is, and the Parliament of Dublin was, competent to vote anything. There was no limit to competency, except possibility. But this abstract competency is restrained by considerations both of honour and of constitutional principle. To vote away the public life and independence of a nation was a thing totally different from the removal of a merely statutory limit to the duration of a Parliament, with an approach to the prior rule of the Constitution. To effect this abolition in a House of which a large majority in no real sense was representative, and to have this done under a virtual compulsion of foreign influence, was an act which many would say strains to the breaking point every principle of politics, and shocks the moral sense; nor will Dr. Ingram's sentence upon the adverse argument as trifling influence the judgment of any one who has had the facts under his view.

Further, it will strike every reader of these pages, who knows the Union controversy, that hitherto I have not opened some of the most formidable counts of the great indictment against the means used to carry the measure. The stain of blood is upon the policy; not on one member only, like Macbeth's upon the hand, but over the whole body of the scheme. The 'filthy witness' cannot be washed away. After what we have seen, it will cause no surprise that Dr. Ingram entirely pretermits the subject.

He bestows, however, one page (p. 230) on the amount of force in Ireland in 1799. He refers in detail to the dangers of French invasion, and he assures us that there were 'but 45,419 regular soldiers in Ireland, besides artillery.' One other page is given to the rebellion of 1798 (p. 19), and it is asserted (1) that the outrages of the yeomanry and the fencibles were 'fully equalled' by the barbarities of the peasantry, (2) that 'the admirable conduct of the British regulars in this rebellion should never be forgotten.'

With regard to the amount of force in Ireland, Dr. Ingram clearly should have given us the whole force, and not the regulars only. The total was stated by Castlereagh in the House of Commons, on February 18, 1799, at 137,590.[62] For a later date I have seen it stated at only 125,000. Lord Cornwallis declares explicitly that the force in July 1799 was sufficient to preserve peace, but not to meet a foreign invasion. What a picture of unhappy Ireland! A

[62] *Grattan's Life and Times*, v. 31, where particulars are recited.

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force of 125,000 men necessary to keep the peace among a disarmed population of 4,500,000, who, according to Dr. Ingram, were then, or a few months later, actually rejoicing in the scheme of Union

But the next statement, that the barbarities of the revolted Irish fully equalled those inflicted upon them, is totally untrue. The commanders of the rebels denounced all excess: the ascendancy men, even within the hearing of the Viceroy, exulted in blood,[63] and in their language really pointed to extirpation.[64] The frightful outrages at Scullabogue (in retaliation for a massacre of rebel prisoners then going on) and the bridge of Wexford were the horrors of a moment. The wholesale murders and havoc[65] done upon the people, which Castlereagh[66] calls 'making examples,' were habitual and long kept up; and Lord Cornwallis, in whom humanity never was extinct, laments, on July 24, 1798, that 'the feeble outrages, burnings, and murders which are still committed by the rebels serve to keep up the sanguinary disposition on our side,'[67] and he is 'very much afraid that any man in a brown coat, who is found within several miles of the field of action, is butchered without discrimination.'

And, finally, what as to the remaining assertion and the 'admirable conduct' of the British regulars? Firstly, Dr. Ingram relies on a single and private witness, writing fourteen years after the fact, in 1812. Secondly, in the same page Wakefield tells us that the humanity of Lord Huntley and his regiment was in 'striking contrast' with the conduct of his predecessor; and again, that the people eleven years afterwards illuminated for General Grose on his return to the country, because that general, 'the one we have now among us, was kind to the people' in the rebellion. No doubt the wise appointments under Lord Cornwallis must have done much to mitigate the prevailing ferocity; but it is not therefore possible to acquit the soldiery as a whole. The Irish yeomanry and militia were foremost, and some of the volunteer forces from Great Britain were next, in the awful work of savagery. But the correspondence of Lord Cornwallis does not in the least degree acquit the regulars. On February 26, 1798, no less a person than Sir Ralph Abercromby, being in command, declared in a general order[68] that 'the very disgraceful frequency of courts-martial, and the many complaints in the conduct of the troops in this kingdom, had too unfortunately *proved the army to be in a state of licentiousness, which must render it formidable to every one but the enemy.*' He was so ill satisfied with the result of his efforts that in the month of April he resigned. And immediately after the rebellion Lord Cornwallis[69]

[63] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 371, July 24, 1799.
[64] *Ibid.* 374, July 26.
[65] *Ibid.* 371.
[66] *Cast. Corr.* ii. 326. Date, June 3, 1799.
[67] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 371.
[68] Given in Plowden, *Hist. Rev.* ii. 663.
[69] *Corn. Corr.* ii. 397.

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spondingly augmented the power of the party of ascendancy in the two countries to withhold concessions to the Roman Catholics.

16. That Parliamentary intimidation and inducement by bribery and otherwise were practised upon a scale without example either before or after—by dismissal from office, by the purchase of boroughs at enormous cost, by the vast use of Secret Service money even from England, by the grant of pensions, offices, titles, commissions, and favours as well as disfavours from the Government in every form.

17. That the practice of deterring opposition by dismissals, and attracting support by inducement and anticipated reward, even in their mildest forms, if not universally to be proscribed in cases where the action of the Government presumably represents the people or a national majority, is wholly inadmissible in cases where the Executive is essentially a foreign agency engaged in promoting a foreign, not an indigenous design, and therefore without any title to substitute in whole or in part its own views for those of the nation.

18. That the voting on the Irish Union while the issue was still in doubt conclusively shows the independent and general sentiment of the country to have been against it.

19. That the opposition of the country at the time, reasonably believed to have been testified not only by the voting of the House of Commons, but by the petitions of 700,000 Irishmen, was never invalidated or deprived of weight by subsequent change in the national opinion.

20. That the accusations of foul play, in its worst as well as in its less revolting forms, against the methods and agencies which brought about the Union, are painfully sustained by the evidence before us of extensive destruction of documents and papers by the personages principally concerned, and of the means adopted by the British Government to prevent, at the cost of the State, compromising publications.

I shall be only too happy to have it shown that I go too far in summing up as follows on the work of Dr. Ingram.

In his loud and boisterous pretensions, in his want of all Irish feeling, in his blank unacquaintance with Irish history at large, in his bold inventions, and in the overmastering prejudices to which it is evident that they can alone be ascribed, in his ostentatious parade of knowledge on a few of the charges against the Union, and his absolute silence, or purely perfunctory notices, on the matters that most profoundly impeach it—in all these things the work of Dr. Ingram is like a buoy upon the sea, which is tumbled and tossed about by every wave, but remains available only to indicate ground which should be avoided by every conscientious and intelligent historian.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

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THE NEW AFGHAN FRONTIER.

THE negotiations regarding the Afghan frontier having at length been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, it is permissible, and indeed necessary, to give the public some better information than it already possesses regarding the nature, object, and results of the labours of the Commission. In the following pages I do not pretend to give that information, but shall be well satisfied if I whet the appetite of my readers for the full and scientific history of the mission which will, I hope, be indited, now that silence may be broken, by some pen more able and graphic than mine can pretend to be.

It is now a little more than three years since the British division of the Afghan Boundary Commission, comprising about 1,300 men—of whom only 400 were soldiers, and the rest a motley, polyglot, undisciplined mob—left Quetta for the Afghan frontier, carrying with it on 2,000 camels and mules the tents, supplies, and ammunition, necessary for a long sojourn in the barren frontier districts of Afghanistan. At its outset the mission was obliged to cross the trackless and unexplored desert of 230 miles which separates Beluchistan from the Helmund, across which water had to be carried in leathern skins, and doled out when the holes dug in the desert ran dry. The banks of the Helmund were reached in safety, and then another 550 miles of unexplored country inhabited by wild tribes of doubtful friendliness lay between us and the Herat valley—a weird and desolate country covered with the *débris* of ancient ruins, and the remains of great cities buried in the sand. Arrived in the Herat valley—of which more later on—we had again to cross some 200 miles of mountainous country, the home of the Aimak tribes, before reaching our destination, the Afghan frontier post of Bala Murghab in the vicinity of Panjdeh. This distance of 1,100 miles was covered at the average rate (including halts) of fourteen miles a day without loss of life or property. The march began in intense heat and ended in bitter cold, just in time to enable us to settle down in our canvas tents and await the approach of winter, with its biting winds and 40° of frost. Then came spring, and with it the Panjdeh disaster, followed by our retreat to the Herat valley and the frightful snow-storm which, literally like a bolt from the blue sky, overtook us in the passes of the Paropamisus, where

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men were frozen to death by scores and animals by hundreds. Then came the weary, tedious, burning summer in the Herat valley, when war with Russia seemed imminent, and we were fitfully employed in repairing the defences of the city. Then the London protocol of September 1885, and the consequent arrival of the Russian Commission, after which, for a time, demarcation went on merrily, and difficulties were met and overcome by friendly give and take. Again another idle winter of still greater severity—indeed, of Arctic intensity. Thin canvas tents were again our only protection against a frost which turned the diluted spirits on the dinner table into solid ice, and caused your moustache to freeze to the pillow at night. Then spring again, and the resumption of demarcation. But Bulgarian complications had cast their shadows over us, and our work progressed but slowly. Inch by inch we fought our way—luckily we had courteous opponents—to the banks of the Oxus, and there we came to hopeless issue. Another tedious summer, this time in the malarious marshes of the Oxus, when the thermometer would sometimes mark 110° in our tents; and then with something like despair we watched the gradual advance of a third winter, which would close the road to India and prolong our exile by at least another year. Great, then, was the joy and relief when in September a telegram from Lord Salisbury, carried from Meshed over 500 miles of desert in little more than five days by our Turcoman couriers, told us that the Commission was to break up, and that negotiations were to be continued in Europe. Then followed our peaceful and honoured march through the Afghan districts which had been the scene of the most bitter fighting in our late war, in the midst of a population which used to hate us as only the fanatical Afghan can hate, to Cabul, where only five years before Abdul Rahman Khan had been enthroned by us over chaos and anarchy, and whence some of us under Roberts' command, leaving an excited expectant enemy in our rear, had marched through sullen but impotent hostility to meet and crush triumphant foes under Ayub Khan at Candahar. In this same Cabul we received a cordial welcome, and were treated as honoured guests. After being fêted and toasted and decorated we pursued our way to Lahore, and were there more than rewarded for our toil and labour by the Viceroy's gracious praise and the generous appreciation of the Anglo-Indian and Native public. Then the negotiations in St. Petersburg with the happy issue above referred to.

This is a rapid sketch of the labours of the Afghan Frontier Commission, and I now proceed briefly to describe the nature of the settlement which it effected. In order to make this intelligible, I must accompany it with some description of the country through which the frontier passes, but, sympathising with an English reader's pious horror for unpronounceable Asiatic names, I will try to avoid them as much as possible.

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The Herat valley is not one of the districts through which the frontier runs—I am happy to say that the frontier passes far to the north of it—but it is desirable, I think, to dissipate the extravagant ideas regarding its value, beauty, and fertility, which are entertained by the British public. The Herat valley is by no means a smiling garden, flowing with milk and honey. Surrounded by barren mountains, on the lower slopes of which are a few scattered hamlets, its central part, through which the river runs, contains the only valuable and culturable land. A strip on each side of the river, varying from two to five miles in width, is fairly well cultivated, and as the villages and fields here lie close together, and the principal road runs through them, the hurried traveller may be excused if he generalises from what he sees, and imagines that the whole valley is equally cultivated. But if he were to follow one of the roads along the outskirts of the cultivation he would be soon undeceived. As for fertility, if I remember rightly, the average yield of the cultivated land is only fivefold, or, in exceptionally fertile spots, tenfold. Trees are few and far between, for it is a rule whenever Herat is threatened to cut down every tree within a radius of five miles. The population is poor and struggling, while Herat city is a mass of mud hovels, sheltering some 5,000 souls, exclusive of the garrison, and surrounded by an enormous earth rampart. Regarding the strategical merits of the place I shall, for obvious reasons, say nothing; nor about the fortifications, save that they were greatly strengthened during our stay.

So much for the so-called key of India. I now cross the mountains which lie to the north of the valley, and arrive in the district known as Badghis. I should, however, premise that the 300 or 400 miles of country through which the new north-western frontier of Afghanistan runs, is a sandy, treeless, waterless desert, except where —in a breadth of 350 miles—it is traversed from south to north by three rivers, namely, the Heri Rud, the Murghab, with its two tributaries the Kushk and Kashan, and the Oxus. The only culturable ground is on the banks of these rivers; but in spring time, after the winter snows have melted, the intervening plains afford good grazing for sheep. It will thus be seen that the only roads into Afghanistan—either towards Herat, or Maimena, or Balkh—by which troops can march, lie on the banks of these three rivers. The country between the Heri Rud and the Kushk is known as Badghis. Here the northern slopes of the mountains (erroneously called the Paropamisus), which separate it from the Herat valley, are grass-clad and abound in springs, from which streams run northwards through an undulating and very fertile country, and then gradually lose themselves in the barren desert through which the frontier runs. Everywhere in Badghis are traces of former habitations and even cities, and of laborious culture, but the last inhabitants were driven

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away by the Turcoman raiders about a century ago. When we first entered Badghis it was quite a *terra incognita* to the Afghans, and even to the neighbouring Heratis. The wild ass was its only denizen, and it was the favourite hunting-ground of the Turcoman when he was not raiding. Since the Russian occupation of Merv the country has become safe; and now that the Joint Commission has included these fertile lands within the Afghan frontier, Afghan colonies begin to find their way there; indeed, lands which return from sixty- to eightyfold ought to attract a large population.

The Kushk valley is fertile but very narrow, and the river in its lower course before it runs into the Murghab is brackish. In autumn the river disappears altogether in many places, only leaving at certain intervals pools of water. Between the Kushk and the Murghab the country is of a different nature from Badghis; only the slopes of the mountains are inhabitable. Lower down the country is a mass of hills covered with grass in early spring, but without the least trace—except when the Kashan stream is not dry—of surface water. The frugal sheep of the country manage to subsist here, and even become fat and savoury, for they need only drink three or four times a week, and the shepherds carry with them the necessary supply of water. This is the district which we have restored to the Turcomans of Panjdeh, and this is the district where, as the critics gravely assure us, the Russians are to mass and canton armies for the invasion of India, and where the Turcomans are to increase and multiply.

Before leaving this district I should notice the Kashan stream, which joins the Murghab at Panjdeh. In winter and spring it contains a fair amount of water, quite sufficient to irrigate the Panjdeh end of the valley, but in summer the water dries up altogether. Very different is the Murghab, which at all times contains abundant water for as many cultivators as could be crowded into its valley, while in spring it becomes a raging torrent which can be crossed only with danger and difficulty at certain places. On its right bank within the Afghan frontier, stand the Bala Murghab and Meruchak forts, the latter a deserted mud ruin commanded by the neighbouring heights.

Between the Murghab and the Oxus the country much resembles that between the Heri Rud or Tejend and Murghab. From the northern slopes of the Hindu Khush descend rivers which fertilise the plains of Balkh, Maimena, and Andkui at their base, and then lose themselves in the barren lifeless *Chul* which stretches from the Murghab to the Oxus, through which the frontier runs. *Chul* is the local name for the treeless downs without surface water, which after the melting of the winter snows are for a brief period covered with luxuriant grass and innumerable tulips and other flowers. The soil is good, but as we approach the Oxus sand becomes more frequent

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and grass more sparse, until there is nothing but the low hills of white drift sand which continually encroaches on the narrow strip of cultivation on the left bank of the Oxus. In this strip will be found Khoja Salar and its sub-district Khamiab—names which have become so notorious.

The frontier has been drawn from the Murghab towards the Oxus, so as to leave to the Afghans all the culturable land to which I have referred, and also a belt of *Chul* averaging from 12 to 15 miles in width. But at a well called Dukchi, 35 miles from the Oxus, demarcation ceased, for the two Commissioners were quite unable to agree as to whether the frontier should be drawn from Dukchi to the Oxus at Khamiab, or at the shrine of Khoja Salar which is 17 miles higher up the river. The strip of cultivation between these two places comprises an area of 30 square miles, and 13,000 inhabitants, and yields a land revenue of about 1,500*l.* annually. There are also attached to this district about 700 square miles of *Chul*. The Russians based their claim on the treaty of 1873, which provides that the Afghans shall claim no lands below Khoja Salar. It is a pity that none of the experts who are attacking Lord Salisbury's settlement with such ostentatious command of minute topographical details, did not come forward in 1873 (or even in 1884) and inform Lord Granville that this treaty would sever from Afghanistan the district which lies below the shrine of Khoja Salar. But they did not do so, and the real facts were not known till the surveyors of the Frontier Commission reached the Oxus. Then the Russian Commissioner claimed the district.

Such is the Russian claim. I must now take the reader back to the London protocol of September 1885. By that protocol Panjdeh was formally surrendered to Russia. I have no wish to reopen the humiliating Panjdeh story, I hope that the book is closed for ever, but there is one episode in connection with it over which there has been a very unnecessary expenditure of sackcloth and ashes. It is apparently supposed that the Amir was forced or induced by us to acquiesce in the retention of Panjdeh by Russia. There can be no greater mistake. The chronicle of the Rawul Pindi interview shows that no pressure was put on the Amir; indeed, on the contrary, it was generally supposed at that time that England was preparing to resent by war the act of violence which had torn Panjdeh away from the jurisdiction of the international court which had been appointed to adjudicate the rival claims of Russia and Afghanistan. Nevertheless the Amir *spontaneously* decided that Panjdeh was not worth fighting for. The Amir may have been mistaken, but he is a shrewd ruler. He knew that his sovereign rights over Panjdeh were limited to the collection of a small precarious tribute which was more than swallowed up in the cost of its collection, and he no doubt understood that the Sarik Turcomans of Panjdeh hated Afghan rule, and

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that, if the valley were included within the Afghan frontier, it must be administered by British officers. Panjdeh accordingly was left to Russia by the London protocol. It was supposed by the negotiators that its Turcoman inhabitants were confined to the main valley, while, as a matter of fact, they had extended their cultivation into the side valleys of the Kushk and Kashan, and were dependent for pasturage on the waterless lands between the Kushk and Murghab, which I have described above. Accordingly it was settled that the frontier should be drawn so as to leave these uninhabited lands within the Afghan frontier. When the Joint Commission reached the spot the mistake was discovered, and the Russian Commissioner wished to rectify it; but the British Commissioner insisted on giving effect to the letter of the London protocol, and the Turcomans were deprived of their lands.

I ask the reader to note the remarkable similarity between the Russian claim and the English counter-claim, which was advanced after it was known that Russia intended to demand Khoja Salar. We claimed lands for the Afghans which had never been occupied by them, and which were in the possession of the Turcomans of Panjdeh, and we based our claim on the letter of the London protocol of 1885. Russia, on the other hand, claimed for Bokhara lands on the Oxus which had long belonged to Afghanistan, and she based her claim on the letter of the treaty of 1873. Surely if ever there was a case for compromise, for give and take, it was this. The critics seem to think that her Majesty's Government were entitled to have their cake and eat it too—that they could repudiate the letter of a treaty in the one case and insist on adherence to it in the other, just as it suited their purpose. This was not, fortunately, Lord Salisbury's view, and he decided that if Russia would accept a reasonable compromise, compromise there should be. There was little difficulty in coming to an agreement as to the basis of negotiations, but naturally it was less easy to arrange the details in a manner which would be satisfactory both to Russia and the Amir. But at last, thanks to the marked moderation and admirable temper of the two Cabinets, a settlement was arrived at by a process of compromise. I observe that the St. Petersburg correspondent of a London newspaper has in long telegrams striven hard to prove that his countrymen have achieved no great diplomatic triumph at the expense of Russia. He beats the air; neither side has indulged in idle boasts or vulgar vauntings. Boyish bragging is not for serious men. The settlement was not obtained by smartness on this side or by sharp practice on that side; it is due to the moderation and fair play of the two Governments, and therefore it is that we are encouraged to hope that a new era of peace and concord between the two great civilising Powers of the East is about to dawn upon the world.

As objection has been taken by civilians to the compromise on military grounds, I may as well incidentally remark that there are

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to deny that any Russian frontier officer will dare to violate a treaty entered into by his imperial master without specific authority to do so, especially now that the telegraph connects St. Petersburg with all important posts on the frontier. Russian frontier officers are not all the ignorant firebrands they are supposed to be; for instance, the officers in charge of the new frontier, Tarkhanoff (not the Afghan Iskunder Khan, as we were mischievously informed by a press telegram), governor of Panjdeh, and Charikoff, Resident in Bokhara, are both conciliatory, moderate gentlemen.

As Lady Galloway pointed out in a recent article on Russia in this Review, the British public are the victims of many delusions regarding Russia, but perhaps the greatest mistake they make is in supposing that Russians have a natural dislike to Englishmen. On the contrary, I believe that practical Russian officers and the great bulk of the people—the ordinary *chinovnik* or official may perhaps be an exception—like and respect the English. Certainly the bitter inveterate hatred with which Russians regard Germans, and which Frenchmen, to a somewhat less extent, feel for Englishmen, does not exist as regards us in Russia, though at times the Russians not unnaturally, from their point of view, are irritated by our opposition to their ambitious schemes.

I now turn to the other class of critics—those who speak without thinking. Their irrepressible contention is only too familiar to my ears: 'It is a paper frontier—a frontier merely marked by pillars stuck in the sand. How can this keep back Russia?' It is easy to dispose of this criticism by pointing out that the only known way of demarcating a frontier is by maps and pillars, unless, indeed, the joint Commission were expected to build a Great Wall of China round Afghanistan; and that the virtue of the settlement is not in the maps or pillars which indicate it, but in the fact that the Emperor of Russia has pledged his imperial word that it shall be respected. It is, I know, a popular fallacy—which like most fallacies has a core of reason more or less sound—that Russia voluntarily and deliberately contracts treaties in order that she may have the pleasure of breaking them. How much this popular idea is justified by Russia's action as regards the Black Sea and Batoum I shall not discuss—it is beyond the scope of this paper—but I would suggest that her advance in Central Asia towards Afghanistan does not justify the bitter, the uselessly bitter, comments which are so often lavished on it. In truth it was inevitable that Russia should advance until she felt the resistance caused by contact with another great power. Hitherto Russia has had a comparatively easy time; she has encountered, as her military records show, no really warlike races in Central Asia, for even the Turcomans have an invincible dislike to fighting with an enemy not unmistakably weaker than themselves. I heard the other day a distinguished diplomatist compare the ad-

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vance of Russia through Central Asia to a knife gliding through butter until it meets the hard side of the dish.

Russia has at last reached the hard side of the dish, and it is her interest, and I believe the inclination of her rulers, to pause and consolidate her acquisitions. This will not be the work of a day, but it is an imperious necessity. Hitherto Russia's advance in Central Asia has been the triumph of civilisation. Wherever she has planted her flag, slavery has ceased to exist. This was keenly brought home to us in the course of our travels. For hundreds of miles before we reached Herat we found the country desolated and depopulated by Turcoman raids, while even in the Herat valley we continually came across the fathers and brothers of men who had been carried off from their peaceful fields by man-stealing Turcomans, and sold into slavery many hundred miles away. All this has ceased since the Russian occupation of Merv; the cruel slave trade has been quite stamped out. When I hear good men glibly talk over the possibility of driving back Russia in Central Asia, I wonder whether they realise the chaos which would follow and the responsibility which would devolve upon us. No; if Russia will be content to halt, there is no reason why there should not be cordial friendship and co-operation in the East between the two Powers. Both have much to do. Bokhara is mal-administered and disturbed, and Afghanistan is much in want of our civilising influence, which, let us hope, will day by day make itself more felt.

One valuable result of the Boundary Commission is that we now know that British officers can live among Afghans and travel in Afghanistan without much danger. The door thus opened should never again be closed. I hear doubts expressed as to whether the Afghans will respect their new frontier. I do not share these fears, for I feel confident that, so long as the present Amir rules, the greatest care will be taken to avoid collision. Abdul Rahman Khan is one of the few great men living; the manner in which he has evolved order out of chaos in Afghanistan in a few short years is extraordinary. He rules with a rod of iron; indeed he is a hard and cruel ruler, but he rules a hard and cruel people. His punishments are sometimes savage, but so were the punishments of the Prince of Montenegro when he commanded the sympathies of the whole civilised world. There are disturbances in Afghanistan, but there are disturbances and rebellions nearer home. On the other hand, there is no slave trade and very little crime. Highway robbery is unknown, except perhaps in the recently disturbed district. I therefore see no reason for interfering with the interior administration of Afghanistan. What will happen after the Amir's death or fall it is useless to discuss. No doubt Lord Dufferin has his plans cut and dry. But, as I have pointed out above, there is no reason why disturbances within Afghanistan should affect the tranquillity of

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the frontier or jeopardise the frontier settlement. Of course it is possible that Mr. Gladstone's policy may break down, and that the independent Afghanistan which he revived and placed under the protection of England may prove uncontrollable and a thorn in the side of India. In that case it will be necessary to reconsider our policy, but it may be hoped that in the meantime the loyalty with which Russia will have respected the limits to her influence which she has now for the first time accepted will inspire the British public with a new confidence in her good faith, and encourage our Government to revise the present settlement in a manner satisfactory to both sides.

I have endeavoured in this paper to show: (1) that the demarcation of the Afghan frontier was the necessary corollary to Mr. Gladstone's policy of guaranteeing the Amir from invasion; (2) that the demarcation, in spite of great difficulties, has been satisfactorily carried out; and (3) that there is a reasonable hope of the durability of the *status quo*. I have stated, fairly I hope, the probabilities of a peaceful issue, but I freely admit that there are possibilities of complications, and that my hopes—they are not predictions, I do not pretend to prophesy—may not be realised. However this may be, I am convinced that as with individuals in danger (real or imaginary), so with nations—a bold, resolute attitude is the most prudent as well as the most dignified. We have, moreover, every reason to be confident. In the East right and might are both on our side. The destinies of India are in the hands of a sagacious statesman, her armies are commanded by a distinguished general. The public may rest assured that neither of these illustrious men will sacrifice his well-won reputation before the brazen image of false economy, and that they will leave nothing undone which ought to be done, and (which is quite as important) do nothing which ought not to be done, in order to make the defences of India as impregnable as they can be made by human foresight and preparation.

WEST RIDGEWAY.

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THE DOCK LIFE OF EAST LONDON.

THE London Docks are the scapegoat of competitive industry. They may be safely placed in the category of those unfortunate individuals who are always in the wrong—on the one hand they are expected to find work for all the failures of our society; on the other, they are roundly abused for doing so. 'Go to the docks' might be used for a nineteenth-century equivalent of a mediæval expression which has become meaningless in these agnostic days. For the popular imagination represents the dock labourer either as an irrecoverable ne'er-do-well, or as a down-fallen angel. It does not recognise that there are 'all sorts and conditions' here as elsewhere in the East End. And the companies that employ this unduly typified being stand, in the public mind, between two fires of contradictory criticism. The economist in his study frowns sternly as he deplores the attractions of low-class labour into London. The philanthropist, fresh from the dock gate, pleads with more sensational intonation the guilt of the dock and the waterside employer in refusing to this helpless labour more inducement to remain, more possibility to live decently and multiply freely. The indifferentist alone stands by the side of the existing institution, and talks glibly of the inevitable tendency of inevitable competition in producing an inevitable irregularity of employment; failing to realise that these so-called 'inevitables' mean the gradual deterioration of the brain and sinew of fellow-countrymen. But happily the democracy has a taste for facts, and we may hope a growing sense of proportion. I venture therefore to describe the life of the East London Docks, and to distinguish between and characterise the different classes of labour. And I am enabled, through the courtesy of dock officials, to give the actual numbers of those employed, and to preface this sketch by a short notice of the circumstances which have led to the present state and methods of employment.

The three docks of East London are the London and St. Katherine, the West and East India, and the Millwall. The two former were opened at the end of last and the beginning of this century respectively, and during the first fifty years of their existence possessed the virtual monopoly of the London trade. For in those days of large and easily earned profits companies were bolstered up by

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extensive charters, and suicidal competition was as yet an undreamt of end to industrial enterprise. But towards the middle of this century the owners of the riverside woke up to the value of their possession. The small wharf which had sufficed for the unloading of the mediæval craft and the eighteenth-century sailing vessel or barge, but which had been supplanted by the magnificent chartered premises of the inland dock, sprang again into active life. Restrictions were swept away, and in 1850 wharfingers were recognised by the Custom House authorities. From London Bridge to Woolwich, year by year, one by one, new wharves rose up out of the mud of the Thames bank—until the picturesque outline of broken-down building and shore was exchanged for one continuous line of warehouse and quay. In 1868 the Millwall Dock covered the space left over by the West and East India in the Isle of Dogs. The competition of the wharves had at that time become severe, and the Millwall was started with all the newest appliances and methods of saving labour and reducing the cost of operations. The trade of London was meanwhile advancing by leaps and bounds, and until, and for some years after, the opening of the Suez Canal profits increased and labour was freely employed. But even during the good times the two big companies were beginning to scrutinise their paymaster's sheets, for, with the daily increasing competition, the lavish and leisurely employment of unnecessary hands was no longer possible if these companies were to hold their supremacy of the London trade. In 1865 the directors of the London and St. Katherine introduced piece-work and the contract system. And the good times did not last. The tide of commerce turned against the greatest port in the world. The slow increase in the volume of goods handled was accompanied by shrinking values and rapidly declining profits. The opening of the direct route to the European Continent and foreign competition strengthened by foreign protection revolutionised the transhipment trade. Goods formerly housed in London were either unloaded straight from the oceanic vessel into the continental boat, or were never seen on the banks of the Thames. The loss of trade to the metropolitan port consequent on the development of the outports was intensified, as far as East London is concerned, by the opening of steam docks further down the river by the two great companies. Greater economy in the cost of operations became a life and death necessity to the dock and waterside employer. And the pressure came from below as well as from above, for the wages of all classes of employés had risen during the days of large profits. Corn and timber porters and stevedores were making 2*l.* to 3*l.* a week. In 1872 the casuals of London and St. Katherine's and of the West and East India had struck for and gained fivepence an hour in exchange for two shillings and sixpence a day. The Millwall, to defeat a combination among these men, had imported country labour. The masters

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were powerless to reduce wages. They gave the usual alternative answer—more efficient management, labour-saving machinery and piece-work, meaning to the manual worker the same or even higher wages calculated by the hour, but fewer hands, harder worked, and more irregularly employed.

And the fierce competition for a declining business was not the only agency at work in producing spasmodic and strained demands for labour. The substitution of steam for sailing vessels, while it distributes employment more evenly throughout the year, increases the day to day and hour to hour uncertainty. In bygone days at certain seasons of the year a fleet of sailing vessels would line the dock quay. The work was spread over weeks and months, and each succeeding day saw the same number of men employed for the same number of hours. At other periods of the year there was no work, and the men knew it. Now the scene is changed. Steamers come and go despite of wind and tide. The multitudinous London shipowners show no sign of wishing to organise their business so as to give as regular employment as is practicable. And the value of a steamer to its owner does not admit of leisurely discharge. The owner insists that the steamer shall be out in so many hours; and a tonnage which a few years ago would have taken so many weeks to unload is now discharged in a day and night worked on end at high pressure. Hence the introduction of steam, besides the indirect effect of heightening competition, has a special influence in reducing the number of hands needed, in increasing the irregularity of the hours, and in rendering casual labour still more casual and uncertain.

Such, in briefest outline, are the trade events which have helped to bring about the present state of dock employment in East London, and which are still at work effecting further transformation. The futility of the attempt to separate the labour question from the trade question is becoming every day more apparent; and unless we understand the courses of trade we shall fail to draw the correct line between the preventable and the inevitable in the deepening shadows of East End existence. For all things are in the process of becoming, and the yesterday vies with the to-day as a foreteller of the to-morrow. And I think it will add reality to a picture of life in and about the docks if the reader will follow me in a short account of the actual work undertaken by the docks, the different varieties of which have an important bearing on the classes of men employed and on the methods of employment.

Dock labour in London is, properly speaking, the employment offered by the import trade. In the export trade the shipowners contract directly with a body of skilled men called stevedores, for whose work the dock company are in no way responsible. These men act under master stevedores, and are the only section of dock or waterside workmen who have formed themselves into a trades union.

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The import work of the docks consists of five operations. In the first instance the sailing vessel or steamer enters the dock waters in charge of the transport gang, and is placed in the proper berth for discharging. In old days there she would have waited until it suited the dock company to pay her some attention. Now, at whatever time of day, and, in the case of steamers, at whatever time of night, the vessel settles into her berth, the ship-gangers with their men swarm on to her deck and into her hold. Then begins the typical dock labour—work that any mortal possessed of will and sinew can undertake. The men run up and down like the inhabitants of an ant-hill burdened with their cocoons, lifting, carrying, balancing on the back, and throwing the goods on the quay. It is true that in the discharging of grain and timber special strength or skill is required. With timber a growth on the back of the neck called a 'hummie,' the result of long friction, is needful to enable a man to balance a plank with any degree of comfort. But timber and grain are in East London practically confined to the Millwall Docks, and it will be seen that more difficulty in the work means a higher class of men, and in the case of timber porters of a body of men who stand outside the competition of low-class labour. Now, leaving the dock quay, we watch the warehousing gang. Here, again, is heavy, unskilled work. To tip a cask, sack, or bale on to a truck, and run it into a warehouse or down into a vault, or on to the platform of a crane, to be lifted by hydraulic power into an upper chamber, is the rough and ready work of the warehousing gang. Next, under the direction of the warehouse or vault keeper, the goods are stowed away awaiting the last and final operation. For the dock company not only shelter the wares committed to their charge, but prepare them for sale, and in some instances make them 'merchantable.' A large body of coopers mend the casks and plug them, after Government officials have tested the strength of the contents. The company's foremen sort and sample all articles for the importing merchant, and in some cases operate on the goods under his directions. For instance, sugar is bulked which has been partially 'washed'; rum vatted, coloured, and reduced to standard strength. It is in these various operations that the docks prove their capacity for absorbing all kinds and degrees of human faculty. The well-educated failure, that unlucky production of the shallow intellectualism of our Board schools, can earn fivepence an hour as tally-clerk, setting down weights and measures, and copying invoices. Aged men and undeveloped boys are equal to the cleaning and the sorting of spices. 'The Wools' and 'the Teas' attract the more vigorous portion of irregular labour; for the sales of these articles take place at certain fixed periods of the year, and the employment dependent on those sales is heavy, worked under pressure for time, and during long hours. And the work of the docks is

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typical of the life of a great city. Extremes meet, and contrasts are intense. There is magnificence in the variety and costliness of the multitudinous wares handled by the most decrepit and poverty-stricken worker—a hidden irony in his fate touching all things and enjoying none. All the necessaries and most of the luxuries of our elaborate civilisation pass familiarly through the dock labourer's hands, or under his feet. The fine lady who sips her tea from a dainty cup, and talks sentimentally of the masses, is unaware that she is tangibly connected with them, in that the leaves from which her tea is drawn have been recently trodden into their case by a gang of the great unwashed. And it is in this work of unpacking, preparing, and repacking goods that the numberless opportunities for petty thefts occur, which supplement the income of the less scrupulous, and which necessitate the large body of dock police, with the custom of 'rubbing down' each labourer as he passes the dock gates. Sometimes the honesty of the worker is severely tried. Imagine the tantalising spectacle to a born lover of tobacco of masses of this fragrant weed actually consigned to the flames, as 'undeclared' by Custom House officials. To see it burning and not to be able to take so much as a pinch! I know a socialist whose grievances against society are centred in this burning pile of the great comforter, and who enters his paltry protest against this ungainly order of things by lining his coat pockets at the risk of two months' hard labour and dock ostracism.

I herewith give the numbers of those employed by the three East London docks, classed according to regularity or irregularity of employment.

WEST AND EAST INDIA DOCKS.

Outdoor staff:		
Foremen, &c.	457	
Police	114	Total . 818 regularly employed
Permanent labourers	247	
Irregularly employed:		
Maximum	2,355	
Minimum	600	Average 1,311 irregularly employed
Preferred for employment or 'Royals'	700	2,129

LONDON AND ST. KATHERINE DOCKS.

Outdoor staff:		
Foremen, &c.	400	
Police	100	
Artisans	150	Total 1,070 regularly employed
Permanent labourers	420	
Irregularly employed:		
Maximum	3,700	
Minimum	1,100	Average 2,200 irregularly employed
Preferred for employment or 'Ticket men'	450	3,270

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MILLWALL DOCKS.

Outdoor staff:	
Contractors' permanent staff of labour . . .	300
Irregularly employed (gaining livelihood here) .	500
	800

It will be observed that the Millwall Docks employ comparatively few hands. The trade is chiefly corn and timber, the discharging of which needs special skill and sinew. The Millwall Dock hands are therefore superior to the ordinary dock and waterside labourers. And there are other reasons for excluding the workers at these docks from any general description of London labour. They are for the most part countrymen imported some years back to break a combination of corn porters. Cut off by their residence in the interior of the Isle of Dogs from the social influences of the East End, they have retained many traits of provincial life. As a rule they belong to some religious organisation, and are united together in clubs and benefit societies. And the system of employment prevalent at the Millwall Docks is most efficient and satisfactory in its results to men and masters. The whole work is let out to large labour contractors. This form of the contract system is not open to the objection rightly advanced against the small working-man contractor. The men who undertake the whole responsibility and liability of the various operations of discharging, warehousing, and overside delivery at the Millwall Docks are naturally, if only from self-interested motives, above the temptations of treating and bribery from candidates for employment. They combine the close personal supervision of the practical man earning profit instead of drawing a fixed salary, with the long-sighted policy of the large employer anxious for the physical and moral well-being of the workman. And in this case the contractors live near their work and associate freely with their men. Each master has a small permanent staff of labourers, guaranteed 1*l.* a week and averaging 33*s.* all the year through. The irregular hands, most of whom, in the past times of good trade were on the permanent staff, are well known to the contractors, and shift about from one to another earning a more or less regular livelihood, and rarely leave the Millwall Docks in search of other work. The true casual is seldom employed, for from lack of skill or power of endurance, the loss on his work is excessive.

The methods of employing the lowest class of labour differ in the West and East India and in the London and St. Katherine Docks, though the work undertaken by these companies is practically the same. The West and East India Company have resisted the pressure in favour of piece-work and the contract system; and have shown a laudable desire, from the working man's point of view, to retain a large permanent staff. On the other hand there is no recognised class of 'preference' labourers, but the foreman of each department has on his books a certain number of men called 'Royals,' who are

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actually preferred for employment on account of superior power, long service, or more regular application for work. These men and others are taken on each morning according to the needs of the day. They are chosen by the company's foreman and are paid 5*d.* an hour. As a slight encouragement to good work, and supposing the task has been accomplished at a certain rate of profit to the company, a 'plus' is divided in definite proportions among the different members of the gang. This 'plus' averages a halfpenny an hour to the ordinary worker. The daily earnings of the irregular hands at the West India Dock varied last year from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 4*s.* 3¼*d.*, and averaged about 3*s.* 6*d.* without 'plus.'

The London and St. Katherine's Company have a smaller permanent staff in proportion to the work done, and depend more on casual labour. A considerable number of men, possessing a preferred right to employment, act as an intermediate class between the permanent staff and the 'casualty' men. And this company have introduced a mixed system of employing their casualty men. The casuals who work directly for the company are paid 5*d.* an hour; but half the work of these docks is let out to small contractors, generally their own permanent or preference labourers. In 1880 the casuals struck against this system. They declared that they were being 'sweated'—that the hunger for work induced men to accept starvation rates. The company responded to their appeal. Now the ganger is bound to pay his hands a minimum of 6*d.* an hour. It is to be feared, however, that the struggle for work overleaps this restriction, and that a recognised form of sweating has been exchanged for an unrecognised and more demoralising way of reducing wages—by the bribery and corruption necessary to secure employment.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the two big dock companies employ three classes of workers—permanent, preference, and casual. As this distinction runs through waterside as well as dock employment, and is built up in the most important labour formation of East London, I shall attempt to describe the larger features distinguishing these social strata; and I shall try to give the more important economic, social, and moral conditions under which they are formed and exist.

At least the docks are free from the reproach of other London industries: they are not overrun with foreigners. The foreign element is conspicuous by its absence—unless Mr. Gladstone succeeds in persuading us that the Irish are foreigners. For Paddy enjoys more than his proportional share of dock work with its privileges and its miseries. He is to be found especially among the irregular hands, disliking as a rule the 'six to six business' for six days of the week. And the cockney-born Irishman, as distinguished from the immigrant, is not favourably looked upon by the majority of employers. In a literal and physical sense the sins of the forefather

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are visited tenfold upon the children, intensifying the evil of a growing Irish population.

Unfortunately the presence of the foreigner is the only unpleasant feature common to East London which is omitted from the composition of dock and waterside life. In another general characteristic the life of the docks is typical of metropolitan existence. There is no union for trade or other purposes among dock or waterside labourers—there is even antagonism, or at least utter indifference and carelessness, between the different classes of dock employés. The foreman is distinctly the official. Directly the day's work is over he hurries from a disreputable neighbourhood back into the odour of respectability which permeates a middle-class suburb. There, in one of those irreproachable houses furnished with the inevitable bow window, and perchance with a garden, or at least with a back-yard wherein to keep and ride the hobby, he leads the most estimable life. Doubtless he is surrounded by a wife and family, perhaps keeps a maid-of-all-work, and has a few selected friends. He meddles little with the public business of his district, leaving that to retail tradesmen. He belongs to no political, and most frequently to no religious, organisation, and he disapproves of working men's clubs, which he fails to distinguish from the 'public.' Bred up from childhood in dock uniform, he has however the interests of his trade at heart. He has watched subsidised foreign vessels stealing the business from English hands; hence the one article of his political creed—the one bond uniting him to all grades of dock labour—faith in protection. Otherwise he lives unto himself. And in this he only follows the example of his superior in social position and culture, the wealthy East-end brewer or dock shareholder. All alike obey the eternal formula of the individualist creed: Am I my brother's keeper?

It is hardly fair, however, to cite the want of sympathy between the dock foremen and the dock labourers as peculiar to metropolitan dock life. Even in the provinces foremen look at all questions from the employer's point of view, and distrust of the men is proved by the common trades union rule which disallows the membership of foremen. But in the provincial town the foreman and the labourers will inhabit the same street, or at least the same district, and usually there will be some tie, political, religious, or educational, which will bind all classes together. In London it is the exception that proves the rule. Men of the upper and middle class who fulfil their duty towards those of a lower class with whom they are naturally connected by neighbourhood or by business, are forced by the pressure of work to be done to undertake more than their duty. Overtaxed energies, depressed spirits induce the more earnest minds to renounce the interests and amusements of their own station. Grey tones overcast the mind as well as the complexion. The duty-loving

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citizen is gradually transformed into the professional philanthropist, viewing all things with the philanthropic bias which distorts judgment and lends an untrue proportion to the facts of existence. His mental vision is focussed on the one huge spot of misery, and in his solicitude to lessen it he forgets, and would sometimes sacrifice, the surrounding area of happiness.

But the universal dislocation of the social life of East London manifests itself in the docks not only by the absence of all ties between employer, foremen, and men, but in the complete severance of the different grades of labour, and, among the more respectable of the working class, in the isolation of the individual family. The 'permanent' man of the docks ranks in the social scale below the skilled mechanic or artisan. With a wage usually from twenty to twenty-five shillings a week and an average family, he exists above the line of poverty, though in times of domestic trouble he frequently sinks below it. He is perforce respectable and his life must needs be monotonous. His work requires little skill or intelligence—the one absolute condition is regular and constant attendance all the year through. He has even a vested interest in regularity—the dock company acting as a benefit society in sickness and death—an interest which he forfeits if he is discharged for neglect of work. By the irregular hands the permanent man is looked upon as an inferior foreman and disliked as such, or despised as a drudge. He, in his turn, resents the popular characterisation of dock labourers as the 'scum of the earth.' As a rule the permanent men do not live in the immediate neighbourhood of the docks. They are scattered far and wide in Forest Gate, Hackney, Upton, and other outlying districts; the regularity of their wage enabling them to live in a small house rented at the same figure as one room in Central London. And if the temptation of cheap food, and employment for the wife and children, induces a permanent man to inhabit St. George's-in-the-East or Limehouse, he will be found in a 'Peabody' or some strictly regulated model dwelling. He will tell you: 'I make a point of not mixing with anyone,' and perhaps he will sorrowfully complain 'when the women gets thick together there's always a row.' It is the direful result of the wholesale desertion of these districts by the better classes that respectability means social isolation, with its enfeebling and disheartening effect. In common with all other working men with a moderate but regular income, the permanent dock labourer is made by his wife. If she be a tidy woman and a good manager, decently versed in the rare arts of cooking and sewing, the family life is independent, even comfortable, and the children may follow in the father's footsteps or rise to better things. If she be a gossip and a bungler—worse still a drunkard—the family sink to the low level of the East London street, and the

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children are probably added to the number of those who gain their livelihood by irregular work and by irregular means.

But the foremen and permanent men are, after all, the upper ten of dock life, and our interest is naturally centred in the large mass of labour struggling for a livelihood, namely, in the irregular hands employed by the docks, warehouses, and wharves of East London. I have not been able to collect complete statistics of waterside employment. But from the evidence I gathered both from masters and men the condition of wharf employment does not materially differ from that of dock labour; and the ratio between the number of applicants for work and the number of hands taken on would be much the same along the waterside as at the dock gates. Now, we know from Mr. Charles Booth's [1] inquiry that there are 10,000 casual labourers resident in the Tower Hamlets employed principally at the docks. Waterside labourers were placed by Mr. Charles Booth in a different class. The average of irregular hands employed by the three dock companies stands at 3,000 [2]—that is, there is daily work at 3*s.* 6*d.* a day for 3,000 men supposing the business could be spread evenly throughout the year, and worked during regular hours. I do not wish to maintain that these figures represent the exact equation between those who desire, or are supposed to desire, work and the number actually employed. But I believe it is an approximately true statement, and that the qualifications on either side may be fairly balanced against each other. Neither do I wish to imply that the earnings of an irregular hand can be calculated by a rule of three sum, working out at 6*s.* 3*d.* a week. On the contrary, the most striking fact observed by those who live among these people is that there are definite grades of wage-earning capacity or wage-earning luck corresponding to a great extent with distinct strata of moral and physical condition noticeable in the dock and waterside population of Tower Hamlets.

First, there is the broad distinction of those who are 'preferred' for employment, and those who are not. At the London and St. Katherine Docks 400 of the irregular hands have an actual preference right to employment. These 'ticket men' will earn from 15*s.* to 1*l.* a week, and, as before said, are sometimes transformed into labour contractors working off their own bat. At the West and East India, and at most of the wharves and warehouses, there are a certain number of men who are usually secure of work if there be any. They are for the most part an honest, hard-working set, who have established themselves by their regular attendance and honesty in the confidence of their employers. These men, together with the more constant of the casuals, are to my mind the real victims of ir-

[1] 'The Population of Tower Hamlets,' read before the Statistical Society, May 1887. London: Stanford, 1887.

[2] This calculation excludes the 'ticket men' of L. and St. K.

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regular trade. If they be employed by small contractors, unprincipled foremen, or corrupt managers, they are liable to be thrust on one side for others who stand drink, or pay back a percentage of the rightful wage. Physically they suffer from the alternation of heavy work for long hours and the unfed and uninterested leisure of slack seasons. And the time during which they are 'out o' work' hangs heavily on their hands. For not only are they and their families subject to the low moral tone of the neighbourhood in which they pass their days and nights, but they habitually associate with the lower class of casuals, keeping company with them at the gates and drinking with them at the 'public.' From my own observation as a rent-collector, and from the evidence collected by Mr. Charles Booth from the School Board visitors, the professional dock labourer (as distinguished from the drift of other trades, and from the casual by inclination) earns from 12*s.* to 15*s.* a week supposing his earnings were to be spread evenly throughout the year. But a large wage one week and none the next, or—as in the case of the wool sales—six months' work and six months' leisure, are not favourable conditions to thrift, temperance, and good management. Payment by the hour, with the uncertainty as to whether a job will last two or twenty-four hours, and the consequently incalculable nature of even the daily income, encourages all the wasteful habits of expenditure which have been noticed by Mrs. Barnett, of St. Jude's, as characteristic of this class. The most they can do in their forlorn helplessness is to make the pawnbroker their banker, and the publican their friend. Many of the professional dock labourers live in common lodging-houses of the more reputable kind. If married they must submit to the dreariness of a one-roomed home which, even in its insufficiency, costs them from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* out of their scanty earning. More likely than not the wife spends her day straining, by miserably paid work, to meet the bare necessities of existence. I say that the work is miserably paid, but I do not wish to imply that it does not usually realise its worth; my experience being that the work of the women of this class, owing to a lack of training and discipline, is not worth subsistence wage. And the fact that the wife can and frequently does work weakens the already disheartened energies of the husband, and with the inevitable neglect of children and home tends to drag the whole family down into the lower ranks of casuals.

The earnings of the professional dock labourer are not only dependent on the vicissitudes of dock trade. The uncertainty resulting from variation in the demand is intensified by the day-to-day alteration in the supply of labour. As far as my experience reaches, dock and waterside employers are the only masters of importance who neither give nor require characters. A strong man presents himself at the gate. He may be straight from one of her Majesty's jails, but if he be remarkable for sinew he strikes the quick eye of contractor

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or foreman. The professional dock labourer is turned away and the newcomer is taken on. I have heard it argued that the docks fulfil a special mission towards society in giving men a chance who have lost their position through one false step. I answer that for one man taken on, another is pushed on one side and hundreds are demoralised. The professional dock labourer retires disgusted; why exert himself to rise early and apply regularly if he is to be unofficially dismissed, not for any lack of duty or any special failure of strength, but simply because another has sunk from a higher plane of physical existence and is superior to him in brute force? And the widely known fact that a man without a character can live by dock labour becomes the turning point in many lives. It decides the man trembling in the balance to choose the evil course—to throw on one side the irksome shackles of honesty and regularity. And I altogether deny that the newcomer, if he has sunk from better things, is 'given a chance.' If so, it is the same description of chance yielded by indifferent relatives to the unfortunate individual with a tendency to drink when they dispatch him to an outlandish colony, away from the restraints of public opinion, and far from the influence of family affection. It is a chance to go quickly and irretrievably to the bad. For the casual by misfortune is subject to exactly the same economic and social conditions as the casual by profession. Taken on one day, he is overlooked the next. He may stave off starvation, but he cannot rise to permanent employment. To have worked at the docks is sufficient to damn a man for other work. Indeed his condition is more actively miserable than that of the professional dock labourer. He at least is acclimatised to his surroundings. His mind and body have become by a slow process of deterioration adapted to the low form of life which he is condemned to live. But far more depressing to those who work among these people even than this indifference to their own condition is the sickening cry of the sinking man or woman, dragging the little ones down into a poverty from which there is no arising. And apart from work, and away from the comfortless and crowded home, neither husband, wife, nor children have any alternative or relief except in the low level of monotonous excitement of the East End street. Respectability and culture have fled, the natural leaders of the working class have deserted their post; the lowest element sets the tone of East-end existence. Weary of work, and sick with the emptiness of stomach and mind, the man or the woman wanders into the street. The sensual laugh, the coarse joke, the brutal fight, or the mean and petty cheating of the street bargain are the outward sights yielded by society to soothe the inward condition of overstrain or hunger. Alas! for the pitifulness of this ever-recurring drama of low life—this long chain of unknowing iniquity, children linked on to parents, friends to friends, ah, and lovers to lovers—bearing down to that bottomless pit of decaying life.

And decay breeds parasites. The casual by misfortune tends to

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become the casual by inclination. The victims of irregular trade, and of employment given without reference to character, are slowly but surely transformed into the sinners of East-end society. Like attracts like. The ne'er-do-well of all trades and professions, the haters of the dull monotony of country labour, drift up to East London, the centre of odd jobs and charitable assistance. Dock and waterside employers acknowledge this fact. For they unanimously assert that after they have taken on the average number of hands they strike a quality of labour which is not worth subsistence wage. As an instance I give a case, for the truth of which I can personally vouch. One day last year a flush of business obliged a labour-contractor to 'clear the gates.' Two gangs composed of equal numbers were employed on the same job, the one made up of permanent hands, the other of casuals. Working during the same hours, the first gang discharged 260 tons, the second 60 tons. I need hardly add that the one operation, besides yielding a handsome wage to the men (it was worked by the piece), was profitable to the employer; while the work of the casuals was a dead loss to the contractor, forced to pay the minimum wage of fivepence an hour. In truth, the occasional employment of this class of labour by the docks, waterside, and other East-end industries is a gigantic system of out-door relief—and anyone desirous of studying the inevitable effect of outdoor relief in the East-end should come and live amongst those people. Rise early and watch the crowd at the St. Katherine or the West and East India gates. The bell rings, the gate opens, and the struggling mass surge into the docks. The foremen and contractors stand behind the chain, or in the wooden boxes. The 'ticket men' pass through, and those constantly preferred are taken on without dispute. Then the struggle for the last tickets. To watch it one would think it was life and death to those concerned. But Jack having secured a ticket by savage fight, sells it to needier Tom for twopence, and goes off with the coppers to drink or to gamble. Or, if the flush of business forces the employers to 'clear the gates,' many of those who on a slack morning would be most desperate in their demand for work will 'book off' after they have earned sufficient for a pint of beer and pipe of tobacco and a night's lodging. Or take a day which offers no employment—watch the crowd as it disperses. The honest worker, not as yet attracted by the fascinations of East-end social life, will return to his home with a heavy heart. There he will mind the baby, while his wife seeks work; or, if not entirely hopeless, he trudges wearily along the streets searching in vain for permanent work. But the greater part of the crowd will lounge down the waterside and stand outside the wharf and dock gates. As the day draws on the more respectable element will disappear, while its place will be taken by the professional 'cadger' and dock lounger. A gentleman who has lived and worked in this

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district twenty-three years, estimates the number of dock and waterside loungers at 2,000. These men would work at no price. They gain their livelihood by petty theft, by cadging the earnings of their working friends, through gambling or drink, and by charitable assistance. From all accounts I very much fear that these are the recipients of the free breakfasts with which the well-to-do West End in times of social panic soothes its own conscience, and calms its own fears. But, apart from this semi-criminal class, the staple of the dock and waterside population subsisting by means of the extreme fluctuation and irregularity of employment is made up of those who are either mentally or physically unfit for worthful and persistent work. These men hang about for the 'odd hour' or work one day in the seven. They live on stimulants and tobacco, varied with bread and tea and salt fish. Their passion is gambling. Sections of them are hereditary casuals; a larger portion drift from the country. They have a constitutional hatred to regularity and forethought, and a need for paltry excitement. They are late risers, sharp-witted talkers, and, above all, they have that agreeable tolerance for their own and each other's vices which seems characteristic of a purely leisure class, whether it lies at the top or the bottom of society. But if we compare them with their brothers and sisters in the London Club and West End drawing-room we must admit that in one respect they are strikingly superior. The stern reality of ever-pressing starvation draws all together. Communism is a necessity of their life, they share all with one another, and as a class they are quixotically generous. It is this virtue and the courage with which they face privation that lend a charm to life among them. Socially they have their own peculiar attractiveness; economically they are worthless, and morally worse than worthless, for they drag others who live among them down to their own level. They are parasites eating the life out of the working class, demoralising and discrediting it.

I venture to think that the existence, and I fear the growth, of this leisure class in our great cities, notably in London, is the gravest problem of the future. Mr. Charles Booth calculates that in Tower Hamlets School Board district alone, with a population of 450,000, over 50,000 belong to a class described by him as 'leisure bounded very closely by the pressure of want.' The semi-criminal class he estimates at 7,000, and the irregular poor—the 'victims of competition,' those who would work if they could—he counts at 30,000. Thus we have 13 per cent. of the entire population of Tower Hamlets living below the line of decent life, while 22 per cent. exist on the line of poverty, and all alike are subject to the physically deteriorating and morally brutalising conditions which I have sought to describe. If this is the to-day, what will be the to-morrow? For we have seen that the employment offered by the docks and wharves is of necessity declining. There is a movement downward in the grades of labour. Permanent men are being everywhere dismissed,

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while preference men are becoming mere casuals. And as regards the export trade, the secretary of the Stevedores' Union informed me that a short time after the opening of the Suez Canal the Union numbered 2,000. To-day the Union numbers 1,700, and he assured me that 500 could do the work offered.[3] The case of the non-union stevedores is still worse. And not only is the direct employment offered by the docks and waterside decreasing, but the dependent industries, such as sack-making and cooperage, have almost ceased to exist. Sugar comes packed in bags instead of casks, and the sacks needed here are manufactured wholesale at Dundee. And yet in spite of this steady shrinkage of employment we have an increasing drift of low-class labour into London. Therefore it is not difficult to decipher the conditions through which this leisure class is formed and exists. They may be summed up in the seemingly paradoxical statement: *the difficulty of living by regular work, and the ease of living without it.* I will end this paper, somewhat presumptuously, by an attempt to discover whether or no these conditions are removable—by an effort to determine the exact line between the preventible and the inevitable in the evil of East-end life.

Let us take the first condition—the difficulty of living by regular work. It is evident that the docks and waterside employers cannot augment their business; the question remains whether it is possible for them to give more regular employment—that is, to increase the earnings of the honest and capable worker, while discontinuing the outdoor relief to the 'casuals by inclination.' I think we may rest assured that if a practicable plan were suggested by which this might be effected the employer would be the first to take advantage of it, for the loss entailed by the bad work of the casual is a fact unpleasantly realised in the balance sheet. But anyone who has glanced through the résumé of trade events prefacing this article will have perceived that the docks and wharves of East London are about as helpless as the labourers at their gates. In many instances we are railing at dying men. With a declining business and rapidly disappearing profits, the docks and wharves are played off one against another by multitudinous London shipowners and merchants, until, as a wharfinger pathetically remarked, 'We shall soon be forced to pay them handsomely for the privilege of discharging and housing their goods.' Neither do I wish to localise the evil one step further up. Shipowners and merchants are in their turn the victims of the dislocated state of metropolitan life. In the 'individualism run wild,' in the uncontrolled competition of metropolitan industry, unchecked by public opinion or by any legislative regulation of employment, such as the Factory Acts, it seems impossible for any set of individuals, whether masters or men, to combine together to check the thoughtless

[3] This does not represent the want of employment at the East End, but in the Port of London. Stevedores are a compact body of men employed at the Tilbury, Royal Albert and Victoria Docks, as well as the East London Docks.

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and useless caprices of that spoilt child of the nineteenth century—the consumer. The only radical remedy is a kind of municipal socialism, which many of us would hesitate to adopt, and which in the case of the docks and waterside would take the form of amalgamation under a Public Trust. This would facilitate a better organisation of trade and admit the dovetailing of business. And supposing the Public Board did not undertake to provide the labour, they could at least throw open the gates to a limited number of labour contractors working under legislative regulations, who would be enabled by the extent of their business to maintain permanent staffs of workmen. I believe that the idea of a Public Trust is not regarded as without the sphere of practical politics by dock and waterside authorities. But if any form of amalgamation should be adopted, if any description of monopoly should be sanctioned by the State, I would earnestly plead that the true interest of the working class should not be neglected, and their economic and social condition entirely sacrificed to the convenience of the trader and the dividend of the shareholder. The conscience of the country was awakened to the iniquity of allowing the whole factory population to be deteriorated and brutalised by overstrain and absence of all moral and sanitary regulations. Why should we suffer the greater evil of a system of employment which discourages honest and persistent work, and favours the growth of a demoralised and demoralising class of bad workers and evil livers?

The second condition—the ease of living without regular wage—is at once the result and the cause of irregular employment. For supposing low-class labour ceased to exist round about the docks, it is clear that the employer would be forced to arrange his work so as to provide employment for a permanent staff. A limited and high-class labour market would be an 'inevitable' before which even the 'inevitables' of spasmodic trade and competition would bend and give way. Now I have dealt with the possibility of making employment more regular. How can we lessen the evil from the other side, and, by discouraging the low-class labour-drift into London, force employers to use permanent hands? For, besides the subsistence yielded by the odd jobs of metropolitan industry, there are other forces working towards the same end—encouraging and enabling the worker to cast off wage-earning capacity and deteriorate into the industrial parasite. First and foremost the extensive charitable assistance doled out in the metropolis. The well-to-do West-enders, unwilling to dedicate persistent thought and feeling to their fellow-citizens, suffer from periodical panic, and under the influence of a somewhat contemptible combination of fear and stricken conscience fling huge sums of money into the yawning gulf of hopeless destitution. Eighty thousand pounds dribbles out in shillings and pence to first comers. The far-reaching advertisement of irre-

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sponsible charity acts as a powerful magnet deepening and widening the stream of low-class labour into London. Whole sections of the population are demoralised, men and women throwing down their work right and left in order to qualify for relief. And the conclusion of the whole matter is intensified congestion of the labour market—angry, bitter feeling for the insufficiency of the pittance or rejection of the claim. And allied to this sin of thoughtless gifts is the desertion of the educated classes of their posts as leaders of public opinion. The social atmosphere of the East End favours idleness varied by gambling and drink; public opinion is against worthful and persistent work. Many fall who might have stood, and in spite of hundreds of unemployed it is hard to find honest and capable workmen. These are evils which an awakened conscience and a better understanding of the conditions of the people among rich and poor alike will alone cure. As for the much-talked-of panacea of State-aided emigration, even if it were applicable to East End labour, it would be useless unless the State were prepared to prohibit immigration. Transport your 50,000 to-day, and if the conditions of irregular employment, charitable assistance and a debased public opinion remain, their places will be taken to-morrow.

Perhaps the most certain conclusion is this: a more vivid realisation of the problem will bring with it sternness as well as true charity. For suppose we are able by socialistic legislation or by a reformed public opinion to reorganise society in the interests of the great body of workers. Then, industry may yield regular and high wage to those actually employed. In particular instances, Co-operation and Trade-Unionism have already achieved this ideal. But reasoning proves, as experience has shown, that the better organisation of trade will leave the industrial outcast more hopelessly destitute. Regular work to a compact body of men means the withdrawal of all chances of independent livelihood from those who have fallen from the ranks of the working army; and in a highly organised industrial system there will be no intermediate ground between persistent work with good pay and no work and starvation. Those who fail, whether by misfortune or through incapacity, will become mere parasites. To these men and women we could only offer the bare necessaries of existence, given under conditions of restraint. Society cannot permit the direct multiplication of the unemployed; and by the irksomeness of the relief offered she must discourage all collateral increase of their numbers. In short, if society is to be reconstituted on a socialistic basis, the workhouse of to-day will only foreshadow in the severity of its regulations the workhouse of the future.

BEATRICE POTTER.

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EUROPE REVISITED.

II.

On the 8th of June I sailed from the Piræus, and passing Crete and classic Tenedos, and the lovely Dardanelles, on the 10th we were safely at anchor below the citadel of Pera.

The panorama of Constantinople requires no description from my pen. Its wonders are narrated by almost every traveller who has the capacity of writing his impressions of a position which besides a wealth of endowment at the hand of Nature owes perhaps its greatest attraction to the efforts of many generations of workers at once skilful and devoted. It was written of those to whose extraordinary energies we in India owe the Taj-Mahal and many other great national monuments, that they 'designed like giants but finished like jewellers,' and when I call to mind the rare completeness of St. Sofia, and of a hundred more mosques and palaces which fringe the Bosphorus, I am compelled to admit that, in greatness of conception and in faithfulness of elaboration, the old artificers of Byzantium must have been at least the equals of my own countrymen. And if we contrast the modern buildings at Constantinople with those mighty monuments of old, the value of national strength and stability is very plainly apparent. To-day, while mosques and palaces are decaying, no work of any real beauty is undertaken, because there is this sentiment in the national mind: 'For whom are we building, for our own posterity or for the infidel?' In view of the impossibility of any reliable forecast of the future of this lovely corner of Europe, the industry of a naturally active nation is warped and stifled.

I never before fully realised the fact that the Russian advance after Plevna in 1878 had brought the Cossack to the very threshold of St. Sofia. What a graphic incident was the timely arrival of the British fleet from Besika Bay! There was the Russian army of the Grand Duke Nicholas under an ambitious and idolised commander, the dashing Skobeleff. The Turkish defences are destroyed; the Sacred City, the possession of which is the day dream of every Russian, lies completely at the mercy of the victorious battalions. Imploring messages from Skobeleff to the Czar, that the army may be permitted to occupy Constantinople, are flashing over the wires to St. Petersburg.

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And lo! the very next morning Admiral Hornby with the British fleet is almost within rifle-shot, lying at anchor off the Prince's Islands! Farewell every prospect of occupation! The Russian camp with its flimsy entrenchments is completely commanded by the enormous ordnance of those great floating castles, while at three miles the Russian light field-artillery would be as powerless as popguns to pierce those steel hulls. So St. Sofia was saved, at least for that time, from the foot of the infidel.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of the fact that no mere land force unsupported by a fleet can ever capture this extraordinary capital. Half a million Russians could hardly hold it even against the guns of the Turkish navy. Such fortifications as there are around the city walls are exposed to short-range bombardment at all points from the water. It would be quite impracticable for an invading army to intrench itself upon arrival, unless it could rely upon some weeks of steady work, without being interfered with from the water lines. And therefore it appears that Constantinople is secure unless the attacking army is supported by a navy powerful enough to silence the forts, and to force its way in, either through the narrow Dardanelles, or—making an eastern entry from the side of the Black Sea, to successfully run the gauntlet, at short range, of the numerous masked batteries of the Bosphorus. Unless therefore the Turkish garrisons of those forts should prove treacherous, or the forts themselves be neglected, the capture of Constantinople is nearly impossible.

It is not necessary that I should describe in these diaries the beauty of mosques, of palaces and kiosks—all this has been detailed with due elaboration by Murray and Baedeker. The interest that we from India now have in the future of the Osmanli is a political and a religious interest, an interest which is growing from day to day with every improvement in the means of communication between India and Europe. During the month I spent on the Bosphorus, I had many opportunities of discussing the political position with the representatives of those different powers which are waiting and watching with evident impatience to seize the heritage of 'the sick man.' I confess however that I do not at all share the view that the doom of Turkey in Europe is sealed, and that the day of execution is at hand. True there are causes that make for disintegration, and I can well believe that the present nearly chaotic condition of the executive of the Porte and the difficulties ever placed in the way of all the necessary reforms, whether political, social, or industrial, have seriously discouraged, especially in England, the true friends of Turkey. But when the day comes, and perhaps it is very near at hand, when the alternative presented to the Sultan and to the great powers is either Russia in possession of Constantinople or that those constitutional reforms necessary to restore the vitality of the Ottoman

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Empire shall be undertaken by joint agreement with England, Germany, Austria and Italy,—when this day does come, then right counsels will prevail, and Turkey, a country of great beauty and natural resources, and peopled by a community which, at least in the lower classes of its society, is singularly brave, industrious, and law-abiding, will again assert its position, and afford as of old an effective support to the balance of power in Europe.

When I sailed from Alexandria the Anglo-Turkish Convention was regarded as an accomplished fact. On my arrival at Constantinople it was understood that some mere points of formality were still delaying the exchange of the ratifications, but during the month which I spent on the Bosphorus the attitude of France and Russia was so determined and so hostile that Sir Henry Wolff's convention entirely collapsed. Probably such a failure under such circumstances will be, as regards the future, very valuable and very effective in defining still more sharply the two disputant groups upon the Bosphorus. All that diplomacy could effect in support of Sir Henry Wolff and Sir William White was done by the German, Austrian, and Italian ambassadors; but M. de Montebello's language to his Imperial Majesty was the language of actual menace, and while the Sultan thought it politic to yield, his sense of the indignity is certain for all time to come to influence his relations with the French Republic. A sovereign, too, of far less discrimination than Abdul Hamid will not fail to recognise that, in shaping his course in the future, whether at home or in Egypt, he has nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by giving support to the forces of France and Russia. These two nations are to-day completely alone in Europe. In each, social and constitutional issues from within, are threatening a general disruption; each is almost hopelessly embarrassed by the burden of debts and standing armies. If either nation is to survive this century without revolution and a national reconstruction, it can only be effected by peace, by economies, and, in Russia at least, by certain large constitutional concessions for which the Slavic peoples everywhere are at present waiting with much impatience. Under these circumstances, it is certain that the Sultan can now be relied upon to listen to those who tell him that the salvation of Turkey is to be achieved at home, and not by submission to outside influences. An honest administration and effective reforms at home will secure for the Porte zealous and active allies abroad. Russia's policy on the Bosphorus has been, and to-day is, controlled by Ignatieff's maxim, that under sufficient pressure Turkey can always be relied upon to yield. But when a man has retired to the very edge of a cliff he cannot be as pliant as when concession cost him little. At the same time it would be idle to deny that, even if the possession of Constantinople itself is to become the gage of war, Turkey can no longer rely blindly on the support of England. There is a modern school of

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politicians inclined to assert that the system of Turkish government is so bad, the whole administration so corrupt and so incongruous, that, come what may, no nation which would preserve its self-respect can any longer remain allied to the Porte. Therefore, 'Perish Turkey, England has no longer any interest in the politics of the Mediterranean.' Even the prospect that, with Russia on the Bosphorus, England would lose all the rich trade of the Levant, has but little influence with these philosophers, who, with Western aspirations looking to Canada and the growth of British communities in the far-off Southern seas, are deliberately turning their backs upon the involvements of Europe and the East. But this school is probably not very numerous, and when the crisis of the Eastern question does come, it will be impossible for England to refuse to play her part in its settlement.

England has in India some 50,000,000 of Mussulman subjects, including in their mass the most warlike of the native races, the races upon whom England must chiefly rely to roll back the tide of Russian aggression; and England is not likely to forget that it was these very races who, in 1857, at the bidding of their Caliph, the Sultan Abdul Medjid, gave their united support to the British connexion at that supreme moment when their defection might have cost the life of every white man and woman in India. My late father frequently assured me that the whole influence of the Califate was used most unremittingly from Constantinople to check the spread of the Mutiny, to rally to the English standards the Mussulman races of India, and that in this way the debt which Turkey owed to Great Britain for British support in the Crimea was paid in full. And the time may again come when the devotion of the Mussulmans to their Calif and the shrine of St. Sofia may be not less necessary to Great Britain than in 1857. I am aware that in the Western world the religious sentiment of nations is no longer considered an important factor in politics, but it would not be wise to regard any such maxim as applicable to the East. The myriads who to-day in the hottest regions in the world keep for an entire month each year the fast of Ramadan—entire abstinence from all food and water between sunrise and sunset while continuing their full daily toil—the religious zeal that has endured this trial stedfastly for more than a thousand years at the bidding of the Prophet, is not likely to look on unmoved when his shrine at Mecca and his tomb at Medina have become the objective points of foreign aggression. The enlightened classes in India recognise that the rule of England has secured us against incessant internal strife, involving a perpetual exhaustion of the resources of our communities, and also that by a just administration of equal laws a very sufficient measure of individual liberty is now our birthright. We have lost, as some think, our national liberties, which

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after all were merely the liberties enjoyed by despots to compel their subjects to make war on one another; this so called 'liberty' is denied us; but more than 240,000,000 of us have now the right to live our own lives on what lines we please, and to be subject only to the control of a known, a written law; and this being so, the one further inducement needed to keep the Mahommedan millions for ever stedfast in the British connexion is the bond of a religious faith and a cherished conviction that, being the loyal subjects of the Great White Empress, we are therefore the strongest link in the natural alliance between our Queen and our Calif, between the temporal power in India and the spiritual power that radiates from the Bosphorus. And herein is the strength and the determination of our objection to any further Russian growth in the direction of India. It is less our dislike to exchange a constitutional for a despotic rule, for we attach but little importance to mere theories of representative government; but we do all recognise that in Russia we are confronted with the natural and the unrelenting enemy of the head of our faith, and if we are destined to see Russia on the Bosphorus and the shrine of Mecca in her possession, where then may the faithful look to find the defender of their faith, the great Emir-al-Mumenin?

But it is hardly necessary, I suppose, to further emphasise the strong objection Mussulman India has to the Russianising of the Bosphorus. Every British instinct and tradition points also in the same direction. There are many who may consider that the author of *Greater Britain* has formed an exaggerated estimate of the military resources of Russia, but there is no one who can contemplate Russia on the Golden Horn, her fleets patrolling the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Egean, her garrisons in the forts of the Dardanelles, without a feeling that Asia and all Central and Eastern Europe might a little later become the subject and the serf of a Panslavic despotism.

The real strength of the non-intervention party in England probably lies in the natural objection to continue to play a part in what promises to be a very endless, a very bloody, and a very costly political issue; and I freely admit that if for ever and for ever the Bosphorus is to be held in an always-weakening grasp, if the inducement supplied by that weakness is ever to urge Russia forward to breaches of the peace of Europe, that then it would be reasonable for England to retire in despair. But the growth of events during the past ten years, and especially during the past few months, appears to promise at the present moment a solution of the Eastern question both final and satisfactory, and to offer also to the great powers some prospect of final relief from the burden of vast standing armies and that taxation which is necessary to support their prodigious military establishments.

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Any recent visitor to Turkey cannot fail to have been struck by the general expressions of the friendly feeling that Turks entertain for Austrians; and now that, however reluctantly, every intelligent Turk has come to recognise that some modification of the status of Turkey in Europe has become inevitable, that only by a friendly agreement and a joint administration with some strong military power can Turkey hope to avert a much-dreaded Russian occupation, Turkish attention is now focussed on Vienna. Nor is this surprising, for the war clouds that impend over Eastern Europe, and the aggressive despotism which is feeling its way both eastward and southward, are hardly less a menace to the future of Austria than to the Osmanli themselves. It is better therefore that these threatened nationalities should make common cause before it is too late, before they have been compelled to succumb one after the other. But this is by no means the only reason for the growth of closer sympathies between the two nations; for Austria seems to have solved, or at least to be moving rapidly in the direction of a right solution of, that most difficult of all the problems of government—namely, how to control and keep together, without internal disturbances, several distinct nationalities differing both in race and religion. An enlightened system of Home Rule, co-operating with an extended franchise, has so brought it about that in the Austrian Empire to-day the several families, Slavs, Germans, Latins, and Magyars, are living under one roof in very tolerable harmony. I am aware that the Austrian system has many detractors, and it is often said that the federal connection is so loose that from a military standpoint Austria is enfeebled. But if this is so, if Austria's aggressive capacity is diminished by decentralisation, then for that very reason a partnership with Turkey would be the less dangerous to the weaker partner. And, too, this suggested reconstruction is the more attractive, not only to the Danubian principalities, but also to Germany and Italy because of its immense defensive force if attacked by Russia, its comparative powerlessness for any purpose of wanton aggression.

Germany is a power in Europe whose interests make for peace; there is nothing so important to Germany as not merely present peace, but the prospect of such conditions of stability as would justify a partial disarming. Germany has commercial projects intended to create a colonial empire, and which are quite incompatible with the present strain on her resources, the consequence of a vast war ever imminent. The federation of the Balkan Peninsula under Austrian auspices is a policy that cannot fail to recommend itself to Prince Bismarck; it is the natural sequence of the policy which Russia herself inaugurated, and which the German Chancellor so warmly supported in 1878. At that time Russia was very busy establishing and strengthening the various Danubian kingdoms.

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Bismarck saw clearly that such morsels as Bulgaria would be far from digestible when the day came that Russia desired to swallow them, and this Russia now finds to be the case. Russia has had her chance and lost it; being determined to despotise and centralise, she has for ever estranged herself from her own offspring, so that to-day the local jealousies of Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania are almost merged in view of the common peril of their absorption by Russia.

Italy also could see in the Austrianising of the Balkan Peninsula nothing to awaken her suspicions. The events of 1866, if not forgotten, were so uniformly favourable to Italy that they left behind no after-taste of enmity. The immense recent constitutional changes in Austria, too, are the best guarantee to other powers that the growth of Austrian influences will be a very pacific growth indeed, and that a strong Austrian confederation implies the continued peace of Europe. Probably, for supporting the copartnership of Turkey and Austria on the Bosphorus, Italy might receive those southern portions of the Austrian Tyrol where to-day only the Italian language is spoken.

And if Turkey on her side requires a fighting partner to insure her the possession of the Bosphorus, Austria needs for her industrial development the deep-sea harbours of Marmora and the Egean. Even Russia herself is less cramped for the want of ports and of seaboard than is the Austrian Empire, cabined and confined as now to use outlets such as Trieste and Fiume, which are locked and barred from the commerce of central Austria by the lofty ranges of the Carinthian Alps. Far too much has been said about the policy of advancing Austria to Salonica. Such an advance would not settle the Eastern question in the smallest degree, and is merely one of those political make-shifts intended to bridge the interval between one war and another, and to defer till some more convenient season a real and a final settlement.

But what view would public opinion in England take of this suggested reconstruction in the East? This is the pivotal point of all. It is certain that Russia will antagonise any such settlement even to the point of war, and in this she will be supported, at least diplomatically, by all the power of France. If we may argue from recent disclosures, any such proposed copartnership as that of Turkey and Austria on the Bosphorus will evolve some diplomatic manifesto from Count Montebello which will quite throw into the shade even his candid counsels last July. For were Russia in future to be checked and controlled by this immense federation, France would have to keep the peace of Europe at the mandate of Germany and Italy.

The present efforts of the ambassadorial 'conspirators' of Therapia and Buyukdere can at best, it is said, only delay the evil day, and [illegible] it comes in three months or in three years, war is assumed [illegible]evitable. The present incursion of Prince Ferdinand into [illegible] may probably precipitate the crisis; but, on the other hand,

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if a conference could meet and rearrange the map of Europe on some such lines as I have ventured to sketch, it is not impossible that Russia might accept the position and war might be averted; but if war is inevitable, then the thing most to be desired is finality, and it may well be that, if the issue was fairly put before the English electorate, Will you permit Russia to seize the capital of the Ottoman Empire, to destroy your trade with the Levant, and demoralise the conditions of your rule in India—will you permit all this or, on the other hand, spend, if necessary, twenty millions sterling in a final effort, which will certainly be successful, to settle the Eastern question?—it seems reasonable to suppose that a nation so proud of its achievements and traditions as Great Britain would reply to this with no uncertain voice. The fighting material, the brave Turkish peasant, the cheapest and the best exemplar of that form of 'cheap labour,' is ready to England's hand in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. That is an invaluable recruiting ground. What alone is wanted is British gold and British officers. The issue itself is of the utmost gravity and is pressing for instant solution. That the growth of Austrian influences on the Continent would be distasteful to that school of English politicians whose memories carry them back to the national struggle of Kossuth, is nearly inevitable; but less biassed judgments will by no means recognise in the Austria of to-day the foe of national liberties, and in any case the Eastern question has got to be settled, not by references to ancient history, but by our generation and for our generation. It therefore remains that we should act without prejudice and in full view of the present crisis, our judgment unwarped by the history of periods that antedated constitutionalism in Austria, and the consequent rapid growth of Liberal principles.

The present position of Europe is the gravest scandal that attaches to the nineteenth century. Originating very largely in the critical condition of Turkey, it has now come to this—that 'industrial development' and the 'progress of civilisation' are mere terms used to disguise the fact that the Continent has become one vast Camp. It would be absurd to contend that any instantaneous cure for such a condition of things as this lies ready to our hand, that it can all be remedied at once by a process of map-making, and by a few statesmen sitting round a table. On the contrary, it is nearly inevitable that a bloody war must cut the Gordian knot. But it is the business of statesmen to act, and to fight at the right moment, which moment appears to be the present; so that war, if war there must needs be, may be a final war, and the outcome be such that thereafter the peace of Europe and the liberties of nations may no longer be menaced from day to day by the forces of an irresponsible despotism. Probably it will be objected to this settlement of the Eastern troubles, that it is a reckoning without the host; that Turkey

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would never agree to a copartnership of the kind proposed, and that the past relations of the Porte with Austria render concerted action impossible. Historically, no doubt, Austria represents a Christian union against the Moslem Power; but to-day Austria and Turkey are being brought together by forces which ignore history. Common dangers and common misfortunes have done much to reconcile historic enemies, and I believe that a promised release from present difficulties, coming to Turkey in the guise of federation with Austria, would not be unpalatable to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan.

Financially the Porte is hopelessly embarrassed. Her estimated revenue is less than sixteen millions sterling, which has to provide the annual interest on a vast debt held abroad, and also to support the position of a first-class military power, a power too surrounded, strained, and really besieged by anxious and hungry neighbours. The co-operation of Austria will alone remedy all this. Brigandage would be promptly repressed, so that the Church lands of the interior could again be cultivated and become of commercial value. At present they are unsaleable wastes. These *vakoufs* include the most fertile portions of Turkey, are of immense extent, and would with any guarantee of secured possession be readily saleable for a hundred millions sterling. Any such sum would redeem the foreign debt of Turkey, enable her to perfect her defences, and make of her a self-supporting and valuable ally. To the propertied classes at Constantinople the advent of Austria would be extremely welcome. To-day the palaces of the Bosphorus are falling into decay, and land fronting on that magnificent waterway, which under different conditions would be invaluable for industrial purposes, is unused and unsaleable, because credit is exhausted and no one will invest in view of existing political uncertainties. A little further west, since the absorption of Bosnia by Austria, rents have trebled in Serajevo and other towns, all prices have risen proportionately, while the loan rate for money has fallen nearly a half. This condition of things is being closely marked by the impecunious Pashas, who now recognise that, granted political stability, the district from Pera to Therapia would, from its beauty and its wealth of local advantages, be more valuable than any area of equal dimensions in Europe.

Then also this joint administration, Turkey supported by Austria, would solve the religious difficulty. According to the Mahommedan faith, no inch of territory may be yielded to the infidel; but there is nothing which precludes the Sultan from accepting an eligible tenant, who would respect His Majesty's position as an historic Suzerain. Of more force I think is the alleged objection that Hungary would be alarmed at so large a numerical addition to the present preponderance of the Slavic element in the Austrian Empire. But it is hardly necessary to point out that there is all the difference in the world between an Empire, and a federal union with an

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emperor as its nominal head. Slavic affinities have recently so entirely failed to reconcile Bulgaria to the certainty of perpetual interference from St. Petersburg that, granted conditions of strict Home Rule, the ethnical objection will hardly prove a barrier to the acquiescence of Hungary.

I have briefly and imperfectly outlined in these pages that solution of the Eastern question which alone seems possible in view of the crisis at hand, the solution also which will make of the Queen's Indian subjects at all times a willing soldiery. It is also the solution which affords the best prospect of finality, which is most compatible with national obligations, with the balance of power, and the peace of Europe during the coming century. If, as it appears to me, Austria has during the past few years come within the right lines to settle this Home Rule question for all mankind by the development of a federal system, do not the Great Powers owe it to Austria to recognise in this way her liberal and constitutional efforts? It may well be that, not much later, the federal principle will have to obtain universally, and that those nations which reject it at the dictation of despotic sovereigns, or of not less despotic ministers, will have to be coerced into accepting it, because only thus can the world be safeguarded from the awful devastation of modern warfare. It will be a strange instance, indeed, of the irony, and the irresistible justice of Fate, if Russia's recent creation, for her own selfish ends, of the Danubian Principalities is destined to culminate in a result so magnificent as this.

SALAR JUNG.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since writing the above I have read with great interest M. Emile de Laveleye's book, *The Balkan Peninsula*.[1] It is to me a matter of great satisfaction to find that the distinguished Belgian economist has anticipated me in his very careful yet very pronounced estimate of the importance to the whole of Europe of the growth of the Federal system in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. M. de Laveleye believes that the increasing tendency everywhere to Home Rule, a tendency till a few years since either ignored or ridiculed, is to be attributed less to Nationalist aspirations and to race jealousies than to the more unsentimental requirements of modern material progress.

The Magyars (says M. de Laveleye) must not expect to Magyarise the Croats, Servia and Bosnia being so near to these, neither will these assimilate Wallachia, which is neighboured by young Roumania.

How dangerous it will be to Austria if, when the defence of the Empire has to be undertaken, these nationalities within the country itself are found to be hostile

[1] London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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to one another! I saw in Transylvania the blackened ruins of Hungarian castles burned in 1867 by the Wallachian peasantry. The legislature of Pesth had suppressed the autonomy of Transylvania, which dated from the tenth century, just as the English Parliament has destroyed the autonomy of Ireland. England now wishes to re-establish this, but what perils will follow from the bitter memories of the past! Look, on the other hand, at the Swiss canton of the Tessin; it is wholly Italian. Italy is united, free, glorious, even prosperous; and yet the Italians of the Tessin do not desire to be united with Italy, they prefer to remain a Canton of the Swiss Federation. The Croats, the Servians, and the Wallachs, may all become equally devoted to the crown of St. Stephen, but it is only by federation that this result can be obtained.

The world is now the theatre of two active movements—the one centripetal, the other centrifugal. The first, the fusion of races, results from propinquity and from like customs and laws; the second, however, is the result of the determination to decentralise, which originates in the desire of nations, or provinces, or towns, to undertake the responsibilities of self-government.

S. J.

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'THE WINTER'S TALE.'

THE stage-history of this play is not so long or so full of incident as the stage-history of the great tragedies, about which volumes might be written. To trace the career of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *King Lear* on the stage would be, in effect, to write a history of English tragic acting. Even the more popular comedies, such as *The Merchant of Venice* or *As You Like It*, would afford matter for anecdotic annals of almost unlimited length. *The Winter's Tale* has been less popular, and consequently its record is less eventful; but it has had its fair share of vicissitudes. It suffered more than most of its fellows at the hands of the self-complacent eighteenth century, and even the nineteenth century has taken no small liberties with it.

Of *The Winter's Tale* before the Restoration little is known. It was seen by Dr. Simon Forman at the Globe on May 15, 1611, and it is plausibly argued that this must have been during its first run. Again, on August 19, 1623, Sir Henry Herbert, then Master of the Revels, enters in his notebook:—

> For the king's players. An olde playe called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing profane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge.

The 'allowed booke' was no doubt destroyed when the Globe Theatre was burned down in 1613. In the following January (16$\frac{2}{4}$$\frac{3}{4}$) Sir Henry Herbert notes that *The Winter's Tale* was performed at Whitehall by the King's company, 'in the kings absence.' Ten years later we find the following entry: 'The Winter's Tale was acted on thursday night at Court, the 14 Janua. 1633, by the K. players, and likt.' It thus appears that the comedy did not, like so many of its fellows, absolutely vanish from the stage, and even that it was fairly popular.

At the Restoration, however, its popularity was forgotten, and eighty years passed before it was taken from the shelf. At last, on January 15, 1741, it was revived by Giffard at Goodman's Fields, the East End theatre to which, some nine months later, all London

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was attracted by the sudden fame of a young gentleman named David Garrick. Giffard himself played Leontes, and his wife Hermione—a very undistinguished pair. The Perdita was Miss Hippisley, afterwards Mrs. Green, an actress who is said to have been second only to Kitty Clive in her particular line of parts. She was now a young girl at the commencement of her career. It was not until thirty years later that she created Mrs. Hardcastle and Mrs. Malaprop. Richard Yates played Autolycus, and his wife, afterwards so famous, appeared as one of Hermione's attendants—but of them more anon. This revival was probably more or less successful, for in the following November we find the play figuring in the Covent Garden bill. The Leontes was Stephens, an actor who secured a passing success by his knack of imitating Barton Booth. Polixenes was played by Ryan, from whom Garrick is said to have borrowed many details of his Richard III. A certain Mr. and Mrs. Hale were the Florizel and Perdita—the wife a nonenity, the husband noted only for having on one occasion insisted on playing Charles I. in a full-bottomed fair wig. The Hermione was Mrs. Horton, a very handsome woman who succeeded for a time to Mrs. Oldfield's parts. Her manner, unfortunately, was that of the stilted, 'orotund' school of Quin, and we are told that 'the natural and easy dialogue of Mrs. Pritchard so captivated the public that poor Mrs. Horton was stripped of her characters one by one,' Peg Woffington, too, coming in for some of the spoils. Mrs. Pritchard on this occasion exercised her power of 'natural and easy dialogue' in the part of Paulina.

Up to this point the text presented seems to have been Shakespeare's, or something like it; but now the dauntless adaptor steps in. On March 25, 1754, a two-act piece called *The Sheep-Shearing* makes its appearance in the Covent Garden bill, which is, in fact, nothing but the fourth act of *The Winter's Tale*, torn from its context and 'written up' by a forgotten playwright named McNamara Morgan. Leontes and Hermione have, of course, disappeared from the scene, and the old Shepherd turns out to be none other than Antigonus in disguise. The part of Autolycus (spelt Autolicus) is much amplified, not to its advantage, and Sir Thomas Hanmer's sapient suggestion that 'Bohemia' must be a misprint for 'Bithynia' is accepted in all good faith. Spranger Barry, the 'harmonious Barry,' Garrick's rival in the part of Romeo, played Florizel to the Perdita of Miss Nossiter, and to the Autolicus of Ned Shuter, wit, winebibber, gambler, and 'gagger,' whom Garrick called the greatest comic genius he had ever seen. Barry must have liked the part of Florizel, for he frequently played it both in London and Dublin. At Covent Garden in 1758 his Perdita was the fair and frail George Anne Bellamy, who had played Juliet to Garrick's Romeo in the celebrated Battle of the Playhouses eight years previously. The piece may be said to have held the stage until the

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end of the century. It was repeated at Drury Lane in 1774, and at Covent Garden in 1790 and 1798, Florizel, Perdita, and Autolicus being played as a rule by actors who had held these parts in the unmutilated or less mutilated play. In the meantime a second maltreatment of the pastoral scenes had been perpetrated at the Haymarket by George Colman. It was in three acts, and entitled, like its predecessor, *The Sheep-Shearing*. Colman had not even gone to Shakespeare for his material, but had further mutilated Garrick's mutilation, of which we shall speak presently, introducing Leontes and Paulina into Bohemia. This execrable hotch-potch was produced unsuccessfully in 1777, and repeated in 1783, the Autolicus, on each occasion, being John Edwin, a comedian whose genuine talent was marred by an irresistible bent towards buffoonery.

We now leave *The Sheep-Shearing* and return to *The Winter's Tale*. On January 21, 1756, Garrick produced at Drury Lane *The Winter's Tale, or Florizel and Perdita*, a 'Dramatic Pastoral' in three acts. A play in which a baby grows to womanhood between the third and fourth acts was not to be tolerated by the polite public of the Georgian age. Even Shakespeare's name could not spur the imagination to a leap of sixteen years. *The Winter's Tale*, so Murphy sums the matter up, was regarded as 'the most irregular production of that great but eccentric poet,' and Garrick was the very man to shape its rough-hewn mass. It must be admitted that his enthusiasm for regularity was perfectly disinterested. He sacrificed without a qualm almost all the 'fat' (to use an expressive technicality) of his own part. The first three acts disappear at one fell slash of the cleaver. Camillo in the first scene relates to 'a gentleman' the events which took place in Sicily, and this is all that remains of the jealousy of Leontes, the despair of Hermione, the trial, and the oracle. Leontes is shipwrecked on the coast of Bohemia, whither Paulina, with Hermione in her keeping, has previously emigrated. From this the course of the action may easily be surmised, and Garrick, it must be added, has not been sparing of interpolation even where it was not strictly necessary. Yet, in his Prologue, after patronising Shakespeare at some length, he wound up with the couplet—

> *'Tis my chief Wish, my Joy, my only Plan,*
> *To lose no* Drop *of that immortal Man!*

Well may he add a note of admiration to this extraordinary statement, and well may Genest, in his quiet way, append the note, 'He has certainly lost a tun of him here.' One would suppose that this maltreatment of the poet could not fail to meet with loud disapprobation from the scholars of the day. Nothing could be further from the fact. 'Dear Sir,' writes Warburton to Garrick (June 12,

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1758), 'As you know me to be less an idolizer of Shakspeare than yourself, you will less suspect me of compliment when I tell you that besides your giving an elegant form to a monstrous composition, you have in your own additions written up to the best scenes in this play, so that you will easily imagine I read the "Reformed Winter's Tale" with great pleasure.' Garrick was not destined, however, to reap unmixed gratification from his *Florizel and Perdita*. One day in 1769 Mrs. Thrale happened to praise 'Garrick's talent for light gay poetry;' and in support of her praise she repeated a song he had written for Perdita, ending (as she slightly misquoted it),

'I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.'

JOHNSON: 'Nay, my dear Lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple;—What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich!'

Here was an opportunity for mischief-making which Boswell could not resist. 'I repeated this sally to Garrick,' he says, 'and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it.'[1]

The comedy, so much as was left of it, was admirably played. Of Garrick's Leontes, Davies tells us that 'his action and whole behaviour during the disinchanting of Hermione, was extremely affecting.' Mrs. Pritchard was the Hermione—the great actress of whom Johnson afterwards said to a still greater actress, 'Pritchard, in common life, was a vulgar idiot; she would talk of her *gownd*: but, when she appeared upon the stage, seemed to be inspired by gentility and understanding.' Mrs. Cibber, whose 'fascinating art Could wake the pulses of the heart,' played Perdita, converted, no doubt for her special behoof, into a singing part. It was on hearing of her death, ten years later, that Garrick cried, 'Then Tragedy is dead on one side!' Holland was the Florizel, a handsome but stiff and imitative actor. 'With truly tragic stalk,' wrote Churchill, 'He creeps—he flies. A hero should not walk.' The part of the Clown was assigned to Woodward, who on the same evening added to his laurels by playing Petruchio in Garrick's version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, then produced (as an after-piece) for the first time. Woodward was great in such parts as Bobadil and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, while as a Harlequin he almost rivalled Rich. Yates played Autolicus (so Garrick also chose to spell the name), and played it, says Davies, with marked success. Dibdin says of Yates that he

[1] Genest hints that Garrick stole this song from Morgan's *Sheep-Shearing* and was ashamed to own the fact. This seems to be a mistake. We have been unable to procure the edition of Morgan's play said to have been published in Dublin in 1754, but the song does not appear in the edition of 1767. The popularity acquired for it by Mrs. Cibber's singing probably led to its subsequent insertion in Morgan's play. Genest had evidently not seen the 1754 edition, and jumped too hastily at the belief that it included the song.

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'added to chaste nature becoming respectability,' and we are assured that Churchill did him great injustice in the couplet:—

> Lo! Yates! without the least finesse of art,
> He gets applause. I wish he'd get his part.

He was as careful of money as Garrick himself, and died at the age of eighty-four, leaving a large fortune. It is said that on his wife's benefit-nights he was always to be seen in the gallery exhorting the gods to 'sit close,' and adding plaintively 'Mrs. Yates is the greatest actress in the world and has but one day.'

This quasi-Shakespearean bill—*Florizel and Perdita* and *Catherine and Petruchio*—was so attractive that it was repeated eleven times; and six years later Garrick revived the same pieces with almost the same casts. King, however, replaced Woodward as the Clown and Petruchio—King, who created Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle, whose active life on the stage extended over fifty-four years, and of whom Lamb wrote: 'His acting left a taste on the palate, sharp and sweet, like a quince.' At Covent Garden, in 1771, Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* was revived for one night—a benefit. Leontes was played by Gentleman Smith, whose agreements with his managers always contained three stipulations—that he should not be required to blacken his face, to play in farce, or to descend through a trap. The Polixenes was Bensley, whose Malvolio and Hotspur are so warmly praised—perhaps over-praised—by Lamb. The Hermione was Mrs. Mattocks, a comic actress, who was sadly out of place in tragedy. 'She was the paragon representative,' Boaden tells us, 'of the radically *vulgar* woman.' Dubellamy, a singer of some note, played Autolycus, while the Clown and Perdita were represented by Quick and Mrs. Bulkley, who were destined, two years later, to create the parts of Tony Lumpkin and Miss Hardcastle. This was the last appearance of Shakespeare's play upon the stage for more than thirty years. In 1774 Garrick's version was revived at Covent Garden, with Smith as Leontes, Bensley as Polixenes, Quick as Autolicus, and Woodward as the Clown. The Florizel was William Lewis, who in after years was said to combine in such parts as Mercutio 'the gracefulness of Barry with the energy of Garrick.' Hermione was played by Mrs. Hartley, the lovely woman who still lives for us on the canvases of Reynolds. 'A finer creature I never saw,' said Garrick; 'her make is perfect.' Her acting, unfortunately, was quite the reverse. The Perdita was a certain (or uncertain) Miss Dayes, and the Paulina was Mrs. Green, whom we have seen, as Miss Hippisley, playing Perdita at Goodman's Fields for the first time since the Restoration. The next revival of *Florizel and Perdita*, at Drury Lane in 1779, was marked by a romantic episode. Smith again played Leontes; Bensley, Polixenes; and Mrs. Hartley, Hermione; but on the fifth night the part of Hermione was transferred to Miss Farren,

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afterwards Countess of Derby. Yates was the Clown, and the Autolicus was a singing comedian named Vernon, who made his chief mark in this part. Perdita was played by Mrs. Mary Robinson, a young actress who had made some success during the three previous seasons in such parts as Juliet, Ophelia, and Viola. She was a Miss Darby, daughter, according to some, of a captain in the Russian navy, according to others, of a philanthropist who wasted his substance 'in attempts to civilise the Esquimaux Indians.' She had been a pupil of Hannah More, and had made her first appearance under the auspices of Garrick. On December 3, 1779, *Florizel and Perdita* 'was acted by command of their Majesties.' 'When Mrs. Robinson,' says Genest, 'went into the green-room dressed as Perdita, Smith exclaimed, "By Jove! you will make a conquest of the Prince, for you look handsomer than ever." Smith proved a true prophet, and a few days after she received, through the hands of a Nobleman, a letter addressed to Perdita and with peculiar propriety signed Florizel.' The nobleman who carried this missive of 'peculiar propriety' was probably Viscount Malden, afterwards Earl of Essex. It is curious to reflect that his widow, formerly Miss Stephens, the celebrated singer, died so lately as 1882. The connection of Florizel and Perdita lasted only two years, after which the shepherdess was deserted by her swain. While still a young woman she was seized with paralysis, and in the 'Memoirs' of Miss Hawkins we get the following pathetic glimpse of her:—

> On a table in one of the waiting-rooms of the Opera House was seated a woman of fashionable appearance, still beautiful, 'but not in the bloom of beauty's pride; she was not noticed except by the eye of pity. In a few minutes two liveried servants came to her, and they took from their pockets long white sleeves, which they drew on their arms; they then lifted her up and conveyed her to her carriage—it was the then helpless paralytic Perdita.

The Florizel, too, of this 1779 revival was a man of somewhat romantic destiny. His name was William Brereton. For several years he was held a hopelessly mediocre actor, until he happened to play with Mrs. Siddons, whose magnetic influence awoke him to something like genius. Before long, however, his mind gave way, and he died insane, distracted, it was said, by the hopeless passion with which the great actress had inspired him.

The subsequent revivals of *Florizel and Perdita* may be passed over rapidly. In 1783 Henderson played Leontes at Covent Garden to the Hermione of Mrs. Yates. Though Garrick sneered at him, Henderson was undoubtedly a great actor, especially in respect of versatility. His Hamlet and his Falstaff were said to be equally good. As for Mrs. Yates, all authorities agree as to her singular beauty, but there are differences of opinion as to the merits of her acting. 'Too much stumping about and too much flumping about,' said the outspoken Kitty Clive; and perhaps there was more in the

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criticism than a mere access of spleen. Campbell wrote of her Hermione: 'Mrs. Yates had a sculpturesque beauty that suited the statue, I have been told, as long as it stood still; but when she had to speak the charm was broken and the spectators wished her back on her pedestal.' Lewis, on this occasion, played Florizel, Quick the Clown, and Edwin Autolicus. The Perdita was Miss Satchell, afterwards Mrs. Stephen Kemble, a good actress in her day. There was a revival of the play in 1788 at Drury Lane, Miss Farren resuming the part of Hermione to the Leontes of Wroughton, 'a sterling, sound, and sensible performer.' Mrs. Crouch

> Endu'd with every gentle grace,
> A voice celestial, and an angel face,

appeared as Perdita, with Barrymore, a pompous and second-rate player, as her Florizel. The clown was Dicky Suett, whom 'Shakespeare foresaw,' says Lamb, 'when he framed his fools and jesters;' and Dodd played Autolicus—a part, one would suppose, not quite within the range of 'the most perfect fopling ever placed upon the stage.' At Covent Garden in 1792 a popular singer named Mrs. Mountain chose the part of Perdita for her benefit. Harley, a tragedian of provincial fame, played Leontes to the Hermione of Mrs. Pope, an actress of the Garrick school. Of her it is said, rather pathetically, that after the retirement of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Crawford, and but for the appearance of Mrs. Siddons, she would have been the best tragic actress on the stage. Munden, of whom more hereafter, was the Autolicus, Quick the Clown; and Holman, whose 'pavior's sighs' Lamb has immortalised, played Florizel. Three years later (1795) the play was revived at Covent Garden for the last time. The Hermione, Florizel, Autolicus, and Clown were the same as in 1792. The Leontes was Alexander Pope (the husband of Hermione), more famous as a gourmand than as an actor; and the Perdita was Miss Wallis, a promising young actress, who soon afterwards married, abandoned the stage for fifteen years, and on returning to it failed dismally.

After 1795 Garrick's *Florizel and Perdita* was heard no more. On March 25, 1802, John Philip Kemble revived Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* at Drury Lane, borrowing from Garrick's perversion the song criticised by Johnson, and a few speeches in the last scene. He himself played Leontes to the Hermione of Mrs. Siddons, who the more readily assumed this character as 'her form was becoming too matronly for the personation of juvenile heroines.' She looked the statue, says Campbell, 'even to literal illusion.'

> The figure (says Boaden) composed something like one of the muses in profile. The drapery was ample in its folds, and seemingly stony in its texture. Upon the magical words, pronounced by Paulina, 'Musick; awake her: strike;' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle had

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really vivified the marble; and the descent from the pedestal was equally graceful and affecting.

It was on this occasion that the Muse of Tragedy narrowly escaped a tragic fate.

Whilst I was standing for the statue (she writes to her friend Mrs. Fitz Hugh) my drapery flew over the lamps that were placed behind the pedestal; it caught fire, and, had it not been for one of the scene-men, who most humanely crept on his knees and extinguished it, without my knowing anything of the matter, I might have been burnt to death, or, at all events, I should have been frightened out of my senses. Surrounded as I was with muslin, the flame would have run like wildfire. The bottom of the train was entirely burnt.

Some time afterwards she was enabled to show her gratitude to her preserver by procuring a pardon for his son, who had deserted from the army.

The play was repeated eleven nights during the season. 'Perhaps no revival,' says Boaden, 'ever drew greater crowds.' The Florizel was Charles Kemble, youngest of the family, whose Romeo, Faulconbridge, and Mark Antony are remembered by men yet living. 'The Perdita,' Boaden tells us, 'was a very delicate and pretty young lady of the name of Hickes.' It was her first appearance on any stage, and her subsequent career seems to have been undistinguished. Antigonus was played by Dowton, a 'good all round' comedian, who was excellent in Sir Anthony Absolute, and at least fair in Falstaff. Suett was the Clown, and the Autolycus was Jack Bannister, whose Ben in *Love for Love* so delighted Charles Lamb. Bannister began as a tragedian, and was considered by the stage carpenters the finest Hamlet of his time, because he got through the part twenty minutes quicker than anyone else. When he mentioned to Garrick his intention of trying comedy, the great man replied, 'Why, no, don't think of that. You may humbug the town some time longer as a tragedian; *but comedy is a serious thing*, so don't try it yet.'

Kemble twice revived *The Winter's Tale* at Covent Garden, first in 1807, then in 1811. On each occasion he himself played Leontes; his brother Charles, Florizel; and Mrs. Siddons, Hermione. 'In the assumed statue,' says a critic of the later date, 'she had as much proper dignity as the rotund state of her anatomy can allow.' Her entreaties to Polixenes, the same writer tells us, were by no means 'insinuating,' and the smile she assumed was 'more contemptuous than alluring, like Melpomene inviting Cupid to a banquet.' The Perdita of 1807 was Miss Norton, of 1811 Mrs. H. Johnston—neither an actress of any great note. The Clown in both revivals was played by the incomparable Liston; but the Autolycus of 1807 was Munden, of 1811 Fawcett. Both were great comedians, but Fawcett, according to Talfourd, 'had not the facility or richness of Munden.' 'He is not one, but legion,' said Charles Lamb of Munden; 'not so much a comedian as a company. If his name

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could be multiplied like his countenance it would fill a playbill.' He was an utterly ignorant man, and boasted of his ignorance. 'I never read any book but a play,' he said; 'no play but one in which I myself acted, and no portion of that play but my own scenes.' This saying was repeated to Lamb, who remarked, 'I knew Munden well, and I believe him.'

When next the play was revived (Covent Garden, 1819) Charles Young succeeded Kemble in the part of Leontes. Young was unquestionably a great tragedian. 'I flatter myself he could not act Othello as I do,' said Edmund Kean, 'yet what chance should I have in Iago after him, with his personal advantages and his d—— musical voice.' His Leontes, however, does not seem to have been very successful, for the play was only once repeated. The Hermione was Miss Somerville, afterwards the spouse of 'the poet Bunn;' the Perdita a Miss Beaumont, unknown to fame. Charles Kemble played Florizel, Fawcett Autolycus, and Liston the Clown. Young again played Leontes at Covent Garden in 1827, but only for three nights. The Hermione was Mrs. Faucit, the mother, if we are not mistaken, of Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin). Fawcett resumed the part of Autolycus, and Robert Keeley, a famous comedian whose no less famous wife is still among us, appeared as the Clown. In the meantime Macready, at Drury Lane, had essayed the part of Leontes in 1823, playing it twelve times. His Hermione was Mrs. Bunn, his Perdita Mrs. W. West, afterwards a noted melodramatic actress. James Wallack, the dashing and the stately, played Florizel; Mrs. Glover, an admirable comedian, appeared as Paulina; and Munden, then in the last year of his professional life, once more appeared as Autolycus.

Leontes, according to Macready's own account, was a part in which he 'produced a very strong impression.' It must evidently have been one of his favourite characters, since he chose *The Winter's Tale* as the opening production of his famous management at Covent Garden, September 30, 1837. 'Acted Leontes artist-like,' he writes in his diary, 'but not, until the last act, very effectively.' Miss Helen Faucit was the Hermione; it is to be regretted that she has not devoted to this character one of her delightful letter-studies of Shakesperean heroines. Miss Taylor (Mrs. Walter Lacy) was the Perdita, and Mr. James Anderson, a popular romantic actor in his day, made his first appearance in London as Florizel. Paulina was played by Miss Huddart, afterwards Mrs. Warner, and Mopsa by Miss P. Horton, known to this generation as Mrs. German Reed. The play was repeated at intervals under Macready's management, both at Covent Garden and at Drury Lane. On the occasion of Phelps's benefit at Drury Lane, May 30, 1843, it was given with a cast so remarkable as to be worth reproducing in full: Leontes, Macready; Polixenes, Ryder; Florizel, Anderson; Antigonus, Phelps; Camillo,

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LETTERS ON PHANTASMS.[1]

A Reply.

THE paper by Mr. Taylor Innes—entitled 'Where are the Letters?'—in the August number of this Review, was a severe though courteously expressed criticism of the case lately put forward for the reality of a certain class of 'telepathic' occurrences—those, namely, in which an abnormal affection of the mind or senses of one person has so markedly corresponded with the death or some other abnormal condition of another person at a distance as to suggest that there is a causal connection, and that the one mind has acted on the other notwithstanding the absence of any known physical mode of communication. I am limited to a very short reply; but even if I were to occupy as many pages as Mr. Innes did, I could hardly hope to seem as effective in defence as he in attack. There is an immense advantage, for controversial purposes, in picking out special points to criticise in a large cumulative argument, which few even of those who in some measure consider it will find leisure and inclination to master; and Mr. Innes's treatment of these points contains many a word and phrase to which the only satisfactory antidote would be some hours of (I fear) tedious study.

One preliminary matter cannot be quite passed over. Mr. Innes refers to the connection which is made between our *experimental* evidence of thought-transference (oddly described by him as 'mesmeric or hypnotic' in character, whereas in most cases the persons concerned were in a completely normal state) and the evidence for the *spontaneous* telepathic occurrences known as 'phantasms of the living.' I have said that we are unable to determine how far the impression on our own minds of the evidence for the latter class of cases has been dependent on our conviction of the genuineness of the former. To this Mr. Innes objects that, though the experimental facts might very well dispose those who witness them to admit evidence for the spontaneous facts, they cannot legitimately affect the judgment of that evidence as presented in each particular case. I should quite agree that the existence of the experimental results ought not to diminish the stringency with which each alleged case

[1] Published by Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, E.C.

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of the other class is examined. But Mr. Innes would hardly deny that a *less* improbable thing may reasonably be accepted as proved by evidence inferior in cogency to that requisite for the proof of a *more* improbable thing. I should reasonably believe that a sparrow had flown over my house on slighter evidence than would be needed to convince me that a stork had flown over it. So far, then, as the *à priori* improbability of the spontaneous phenomena is diminished by the assurance, experimentally produced, that one human mind can act on another otherwise than through the recognised organs of sense, the evidence actually adduced for those phenomena will count for more—will go further in the direction of proof.

To pass now to the more direct attack. Its general force depends in large measure on three assumptions, on each of which I must join issue. The first is that, of persons having experiences which can afterwards be plausibly represented as telepathic in origin, a large number would at once sit down and indite a letter on the subject. The second is that it is improbable that letters or notes, which students interested in a particular research would wish to be carefully preserved, should be destroyed or lost. The third is that the existence of a flaw or mistake in a record in respect of a detail at once proves the substantial falsity of the whole record.

First, as to the letters. A person who has been affected by a hallucination of the senses, or a dream or some other sort of vivid impression, representing some friend or relative, *may* no doubt at once set forth his experience in a letter—after despatching which he may receive the news that the friend or relative represented was dying, or in some other very abnormal condition, at the time when he himself was affected. In Mr. Innes's view he is extremely likely to despatch such a letter: the case where this happens, he says, 'must be a very common one.' But has he taken any pains to justify this view? To say nothing of the deterrent fear of being thought superstitious, has he carefully considered what proportion of the inhabitants of the country have friends at a distance to whom they instantly send a report of anything unusual that has befallen them? Persons living in families, or in daily association with friends and neighbours, may naturally make verbal mention of any striking personal experience; but immediately to sit down and write a letter about it would only normally be done by some one who (1) had some intimate confidant at a distance, and (2) had the habit of writing a letter to this confidant within a few hours, or at most days, of the occurrence of anything that much impressed him. (The letter, it must be remembered, is supposed to be written *before* the news of the death or other event reaches the writer, and the time within which this could be done is usually very short.) Most of my readers, I think, would say at a guess that the proportion of the population who realise these conditions is a very small one; and, as it happens, I have special

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been inspected by us. Mr. Innes describes these cases as 'unsatisfactory if not suspicious.' I must altogether demur to the latter word; and some, at any rate, of the cases I can only admit to be 'unsatisfactory' in the sense that no single case can form a conclusive proof. They might be unsatisfactory if presented as irrefragable *demonstration*, but as *evidence* they can hardly be impugned except on the hypothesis of deliberate fraud. I will go through the list in order.

Case 23.—The percipient, Mr. F. W., resident in France, immediately after his experience, wrote in a note-book the words: 'Appearance—Thursday night, 25th of March, 1880. R. B. W. B. God forbid!' The initials R. B. stood for the name of his brother, who, it proved, had died in England a few hours before from the effects of a hunting accident. Mr. F. W. explains the addition of the other initials by the fact that, though he distinctly recognised his brother's features, the figure bore some slight resemblance to a friend, Colonel B., and in his anxious state of mind he worried himself into the belief that possibly it might have represented that friend. On which Mr. Innes remarks: 'There can, I suppose, be no doubt that Mr. W.'s assertion that he had seen his brother's wraith is weakened rather than supported by his documentary evidence.' Now Mr. W. never made any assertion that he had seen his brother's wraith; he describes his vision in one place as a 'dream,' in another as an 'apparition,' the extreme vividness of the experience being shown by the fact that, as soon as he was completely awake, he went and searched for his brother in the sitting-room. If we correct this error of language, Mr. Innes's position will be that the probability that Mr. W. is mistaken in telling us that he saw an appearance which he associated with his brother is *increased* by the fact that, before hearing of the death, he made a note in which the word 'appearance' is associated with his brother's initials! It should be observed that, even supposing that the appearance had suggested R. B. and W. B. in an exactly equal degree, the coincidence would remain a most striking one; the odds against the death of *either* of them happening to fall on that night being just half the enormous odds against the death of the particular one, R. B., happening so to fall.

Case 153.—The Rev. A. J. says that before he left his bedroom he wrote down certain words (on which the case depends) on a scrap of an old newspaper—having no other paper at hand—from which, long before the news which confirmed them arrived, he copied them into his diary. Mr. Innes adds: 'The newspaper is lost.' This is not quite correct; the scrap was simply not preserved after its contents were transcribed in a more permanent form. I have inspected and copied the record in the diary, and I say with regard to it, 'I had hoped to be able to incorporate this *verbatim* in the account; but he [Mr. J.] has private reasons, quite unconnected with the present case, for desiring that this should not be done.' As Mr. Innes quotes these words, I suppose that it is in them that he finds the 'unsatisfactory if not suspicious' feature of the case. But he has not quoted them accurately. He makes me say that 'I had hoped to be able to incorporate *it*,' where the *it* refers to the sentence copied from the newspaper scrap. But *this is incorporated verbatim* in Mr. J.'s own narrative. The 'record' which is what I said I had hoped to incorporate was the whole contemporary account—the entries *in extenso*. They were actually in type, when Mr. J. wrote to me to say that, as the diary was in other parts of a very private nature, he would prefer that even these parts should not be published. Most readers, I think, will be able to rely on my assertion that the account printed is an absolutely unadorned re-statement of what the diary contains. The quotations would have looked well; but the evidential value of the case need not suffer in the eyes of anyone who believes my statement that the quotable entries exist.

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Case 168.—The words used here are: 'Mrs. T. has shown to one of us a memorandum of the appearance of two figures, under date November 18th, in her diary of the year 1863;' on which Mr. Innes remarks that 'unless the editors have the worst opinion of this entry, we should not have been left with a notice of it so meagre and suspicious.' I cannot think he seriously believes that we have concealed an evidential flaw of which we were aware. So far from having 'the worst opinion' of the entry, we have not the shadow of a doubt that it is a genuine contemporary memorandum of the central incident of the case. The memorandum is in fact as 'meagre' as the description given of it, consisting simply of the words, 'Two figures.' But it is not in the least 'suspicious;' for to suppose that it does not refer to the two figures which Mrs. T. states that she saw on the date of the entry, and which her husband attests that she described to him as soon as they met, would be possible only by supposing that he and she have agreed to produce an elaborate fabrication for our benefit. To us who know them, this hypothesis is out of the question. But I have expressly admitted in my fourth chapter how impossible it is to convey to others the effect of direct personal knowledge, and I have almost wholly eschewed everything in the nature of testimonials to character. We cannot go beyond the point where, having assured ourselves of our witnesses' desire to be truthful, we adduce evidence which can only be impugned by imputing to them wilful deceit. I need not here discuss how reasonable or unreasonable it would be to make such an imputation in respect of any large proportion of our cases; for Mr. Innes certainly would not make it. His express words are, 'That the percipients are in *bona fides* we cannot doubt.'

As to case 98, Mr. Innes says that I have been 'equally reticent.' I do not catch his meaning. The entry from the diary is quoted *verbatim* in the account; and I add at the end that I have inspected the diary, implying of course that on inspection the entry proved to be as quoted.

With case 220 Mr. Innes has no fault to find as far as the diary entries are concerned, but he objects that 'the whole incident is trivial.' There is no force in this. The important point in the percipient's experience is not that it should be tragic or appalling, but that it should be *unusual*. It is a 'trivial' thing enough to guess correctly a card of which another person is thinking; but under proper conditions the guess may be an important item in the proof of thought-transference.

Case 303.—The 'unsatisfactory if not suspicious' feature here seems to be that the entry occurs 'not in its place'—by which is probably meant, not under any printed heading of the date—but on the first page of a pocket sketch-book. I suppose Mr. Innes's suspicion to be that it was not written immediately after the experience which it records, and that the date therefore cannot be trusted. But surely two facts should have been noticed. First, the narrator's wife testifies to his immediate mention of the experience, and remembers his making the note next morning. Secondly, the news of the death arrived in a few days; and the words of the entry would be as unnatural if written *after* knowledge of the death as they are natural if written *before*. Indeed, *after* the news why should the entry have been made at all?

Case 194.—A lady of high character assured me that the words which I saw under the head of the 15th day of the month, 'Night of this day, March '74,' were intended to commemorate the experience which she describes as having occurred on that night. They certainly referred to something unusual; and they are surely more likely to have referred to the unusual experience which she remembers to have prompted them than to some other unusual experience which, in spite of them, she has forgotten all about.

Case 695.—Mr. Innes remarks that 'the date is confirmed only by these figures produced on the back of an envelope—"24-10-84."' And very good confirmation too. It is proved by two private letters and by an official communication that the narrator's son died abroad on October 24, 1884. The narrator remembered having

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said,' and then follow the identical words. As an additional item of corroboration Mrs. B.'s friend writes, 'I distinctly remember that on my going into her room in the morning she told me immediately what she has related to you.'

On another case (No. 19) Mr. Innes makes a more pointed criticism. The Rev. J. D., on the morning of June 5, 1860, had an experience which led him to express to Mr. W. his conviction—of what turned out to be the case—that the latter's daughter Jessie had just arrived in India—a fortnight sooner than was expected; and Mr. W. noted the announcement in his memorandum-book. The note was afterwards given to the daughter, who preserved it and sent us a copy of it—'Rev. J. D. and Jessie. Tuesday, 5th June, 1860.' (The original, which I have inspected, gives the gentleman's name, not initials.) In the memory of a confirmatory witness, to whom she narrated the facts, this became amplified into 'Mr. D. [name given]. Jessie arrived India morning of June 5th, 1860.' These two versions, says Mr. Innes, 'flatly contradict each other.' I shall not overstep the bounds of courtesy if I retort on this remark the adjective which he applies to my own comment on the case. It is 'incredible.'

My view of the manner in which the failure to produce the memoranda in some cases affects the evidence differs considerably from Mr. Innes's. He holds that the notes 'are of the greatest importance *negatively*—i.e. if they had been examined they would probably have disproved' the alleged fact. I confess I do not quite see what form a note, made before the death of a friend, could take which would *disprove* the fact that the writer had had a vivid impression of that friend. But that question is of less interest to me, inasmuch as my own impression is that in the majority of the second-hand cases the alleged note was probably never made; and that this may possibly be true in some, though unlikely to be true in many, of the cases where the percipient himself testifies to having made it. Mr. Innes regards the absence of the note as often 'conclusive of the falsehood of the story.' But anyone who agrees with the remarks in my fourth chapter about the gradual growth, adornment, and rounding-off of 'marvellous' narratives will probably agree also that the immediate making of a note is just the sort of detail that we should expect to creep in most readily—an expectation which a comparison of second-hand with first-hand records goes far to justify. And surely our experience of human testimony does not support the sweeping assumption that a narrative must be substantially and fundamentally false, because it has followed a certain common and natural law of growth in respect of details unessential to its central incidents.

The same remark applies to a class of cases which I have on that account kept for the last, though Mr. Innes gave them a foremost position—cases where 'there has been an alleged exchange or crossing of letters.' I can only notice the more important of them.

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that the endeavour has throughout been made to obtain important documents, and I did not think it necessary to restate this in every particular case. The only cause ever assigned for the 'frustration' of the endeavour was the fate common to old letters and note-books. In some comparatively unimportant cases, especially those where the alleged note—if really made, which may very reasonably be doubted—was made long ago by some other person than the narrator, it is so evident on the face of the account that it cannot now be recovered that it has not been asked for. As a matter of form, I agree with Mr. Innes that it would have been better to forestall the charge of 'laxity' by making no exceptions.[3]

I have space to notice only two of the cases on Mr. Innes's list. As to No. 197 he says: 'A distinguished authoress, then abroad, hoped to show her diaries when she returned, but has been for years in this country without doing it, and apparently without having been asked to do it.' The 'laxity' here is on Mr. Innes's side. There is nothing to show or suggest that the lady has been a single day—and in fact she has been less than one year—in this country since she wrote her account. During this time I have written to her several times, with a view of obtaining the documentary evidence. I have now got something better than I expected. First I must mention—as a point for Mr. Innes—that Mrs. B.'s statement as to a note in her *diary* was incorrect, as she finds that she did not keep a diary till later; nor can her friend remember noting the fact in her diary, which is for the present 'in the depths of a pantechnicon.' Mrs. B.'s contemporary account of her experience was in a *letter* to a sister. But, as Mr. Innes rightly points out, a letter written before the news of the death is even more conclusive than a diary entry, which might conceivably have been added later. The letter has been preserved. The only date in it is 'Wednesday;' but the account begins 'A few days ago,' and ends by referring to the satisfactory character of the latest news received respecting the person who died—which is conclusive as to its having been written before the news of the death. The description in the letter completely agrees with the printed account, written more than eleven years later, except in two unessential details: the narrator cannot have been writing to her sister at the moment that the figure appeared, or she would certainly have mentioned the appearance in that letter instead of a few days later; and while the later account makes the figure speak audibly, the expression in the earlier one is, 'There was an impression on my mind as though he

[3] I have given a special warning as to the way in which *log-book* entries make their way into second-hand accounts—a warning which is further justified by two fruitless searches just made, and which would have been made before, had I not regarded and represented the very mention of such an entry as a point of weakness, not of strength. Log-books never occur in first-hand records. I may remark, by the way, that most of the cases to which Mr. Innes refers are taken from the admittedly inferior evidence in the Supplement.

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and has some recollection of having himself seen the letter announcing the death. Thus, even apart from my knowledge of Miss J.'s thorough good sense, and of her rational and unemotional way of regarding the facts, the case remains a strong one. For even were it a probable hypothesis that the news of the death of a person to whom she was not deeply attached produced the belief that she had distinctly seen her in her cabin, and had next day informed several persons of this impression, it would be impossible to account in a similar way for her relative's recollection of her so informing him.

I have referred to as many of Mr. Innes's instances as my space permits. But even if I were more in agreement than I am with his special points, I should still feel his general conclusion—that no case at all is made out for spontaneous telepathy—to be a rash one, in view of the vast mass of evidence outside the groups which he considers; and especially of the numerous cases where we have corroborative testimony to the fact that the percipient immediately mentioned his experience. I suppose that he regards the accumulation as a mere summation of noughts. We, on the other hand, cannot regard as a nought any case in which the alternative to the telepathic explanation is the assumption of such a degree of forgetfulness and misrepresentation as ordinary experience shows to be improbable. The want of contemporary documentary evidence would apparently at once relegate any case, in Mr. Innes's eyes, to 'the mass of delusion which solicits the wearied eyes of men.' He thus practically assumes not the likelihood, but the certainty, that human recollection of remarkable and often recent experiences (even when several memories agree) will be substantially false. Yet some limit to the scope of unconscious invention I suppose that even he would admit; or he would not have opened his paper with a story of which he does not profess to have taken notes. I, like him, have drawn the line of human fallibility tolerably high, and I have pointed out flaws and gaps in the evidence *ad nauseam* throughout the book. But many cases which would not have been presented on their own account may be used as supplementary to stronger examples of the same type; and there is no need that evidence should approximate to demonstration for it to have a legitimate place in the inductive faggot.

I cannot here repeat the argument derived from the extreme and multiform improbabilities which will have to be assumed if the telepathic hypothesis be universally rejected. Mr. Innes will have done harm if he prevents his readers from forming their judgment on this question from the original work—a point to be the more insisted on because the subject is one where damaging representations and comments are welcomed and applauded by many whose sole knowledge of the matters in debate is derived from the hostile criticism. But he will have done good if his paper serves to reinforce our oft-repeated plea for more energy and greater care in the recording and

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preserving of cases. I may recall the fact that our collection was not put forward as a demonstration bound to be convincing to all candid students, but only as likely to be convincing to some. It has broken ground. Our further advance depends largely on the amount of assistance that we receive from persons so far resembling Mr. Innes as to approach the subject with the rationally sceptical view—that Telepathy represents a scheme of things which may be included in the natural order, and, if so included, should admit of proof, but that it takes a very great deal of proving.

EDMUND GURNEY.

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THE POSITION OF THE UNIONISTS.

THE time has come when those who have at heart the cause of the Union should speak plainly. I am not one of those who see any reason to despair of the ultimate triumph of the Unionist cause. Recent events have not in any way impaired my confidence in the shrewd common sense and sturdy patriotism of the English people; and so long as I can so count I know that I stand upon the winning side. But faith in the ultimate result is perfectly consistent with a recognition of immediate danger. A physician may be justly confident in the power of his patient to pull through a malady, and yet may be fully alive to the fact that unless the course of the disease is checked death must ensue. Now according to my view the Unionists as a party are pursuing a course of action which, if persevered in, must lead to the injury, if not defeat, of their cause. Their policy from the outset ought by rights to have been based on the old adage, 'United we stand, divided we fall.' Instead of this they have based their policy on disunion. The Unionists, instead of forming one common and powerful organisation, have attempted to fight the battle of the Union with two divided and independent armies. I may claim the credit that from the outset I predicted in these pages the certain failure of this attempt. Now that the event has confirmed the justice of my forebodings I am entitled to make yet one more appeal to those who have the conduct of the campaign to abandon a system of tactics which has endangered our cause already, and which, if persisted in, must ruin it in the end.

The facts speak for themselves. The election of 1886 was not, strictly speaking, a party victory. Its purport was that the British public refused to entertain the idea of any repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland. No doubt the Unionist sentiments of the constituencies told very powerfully in favour of the Conservatives. The Liberal party was discredited, and justly discredited, in popular opinion by the sudden adhesion of its leader to the cause of Home Rule: and the Conservatives naturally reaped the chief benefit from the consequent reaction against Liberalism. But in the main the elections turned on the issue of Home Rule. The great majority of the electorate, especially in England, would not

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hear of any project of the kind, and therefore they returned candidates opposed to the repeal of the Union without much caring whether these candidates called themselves Conservatives or Liberals. In other words, the vote by which Mr. Gladstone was driven out of office was a Unionist not a Conservative vote; and the logical outcome of this vote would have been the formation of a Unionist Ministry.

To do the Conservatives only justice it is no fault of theirs if the general election of 1886 did not lead to its legitimate result. If they had been intent alone on securing a party gain, they might in all likelihood have carried many of the seats now held by Liberal Unionists, and have thus obtained an absolute working majority in Parliament. Instead of so doing, the Conservatives not only abstained from contesting seats held by Liberal Unionists, but gave them a staunch and loyal support. The returns of the election showed that the Conservatives constituted more than three-fourths of the whole Unionist party; yet their leaders postponed all personal and party considerations to the one paramount object of forming a government competent to fight the battle of the Union. With a disregard of self, rare in our political annals, Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill offered to take office under Lord Hartington, and to accept any arrangement by which the leading Unionist Liberals might be included in the new ministry.

These overtures came to nothing owing to the reluctance of the Liberal Unionists to accept accomplished facts. Their refusal to form a coalition with the Conservatives was a bitter disappointment at the time to all who realised the true position of affairs. Still I do not question for one moment that the resolution was arrived at in accordance with honest, though erroneous views. When I come to speak of the duty incumbent on the Liberal Unionists at the present crisis, I shall have to say something as to the objections to a coalition which were raised at the time of Lord Salisbury's accession to office, and which are still raised, though with less confidence and persistency. For my immediate purpose it is enough to say that the grounds on which Lord Hartington and his colleagues declined to take office last year were partly personal, partly political. For very obvious reasons the idea of entering a coalition Cabinet was personally distasteful to the Liberal Unionist leaders. Still I feel convinced they would not have allowed their private antipathies or prepossessions to determine their course of public conduct if they had not at the same time been of opinion that this course was the one most conducive to the interests of the Unionist cause. The plain truth is that after the late election the Liberal Unionists, with very rare exceptions, laboured under a complete though very natural delusion. As a body, they were wedded to the belief that they had only to hold their own ground, and to avoid any direct fusion with the Conservatives,

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in order to secure the early return to their ranks of the Liberals who had reluctantly followed Mr. Gladstone in his conversion to Home Rule. The Liberals, they fondly imagined, having found that Home Rule was not a popular cry, would be only too ready to throw it, and if necessary its author, overboard, and to cast in their fortunes with the Liberal Unionists. It is very easy to be wise after the event; and I admit freely that a year ago such a solution of the Liberal schism did not seem out of the question. The mistake in the calculation arose from a failure to appreciate two facts: first, the extent to which latter-day Liberalism had become identified with Mr. Gladstone's personality; and secondly, the degree to which the Irish vote had become essential to the supremacy of the Liberal party. I shall not be suspected of any desire to overrate Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship. Indeed, one of the chief condemnations I should pass upon his career, if it ever fell to my lot to comment on the part he has played in English politics, is that he has stimulated and traded upon the natural tendency of a democracy to care more about persons than about principles. Still I could never shut my eyes, as most of the Liberal Unionists did, to the fact that Mr. Gladstone had got the ear of the people to a point unapproached by any other living public man, and that an attempt to constitute a Liberal party without Mr. Gladstone was tantamount to an attempt to play *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

That this is so was manifest to that section of Liberals of whom Sir William Harcourt may fairly be taken as a representative. As party men they recognised that Mr. Gladstone's leadership was essential to their chance of recovering office; and therefore they were willing to accept Home Rule, or any other measure which their leader might think fit to propose. Moreover, though at first sight they considered Home Rule a bad card to play, they soon came to the conclusion that in this respect Mr. Gladstone's instinct had been sounder than their own. No one who looks at politics from a broader view than that of the mere partisan can have failed to observe that the Liberal party in this country, as we have hitherto known it, has wellnigh come to the end of its tether. The course of modern legislation has effected one by one all the reforms which are compatible with our political institutions. Any further marked advance in the path of democratic change must necessarily be of a revolutionary or a socialist character, and for such a change public opinion in the United Kingdom is not yet ripe. The weakness and decline of the Liberal party during the last few years has been due mainly to the absence of a programme. Such a programme was supplied by Mr. Gladstone's espousal of Home Rule. On this platform the Liberals could be assured of the Irish vote; and with this vote their return to power was possible.

Whether this explanation be sound or not, there can be no question as to the fact that the Liberals, as a party, have shown no dis-

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position to make common cause with the Liberal Unionists; while many of the latter, as in the case of Sir George Trevelyan, have evinced a tendency to gravitate towards Mr. Gladstone. It is possible that if the leaders of the Liberal Unionists had not been content to rest upon their oars and had devoted more time and trouble to fighting the battle of the Union outside as well as inside Parliament, they might have retarded the process of disintegration which is now sapping their strength. But for my part I do not think they have much cause to reproach themselves on this score. Their fate was doomed from the moment when they refused to coalesce with the Conservatives in the formation of a Unionist party, and resolved to maintain an independent position as a section of the Liberal Opposition, whose only avowed cause of dissension with the bulk of their party lay in a difference of opinion on the subject of Home Rule.

The British public is not quick at seizing subtle distinctions. To use a French metaphor, it likes its i's dotted. If a public man calls himself a Liberal, he ought not to vote with the Conservatives; if he votes with the Conservatives, he ought not to call himself a Liberal. Such, right or wrong, is the sentiment of the man in the street; and under our present suffrage it is the man in the street who is master of the situation. From the outset the Liberal Unionists placed themselves in a false position. The sole justification for their secession from their party lay in one of two hypotheses: either they had lost confidence in the leaders and the principles of the Liberal party in general, or they considered the particular point on which they joined issue with their late colleagues of such paramount importance as to override all party considerations. But on the one hand they were never tired of assuring the public that in all essential respects they were still Liberals to the core; while on the other they declined to take the one step by which they could have proved that in their eyes the maintenance of the Union threw into the shade all thought of party.

There is a sort of rough good sense in the British public whose existence professional politicians of every class are too apt to overlook; and this rough good sense told against the Liberal Unionists. It is idle to suppose that the great masses can ever form any very distinct opinion of their own about the arguments which tell for or against Home Rule in the minds of educated men. Home Rule seems to them to be good or bad according as its advantages or disadvantages are expounded by the men in whom they have confidence. But in order to retain their confidence the expounders must show that they themselves are in earnest. It was obvious to the most commonplace intelligence that the support of the Conservatives was essential to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule programme. If, therefore, the Liberal Unionists seriously believed, as they professed to believe, that the adoption of this programme would be fatal to the welfare

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of the country, why, in the name of common sense, did they not join the Conservatives? I own that the Liberal Unionists had what they deemed a sufficient answer to this query. Its intrinsic merits I shall discuss later. All I need say now is that the considerations which weighed with Lord Hartington and his associates were of too complicated a character to carry conviction to the minds of the great public.

Right or wrong the Liberal Unionists made up their minds to enter into no direct relations with the Conservatives, to give an independent support to the Government, but to sit on the Opposition benches and to form a separate organisation of their own. The decision, as the event proved, was disastrous; but it was persevered in resolutely, notwithstanding the fact that the kindness of fortune afforded an unlooked-for opportunity and excuse for its reversal. It would be foreign to my purpose to say much here about the causes or the motives of Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation. All I need observe is that on the eve of the meeting of the Parliament the Government sustained a most serious and unforeseen loss by the retirement of the Minister who not only led the Conservative party in the House of Commons, but who was regarded by the public at large as the chief champion of the Conservative cause. It was felt at the time that the Government could not go on if the void caused by the loss of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were not made good by some fresh accession of strength. The Liberal Unionists were once more requested to form a coalition with the Conservatives, and once more they declined the offer. It would be nearer the truth, perhaps, to say that they neither refused nor accepted, but devised a compromise, which they believed would suffice to save the Ministry, and yet would enable them to retain their independent existence as members of the Liberal Opposition. Lord Hartington and his friends, while refusing to take office themselves, agreed that Mr. Goschen might take office as a sort of unaccredited and unofficial representative of the Liberal Unionists.

Nothing could be more unjust or further from my wishes than to say anything in disparagement of Mr. Goschen. His independence of character entitles him to the respect of all honest men. Indeed, no act of his public life has raised him higher in popular estimation than his determination to sacrifice party considerations to the welfare of the country, and his readiness to step into the breach while his colleagues held back upon the brink. Still, the resolution of Lord Hartington and his colleagues to send Mr. Goschen as their substitute to fight the cause of the Union in the ranks of the Conservatives always reminds me of the gallantry displayed by Artemus Ward's hero, who during the Secession war stopped at home himself and exhorted his cousins to enlist. The chief recommendation Mr. Goschen possessed in the eyes of the Liberal Unionists for the part

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of a political Jonah lay in the fact that his acceptance of office scarcely committed them, as a party, to any direct coalition with the Conservatives. Mr. Goschen had always been so Conservative a Liberal, he had so long been out of harmony with Mr. Gladstone's policy, that his desertion hardly invalidated the pretension of his late associates to the title of orthodox Liberals. Even after Mr. Goschen had taken office with the consent, and at the instance, of the leading Liberal Unionists, a strong opposition was made by a large section of the body to the formal severance from the Gladstonian party involved in the appointment of a separate whip. Indeed, if I am correctly informed, the proposal that the Liberal Unionists should remain upon the lists of the Gladstonian whips was only rejected in obedience to a suggestion by Lord Hartington, that, unless they were to read Mr. Goschen out of their ranks for having joined the Government, he must still be counted as a Liberal Unionist, and yet that as Chancellor of the Exchequer he could hardly be expected to receive circulars from Mr. Arnold Morley calling on him to be at his place in order to pass a vote of want of confidence in himself and his colleagues. It was only with extreme reluctance that the Liberal Unionists agreed to admit that they were not to be numbered on the muster-roll of the regular Opposition, and having made this concession to the logic of facts, they seem to have thought that they had done enough.

The course of the session now concluded has, I think, shown conclusively that this was not enough. No doubt the Liberal Unionists have succeeded in keeping the Government in office, and in preserving it from any serious defeat. I trust in the foregoing remarks, as in those which follow, I shall not be misunderstood. It is not my purpose—nothing could be further from my purpose—than to depreciate in any way the signal services the Liberal Unionists have rendered to the cause of the Union. It is exactly because I estimate these services so highly that I feel bound to protest against a mistaken policy which threatens to make them of no practical account. I admit, therefore, most fully and most willingly, that whenever the Ministry has seemed to be in danger, and still more whenever there appeared to be the remotest prospect of any combination by which Mr. Gladstone might return to office at the head of a Home Rule Ministry, the Liberal Unionists have come up loyally to the support of the Government. I may be told—I probably shall be told—that the Liberal Unionists cannot reasonably be expected to do more than this; and that so long as they do this, the safety of the Union is assured. I demur both to the theory and to the fact.

No candid observer can assert that the Government are as strong at the close of the session as they were at the commencement. They have sustained no defeat of any consequence in home affairs; their foreign policy has given general satisfaction; and yet they have lost ground not only out of doors but in Parliament.

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Many causes may be assigned for the decline of the Ministry in popular estimation. The fact of the Premier being in the House of Lords, the defection of Lord Randolph Churchill, the presence on the Treasury Bench of a number of second-rate statesmen, whose chief if not whose sole claim to Cabinet rank lies in the accident of their having held office before, have all contributed to impair the effective strength of the Government. In debating power the Ministry are as exceptionally weak in the Lower House as they are exceptionally strong in the Upper; while the Opposition are very much above the average. Mr. W. H. Smith has done much better as leader of the House than was anticipated at the time of his appointment. But it would be absurd—as he himself would, I believe, be the first to admit—to pretend that he is equal to the task of leading the House in such troublous times as those we have recently traversed and have still to traverse. Mr. Balfour has filled a most difficult and thankless post with eminent success, and has given proof of an ability which may well carry him into a far higher position than that which he now occupies. Mr. Goschen has added to his high repute, not only as a statesman but as an orator. Yet when you have said thus much, you have said pretty well all that can fairly be said about the Cabinet, in as far as the House of Commons is concerned. I doubt, however, whether, even if the Government had been strengthened, as it ought by rights to have been, with all the talent to be found amidst the younger members of the Conservative party—and that is not saying little—it would have been able to get through the late session without loss of strength and prestige. From its outset the Ministry has laboured under the fatal defect of not having an absolute majority at its command. The support of the Liberal Unionists, however valuable, is necessarily of an uncertain and—from a ministerial point of view—unsatisfactory character. It is only on issues involving the fate of the Ministry that their full vote can be relied on with any certainty. Upon all other issues they form what mathematicians call an unknown quantity. The inevitable result of such a state of affairs was to create a certain vacillation in the whole conduct of public affairs by the Ministry. In framing their measures, and even in determining on the course of business, they have had to take account of the ideas and prejudices of a large body of irregular supporters, not amenable to party discipline, not actuated by the *esprit de corps* which as a rule animates the avowed adherents of a Government, and anxious on all occasions, when it could be done with safety, to vindicate their own independence, and to mark the difference between themselves and their temporary allies. I do not deny that there was a want of backbone in several leading members of the Ministry, or that on some occasions there was a lack of resolution on the part of the Government, especially in their Irish policy. But I do assert

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that the main cause of their embarrassments was the uncertainty as to how far their policy would find favour with the leaders of the Liberal Unionists, and the still greater uncertainty how far this approval, even if given, would be endorsed by the rank and file of the party. At the present crisis, as all Unionists would acknowledge, the great need of the moment is a consistent policy administered by a strong Government. If, as a matter of fact, we have had a vacillating policy administered by a weak Government, the fault is mainly owing to the refusal of the Liberal Unionists to make common cause with the Conservatives.

Thus all the Liberal Unionists have so far accomplished, within the Parliamentary arena, is to maintain a Conservative Government in power. Outside Parliament their achievements have partaken even more of a purely negative character. To say the very least they have not gained ground in the constituencies. It would have been strange if they had. Nobody is less inclined than I am to underrate the strength of the disaffection prevailing throughout the Liberal party, of which the split on the subject of Home Rule is quite as much the result as the cause. I have always held, and to the utmost of my small powers have propounded, the view that the great mass of English Liberals, as distinguished from English Radicals, have long been growing less and less in sympathy with the ideas and theories which have found favour with Gladstonian Liberalism. This latent antagonism between the two schools of Liberalism might prove a most powerful weapon in the hands of any statesman bold enough to strike out a new departure. But such a weapon to be effective must be wielded in a different fashion from that adopted in the present crisis. The position of the Liberal Unionist electors is very different from that of the Liberal Unionist representatives. In provincial, and especially in rural, districts party names count for much more than they do in the great centres of intelligence and industry. Electors who have voted, and have been known to vote, the Liberal ticket all their lives do not readily vote for a Conservative candidate. They would gladly vote for the supporters of a Ministry which included such names as those of Lord Hartington, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Bright. They hesitate about voting for the supporters of a Ministry from which the very leaders who exhort them so to vote studiously hold aloof. I do not justify their reluctance. On the contrary, I think if they fully appreciated the gravity of the issues at stake, Liberals of my way of thinking would sooner vote for the most bigoted Conservative who was true to the cause of the Union than for the most enlightened Liberal who was in favour of Home Rule. But taking human nature, and especially British human nature, for what it is, it is idle to expect that followers will follow if their leaders refuse to lead.

The question of Home Rule is not one of those issues, such as

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Free Trade, or the Ballot, or Household Suffrage, on which the average elector can easily form an independent, even if an erroneous, opinion for himself. It is a complicated issue, on which there is much to be said on both sides, and on which the traditions of Liberalism tell rather for than against its acceptance. Practically the great mass of the electorate must, and will, take their views on this matter from the opinions of the leaders in whom they repose confidence. Mr. Gladstone, to do him justice, makes no secret of his opinions. In season and out of season he exhorts his adherents to adopt Home Rule as being safe, just, and necessary. His example is followed by his colleagues. But it would puzzle a far more keen-witted man than the average British elector to know exactly what is the opinion of the Liberal Unionists on the subject of Home Rule. They objected decisively and clearly enough to Mr. Gladstone's scheme for Home Rule; but whether they object to Home Rule under any other form is a point difficult to ascertain. They are always acknowledging a desire for a reconciliation with the Liberals who have followed Mr. Gladstone in his conversion to Home Rule; they are always expressing a conviction that some plan might be devised by which Ireland might enjoy local self-government without detriment to the authority of the Imperial Parliament; they are never tired of protesting their admiration for Mr. Gladstone as a statesman and their confidence in his general policy. They may be right or they may be wrong in adopting such an attitude. But it is not by an attitude of this kind they can ever hope to create a Unionist party amidst the masses.

Indeed, I believe nothing has done so much to damage the Unionist cause in the country as the reluctance of the Liberal Unionists to face the fact that they are opposed to any and every concession of self-government to Ireland other than that possessed by her already as an integral part of the United Kingdom. All the ingenious devices by which it is proposed to give Ireland the semblance of Home Rule without the reality obscure and confuse the real point at issue. According to the proverb, if two men ride on the same horse one of the two has got to sit in front, and all the statesmanship in the world cannot evade this dilemma. The Irish desire the front place; the Unionists are determined they shall be kept in the back seat; and if we have any regard for our own interests we cannot avow this determination too clearly or too frequently. There is no danger of the British electorate ever being converted by argument to a belief in the excellence of Home Rule. Their common sense, their instincts, and I may add their prejudices are all antagonistic to the concession of Home Rule to Ireland. But there is a danger, a very real and growing danger, that they may be wearied and worried into accepting Home Rule as a choice of evils. They are sick to death already of the whole Irish question. Any proposal

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which even professes to rid them of this incubus commends itself to their favour. They are told on all sides that something has got to be done to satisfy the demand of Ireland for self-government. What this something is to be the Liberal Unionists do not seem to know, and are at any rate unable to state. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone knows what he means and states it clearly. Under these circumstances popular opinion, however adverse at the outset to Home Rule, must necessarily gravitate towards it if nothing is done to check the Separatist movement.

To speak the plain truth, the impetus which returned a Unionist majority at the last election is dwindling away for lack of fresh exertions. I fully admit the inconclusive nature of bye-elections as an absolute test of the current of public opinion. But on the other hand, I am equally bound to admit that they furnish, to say the least, an indication of how the current is running for the time being. After making every allowance for the local and incidental causes which may have influenced the result of the elections that have taken place during the present year, I cannot honestly dispute the conclusion that they show a clear Separatist gain, and a corresponding Unionist loss. You may minimise this loss as much as you like, you may explain it away in any fashion you please, but you cannot get over the awkward fact that the loss could never have occurred at all if the Liberal Unionists had been gaining ground in the country at large.

It is not only amidst the constituencies that the process of disintegration has made itself manifest. The party itself shows signs of breaking up. There has not, as far as I am aware, been one single instance of a member of Parliament who was returned at the last election as a Gladstonian Liberal having gone over to the Liberal Unionists. On the other hand, there have been already several significant defections from the ranks of the latter. First and foremost, of course, among those who have put their hands to the plough and have then turned back is Sir George Trevelyan. Hard words are out of place in such a case as this. It is enough to say that if you want to plead the cause of Sir George's heart you must do it at the expense of his head. Either he was wrong to join the Liberal Unionists and desert Mr. Gladstone last year, or he was wrong to desert the Unionists and rejoin Mr. Gladstone this year. Opinions may differ as to which of the two desertions was an act of folly; but that one of them was foolish is not open to question. But the real importance of the late Under-Secretary for Ireland's vacillations from one side to the other lies not in the light it throws on his individual character, but in the indication it furnishes as to the influences which have operated and are still operating to break up the Unionist party. Sir George Trevelyan, in common with no small number of his fellow-Unionists, took up a cause without counting

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its cost. He believed at the period of his original secession that the bulk of his party would soon come round to his view. But when the mountain refused to come to Mahomet, Mahomet elected to go to the mountain. In other words, though Sir George Trevelyan valued the Union much, he valued the Liberal party more. To cease to be called a Liberal seemed to him a sort of apostasy, and yet as time went on it became clear to him that if he was to stand firm against Home Rule he would have to drop out of the Liberal ranks. Sooner than do this he preferred to sacrifice the Union and swallow Home Rule. What he has done others will do also. As a separate and independent party the Liberal Unionists have no political future. To men who have made politics their career the idea of being excluded from public life is unbearable; and yet this is manifestly the price the Liberal Unionists will have to pay for their principles unless they can make up their minds to join one party or the other before the approach of the next general election. A certain number are independent and high-minded enough to face such a contingency, but I doubt whether this tenacity of purpose can safely be ascribed to the majority of any party. Even amongst the leaders there are symptoms already visible of divided counsels and half-hearted resolution. Throughout the discussions on the Crimes Bill the Liberal Unionists supported the Government and enabled them to obtain power to suppress the National League. Yet when the Government proposed to employ the power they had thus obtained for the very purpose and object for which it was obtained, the Liberal Unionists grew alarmed at the logical consequences of their own actions. Mr. Chamberlain not only spoke against the proposed proclamation of the League, but voted in favour of a motion which if it had been carried must have entailed the fall of the Ministry, and the return of Mr. Gladstone to office on a Home Rule platform. Lord Hartington voted against the motion, but neutralised the influence of his vote by declaring that in his opinion the proclamation of the League was premature and impolitic. Mr. E. T. Russell, the one Liberal Unionist returned by an Irish constituency, has now formally severed his connection with the party, though he still declares that he is opposed to Home Rule in all its forms. Mr. Maude, the secretary and factotum of the malcontent Liberals, has seen the error of his ways, and goes about to Home Rule demonstrations confessing his sins and imploring forgiveness for his temporary aberration from the orthodox Gladstonian faith; and Mr. Chamberlain, the ablest, the most energetic, and the most influential of the Liberal Unionist leaders, not only in Parliament but in the country, has accepted a mission that must take him abroad for an indefinite period, and which during his absence virtually excludes him from any active part in the great question of the day.

Indeed the course adopted by Mr. Gladstone and by Mr.

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Chamberlain respectively, with regard to their proposed visits to America, seems to me to illustrate only too clearly the difference in the attitudes assumed by that section of the Liberal party which has gone in for Home Rule, and that section which has hitherto remained faithful to the cause of the Union. The late Prime Minister has just received a most flattering and exceptional invitation to visit America as the chosen representative of his country under circumstances which would at the outside necessitate an absence of a few weeks in the dead season of the year. He has declined the invitation, gratifying as it must justly be, on the avowed ground that he cannot afford to be away for however short a time at a moment when his presence might be of service to the cause of Home Rule. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, has accepted a mission to the United States, which it is no doubt a high honour to hold, but the acceptance of which involves his prolonged absence from home during the most critical and arduous period of the contest for the preservation of the Union. I do not say Mr. Gladstone was right in his refusal, or that Mr. Chamberlain was wrong in his acceptance. All I do say is, that Mr. Gladstone's decision tends to advance the cause with which he has identified himself, while Mr. Chamberlain's decision must of necessity produce an exactly contrary effect.

Thus, as I have set myself the task of telling the truth as I see it, I cannot honestly avoid the conclusion that the prospects of the Liberal Unionists at the present moment are the reverse of encouraging. *Vires acquirit eundo* must be the motto of every successful secession. The secession led by Lord Hartington has not gained strength as it went along, and its success is therefore more than doubtful. No doubt personal and individual causes have militated against its progress. A sort of polemical character has pervaded the whole movement. The public at large cares very little about abstract reasoning, and cares a great deal about concrete personalities. The Liberal Unionists have relied too much on precept, too little on example. They have talked above the heads of their audiences and have failed somehow to bring home to the masses the plain truth that their own vital interests are at stake in the maintenance of the Union. But the real and main cause of their failure is that throughout they have occupied a false position. It is that which has told against their success, it is that which in my judgment must lead to their ultimate discomfiture.

Such at least is the position as I see it. To tell the truth when it militates against one's own wishes is an ungrateful task. I hold strongly by the French saying that every truth is not worth telling; and if there was no object in speaking out plainly, I for one should be the last to speak. To me, and those who think with me, the maintenance of the Union is a matter of life or death to England.

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If, then, the one chance of preserving the Union lay in the hope that the Liberal Unionists might hold their ground as an independent party, I should do my utmost to bolster up that hope, however faint or even forlorn I might feel it to be. But believing as I do that the real hope of preserving the Union lies in a fusion between the two great sections of the Unionist party, I have no choice except to advocate once more the urgent necessity for a change of front.

The time has come when a final decision must be made. Once again Lord Hartington and his followers have a chance offered them of forming a joint administration with the Conservatives. In saying this I pretend to no especial knowledge. I form my conclusion on facts patent to all the world. It is obvious, after the experience of the late session, that the Ministry as at present constituted cannot meet Parliament again without courting wellnigh certain defeat. The changes that have to be made must of necessity be made if at all before Christmas, that is in the course of a very few weeks. If the Liberal Unionists hold aloof, Lord Salisbury, one may assume with tolerable certainty, will have to come to some arrangement with Lord Randolph Churchill, and to displace a considerable number of his present colleagues in favour of younger politicians of greater debating ability and more in harmony with the requirements of the new era of politics. I think it may be taken for granted that, however such an experiment might work in practice, both the leaders and the rank and file of the Conservative party would look forward with more confidence to the result of a coalition under which the present Government might be reinforced by the accession of Lord Hartington and his principal colleagues. What the conditions of such a coalition would have to be, or from which side and in what form the overtures should be made, are matters of detail into which I need not enter. All I am concerned to point out is that the Liberal Unionists, if they are so minded, have yet another opportunity afforded them of combining with the Conservatives to form a Unionist Administration. I do not say, I do not pretend to say, that the coalition can be made as advantageously, or with as good a prospect of success, as if it had been formed a year ago. The moral of the Sybilline books holds good of politics; and, as a rule, politicians who hesitate to seize an opportunity are compelled later to give a higher price for an inferior article. Still it is not too late to make the experiment; and in the interest of the Union it had better be made late than not at all.

I come now to the arguments which were put forward with success a year ago to justify the refusal of the Liberal Unionists to co-operate openly with the Conservatives, and which are certain to be reproduced by the more timid members of the party. These arguments were five in number. We were told, first, that the Liberal Unionists could render more effective support to the Government by remaining outside than by forming a coalition; secondly, that

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the constituencies which had returned Liberal Unionists would not return them again if they openly allied themselves with the Conservatives; thirdly, that any formal coalition must lead to a split between the Liberal and the Radical Unionists; fourthly, that the rank and file of the Liberal Unionist party would not rally to the support of their leaders if they were called upon to vote for Conservatives as against Liberals; and lastly, that the Liberal party would inevitably assume a distinctly democratic character if it was not restrained by the presence in the ranks of that class of moderate Liberals who form the backbone of the Liberal Unionists.

Let me take these arguments in the order in which they stand. The first must of course remain a matter of opinion. We have not yet seen what support the Liberal Unionists could render to the Government if they were openly affiliated to it instead of lending it, as they do now, an irregular and unavowed assistance. It is impossible, therefore, to say positively what the value of their open support might prove. This much, however, may be said with confidence: that their support as at present tendered is not powerful enough to render the authority of the Government supreme either in Parliament or in the country. Yet if the Union is to be preserved, it can only be by the presence at the head of affairs of a Government commanding the complete confidence both of the House of Commons and of the constituencies. The experiment of a tacit coalition has been tried, and has, to say the least, not proved successful. In the interest, therefore, of the Union, common sense bids us resort to the experiment of an open and avowed fusion.

The second argument also rests upon an hypothesis whose truth or falsehood can alone be tested by experience. It may prove that party names and badges are more powerful with the great mass of the electorate than principles or convictions, and that the very men who have voted and canvassed for Liberals of the Hartington type would decline to do so if the selfsame Liberals formed part of a Conservative ministry. I have too strong a belief in the good sense and patriotism of the mass of our fellow-countrymen to admit this assumption till its truth has been tested by experience. Even, however, granting that this is so for the sake of argument, I fail to see the force of the objection. It is as certain as any event as yet unaccomplished can well be, that the Liberal Unionists will, as a rule, lose their seats at the next general election provided they maintain their attitude of isolation. In the great majority of instances they were returned by the combined votes of Liberals and Conservatives. Such a combination cannot be expected to recur again unless it should develop in the interval into a formal coalition. As things stand, if a dissolution were to occur to-morrow, the Conservatives, in the constituencies now represented by Liberal Unionists, would run candidates of their own, and the Liberal

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supporters of the present representatives would either vote for these candidates or would go over to the side of the Home Rule Liberals. It does not follow from this admission that the result of another general election would be to return a Home Rule Parliament. On the contrary, it is perfectly on the cards that the Conservatives would obtain an absolute and decisive majority. What is not upon the cards, in my opinion, is a return of a composite majority, such as we have now, consisting, as to three-fourths, of Conservatives, and, as to one-fourth, of Liberals who sit on the Opposition benches and yet vote with the Conservatives. In other words, the Liberal Unionists, as an independent organisation, cannot in my judgment survive a general election; and if this is so it is idle for them to defend their policy of abstention on any calculation of what effect that policy may have upon their chances of re-election.

The third argument is to my mind the most powerful of the lot. I cannot deny that any open coalition between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists would probably lead to the withdrawal from the latter body of their Radical colleagues. Such a secession would undoubtedly be matter for regret, but sooner or later the Radical Unionists and the Liberal Unionists have clearly got to part company. Mr. Chamberlain and the handful of Radicals who have acted with him have rendered such services to the Unionist cause at a very critical moment, and have done so much to maintain the character of British statesmanship for independence and honesty, that I should be loth to say a word which might even seem to depreciate the value of their assistance. Still I think they would be the first to admit that they cannot permanently remain in a position of antagonism to the advanced Liberals. They hoped at the outset, and possibly still hope, that the democracy may come over to their side. But if ever this hope has to be abandoned they will have to choose between retiring from public life and being reconciled to their party. There is something ludicrous in the virulence with which the thick-and-thin partisans of Mr. Gladstone keep on declaring that Mr. Chamberlain has forfeited any chance of ever being the leader of the Liberal party. As a matter of fact Mr. Chamberlain is marked out as the obvious successor to Mr. Gladstone in the leadership of the democracy; and it is idle to suppose he would sacrifice this prospect for the sake of taking a subordinate position in a Conservative or even a Coalition ministry. Sooner or later the logic of facts must separate Mr. Chamberlain from his present associates; and this consideration deprives any argument, based on the impolicy of alienating the Radical Unionists, of most of its cogency.

The fourth argument is only a reproduction of the second taken from the point of view of the elector instead of that of the candidate. It is very difficult to say beforehand how any body of electors would vote under conditions which are necessarily matters of hypothesis.

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I am by no means sure myself whether the moderate Liberals in the constituencies are so deeply attached to the name of Liberals as it is the fashion to assume. But even if this is so, it does not follow that they would not vote for Liberal Unionist candidates if these candidates, while avowing their intention to coalesce with the Conservatives, declared that they did so not as Conservatives but as Unionists.

With respect to the fifth and last plea in favour of abstention, it does not hold water. All political experience shows that when moderates insist on keeping associated with extremists under the belief that by so doing they are preventing their associates from going to extravagant lengths, the belief has proved a delusion. It is the Girondins, not the Mountain, who go to the wall. The drag on the wheel theory does not work in practice. Indeed, the moderates, by their association with extremists, facilitate in reality extreme measures, because the true significance of such measures is not made manifest to public opinion, owing to the fact of their being sanctioned and supported by men whose known moderation inspires public confidence. But even if the plea held good, and the action of the democratic party was likely to be less dangerous if that party continued to have the support of the moderate Liberals, I should still dispute its force. In my belief—and the fact that this is my belief lies at the bottom of all my argument—the question of the Union overshadows all other questions of English politics. England could thrive and prosper, could remain great, and could even grow in strength and wealth under the most democratic of institutions. Her decay is assured, her doom is fixed, her death-warrant is signed, if ever she consents to the disintegration of the United Kingdom. To avert such a contingency no price is too heavy, no sacrifice is too costly. In comparison with this object, the possible risk of an hypothetical increase in the power of democratic influences at some uncertain period may fairly be left out of account.

I need hardly say that my arguments are not addressed to those who believe, rightly or wrongly, that Home Rule does not involve the repeal of the Union, or that repeal would not be an evil in itself. Of course upon this assumption there is no more to be said. But my appeal is made to those who hold with me that the preservation of the Union is a matter of life or death for England, that the maintenance of the Union is threatened by Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, and that the way, the only practical way, to defeat that policy is by keeping the present Government in power. Now, unless I am mistaken, the Liberal Unionists as a body would agree with the above propositions. If they do agree I would ask them to look facts in the face and to consider for themselves whether their policy of isolation is best calculated to strengthen the hands of the Government or to advance the Unionist cause. Unless they can answer this

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question in the affirmative they are bound, alike by duty, prudence, and self-interest, to change their attitude of benevolent neutrality for one of offensive and defensive alliance.

In what I have written I must not be misunderstood as having lost faith in the triumph of the Unionist cause. What I have lost faith in, or rather what I disbelieved in from the outset, is the possibility of upholding the cause in question by a divided support. Sooner or later my Liberal Unionist friends will have to choose between giving up the defence of the Union and joining forces with the Conservatives. I have little fear as to what their ultimate choice will be, but the sooner that choice is made the better it will be for themselves and for the country.

I confess that to my mind the reluctance they have shown to carry on their secession to its logical development is not easy of comprehension. I cannot fancy that men of sense share as a body Sir George Trevelyan's sentimental attachment to the name of Liberal. It may only be some moral or intellectual deficiency on my part, but I have never been able to look on party names or party organisations as anything more than means to an end. If I can secure the success of the principles I have at heart it is a matter of absolute indifference to me whether these principles are carried out by one special set of men or under one particular name. Now to me it seems that the principles which I have known and valued as represented by the name of Liberalism—the principles of moderate progress, of individual freedom, and of equal rights—are safer in the hands of the party which nowadays calls itself Conservative, than of that which still claims the name of Liberal. This being so, my bias, I own candidly, is in favour of the Conservatives. I can see a fundamental difference between Liberalism and Radicalism, but between Liberalism as represented by Lord Hartington and Conservatism as represented by Lord Salisbury I see a distinction without a difference. The points on which Conservatives and moderate Liberals are agreed are infinitely more numerous and more important than the points on which they differ. Common sense dictates the expediency of their making common cause against a common enemy.

Even, therefore, if the question of Home Rule had not yet come to the front, I should fail to understand the dislike evinced on the part of the moderate Liberals to the idea of any coalition with the Conservatives. But as this question has unfortunately become the one issue of the day, further hesitation seems to me not only unwise but culpable. It was my fortune to have sojourned in the United States some quarter of a century ago, in the days when the cause of their Union seemed wellnigh desperate. The battle there was won because as soon as the danger of disruption became imminent Democrats and Republicans agreed to sink minor differences in order to form one united party opposed to secession in every form and under

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every guise. The masses saw that their leaders were in grim earnest and rallied loyally to the defence of the Union. The conditions of our own struggle are not altogether identical, but the two contests have this in common, that they both involve the fate of the Empire. In both contests success can only be obtained by the same resolution to subordinate all party considerations to the defence of the Union. It is such a resolution that the Liberal Unionists are called upon to take once more—perhaps for the last time.

EDWARD DICEY.

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THE PARLIAMENTARY BREAKDOWN.

A LONG time has passed since the Prince Consort declared that representative institutions were on their trial in England. There was an outburst of senseless indignation when the remark was made. Every institution is always on its trial in England, and it ought to be so. A vigilant public opinion watches and judges it from day to day, and is prepared to deal with it as it succeeds or fails in the discharge of the work committed to its hands. To this fact we owe the constant re-adaptation of English institutions to changing circumstances, and the fact that hitherto in our history political evolution has successfully effected the transitions which violent revolution has attempted and failed to accomplish in some other countries. The Prince Consort's remark was made with respect to the embarrassment and difficulty which Parliament betrayed in dealing with delicate negotiations for peace and with the conduct of a great war. The implied criticism might be extended now. The House of Commons is on its trial in respect to its capacity, as it is at present organised, to conduct the ordinary business of the country, to pass the necessary measures of legislation, to inform and control the executive, and even to get through in proper time the formal acts on which the working of the administrative machinery of the country depends. It has ceased in any tolerable degree to be a legislative chamber. It resembles somewhat the Waring of Mr. Browning's poem, who paced this London, with no work done, but great works undone. The conduct of the notorious Duke of Newcastle, who, according to Lord Carteret's witty description, always appeared as if he had lost half an hour early in the morning, and was spending the rest of the day in running after it, is typical of proceedings of the House of Commons. The discovery of Parliamentary inefficiency is not new. More than thirty years ago, the late Lord Farnborough, better known as Sir Thomas Erskine May, the closest, most continuous, and most instructed observer of the doings of the House of Commons, proclaimed it, and in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* suggested what he thought the appropriate remedy.

He proposed that the House of Commons, then consisting of

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658 members—we take the scheme as it is stated in the *Edinburgh* article—

> should be divided into Six Grand Committees, consisting of about 110 members each, to whom would be added fifteen or twenty Ministers and others who would be nominated to serve on all the Grand Committees. The members would be distributed by a Committee of Selection, subject to approval by the House, in such a manner as to secure an equal representation of political parties, interests, and classes, in all the Committees; and at the same time to maintain in each a preponderance of members more particularly conversant with its peculiar department of business. Thus the Grand Committee of Trade would comprise a large proportion of merchants and of the representatives of commercial constituencies, and the Committee for Courts of Justice an ample complement of 'gentlemen of the long robe.' The constitution and functions of these several Committees would be different; but all would be political representatives of the larger body from which they are drawn, and little Parliaments, as it were, in themselves. The province of one would probably be Religion and Ecclesiastical Affairs; of another, Law and Courts of Justice; of a third, Trade, Shipping, and Manufactures; of a fourth, Local Taxation and Administration; of a fifth, Colonial and Indian Possessions; and of a sixth, Education and General Purposes.[1]

We are not concerned with Sir Thomas Erskine May's distribution and classification of his suggested Committees, which would no doubt require revision if the task were to be taken in hand now. In 1882, Mr. Gladstone tried in a very limited way the experiment suggested by Sir T. Erskine May, two Standing Committees being appointed on Law and Trade. The scheme gave formal recognition to an irregular usage. What is called the Committee of the whole House practically consists of a succession of Grand Committees spontaneously formed on different Bills. A Committee of the whole House on a Merchant Shipping Bill would be, in the main, a Grand Committee of shipowners and of the representatives of great trading ports, not more qualified by the presence of other members than the Grand Committee suggested by Sir T. Erskine May would be. A Committee of the whole House on the Judicature Bill would be not less essentially that Committee of 'gentlemen of the long robe,' with a fair sprinkling of an unlearned element representing the public and the suitors' interest, in Law and Courts of Justice; and so with the rest. The inconvenience of these informal Grand Committees is that they assume to be the whole House in Committee, and that when any one of them is at work on its particular Bill, the House can do nothing and no other Grand Committee can be sitting. Division of labour and of rest is provided for by the spontaneous action of individuals, according to which, members interested in a measure or in a class of measures attend, while those not interested stay away and, to use the artisan phrase, 'play.' But division of labour is not enough for real efficiency; simultaneity of labour must be associated with it. The making of the separate parts of a watch forms a separate industry; but if the wheels and the springs, the case, the dial, and the hands were made successively,

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, January 1854.

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no workman beginning his task until some other workman had finished, and so on in long succession, the making of a watch would be a very long process, the supply of watches would fall very far short of the demand, the indolence and want of skill, or generally the obstructive tactics, of one workman would throw all the rest out of work and pay, into compulsory idleness and starvation. Members of Parliament not being paid for their work, nor by result, avoid some of the more disagreeable of these personal consequences. But the result of attempting to get through all the work of the session in sequence, and by ostensibly employing the whole House upon every portion of its business instead of engaging several portions of it simultaneously in tasks appropriate to them, is that the work of the country is not done. If Standing Committees were in existence, the House might be engaged on the second reading of a Bill or debating some question of policy, while the Committee on Trade was considering the clauses of a Bankruptcy Bill and the Committee on Law was occupied with the provisions of a Judicature Bill.

The present Government has become a convert to the principle of Standing Committees, and one of the procedure resolutions of this year which obstruction prevented its approaching, proposed the creation of three Grand Committees—on Law, on Trade, and on Agriculture. It may be questioned whether this division of subjects is sufficient, or whether it might not be conveniently qualified or superseded by another division, by the establishment of Standing Committees for Ireland and Scotland. The Scotch members already constitute practically a Grand Committee on Scotch affairs—a Grand Committee, however, before which little business is allowed to come, mainly because there is no Irish Grand Committee, sitting in a room apart, to which Irish business can be referred. The Irish and Scotch Committees ought to consist mainly, though not exclusively, of Irish and Scotch members. With them all Privy Councillors should be associated, so as to insure the presence on the Committee of the most experienced statesmen of both political parties. Other members specially familiar with or interested in Ireland—to speak of it alone—or versed in the subject-matter of the particular measures to be taken into consideration, ought to be added. It may be objected that these large inclusions would swell the Committee to unmanageable dimensions. It might reach a hundred and fifty. The attendance on it would, however, probably not be greater proportionately than the attendance in the House of Commons, in which it is not found necessary to provide accommodation for all the members simultaneously. If a quorum of forty is numerous enough for the House of Commons, a quorum, say, of twenty would be more than ample for a Standing Committee of a hundred and fifty members, and the average attendance would probably not be more than twice or three times the quorum. The Standing Com-

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mittee on Irish affairs would, of course, like the Committees on Trade and Law, be a substitute for the Committee of the whole House, and would discharge the functions now left to that Committee. The leave to introduce new Bills, and the discussion on the second reading by which they are accepted in principle, would be in the hands of the House at large. No Bills, therefore, except those on which a majority of the House thinks that legislation is desirable, and legislation in the general tendency and on the main outlines of the Bills, would come before the Standing Committee. Wild and revolutionary or otherwise inadmissible projects would be rejected on the second reading. The Committee would, therefore, simply have to do with the amendment of the clauses of the Bill in detail. Of course, the Committee might conceivably revolutionise or destroy any Bill; they might reverse all its provisions, leaving out all its clauses and substituting new ones. But as each Bill, after passing through Committee, would be, as now, reported to the House, it would be easy to restore it as nearly as might be thought desirable to its original form. If the proposed Standing Committee on Irish affairs dealt habitually with Bills in a perverse temper, the reference of Bills to them, which should be left as regards each individual measure to the discretion of the House, would be discontinued, and the Standing Order constituting the Committee would probably be annulled. The experiment would have failed. But no harm would have been done. On the contrary, some good would have been effected, by the proof given that Irish members, such as those whom Ireland now sends to the House of Commons, cannot yet be safely trusted even with specially Irish business. No step would have been taken which could not be promptly recalled. This revocability is the essential condition of safe political experiment. The establishment at once of a subordinate Parliament in Dublin, or of Provincial Councils in some selected cities of the four provinces, would be a revolution which could be set aside only by a counter-revolution.

It is possible that the settlement of the Irish land question by the abolition of the system of dual ownership would abolish the Home Rule question (in the Separatist sense of Home Rule) by removing the motive which has led the tenant-farmers of Ireland to associate themselves with the agitation for an independent Parliament. But apart from this consideration Standing Committees on Irish and Scotch business would be a useful device for relieving the House of Commons as a whole from the weight of business under which it staggers. Legislation to a great extent follows the line of the several nationalities which are combined in the United Kingdom. The Acts of Parliament are numerous in which it is provided that the Act shall apply only, or shall not apply at all, to that part of the United Kingdom called Scotland or Ireland. It seems only natural, therefore, that measures dealing exclusively with Ireland or Scotland

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should be referred to Committees consisting mainly of Scotch or Irish members. It may be urged that the House of Commons, if it were divided into half a dozen or more Committees, some of them overlapping each other by the inclusion of the same members, would be lost in its Committees, as the wood is hidden by the trees. It would be dismembered and disintegrated. It would perish as some animals multiply themselves by fissure and scission. The assumption, however, that all the members of a Standing Committee would habitually or frequently attend its sittings is, as we have already seen, as absurd as to suppose that all the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons are habitually, or indeed ever, in simultaneous attendance. There would be a natural distribution of members and division of labour according to interest and taste. Members with a liking for detail, or specially interested in a particular Bill, would attend the Committee upon it. The component parts of each Committee would vary with the business before it. Members whose taste is not for detail would attend by way of preference the sittings of the House as a whole, reinforced by those who were not interested in the matter which might happen at any given time to be before the Committee to which they belonged. It may be objected that while the Standing Committees may reasonably consist of separate fractions of the whole House, nevertheless all the elements of the House at large should be represented in the proceedings by which, on the second reading, assent is given to the principle of a Bill, or when on report and on the third reading it is formally reviewed and passed, and that this would be impossible if Committees are sitting simultaneously with the sitting of the whole House. This objection proceeds on the assumption that members sit through the debates. The whole House, or its habitually working members, are present in the division lobbies when the division bell summons them. They are summoned by it from gossip in the smoking room, from letter-writing in the library, from lounging on the terrace. Under the new arrangement they, or such of them as were engaged in it, would be summoned from useful work on the Standing Committees. This would be all the difference. We assume that the Standing Committees and the House as a whole would usually be sitting at the same time. This would be the case if the new procedure rule which establishes morning sittings were adopted.

If, after an experience enough to give confidence in the result, it was found that the Standing Committee on Ireland was a useful instrument in legislation for Ireland, and sensibly relieved the House of Commons from other work than that of origination and final sanction, the task of revision and amendment being rarely called for, or being reduced to a minimum, the functions of the Grand Committee might be cautiously enlarged. It might be allowed to initiate measures and to prepare them for submission to the Imperial

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Parliament. There is no reason in the nature of things why the first and second readings of a Bill and the Committee stage should not be taken in the Standing Committee, and the report and the third reading, involving such revision of the measure as may be necessary, and its final sanction so far as the House of Commons is concerned, be alone left to the House at large. Practically, I believe, this is what takes place in the United States Congress, where the first and second readings of measures are formal and usually take place without debate. This usage would involve the minimum of interference, on the part of the Imperial Parliament as a whole, with business exclusively and specifically Irish. But theoretically the Imperial Parliament would not part with any right whatsoever. The Standing Committee would be merely its agent, having no independent existence of its own, any more than the hand and eye and brain are independent of the body of which they are members. It would be merely an organ discharging special functions. It may occur perhaps to some readers that there might be from time to time a local detachment of this Standing Committee from the House of Commons, and that it might be allowed to hold its sittings from time to time in Dublin. But the objections to this project are obvious, and it is not easy to see any satisfactory answer to them. If the sitting in Dublin were synchronous with the ordinary Parliamentary session in Westminster, the Irish members would be practically divorced from the business and interests of the Imperial Parliament, with which it is absolutely essential that they should be closely associated, in order that special Irish legislation may be in harmony with the general principles which guide the legislation and shape the policy of the Empire. The sense of that larger nationality of the United Kingdom in which they are included, of that Imperial patriotism to which a merely insular Irish patriotism should be subordinated, as the insular or peninsular patriotism of Englishmen and Scotchmen is subordinated, is the feeling which more than any other needs to be fostered and strengthened in Irishmen. Their formal exclusion, as in Mr. Gladstone's measure of 1886, from the Imperial Parliament, or any arrangement which would tempt them to practical self-exclusion, would be attended by the gravest mischiefs. On the other hand, there are objections of another kind, though equally strong, to an arrangement for allowing the Standing Committee to sit during the Parliamentary recess, whether in Dublin or elsewhere. Human strength would not be equal to the work of this supplementary session. Irish members would probably absent themselves from Westminster and reserve their strength for Dublin. The divorce from Imperial politics, which is to be deprecated as the probable result of the simultaneous sitting of the Irish Standing Committee in Dublin and the Imperial Parliament, would follow in an almost equal

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degree from their successive sittings. The members who attended on the Standing Committee in Dublin in the late autumn and in the winter would be absentees from the Imperial Parliament. The attendance of the English and Scotch members of the Irish Committee, whose presence is desirable in order to represent the Imperial interests, to which regard must be had even in legislation the most specifically and exclusively Irish, would be out of the question. We do not see, therefore, any convenient or practicable way of mobilising the Standing Committee or localising it in Dublin, without practically severing it from the Imperial Parliament.

It may be asked whether there is any probability that the project of the Irish Grand Committee would obtain the assent of the Irish members. Five years ago their leaders were strongly in favour of it. In his speech of November 27, 1882, Mr. Gladstone, in moving the first resolution with regard to the appointment of Standing Committees, referred to the fact that 'we are a nation broken up locally into various divisions with some degree of various wants and specialities.' Mr. Parnell, Mr. O'Donnell, and Mr. Justin McCarthy, interpreting the phrase in a sense which, as it subsequently appeared, its author did not attach to it, strongly urged the appointment of a Standing Committee on Irish affairs. Sir Richard Cross and Mr. Goschen as strongly opposed it, and showed little favour to the project of Grand Committees generally, on the ground that matters in which a class was specially interested could not be safely entrusted to that class alone, but required to be discussed and examined by persons representing the general sense of the community. Lawyers are not usually law-reformers; shipowners would not be an impartial tribunal for the consideration of a Bill for the better protection of life at sea; agriculturists might favour protective duties on corn. The answer to this objection is, first, that it is not proposed that the Grand Committees should consist exclusively of experts on the legislation referred to them, and that the House of Commons as a whole retaining the earlier and later stages of the Bill in its own hands would be master both of its original and of its final form. On similar grounds, Mr. Goschen opposed the formation of Grand Committees constituted exclusively according to nationality to deal with the several portions of the United Kingdom. The reply which is good in the former case is good in this also. The further reply may be made that Mr. Goschen is now, as a leading member of the Government, a party to a scheme for establishing three Grand Committees. He has overcome objections which do not apply more strongly to a Grand Committee on Irish affairs than to Grand Committees on Law, Trade, and Agriculture. Mr. Gladstone, however, said he had been misunderstood. He raised the question of national divisions to exclude them from consideration. He objected to 'the principle that certain Imperial powers, the powers of the Imperial Parliament, should

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be exercised by bodies of members taken exclusively from one part of the United Kingdom.' But on the scheme suggested they would not be taken exclusively, but only predominantly, from one part of the United Kingdom. Mr. Parnell urged that the establishment of an Irish Grand Committee would leave the question of Home Rule untouched. It occupied neutral ground, and might be supported equally by opponents and friends of the Nationalist movement.

Mr. Parnell may not hold now the views which he expressed five years ago. A good many things have happened since 1882. He may be impressed by the electoral facts which Mr. Gladstone has skilfully marshalled in this Review, and think that Home Rule is so near as to render any revision of arrangements in the Imperial Parliament superfluous. Perhaps it may be shown that Mr. Gladstone's statistics do not justify the inference which he draws from them. Political meteorology, like natural meteorology, does not warrant more than forecasts, and those very hesitating forecasts, from day to day and within limited districts. To argue from the state of opinion in seven constituencies in 1887 to what will be the state of opinion all over the country in 1890 or in 1891 is simply a speculation on possibilities not attaining to the rank even of faint probabilities. The local circumstances and the incidents of the moment which go far to determine bye-elections have no relation to the condition of things which will determine opinions some years hence. If we take the two Parliamentary periods of any considerable length which are nearest to us, those of the Beaconsfield Administration from 1874 to 1880 and of Mr. Gladstone's Administration from 1880 to 1885, it will be seen that the results of the general elections did not correspond with the indication given by the bye-elections of the two periods, or rather that the bye-elections fluctuated so from year to year as to give no intelligible indications at all. Mr. Disraeli came into office in 1874 with a majority which Mr. Gladstone estimates at forty-eight. In the years 1874 and 1875 the Conservatives won six seats and the Liberals two. In 1876 the balance was more than reversed, the Liberals winning six seats and the Conservatives only one. In 1877 it was reduced nearly to a state of equipoise, the Liberals winning two seats and the Conservatives one. In 1878 the Conservatives won two and the Liberals three seats. Thus in the first five years of the Beaconsfield Administration the Liberals won thirteen seats and the Conservatives ten, giving the Liberals a total gain of three in that term. Mr. Gladstone has protested that he does not rely on a Liberal gain of four seats in the bye-elections of the first eight months of the present year as a conclusive indication of opinion. He can therefore still less rely on a Liberal gain of three seats in five years. He presents the matter in a different aspect. 'In the *Nineteenth Century* for November 1878,' he says, 'when we were still in the middle period of the Beaconsfield Administration, I showed

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that since January 1, 1876, the Liberals had gained eleven seats as against four losses, and that this rate would suffice to place the Government on a dissolution in a minority: a forecast which was much more than accomplished by the actual results in March–April 1880.'[1] Mr. Gladstone leaves out of account the elections of 1874–5, the inclusion of which would have shown a Liberal gain of three seats in five years, instead of seven seats in three. He appeals to a moral law of elections, according to which clear indications of opinion are seldom discernible within a term of three, or at most two, years after a general election. The law seems at first sight to suit the particular case which is brought under it, but instances in sufficient number to justify the generalisation are lacking. It is not confirmed by the experience of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration. In its first two years the Conservatives won eleven and the Liberals only two seats. In each of the two years 1882 and 1883 gains and losses were equal—one against one in the former year, two against two in the latter. In 1884 there was a gain to the Conservatives of three seats; so that in these five years of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration the Conservatives had a balance of twelve seats in their favour, making twenty-four on division. Mr. Gladstone's law is contradicted by the bye-elections under his own Ministry.

Close examination will show that the supposed law suits as little the middle period of the Beaconsfield Administration, which has apparently suggested it. Mr. Gladstone lumps the three years 1876–8 together as exhibiting a Liberal reaction. If he had taken them separately he would have seen that the period was not one of steady tendency in one direction, but of fluctuation. In 1874–6, as we have said, the Liberals won eight seats and lost seven. In 1877 they gained two seats and lost one; in 1878 they gained three and lost three. Of the thirty-eight elections of 1878, twelve were unopposed—the Conservatives carrying ten and the Liberals two seats without contest, a fact far more conclusive against the supposed Liberal reaction than the winning of one or two opposed elections. In 1879–80 there were three Liberal and two Conservative gains, the latter including the decisive victory of Mr. (now Sir Edward) Clarke at Southwark, in which his majority exceeded that of the two Liberal candidates taken together, and the former the election of Mr. Waddy at Sheffield to succeed the late Mr. Roebuck, who, however, called himself a Liberal. These figures give a gain of three seats from the Beaconsfield Administration in six years, a result which cannot be considered as conclusively indicating anything. The Parliamentary strength of the Government was shown by the fact that the majority of forty-eight with which it commenced its career rose on votes of confidence in the House of Commons to majorities

[1] *Nineteenth Century* for September 1887, p. 437.

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of 143 and 101. Yet at the general election of 1880 Mr. Gladstone came into power with a majority of 110. In the five years 1880–4 of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration the Conservatives, after balancing gains and losses, were twelve seats to the good. The Liberal majority of 110 was reduced on votes involving confidence to twenty-eight and fourteen, and finally was converted into a minority of twelve. Yet Mr. Gladstone, at the general election, came back to power with a majority of 86 over the Conservatives.

These facts show that the inferences to be drawn from bye-elections, and Parliamentary feeling presumably reflecting the feeling of the country, as to the issue of a future general election, are precarious and worthless. Bye-elections usually go against the Government of the day. The idea that the one question which engages the minds of statesmen engages the minds of the Spalding and Northwich electors is an illusion. The popularity or unpopularity of rival candidates, the mistakes of the Government in administration, the treatment of Miss Cass and the Salvation Army, have more to do with some of the late elections than Home Rule, as to which, moreover, the idea is sedulously spread in the constituencies that Mr. Gladstone has become a convert to Unionism as professed by Mr. Chamberlain and as once professed by Sir George Trevelyan. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, relies in his argument not on the seats won, but on the numbers polled at the bye-elections, which show, he says, an improvement in the Liberal (Home Rule) strength of twenty-two per cent., an increase which, allowing a margin for accidents of five per cent., would, if the general election followed the course of the bye-elections, give after all deductions a Liberal majority of 102. The 'if' begs a very doubtful question. If the system of proportional representation prevailed, if every six hundred and seventieth quotient of the total constituency of the United Kingdom returned its member, this argument would be logically relevant. But under the present system a majority of voters may elect a minority of members; and a gain of twenty-two per cent. in the popular vote which results in a gain of only four seats in Parliament cannot be considered as affording any trustworthy indications of the result of a general election.

Home Rulers have therefore no great reason to be encouraged nor Unionists to be disheartened by the electoral facts of the present year. In some articles published in this Review in 1886, a method of Home Rule, in strict subordination to the Parliamentary union, and in the main following the lines laid down by Mr. Chamberlain, was advocated as the alternative of Mr. Gladstone's policy of Parliamentary separation. 'If this arrangement,' it was said, 'is not yet practicable, we must wait until it becomes so, and in the meantime remain as we are.' It is not yet, I fear, practicable, and we must probably remain for a long time as we are. The doctrines and practice of plunder, the deliberate repudiation of contracts, the

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systematic intimidation, the anarchy and lawlessness which the leaders of the Irish party profess and promote, are conclusive against delivering to their tender mercies the lives, liberties, and property of quiet and law-respecting Irishmen. It was hoped that in association with English statesmen they would unlearn their creed and repent deeds of rapine and violence. This hope has been disappointed, and until there is some prospect of its being realised it will not be safe for the Imperial Parliament and Executive to surrender any of the powers which the law and constitution give them in Ireland. There will be ample time, therefore, for the experiment of the Grand Committee on Irish affairs which has been suggested—a course which might prove a discipline to self-rule in Ireland, as well as a useful expedient for facilitating Parliamentary business.

FRANK H. HILL.

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LITERATURE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE kindly reception accorded by most critics to my two previous papers, on 'What Boys Read' and 'What Girls Read,' encourages me to lay before the public my views on yet another branch of this question of literature for the young. My justification for this is the abiding interest which the character of the books written and published for their children must always possess for parents. In the present instance I shall endeavour to give some idea of the works which have been produced for the especial edification of the very little ones. The inquiry is extensive and peculiarly important. If to determine what works shall be placed in the hands of a boy or girl of fifteen gives the mother and father anxiety, what shall we say of the difficulty they must feel in choosing a book for the babe? The teens are an impressionable period, but the period which a child has lived before it reaches its teens is not only impressionable, but charged with the gravest potentialities. It is almost a truism to urge that the child whose future is to be moulded definitely between the ages of thirteen and twenty will be capable of higher or lower motives in proportion as his first appreciable contact with the world has tended to the noble or the base. With what kind of work, then, shall the parent elect to open a child's ideas? To whose productions may we turn in the full confidence that they are unexceptionable in spirit and in letter?

At the outset it may be admitted that mothers have much to be grateful for in the books published for their children. The highest artistic and literary talent is, and has been for a long time, devoted to their production. There have been works written with a view to the wants of not too imaginative parents when the baby asks to be told a story; there are works which the babe may be expected to read itself; there are works also, composed chiefly of pictures with only a very small portion of letterpress, with which children may amuse themselves to their hearts' content. The season of 1886–87 was marked in several ways. In the first place there were some happy combinations. Mr. Hallam Tennyson and the late Randolph Caldecott jointly produced a version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Miss Lizzie Lawson and Mr. R. E. Mack collaborated in two sweet

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works called respectively *Christmas Roses* and *Under the Mistletoe*. Mr. Frederic Weatherly and Miss J. M. Dealy laboured together very successfully in *The Land of Little People*, as did Mr. E. Leckey and Miss J. Berkeley in *Fairy Folk*, whilst a unique partnership was struck up between Miss Kate Greenaway, with her fantastical and shortwaisted but becoming children—'Kate Greenaway' children they are always, rather than children of nature—and Bret Harte in *The Queen of the Pirate Isle*, a melodramatic name covering an amusing story. In the second place, numerous works worthy of special mention appeared. Mr. Harry Furniss turned his powers to account on behalf of children in *Romps all the Year Round*, Mr. Gordon Browne started a series of *Old Fairy Tales*, Mr. Walter Crane contributed to the annual fare *The Baby's own Æsop*, and the S.P.C.K. issued a mutilated and nearly worthless edition of *Robinson Crusoe*. If children are not able to read *Robinson Crusoe* as Defoe wrote it, they will gain little by having it written down to them by Miss Mary Godolphin. A daughter of Mr. Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, entered the field of children's literature with *Madame Tabby's Establishment*; Miss Jessie Greenwood, whose name the booksellers insisted on confounding with Miss Kate Greenaway's, made her *début* in *The Moon Maiden*; the Hon. Margaret Collier published *Prince Peerless*, a book remarkable chiefly on account of the pugilistic propensities of its fairy-folk; Mrs. F. H. Burnett won golden opinions on both sides of the Atlantic by her touching and beautiful story of the precocious little American who suddenly became the heir to an English earldom *Little Lord Fauntleroy*; and Dr. Samuel Cox opened up a comparatively new vein in *The Bird's Nest*, a book of sermons for young and old.

Unlike that for boys and girls in their teens, literature for the very young has a considerable history, and to fully appreciate its merits in the present some knowledge of its past is necessary. A prominent place among books for the little ones, of course, has been and is occupied by fables and fairy stories. Æsop's fame in the nursery is so great as to appear almost as fabulous, at least in its historic aspects, as the themes of which he treats. It would be an interesting and far from uninstructive inquiry for some one, who could give the time to it, to attempt to determine the influence which Æsop, or rather the marvellous collection of fables associated with the name of Æsop, has had on the minds of men. Throughout the ages, in the midst of ignorance and superstition, in the homes of rich and poor alike, Æsop has secured a place. It would be an endless task to enumerate the editions through which he has passed or the various methods in which it has been sought to lay his teaching before the nymphs of the nursery. Even now only two others can claim to storm that particular section of the household with anything like equal success—Grimm and Andersen. Wolf and Pilpay

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and Bechstein, their virtues notwithstanding, cannot be compared with Grimm, Andersen, and Æsop in popularity. One or other of the latter is almost certain to be selected by parents among the first books placed in the hands of their children. The secret of this favour is that fairy stories and fables are regarded practically as engines for the propulsion of all the virtues into the little mind in an agreeable and harmless form. Æsop is distinguished first by brevity; second, by the manner in which his moral is generally hung in an epigrammatic and easily to be avoided form at the end of his narrative. Though Grimm's and Andersen's works are also intended to convey some moral, it is left to the child to digest this in the spirit as it digests the story in the letter. Contentment and modesty are the two attributes which Grimm or Andersen may be expected to inculcate. Over-estimation of self is constantly pointed out by Æsop as a source of failure. Grimm shows in many ways how, by being dissatisfied with what we have, we risk even that. The truth to be extracted from Andersen nearly always amounts to this: 'Whatever your lot is, make the best of it and do not selfishly pine for things which it has not pleased God to give you.' Aspiration, according to Andersen's tales, is not very wise nor very often realised. 'Tin soldier,' said the Goblin in *The Brave Tin Soldier*—and the Goblin's remark points the direction of Andersen's thoughts in most cases—'don't wish for what does not belong to you.' To do so, as the event proved, is to bring disaster on one's head. Andersen has recently been edited with rather too special a view to the requirements of young people by Mrs. H. B. Paull.[1] The most handsome and valuable edition of *German Popular Stories*[2] by the brothers Grimm is unquestionably that edited by Edgar Taylor, introduced by John Ruskin, and illustrated by George Cruikshank.

The days, however, when fairy stories and fables—*Cinderella, Blue Beard, Red Riding Hood*, and *Old Mother Hubbard*—were the chief if not the only literary resources of the nursery have been long passed. During the last one hundred and twenty years we have boasted some sort of literature for children, but it is only within the last quarter of a century that this literature has deservedly assumed a high place in the public regard. The ordinary story for children may be said to have dated from *Goody Two-Shoes*. To a facsimile reproduction of the edition of this work of 1776 Mr. Charles Welsh has supplied an instructive preface, in the course of which the names occur of some children's books of the eighteenth century. An idea of their character may be gleaned from their titles. *The Valentine Gift, or How to Behave with Honour, Integrity, and Humanity: very useful with a Trading Nation. The Easter Gift, or the Way to be Good. The Renowned History of Giles Gingerbread, a*

[1] *Chandos Classics*, Warne & Co. [2] Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

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Little Boy who Lived upon Learning. These books of Mr. Newbery's are said to have been instrumental in laying the foundation of a love of reading in Southey, and so were not altogether devoid of use. *Goody Two-Shoes* was originally designed by Goldsmith or some one else for the benefit of those

> Who from a state of Rags and bare,
> And having shoes but half a Pair,
> Their Fortune and their Fame would fix
> And gallop in a coach and six.

There is a great deal in *Goody Two-Shoes* that, properly edited and revised, might be made of interest to children in the present day. The work is full of quaint suggestions, the moral of the incidents enumerated being treated much after the fashion of Æsop. For instance, Margery is locked in the church one night, and is startled by some creature whose cold touch may well have sent a shiver through her little frame. Her visitor turns out to be a dog, who had followed her into the building. To the account of her adventure a reflection is appended.

> After this, my dear children, I hope you will not believe in any foolish stories, that ignorant, weak, or designing people may tell you about ghosts, for the tales of ghosts, witches, and fairies are the frolics of a distempered brain. No wise man ever saw either of them. Little Margery, you see, was not afraid; no, she had *good sense* and a *good conscience*, which is a cure for all these imaginary evils.

After *Goody Two-Shoes* the next work of importance was *Sandford and Merton*, which appeared in 1783. This book deserves attention for two reasons: first, because it has run *Robinson Crusoe* harder than any other work of the eighteenth century particularly affected by children; second, though it was not, perhaps, exactly a model to be followed, it was at least a source of inspiration to later writers. It was the first book for children in which moral contrast, which was pushed to so extreme and almost intolerable a verge at the end of the last and the beginning of this century, was availed of unsparingly. Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton are two boys diametrically opposite in birth, in breeding, in virtue, in every characteristic of life. Sandford is the son of a poor man; Merton is the son of a rich man. Sandford is courageous, good, industrious, unpretentious; Merton is cowardly, mean, lazy, and possessed of an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Mr. Day, the author of the work, as Mr. Cecil Hartley said nearly forty years ago, was opposed to the enervating system of fashionable education practised in his time, and 'determined to stem the torrent that threatened to sap, overwhelm, and destroy all the nobler energies of man's nature.' *Sandford and Merton* was an instrument towards the accomplishment of his object. No one can deny the power of mind and soundness of heart which Mr. Day threw into his labours.

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But, whatever its merits in the eighteenth century, the book is not suited to the requirements of the nineteenth, and the strange thing is that it has lived so long. It has not that peculiar personal charm which will make *Robinson Crusoe* famous for all time, and Sandford, in his virtue, becomes something of a tiresome prodigy of Evangelism. The work is quaint and interesting rather to the historian than the general, and especially child, reader. Children in the habit of perusing any one of the authors who cater for them in these days, would hardly appreciate so amusingly ancient a form of conversation between boys as that, to give only one example, which results from Tommy's losing his ball and ordering a little ragged boy to pick it up. The latter having taken no notice, Tommy asks him if he did not hear what was said.

'Yes,' said the boy; 'for the matter of that I am not deaf.'
'Oh! you are not?' replied Tommy; 'then bring me my ball directly.'
'I don't choose it,' said the boy.
'Sirrah,' cried Tommy, 'if I come to you I shall make you choose it.'
'Perhaps not, my pretty little master,' said the boy.
'You little rascal,' said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, 'if I come over the hedge I will thrash you within an inch of your life.'

Neither are the philosophic interrogatories in which Mr. Barlow indulges with his pupils suited for, or indeed comprehensible to, a very young reader. It must, too, be borne in mind that if this work was to accomplish its purpose, in exposing the evils of a too luxurious education, it must be read by parents rather than their children.

About the time that *Sandford and Merton* was working its way into public favour two ladies—Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer—were writing for the little ones. The *Lessons for Children* and *Hymns in Prose for Children*, which the former published, had, at the end of the last century, according to Mr. R. L. Edgeworth, 'a prescriptive pre-eminence in the nursery.' These books were certainly popular, and sufficiently so to induce two French gentlemen to undertake to translate them into their own language. Mrs. Trimmer wrote curious little lessons for small children. Here is a specimen: 'Frank Gilbert gave George Lunn a goose. "Here," said he, "take this for a friendly gift." "Thank you," said George; "I will accept it, and feed my wife and children with it."' She also gave her own edition of 'instructive fables' from Æsop, in which she showed her consciousness of the habit of children by reminding her little public: 'When you read a fable, take particular notice of the moral.' To this generation Mrs. Trimmer is known only as the author of *The History of the Robins*. In this there is nothing unusually meritorious. It has a double object: it aims at teaching children, by the example of the redbreasts and their little ones, 'to use industry, avoid contention, cultivate peace, and be contented

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with their condition;' and at inculcating humanity by the conduct of Harriet and Frederick Benson, who so carefully look after their feathered friends. Mrs. Trimmer's work contains just those faults which were characteristic of children's books in the last century. *The History of the Robins* might certainly have been more carefully written, but the pomposity of its tone, though strange to the present-day ear, was merely a phase of the earlier forms of English nursery stories. The book is innocuous, and may at any rate be praised for its humane sentiments and its tendency to make children considerate in their treatment of dumb creatures. I have taken pains to learn the kind of verse and prose supplied by Mesdames Barbauld and Trimmer, and though they may have many weak points, and are not exactly suited to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, I cannot understand Charles Lamb's overpowering objection to them. 'Hang them!' he wrote to Coleridge in 1802; 'I mean the cursed Barbauld crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child.' It is interesting to note that the same old-world pomposity of style which disfigures Mrs. Barbauld characterises Lamb's own *Tales from Shakespeare*.

Contemporaneously with Mrs. Barbauld, Dr. Isaac Watts devoted a large portion of his very valuable time to inditing *Divine Songs for Children*. Into these he infused much of his own philosophic learning, whilst availing himself of the very simplest language. Nature figures constantly in these *Divine Songs*, and the spirit of a large number of them is conveyed in the following lines:—

> I sing the wisdom that ordained
> The sun to rule the day;
> The moon shines full at His command,
> And all the stars obey.

A note of patriotic thankfulness is sounded in some verses on birth and education in a Christian land.

> 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
> That I was born on British ground,
> Where streams of heavenly mercy flow
> And words of sweet salvation sound.

Most of Dr. Watts's refrains are directed against the evils of bad company, pride, lying, cursing, scoffing, and idleness. Some, however, are of a very solemn character, and, despite their beauty, I should doubt the wisdom of placing in the hands of little children those of his songs which treat too seriously of religion, life, death, heaven, and hell.

The best known writer for children 'sixty years since' was Maria Edgeworth. Around no name has a controversy more bitter raged than that of the author of *The Parent's Assistant*. Miss Edgeworth was, to say the least, a strong-minded woman. She had her own opinion of the wants of children and parents, and she prosecuted it

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relentlessly. The cleverness of much of her writing is unquestioned. But she marred her abilities by her bigoted belief in the accuracy of her own views and methods. She was one of those persons who take an objection to one extreme and headlong rush to another. She disapproved of sermonising fictions for children, and cried for 'action! action!' The result was that in her stories for children she was concerned almost exclusively with incident. The contrasts of her characters were always violent. This violence, which was more apparent in her stories for children than in those for their elder relatives, was in many of them the only thing which prevented them from being intolerably tame. *The Little Dog Trusty* deals with the liar and the boy of truth; *The Orange Man* with the honest boy and the thief; *The Cherry Orchard* with the doings of good-tempered Marianne and ill-tempered Owen, her cousin. *Simple Susan* shows how, while Susan was simple, industrious, and cleanly, Barbara was not only conceited, mean, lazy, or untidy, but a young lady who 'could descend without shame, whenever it suited her purposes, from the height of insolent pride to the lowest meanness of fawning familiarity.' The only end which contrast can profitably serve is reform. Miss Edgeworth's characters never seem to me to reform. The bad must remain bad throughout and take the consequences of their misbehaviour. There is no pathos, no humour, little true sympathy in these children's stories. *Simple Susan* has been regarded as a touching narrative, and Sir Walter Scott is somewhere said to have declared that 'when the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry.' The great novelist evidently did not regard Miss Edgeworth's work from the same high standard that a grateful public and severe critics alike regarded his own. Many passages of Miss Edgeworth's suggest that she was largely inspired by *Sandford and Merton*, and her work would have been more successful had she made an effort to show, albeit in her own way, that it was the duty of children who might be bad to endeavour to imitate the good, as Tommy Merton in time comes to imitate the example of Harry Sandford. Neither had Miss Edgeworth the same faculty for sketching character in children as in adults or older people. In their relation with children, too, Miss Edgeworth's fathers and mothers are faulty. They always seem to be laying petty traps for catching their offspring in errors—a course which is, above all, likely to destroy that faith in parents which Miss Edgeworth is anxious to inspire.

Another name which it is necessary to mention in connection with the earlier forms of children's literature is that of Robert Bloomfield, the author of the famous ballad *The Farmer's Boy*. In 1817 Mr. Bloomfield wrote by way of preface to a small volume called *Davy's New Hat*, which he was then publishing—

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The longer I live the more I am convinced of the importance of children's books. The feeling seems to be universal, and I have never talked with a man or woman of fifty years of age without hearing that what they have read in their infancy was very inferior to the juvenile publications of later days.

If we were to take *Davy's New Hat* as a specimen of the improvement made in children's books up to the end of this century, we should indeed form a poor opinion of its predecessors in this particular field. The fact that such a story, so poor in incident and so deficient in compensating literary touches, should have obtained any popularity at all, is evidence of the want felt of some kind of literature for children and of the deficiency in the supply. Mr. Bloomfield was more successful in *The Birds' and Insects' Post Office*, published for the first time in 1880, under the editorship of Mr. Walter Bloomfield, by Messrs. Griffith & Farran. In this volume a heap of natural history is taught by means of letters interchanged between the various birds and insects, describing their doings. In *The Horkey*—i.e. the Suffolk Harvest Home Festival—Mr. Bloomfield wrote a ballad for children. Not long ago it was reproduced by Messrs. Macmillan, edited and humorously introduced by F. C. Burnand, and magnificently illustrated by George Cruikshank. From Mr. Bloomfield's day to 1856 no child's story-book of importance appeared. In that year an out-of-the-way sort of volume was published in America called *Curious Stories about Fairies*. The first story in this collection is said to be Mr. Ruskin's, and there is much in it which suggests that only the pen of the master can have written it. The often brilliant diction, the simplicity of the language, and the graphic sparkling beauty of its landscape picturing, show that Mr. Ruskin knew how to practise what he has always preached. *The King of the Golden River* is an ideal fairy story.

The last quarter of a century has been rich in marvels for the nursery. Whilst a literature has sprung up for the older boys and girls, that for babes, or rather the smaller boys and girls, has acquired a tone and undergone developments which carry it altogether beyond anything previously written. In 1863 Kingsley published *Water Babies*, and a year after Tom Hood was delighting the world with such works as *The Fairy Realm*, *The Loves of Tom Tucker and Bo-Peep*, *Funny Fables for Little Folks*, and *From Nowhere to the North Pole*. With all his rollicking humour, there was in Tom Hood an undercurrent of satire which hardly fitted him to be regarded, even in those books which he penned especially for them, as a successful writer for children. *From Nowhere to the North Pole* is a work apparently designed to expose the petty tyrannies of which the little ones are guilty in such important matters to them as toys and sweetmeats. Hood aimed at making his work readable equally to the parent and child. In this he somewhat missed his mark.

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It requires an older intellect than one of eight or ten years to appreciate the fun of the Hall of Idle Inventions, and similar shots at human failings and weaknesses which appear in this book. Among these 'idle inventions' is a machine for making poetry. Only those who know that Hood opposed vehemently all his life imperfect metres and bad rhymes will see his point. 'Poetry,' the machinist says, 'is not meant to be understood,' and hence such lines as the following, turned out by the 'Latest Invention for Writing Poetry by Machinery,' accomplish their purpose:—

A Song.

Merrily roundelay happiness blue,
Sicily popular meet tumtiddy,
Popinjay Calendar fiddle-strings grew,
Capering mulberry feet tumtiddy.

The extraordinary adventures which Frank undergoes, as a consequence of sleeping on a stomach too full of plum cake, are best told by himself when he is accused of fibbing.

'It's not fibs,' he says; 'I was invited to Fairydom by Prince Silverwings, and I've been in the Insect World and in Teumendtlandt, and in Quadrupedremia, and among the Gingerbreadians, and before the Lord Chief Justice in Air; and I've seen the Learned Frog, and visited the bottom of the sea, and lodged with a hermit crab at number 42, Submarine Villas; and I've been taken prisoner by the Wild Wallpaperites, and then I was carried off to the North Pole by the iron in my blood; and I should have been gobbled up by monsters if Noah had not come in the ark and rescued me.'

Tom Hood's works were, and are still, deservedly popular, but they can hardly be called so in the circles for which he intended them.

Between Tom Hood and Mr. Lewis Carroll—to call Mr. D. C. Lutwidge by his famous *nom de plume*—there is more than a suspicion of resemblance in some particulars. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* narrowly escapes challenging a comparison with *From Nowhere to the North Pole*. The idea of both is so similar that Mr. Carroll can hardly have been surprised if some people have believed he was inspired by Hood. Both books deal with the contorted events which figure in a child's dream, and both may be almost equally well described by some lines from the introductory verse of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* addressed to those who in fancy pursue

The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast,
And half believe it true.

Though *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* are, of course, undeniably clever and possess many charms exclusively their own, there is nothing extraordinarily original about

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either, and certainly the former cannot fairly be called, as it once was, the most remarkable book for children of recent times. Both these records of Alice's adventures would be but half as attractive as they are without Mr. John Tenniel's illustrations. Of the two books *Through the Looking-Glass* is the more humorous, chiefly owing to the fact that, after Alice has climbed through the mirror, everything is reversed, and that to reach a certain point it is apparently necessary to walk away from it. Mr. Carroll is an irrepressible punster. *Through the Looking-Glass* contains a pun which is particularly good. Alice is introduced to a leg of mutton. She immediately asks the Red Queen if she shall cut her a slice. 'Certainly not,' answers the Red Queen; 'it isn't etiquette to cut any one you've been introduced to.' In *Alice in Wonderland* the funniest idea is the little heroine's telescopic physique. Mr. Carroll's style is as simple as his ideas are extravagant. This probably accounts for the fascination which these stories of a child 'moving under skies never seen by human eyes' have had over the minds of so many thousands of children and parents.

To Dr. George Macdonald belongs the credit due to a really original worker. A more capable pen than George Macdonald's has never catered for children. Even in boyhood Dr. Macdonald is said to have charmed little audiences by his improvised narratives. His faculty for invention is overflowing in its fertility; his plots are strikingly fresh and impressive. Dr. Macdonald has formed his own ideas of child nature, and in many respects his estimate is sound. But on the whole he, like so many others, soars above the intelligence of children of tender years. The allegorical beauty of *At the Back of the North Wind* and the fund of inventiveness in *Gutter Percha Willie* will be lost upon the very juvenile. Dr. Macdonald conceives, to a certain extent not inaccurately, that all children are metaphysicians. In their own way they are metaphysicians; but of course they have no knowledge of the science of metaphysics. They are metaphysicians only as every person impressed by place or circumstance is a metaphysician. What Dr. Macdonald has apparently tried to do is to blend fairydom and metaphysics into a sort of whole for the purpose of illustrating the divine order of things. He is a student of nature in every form, and it is difficult to say whether his sympathies are stronger with the only partially revealed truths of the great goddess, or with the trials, the triumphs, and the failures of human life. There are many wholesome lessons to be learnt from Dr. Macdonald's works. Reciprocity of goodwill and affection is the surface of his semi-metaphysical ground-plan. How touching is little Diamond's love for the horse after whom he had been named, for his parents, and for the beautiful North Wind, symbol of a higher and purer life as she is; and what a volume of philosophy is contained in Gutter Percha Willie's efforts to master the little difficulties which crop up in his home! He tries to learn shoe-making,

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and discovers that respect is due to labour whether of mind or hand. He repays the shoemaker by learning to read to him as he plies his needle or hammer. But the most ingenious and even sublime feature of perhaps any of Dr. Macdonald's works is Willie's construction of a small water-wheel, round which he winds a string which he fastens to his waist, in order that he may be called up to observe nature in all her aspects, at all times of the night, in all seasons. To say that books with such ideas as these are beyond the nursery is no more to detract from their general merit and beauty than to say that a child of eight or ten would not understand *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would be to detract from Shakespeare's genius. Dr. Macdonald's books are essentially books for all, young and old, who love conscientious workmanship and changing, if not stirring, situations.

With the exception of Lord Brabourne (the Hon. E. Knatchbull-Hugessen), who has written some fairly popular stories for children, the other writers in this department of fiction are chiefly ladies. Mrs. Emma Marshall has published some good children's stories, as well as girls' stories; Miss Hesba Stretton is popular as the author of *Jessica's First Prayer;* Miss F. R. Havergal has written volumes under such titles as *My King; or, Daily Thoughts for the King's Children,* and *Bruey: a Little Worker for Christ;* A.L.O.E.—that is, 'A Lady of England,' otherwise Miss Charlotte Tucker—is the author of several stories eagerly read in certain circles, among which appear *Tit, Tiny, and Tittens,* and *Fairy Frisket; or, Peeps into Insect Life.* Mrs. O. F. Walton is at home in half the nurseries in England. *Christie's Old Organ* is her best effort. Severely religious in tone, it is intended to show the world the necessity of living a life which shall fit its creatures for admission to 'Home, Sweet Home,' and contains a hymn which has inspired four sermons, and set to music is regarded by many children as an acquisition. *Little Faith* illustrates the text 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' It boasts no single element to make it of any great interest to lively and healthy children. *Little Dot* chronicles the visits of a child to newly-made graves, her friendship with the gravedigger, her doubts respecting the body and soul, and her death. *Angel's Christmas* is of a similar order. Such stories, however praiseworthy their aim, can be of little moral help to small children, and may easily be of harm. Mrs. Walton, Miss Havergal, A.L.O.E., and Miss Hesba Stretton all adopt a peculiarly religious standpoint, and almost in proportion as they moralise their works seem to me unfitted for children, though they may have some claim on older readers.

Mrs. Ewing's name must be mentioned as that of a lady who wrote for children, but I cannot fancy it is among children that her success has been, or will live. The philosophic significance of *Melchior's Dream,* and the reflective asides of *A Flat Iron for a*

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Farthing, chief beauty of Mrs. Ewing's books though such points are, are just those characteristics which make them valuable to parents and uninteresting to children. Miss Montgomery is the author of one of the worst and one of the best children's stories I have met with. Those who read first *A Very Simple Story* would hardly believe the same pen could produce *The Blue Veil*. The former is said to be 'a chronicle of the thoughts and feelings of a child.' A more cruel and repulsive narrative it is difficult to conceive. It is told without that sympathy which Miss Montgomery in later works showed herself to possess, and the idea of a babe fondling the fever-stricken corpse of its mother is as nearly revolting as any idea can be. *The Town-Crier*, *The Children with the India-rubber Ball*, and *Herbert Manners* are for very young children, and are intended to teach unselfishness, obedience, and self-control. In *The Blue Veil*, dedicated to little people of nine and upwards, Miss Montgomery is at her best. Told with force, humour, and sympathy, the secret of the plot is well kept, and the narrative is simple. There are one or two passages in it that strike me as very unreal, but on the whole it is an admirable story, admirably written. Its moral is double-barrelled. It shows the wrongs of prejudice and curiosity, and the value of mutual tolerance. If children are the metaphysicians which Dr. George Macdonald conceives them to be, they will not fail to press the logic of events home. Whilst they will observe that the little hero Archie Forbes (why, by the way, did Miss Montgomery give him the name of the great war correspondent?) gets into trouble through his curiosity, they will also argue that his curiosity eventually brought him and Phyllis complete happiness. Mrs. L. T. Meade's most popular story for children is *The Autocrat of the Nursery*. Mrs. Meade's work has no particular characteristics, but she has a great heart and immense love for the little ones. *The Autocrat* contains many excellent incidents comprehensible to childhood, and there is a good deal of close observation of baby ways in the not altogether unimportant adventures of the four children. *The Angel of Love* is another of Mrs. Meade's babies' stories, containing some exceedingly pretty sentiments, and preaching the great beauty of love among children. *The Little Silver Trumpet* is far-fetched and sensational, and the idea of a brutal and drunken man acting on the advice of a child of thirteen is not quite feasible. Mrs. Meade's stories are exquisitely illustrated by Mr. T. Pim.

I have left till the last any mention of the lady who, by right of merit, should stand first. Mrs. Molesworth is, in my opinion, considering the quality and quantity of her labours, the best story-teller for children England has yet known. This is a bold statement and requires substantiation. Mrs. Molesworth, during the last six years, has never failed to occupy a prominent place among the juvenile

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writers of the season. She would probably classify her more important works as follows. For very small children, *The Adventures of Herr Baby*; for children up to twelve or thirteen, *Carrots*, *Rosy*, *A Christmas Child*, *Two Little Waifs*, *Tell Me a Story*, *Hermy*; *the Story of a Little Girl*, *Hoodie*, and *The Boys and I: a Child's Story for Children*. In addition to these we have four fairy or semi-fairy tales: *The Cuckoo Clock*, *The Tapestry Room*, *Christmas-Tree Land*, and *Four Winds' Farm*, and contributions to *The Child's Pictorial* and *Little Folks*. Mrs. Molesworth's great charm is her realism—realism, that is, in the purest and highest sense. On this ground her stories of every-day child life are preferable to her fairy tales. This comment is prompted by two considerations: first, fairy stories do not give Mrs. Molesworth an opportunity for the display of her peculiar genius, and she runs into grooves more or less well worn; second, she has written little, except fairy stories, which in some shape or other has not come within her own experience. 'I never write from hearsay,' are her own words, 'and have lived with and among children always.' *Carrots: Just a Little Boy*, *The Adventures of Herr Baby*, and *Us: an Old-fashioned Story* are works calculated to give Mrs. Molesworth's name a considerable place in every mother's heart for many years to come. 'Carrots,' so called because his baby head was covered with red hair; 'Herr Baby,' the respectful appellation given to the little adventurer by a German nurse; and 'Us,' by which comprehensive pronoun a little boy and girl, 'six last birfday,' came to be known in consequence of their always speaking of themselves as 'us,' are four of the most loving and lovable children in the literary creation. There is much pathos and humour in their small troubles. Though other children as well as 'Us' have been stolen by gipsies, few have been shown in their baby misfortunes so naturally. To adult readers the humour of these three books is immense; to baby readers the generally miniature *contretemps* of Mrs. Molesworth's little people will strike home as matters of the most serious moment. Mrs. Molesworth's children are finished studies. She is never sentimental, but writes common sense in a straightforward manner. A joyous earnest spirit pervades her work, and her sympathy with children is unbounded. She loves them with her whole heart while she lays bare their little minds, and exposes their foibles, their faults, their virtues, their inward struggles, their first conceptions of duty, and their instinctive knowledge of the right and the wrong of things. She knows their characters, she understands their wants, and she desires to help them. The only sure talisman against domestic trouble she evidently believes to be the absolute trust of a child in its parents. All her stories point the same moral: 'Make a confidant of parents, which means generally, of course, make a confidante of mother. This clinging trustfulness between mother and babe is in fact the keynote to Mrs. Molesworth's work. She is an almost

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infallible guide to the eccentricities of child nature, and analyses the workings of a child's brain in a manner that explains doubts which the child itself is either incapable or afraid of attempting. The importance of this cannot be exaggerated. Mrs. Molesworth shows how, though it is well to be strict with children, by being too strict parents and guardians may destroy all that is best in a child's character, and lead to even disastrous consequences. On the other hand, if children will exercise their metaphysical attributes—if, that is, they can jump to the true purport of the author's teaching—Mrs. Molesworth's books should induce them to be frank and brave with their parents before all else.

There is no phenomenon in the literary world of England to-day more striking than the overwhelming supply of really good children's magazines. In some form or other periodicals of this character have flourished during more than a century. In 1799 was published *The Children's Magazine, or the Monthly Repository of Instruction and Delight*, which ran to two volumes. In 1824 *The Child's Companion*, which still occupies a prominent place in the hearts of thousands of children, was brought into existence by the Religious Tract Society. During the years 1830–31–32 Ackerman's *Juvenile Forget-me-not*, edited by Frederic Shoberl, appeared as a diminutive annual. These little volumes are thoroughly typical of the didactic child's story of the period, and the only thing worth noticing to-day is *The Ballad*, in which Thomas Hood, after testifying to Mary Dunn's resources of song and story, wrote:—

> Meanwhile, the tragic tale she told
> Of Babies in the Wood,
> And gentle Redbreast, or that bold
> Cock Robin, Robin Hood;
>
> Will Scarlet and his merry mates,
> Who Lincoln Green had on;
> I listened till I thought myself
> A little Little John.
>
> O happy times! O happy rhymes!
> For ever y're gone by;
> Few now, if any, are the lays
> Can make me smile or sigh.

From 1829 to 1837 Mrs. S. C. Hall, who is herself fairly well known as a writer for children, edited a periodical called *The Juvenile Forget-me-not*. In 1840 *Peter Parley* made his bow to the juvenile world, and his annual has now appeared without a break for forty-seven years—a record almost unmatched in the history of children's periodicals. In 1852 appeared *The Child's Own Magazine*, and in 1863 *The Children's Prize*, which in 1875 changed its title and is now known as *The Prize for Boys and Girls*. 1866 is marked in the history of children's periodicals by two important

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ventures, *Aunt Judy's Magazine* and *Chatterbox*. The former was edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, the author of *Parables from Nature*, and other works intended to bring children into sympathy with the marvels of nature. The magazine was afterwards controlled by Mrs. J. H. Ewing and her sister, and came to an end with the much lamented death of the former lady in 1885. Though ostensibly started for little children, it frequently took up a position far above the nursery. Its main feature was fiction, which often assumed the form of an 'allegorical or parabolic' tale, pointing 'some moral truth.' *Chatterbox* was nearer the mark of the nursery than *Aunt Judy*. No undue sentimentality characterises this as it characterises so many children's magazines, and its editor has adhered firmly to the irreproachable principles which he set forth in his first number.

> As there are tears as well as smiles on the cheeks even of children, so, in spite of its lightsome name, this *Chatterbox* will from week to week whisper a few words about the solemn lessons we must learn, and the duties we must try to do to God and to those around us, if we would be happy here and happy in the Great For-Ever.

Little Wide-Awake first saw the light in 1875, and has always been ably conducted by Mrs. Sale Barker. *Little Folks* is one of the very few English children's magazines which at all approach in beauty and general merit the American *St. Nicholas*, or *Harper's Young People*. Some of the cleverest pens are employed in the writing of stories and drawing pictures for this periodical. Many other children's magazines, such as *Bo-Peep*, *The Rosebud*, *Sunshine*, and *The Child's Pictorial*, appeal with more or less well-deserved success to the jealously guarded precincts of the nursery, but their features are so similar and their number is so large that to mention their names even would be profitless if it were not out of the question.

To form any reliable opinion as to the influence of this ever-expanding literature for the little ones is rendered almost impossible by the difficulty of ascertaining the precise working of a child's mind. We know, as has been admitted, the infinite potentiality centred in a baby brain; precisely the effect any given action may have it is beyond us to determine. Who shall say whether an acquaintance with *Cinderella* or *Red Riding Hood* has operated beneficially in the mental development of children? What have *The Arabian Nights*, some portions of which figure in the first reading of almost all children, done for them? Have the day-dreams consequent upon intimacy with Sindbad or Ali Baba been useful or otherwise? To the mind of a boy of fifteen we know what a bane *Ned Kelly* is calculated to prove. With the child of eight will a perusal of *Cinderella* mean more considerateness towards her weaker sister, or vain longing for the good time when she can revenge herself for petty wrongs? Or, on the other hand, have

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these stories any abiding effect at all? Is not the moral of any particular narrative lost to children in the interest which the adventures of their small heroes awaken? These considerations, always probably weighty, are enhanced in the light of the circumstances of the moment. The good or bad in one book is largely neutralised by the rapidity with which the consumption of another is undertaken. The plethora of children's stories, in other words, under which the market is labouring is destructive of permanent influence or any tendency to steady application. As their parents read the latest three volumes and throw them aside, so children read the latest story book and cast it off, probably for ever. One young lady of my acquaintance, who has attained the great age of nine, has read, for pleasure, some two dozen books, including several by Mrs. Ewing, Miss Hesba Stretton, Mrs. Walton, and A. L. O. E., and reads some half-dozen monthly magazines. Mrs. Molesworth reminds us in *Carrots* that children never think of reading a book twice over in these days. Years ago *Evenings at Home* and *Sandford and Merton* were practically the focus of their literary resources.

'You think, I daresay,' says Mrs. Molesworth, addressing her small reader, 'that it must have been very stupid and tiresome to have so little variety; but I think you are in some ways mistaken. Children really *read* their books in those days; they put more of themselves into their reading, so that, stupid as these quaint old stories might seem to you nowadays, they never seemed so then. What was wanting in them the children filled up out of their own fresh hearts and fancies, and however often they read and re-read them, they always found something new. They got to know the characters in their favourite stories like real friends, and would talk them over with their companions, and compare their opinions about them in a way that made each book as good, or better, than a dozen.'

The outcome of the present *régime* is that children forget stories almost as quickly as they read them, and Mrs. Molesworth is hardly consistent when she makes Auntie, in *Tell Me a Story*, explain, after commenting on the piles of clever story-books now written, 'Why, it will be the children telling stories to amuse papas and mammas and aunties next' instead of the latter telling stories to amuse children. To know 'his fairy tale,' or any other tale, 'accurately, to have perfect joy or awe in the conception of it, as if it were real,' as Mr. Ruskin desiderates, is not possible while children are practically allowed to run loose among the wares of the juvenile bookseller, and graze off every fresh work brought out. The reading of children half a century ago may have tended to narrowness; the reading of children to-day tends to breadth and shallowness.

Fiction for the babes, as the foregoing pages have shown, divides itself into two distinct departments: the fairy tale and the story of life. Whatever there may have been in his own time, there is not at this period much truth in Dr. Johnson's remark that 'Babies do

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not like to hear stories of babies like themselves. They require to have their imaginations raised by tales of giants and fairies and castles and enchantments.' Miss Edgeworth objected to this statement, and her own writings were in fact directed against the reign of the fairies. To an idealist like Mr. Ruskin, of course, the wisdom of permitting children to read fairy stories cannot be questioned. Fairies are to children largely what ghosts are to adults, and are in some sort disturbers of childhood's peace. They exaggerate natural phenomena; they lack all considerations of proportion in matter; they are destructive of selfreliance. A child who is accustomed to see everything done by the wave of a wand may not unnaturally look to the fairy to support him in one of the crises of his own little life. The important question is: do children believe fairy stories? I do not think they do: and chiefly for this reason. If some one tells them of an extraordinary incident in life, they clap their hands in their delight and cry, 'It sounds like a story taken out of a book!' This is strong testimony to their want of faith in fairies and hobgoblins and the other fanciful figures of their literary world. Provided therefore the fairy story is healthy in tone, and, as Mr. Ruskin would wish, in sympathy with the fields and woods, rather than 'school-rooms and drawing-rooms,' children can come by little harm in reading them. And if it relieves the dulness of their lives, without destroying their trust in parents, or the sweetness of their as yet unworldly heart, to allow the baby mind to toss itself on the imaginative seas provided by fairy narratives, like a cork upon the sun-reflecting ripples of a river, is good.

Of stories of real life, it may at once be said that they should inculcate one grand absorbing principle—the principle of love: love of beauty and of goodness, as well as of parent and friend. Their character should be ideal rather than real. I can conceive of no story so likely to be both beneficial and interesting as that which treats every-day facts in a light fairy-like manner—a blend of the two kinds of fiction, in short, in which the real is merged in the ideal, and as the real should only be concerned with the good, goodness would secure the advantage of ideal elevation. On this ground it may be asked whether it is wise to write for children precisely as children speak? Would not Mrs. Molesworth's works serve a more useful end if her children said 'dreadful' instead of 'dedful,' or Mrs. Meade's if her little 'autocrat' said 'understand' instead of 'underland'? Though this would deprive the works of writers for children of their most humorous side and their full realistic charm, those works would gain in educational value as well as in lucidity to the audience for which they are intended. The real should give way to the ideal, the imperfect to the perfect, when it is in the interests of the little reader to do so.

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In the rearing of their children, no question perplexes the conscientious parent more than the choice of books—no matter whether they be story books or picture books. No hard and fast rule can be laid down for their guidance. No list of books however worthy can prove of the least avail. Experience is the only safe guide. Parents study the composition of a particular meal intended for the baby stomach; but they seldom devote more than a passing thought to the likes or dislikes of the baby mind. Readers of biography are frequently reminded of the effect which a certain piece of literature exercised upon the mental development of the subject of a memoir. Nothing seems more certain than that if the mother and father were to watch the feelings aroused in a child by the different sorts of books first placed in its hands, they would be able to give it literature of a kind which would help to mould its mind into a graceful whole and give strength to its weaker parts. Thus, they ought to be able to counteract a disposition to sentimentality or pessimism by vigorous and optimistic narrative; optimism or feverish nervous energy might find healthy qualification in stories of a mildly philosophic character. The emotions of which a child is capable are so ingenuously evinced that nothing ought to be easier than for parents to determine the sort of fiction likely to be most useful. Let a child read stories of whatever character it likes. If experience shows that a particular kind of fiction is calculated to do harm, do not fly to its antithesis for a remedy. Compromise the matter by giving the little one a story similar in subject matter, but so modified in tone as to prove innocuous. Parents may take it for certain that, if they adopt proper measures at the outset, they will deprive reading of the great danger which it possesses for the young. Start the child on the road of honour and truth, and prepare its mind for the inception and comprehension of sound principles. That is what it is necessary to do in these days of high pressure and sensationalism. The period of adolescence has its risks, but these risks will be small or great in proportion as their source is wisely or unwisely dealt with.

EDWARD SALMON.

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MR. MIVART'S MODERN CATHOLICISM.

THE readers of the interesting sketch of the late Metaphysical Society which Mr. Hutton contributed two years ago to this Review will not be surprised that I should have read with peculiar interest two remarkable articles lately contributed to it by Mr. Mivart, entitled respectively, 'Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom,' and 'The Catholic Church and Biblical Criticism,'[1] but no personal grounds are necessary to entitle anyone who is interested in the subject to make the observations which these articles suggest.

A person who has no liking for, or connection with, the Roman Catholic Church is ill fitted to judge of the degree of importance which, within its borders, may attach to Mr. Mivart's writings.

They cannot, however, be wholly unimportant. That he is an able and accomplished man is obvious to everyone, that his views can hardly have escaped the attention of the principal Roman Catholic dignitaries in England is certain. He tells us himself, in his second article, that certain persons 'earnestly solicited his condemnation' for the first article, and that 'up to the present time' he has 'not received even a private hint of disapprobation from any ecclesiastical authority.' He publishes part of a grateful and highly eulogistic letter on his first article from 'a most esteemed superior of one of the mediæval religious orders,' and upon the whole he says, 'from the evidence I have now obtained it is abundantly clear to me that all danger of conflict between the Church and biology is for ever at an end.' Encouraged by this triumphant result he proceeds in his second article to carry matters a long step further. Historical science and biblical criticism, he considers, are to be accepted by Roman Catholics as fully and unreservedly as biology, and he gives specimens of the results to which his attention has been directed, and which he is ready to accept as far as the principle which they involve is concerned. He does not, of course, pledge himself to details, but he thinks the method by which many known critical and historical results have been reached is sound, and they can, he thinks, be held by the most genuine Catholics consistently with their faith.

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1885, July 1887. In the notes I refer to them as I. and II.

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The conclusions are familiar enough, and the justification for holding them is expressed by the following remark on the inspiration of the Bible:—

> No decree whatever binds Catholics to regard as inspired anything but such passages as may turn out to have been *scripta propter se* and it is of course conceivable that they may consist only of brief sentences scattered at wide intervals through the sacred books.

In short so far as it is concerned with matters not *scripta propter se* the Bible may be all false, and it is a question of detail to be determined by historical criticism whether any particular statement in it is true or not. In many particulars the meaning of the Bible is supplied by the teachings of science. 'The greatest stickler for literalism' cannot 'deny it to be a fact that our knowledge of truth in relation to the Bible has gained by the increase of scientific knowledge.' The meaning of this remark is illustrated by an anecdote. 'A most pious Catholic and weekly communicant' being asked by some startled hearer whether the biblical account of the deluge was true replied—'True! of course it is true. There was a local inundation, and some of the sacerdotal caste saved themselves in a punt, with their cocks and hens.' The last article concludes with the remark—

> We cannot therefore refuse to believe that there is in store for the Catholic world a transformation of opinion in the domains of history and criticism similar to the transformations which it has antecedently experienced in the fields of astronomical, geological, and biological science.

All this, it appears, may be held consistently with the most severe Catholic orthodoxy. There is, however, in that capacious Church, room for opinions which are, if possible, even further from the common conception of the Roman Catholic creed. In the first place the old 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' is, according to this view, a vulgar error and a great hindrance to truth and honesty, unless indeed it is to be inverted like other things, so as to be read in the negative sense—'Nothing need be believed by Catholics except that which complies with a test which nothing satisfies, so that nothing at all need be believed by Catholics.'[2]

In the next place it has hitherto been, if not the universal at all

[2] II. 50. 'These instances' (he had been referring to Galileo) 'have an especial value, since they appear to give, as regards questions of science, the *coup de grâce* to those two bugbears of timid Catholics which are known as a "consensus of theologians" and the "ordinary teaching,"' and the passage goes on to point out the way in which the Pope is always the last to be convinced of the falsehood of common opinions, and maintains them 'till the irresistible advance of historical as of other science permeates and transforms the whole Catholic body, and ultimately reacts upon its supreme head,' and how he contrives to be infallible all the while. The Church and the Pope are infallible because, after denying and often persecuting the truth, they end in the long run by admitting it, 'and may end by thoroughly adopting what was at first resisted and denounced.'

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events the common opinion of Roman Catholics that ecclesiastical authority is to be treated with the utmost respect, that the decisions of high ecclesiastical tribunals like the Roman Inquisition, and much more the decisions of Councils, especially those of the Council of Trent and of the Vatican, are not to be questioned, and are at all events to be respectfully obeyed, even by those who, however conscientiously, differ from them. All this it appears is wrong. Nothing could be more utterly wrong and absurd than the judgment passed on Galileo by the Inquisition at Rome. So bad was it, indeed, that Mr. Mivart in both his articles expresses the opinion that Catholics ought to be thankful for it,

> because it has thus made absolutely and unanswerably plain and clear to them . . . what are their duties in the pursuit of science. God has thus taught us that it is not to ecclesiastical congregations but to men of science that He has committed the elucidation of scientific questions, whether such questions are or are not treated of by Holy Scripture, by the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and by ecclesiastical assemblages and tribunals.

Nor is this the only advantage of the condemnation of Galileo.

> Its ethical aspect shows us how much we have gained through the moral no less than the scientific advance of modern times. As the authorities who condemned Galileo were ignorant not only of the physical knowledge of our day, but of the physical knowledge of their own day, . . . as also they were ignorant of those economical truths which their successors now not only confess but make use of;[2] so also they appear to have had no glimmering perception of the practical claims of the most sacred and inalienable of all rights—the rights of conscience.

Mr. Mivart has no sympathy even with the old distinction between imposing belief and imposing silence.

> Thanks to our progress, it has now become plain to all men that no fear inspired by threats of fire, whether temporal or eternal, ought to make the man of science swerve for a hair's breadth from the duty he owes to God of declaring the very truth with respect to those laws which God has instituted (I. 42).

These are specimens of Mr. Mivart's views, but the whole of the two articles may be reduced to an expansion and illustration of these two propositions.

1. In all matters of physical science, also in all matters of history and biblical criticism, the common methods of inquiry are the ultimate test of truth; and ecclesiastical authority, if it condemns the results arrived at by the application of those methods is wrong. This is now practically admitted to be true in regard to physical science, and this admission involves a similar one about history and criticism.

[2] A few pages before Mr. Mivart condemns those 'who denounced as usurers the individuals who timidly began to develop the great modern system of finance and commercial credit' (I. 35). See also II. 46, 'What, in matters of morals, could have been more unequivocal than the most authoritative and distinct decrees of popes and councils against usury? Yet what ecclesiastic has now a single word to say against it?

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2. As the admission of the supremacy of science in relation to scientific matters has not injured but greatly improved the position of the Roman Catholic Church, it is to be hoped that similar results will follow from making the same admission as to history and criticism.

I agree with the greater part of these two propositions, but I doubt if Mr. Mivart sees how far his principles go, and probably we may differ as to the nature of the advantages which their adoption would be found to confer upon the Church of Rome. My object in the present article is to try to illustrate these points.

To find myself for once in cordial agreement with so much of what is said by a very zealous Roman Catholic is odd, but a great part of Mr. Mivart's article reminds me of the first case of any importance in which I was engaged at the Bar twenty-six years ago, when I argued, not quite unsuccessfully, though not, as at least one subsequent decision has shown, with complete success, in favour of the legal right of clergymen of the Church of England to hold and to preach the view of Biblical inspiration which Mr. Mivart sets up. Indeed most of his remarks recall to my mind arguments which I then and on various subsequent occasions have made use of.

The only part of Mr. Mivart's articles with which I cannot at all agree is the consistency of the opinions which he advocates with the Roman Catholic creed. It is, however, so difficult for anyone who is not a Roman Catholic, and indeed for most of those who are, to be sure that they rightly apprehend the teaching of the Romish Church, that I willingly admit that he may be right and I wrong in this matter. Far be it from me to try to bind Proteus. I will try, however, both to show how far Mr. Mivart's principles lead him, and what doctrines commonly supposed to be essential parts of his creed they place entirely at the mercy of critical and historical inquiries, and therefore render, as it seems to me, impossible to be believed without doubt.

How far, then, do Mr. Mivart's principles carry him, and with what results? I will illustrate this matter sparingly. I believe every single doctrine of the Roman Catholic creed would furnish further illustrations.

It is generally supposed to be a fundamental doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church that the statements made in the Apostles' Creed about Jesus Christ's birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension are literally, historically, true. Yet Mr. Mivart's proposition appears to imply that all of them are open to question. The assertions that Jesus Christ was 'conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried and rose again from the dead the third day, and that he ascended into heaven' are as much historical statements as the accounts given of the flood, the creation, and the formation of Eve. These last-mentioned statements Mr. Mivart disbelieves. Speaking of the flood,

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and relating the little joke made about it by 'a most pious catholic,' Mr. Mivart says:

> If an inspired narrative which has God for its author can be thus deemed entirely unhistorical and untrustworthy 'without prejudice to Catholicism, why may not the various other narratives which Kuenen, Wellhausen, Colenso, and Reuss criticise be unhistorical likewise?'

I venture to add the names of Strauss and Renan to those mentioned by Mr. Mivart. How can he object to my doing so? He can hardly say that the negative criticism which these writers make on the history of Jesus Christ are not made in good faith, or on grounds which require attention. The method which they employ is in substance identical with that of the other critics mentioned.

To come to details, are not the following observations well founded? At the very lowest, are they not continually made in good faith by competent persons?

The earliest accounts of the life of Jesus Christ now extant are those which are contained in the four gospels. There is not now, nor is there any sort of evidence that there ever was any earlier, more authentic, fuller, or more detailed account of him.

But these accounts are most unsatisfactory. It is wholly uncertain who were the authors of the gospels, and when they were written. Matthew, Mark, and Luke must have been either copied, with additions and modifications, from each other, or from some earlier original which has been lost.

There is no proof that the Gospel of John was written by John the Apostle. There are very good grounds for thinking it was not, and he is the only evangelist who professes to have been an eye-witness of what he relates. Luke is admittedly a compilation. The title of 'the Gospel according to St. Matthew' suggests an unknown author. The statements of the gospels are therefore uncertified hearsay. They are not, and do not pretend to be, the statements of eye-witnesses of the facts related, and intrinsically those facts are as far removed from the common standards of probability as the history of the creation or the flood.

Such reflections, of course, do not directly contradict the received history, they do not absolutely displace it and replace it by another account, as is sometimes the case in historical inquiries. It does now and then happen that it is possible to show (as by the discovery of documents not previously known) that the accepted version of a story is false, and that the true account of the matter is different. In regard to the history of Christ this cannot be done, because all memorials of the time and place where the scene is laid have disappeared for many centuries; but historical researches may show, by the examination of details, that the accounts which still remain of

[1] II. 49.

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particular occurrences have all the well-known marks of legends as distinguished from history, and if so why are they not to be believed? How can you admit that, all things being duly considered, the histories of the birth, the resurrection and the ascension of Christ have all the marks which distinguish poetical legends from history, that such legends may easily have arisen in connection with their subject, that similar legends have often arisen in all ages about other persons whose lives deeply stirred the sympathies of men, and yet believe that the events in question did actually occur? How, again, can it be denied that even if the initial difficulty of believing marvellous events upon the evidence of uncertified hearsay is waived, the evidence itself, such as it is, varies greatly in its cogency. The evidence of the miraculous birth, for instance, must, from the nature of the case, be ultimately that of Mary herself, and it is nowhere said that she ever said anything about it. The only writer who professes to have been intimate with her, the author who calls himself John, does not mention it. The ascension, though mentioned in the Acts, is not mentioned at all in the gospels, except in what is regarded, on independent grounds, as a spurious addition to Mark.

Historical students, as I understand Mr. Mivart, are not only not wrong in making such observations; it is emphatically their duty to make them. 'No threat of fire, whether temporal or eternal, ought to make the man of science swerve for a hair's breadth from the duty he owes to God of declaring the very truth;' but to what purpose can they be made except as steps to a conclusion that the books in question are unhistorical? Suppose historical students do make these remarks. Suppose, on the fullest inquiry, they adhere to them, and draw the inference that all that is miraculous in the history of Jesus Christ is unhistorical and untrustworthy, will not the Catholic Church have, according to Mr. Mivart, to admit that the truth is so; and, if it makes that admission, must it not practically strike Christ out of Christianity, and admit that he was only a man, better or worse, like other men? Is it possible for the Church to do this and yet to keep up a claim to be the Church? The negative seems to me so clear that there is something like a want of respect in arguing upon or illustrating it. Speculation, however, and especially speculation on religious and theological questions, takes such extraordinary twists and turns in these days that a few remarks on the subject may possibly be required. If Christ was born in the common course of nature, if he was dead and buried, but did not rise again, and did not ascend into heaven, what else can be said of him but that he was a man like others, and not God at all? Logically it is not impossible that all the evidence for a conclusion may be false and the conclusion itself be true; but it is in practice as idle to put forward such a possibility as to contend that if the walls of a house are pulled down the roof will not fall, it being possible that it may be otherwise supported.

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If Christ was a mere man the Nicene Creed is distinctly, emphatically wrong, and those who opposed it were as emphatically right in their opposition as, according to Mr. Mivart, Galileo was when he opposed the Inquisition; as those who protested against the invasion of the rights of conscience (as Mr. Mivart calls them) when they were invaded by the Romish Church at the Reformation; and as those persons, if any such there were, who in the middle ages protested against the condemnation by the Church of usury. It is often said that the Church itself is a witness superior in weight to all others of these matters, but Mr. Mivart cannot say so, for it is emphatically a question of history whether the Church existed as an organised body in the first century, and what were its means of knowledge and the value of its testimony.

It would be out of place to attempt to trace out here the various consequences of such a conclusion. It is enough to say that all theology would fall with it. It is perhaps barely imaginable that a belief in the Trinity might be theoretically shown to be consistent with disbelief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Practically, no one who gave up the latter would hold to the former. No one ever has done so. The doctrine of transubstantiation could not survive such a change, nor could any doctrine which rests upon anything which is alleged to have been said by Christ. If the historical conclusions of Strauss and Renan are established, how can anyone affect to be sure that Christ ever used the words, 'This is my body,' whatever may be their true meaning? That he did not use either those words, or the words *hoc est corpus meum*, or the words *τοῦτό ἐστι τὸ σῶμά μου*, is certain, that he did use equivalent Syriac words may plausibly be maintained by anyone who believes that the authority of the Church on that subject is conclusive; but how can anyone be sure of this who considers, with Mr. Mivart, that all ecclesiastical authority may be overruled by the results of historical inquiry upon historical questions? If a true Catholic is at liberty to believe that historical criticism rightly concludes that the four gospels only represent the traditions collected long after Christ's death by unknown persons, and that therefore it is wholly uncertain whether particular words which they attribute to Christ were ever spoken by him, how can he be sure that a doctrine resting only on hearsay was ever really revealed by Christ? If the foundation is admittedly unsound, how can absolute confidence in the superstructure be justified.

Mr. Mivart does not seem to me to recognise the nature, extent, and multiplex application of his doctrine about history. I will illustrate its application to the doctrine of transubstantiation in a different way. No part of history is more curious, more important, or more authentic than the history of words and opinions. The doctrine of transubstantiation has, like all others, its history. I do not pretend to say how far it is true, but it has often been

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asserted, with all sorts of details, that the doctrine is comparatively modern, that its gradual rise and development can be traced with much distinctness, and that it rests upon a theory about substance and accident which no one now affects to believe or to employ for any other purpose. Whether these things are true or not is as much a question of history as the question, What is Queen Victoria's title to the crown? If ecclesiastical authority is liable to be overruled upon it by historical research, what is the value of ecclesiastical authority? It is powerful only where it is superfluous, and becomes powerless as soon as it is challenged. Let Mr. Mivart specify any single point on which any ecclesiastical authority could really decide, consistently with his principles about historical inquiry.

Let us take the greatest of all doctrines, the existence of God. I am sure Mr. Mivart would never knowingly admit any principle of which it was a legitimate consequence that doubt could ever come to be thrown upon this doctrine; but I think he would find it impossible to prove that the principles which he puts forward in these two articles would not, or at least might not, have this result. It is no doubt true that the assertion that God exists cannot be described as raising directly a historical question which can be discussed as we discuss the question whether there was a siege of Troy; but though the principal ultimate question cannot be historically discussed, various subsidiary questions which lead up to it and throw light upon it are historical, and must be decided by historical and scientific evidence. The following are some of them.

The question What is the meaning and what is the history of the word 'God' and its equivalents in different languages, is historical. Mr. Max Müller's investigations of this matter, for instance, are historical and scientific in the strictest sense of the words. They throw the greatest light not only on the question of the original meaning of words still in daily use, but on the connection in which from time to time they have been used, and on the way in which the meanings now attached to them gradually came into existence and extended themselves through the world.

Apart from the history of the word 'God,' the history of the belief in God, or in the Gods—for there have been Gods many and Lords many, from Jehovah to Comte's Great Being—may be written, and many attempts have been made to write it. In particular the sense in which the word 'God' was used by the Jews of different ages is a historical question. It has been maintained on well-known grounds that the author or authors of the first chapter of Genesis, the Jehovist and Elohist as they are called, took quite different views on this matter, and that neither of their views corresponded either with those of Jews of later times or with those of modern Christians. I merely allude in passing to those well-known topics; I say nothing as to the truth of any conclusions which have been arrived at. It is

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enough for me to say that if the conclusion arrived at should be that the word 'God' expresses only a vague aspiration of the mind, which in the course of ages has had many different shapes, according to the character and temper of the nations which have used it, and which has been and is wholly unknown to large populations like the Chinese and other Buddhists, I do not see how Mr. Mivart could say that the conclusion was not the result of a legitimate process, entitled to overrule any decision of any ecclesiastical authority whatever.

This is, however, by no means the only way in which what Mr. Mivart recognises as legitimate scientific processes may be brought to bear upon this subject. Endless argument on the existence and attributes of God has taken place, and at this moment the results arrived at operate powerfully on innumerable minds. How are these speculations to be dealt with? If their weight is to be determined by reason, then the existence of God is a question on which reason is competent to decide, and to overrule authority. If the question is one on which no light at all can be thrown by reason, how can anyone pretend to answer it, and especially what authority can the Church (whatever may be the meaning of that word) have upon the subject? Without a previous belief in God on independent grounds the Church is inconceivable; for the loosest description of it, to say nothing of any sort of definition, must involve the existence of God. The Church therefore rests ultimately upon a conclusion of reason, namely, that there is a God.

I may just add—for the remark is so obvious that an apology for making it may be necessary—that the question, What is the Church? is emphatically a question—perhaps it is at present the greatest question—of history. It is practically the same question as, What is the history of Christianity in its innumerable variations and divisions under the infinite varieties of circumstance in which it has been placed, and in relation to the many things which have acted upon it, from Greek philosophy and Roman law, down to the latest discoveries of modern science? Suppose the result of historical inquiry upon this subject is somewhat as follows. Every dogma has its history, made up of all sorts of elements, theoretical, political, personal, literary, and scientific. All ecclesiastical events, the rise of heresies, the division between the West and the East, Protestantism, the Gallican controversy, and much else, have also had their histories, the result of which is that it is as difficult to feel fully satisfied with either party, in any controversy, as it is for a rational and fair man to sympathise absolutely with either Henry the Eighth or Queen Mary, with Charles the First or the Long Parliament, with the Ancien Régime or the French Revolution. Would Mr. Mivart accept that result? If no, he goes back from his first principle. If yes, he practically gives up the infallibility of both the Church and the Pope, in any intelligible sense of the words. At the very

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least he cannot refuse to own that competent judges, using legitimate means of ascertaining the fact, may and do deny its existence; and the Church of which he speaks so much becomes a shadow of a shade, 'the ghost'—to use Hobbes's memorable words—'of the old Roman Empire, sitting on the grave thereof.'

Once allow full play, in their own special provinces, to physical science, to literary criticism, and to history, and it is impossible to be absolutely certain either of the existence of God, the infallibility of the Church, or the truth of any one of its dogmas. If it is possible for a man in this state of mind to be nevertheless a devoted Catholic, that must be because the Roman Catholic Church permits doubt upon these subjects, which, if a true conclusion, is a very strange one indeed, and puts the whole system in a light entirely different from any in which it has ever stood before. If the supremacy of human reason on any subject whatever, and above all on science, history, and criticism, is admitted, it is absolutely impossible to deny its unqualified supremacy in relation to all subjects whatever. You might as well allow a small part of a powder magazine to be blown up, and try to confine the explosion to that part only.

It is also impossible, upon the same supposition, to retain absolute unqualified belief upon any religious dogma whatever. Even if it be assumed, though many persons deny it, that mathematics supply a case in which absolute truth is attainable, and if (which is a much stronger assumption) the same is asserted about some ethical propositions, it is impossible in good faith to make this assertion about the propositions either of natural or revealed religion. It cannot be asserted that the existence of God is self-evident, as the propositions that two straight lines cannot inclose a space, or that twice two are four, are said to be; nor can such an assertion be made about any article of the Apostles' Creed, or about any matter of fact whatever. Again, some theological doctrines are alleged to be nonsense, unmeaning propositions, and therefore incapable of being believed; but whether this is so or not must, as well as other matters, be decided by reason. A word is a sound conveying a meaning; a sound, or set of sounds, professing to convey a meaning, but not doing so, are nonsense, and can be neither true nor false. Whether this is so, in any particular case, must obviously be a question of reason. The truth of this is so clear that it is a little difficult to prove it. I will, however, try to do so. Narrow the range of reason as much as you please, it must, by the nature of the case, decide upon its own limits. It must decide whether the question as to the age of the world, as to the facts of astronomy, as to the period at which death was first introduced into the world, as to the creation, &c. &c., are or are not questions of physical science, and the same must be said of history and of criticism; but as I have already shown in part, and might show by further illustrations to any required extent, these

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various topics will together cover the whole range of theological assertion, for all objections to theology are reducible to the assertions that the doctrine objected to is either unmeaning or unproved or else inconsistent with facts shown to be true by the means appropriate to the investigation of such facts.

To put the matter on wider grounds, the temper of mind in which a man believes in a scientific conclusion, and the temper in which he believes in any conclusion without qualification, upon evidence known to be imperfect, are so different that I doubt greatly whether they can possibly coexist. A man like Mr. Mivart, who is continually looking out for ingenious reasons why he may be allowed to believe in this, that, and the other, which contradict the opinions usual in the religious body to which he belongs, who wants to be free to explain away the creation, to reject the flood, to show as much error in the Bible as he can, may be very ingenious, but he is not in his right place. His position in the Church of Rome is in every respect as false—though its falseness is not of the same sort of importance—as was the position of Dr. Newman in the Church of England. He is playing fast and loose with reason, he is trying to explain away what he acknowledges to be obligations. Roman Catholics should be the last to try to do so; for the charge that such is the habit of Protestants, is one which has for centuries been their great controversial commonplace. It is summed up with such point and energy by Dryden, in the very unequal poem of the *Hind and Panther*, that it would be almost wrong to state it in other words, though the hard phrases which the last three lines contain certainly do not apply to Mr. Mivart, or suit the tone in which everyone would wish, in these days, to conduct such a controversy.

> To take up half on faith and half to try,
> Name it not faith but bungling bigotry;
> Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
> To pay great sums and to compound the small,
> For who would break with heaven and would not break for all?

The first of these celebrated lines describes Mr. Mivart's position inadequately. He goes a step beyond taking up half on faith. He takes up all on faith and tries all by reason. Every part of his belief rests upon two conflicting principles. This leads straight to a result which some very eminent men of his way of thinking seem to me to have arrived at. I have certainly known it to be adopted by more persons than one of great talent and the widest learning. It nevertheless appears to me to be absolutely fatal to common sense, to common honesty, and to all simplicity and directness of mind. This is the habit of having a double standard of truth, of using the word truth in its ordinary sense upon all other occasions, but in reference to one particular class of subjects, the extent of which is determined from time to time by the Church, in the sense of 'that which is

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according to the doctrines of the Church.' This state of mind is, perhaps, best illustrated by a saying ascribed, justly or otherwise, to Cardinal Newman in one of his sermons at Oxford: 'In science the earth goes round the sun; in theology the sun goes round the earth.' In modern Acts of Parliament it is common to introduce interpretation clauses which are useful when they replace a long formula by a single word, and mischievous when they provide that a common word shall bear some unnatural meaning. I have often thought that many Neo-Catholics would find it a great convenience to announce once for all that in all creeds and similar documents the word 'believe' should include the words 'doubt' and 'disbelieve.' It would leave all formularies just as they are to the world at large, and make them quite inoffensive to every intelligent person.

That this is true may be easily shown. Take as an instance the first article of the Apostles' Creed. 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.' A man who repeats this and declares its truth in the most solemn and unqualified way will agree with and eagerly sympathise with every sort of speculation which shows that whether there is or is not any meaning in the words 'God the Father Almighty,' it is an absurd error and a mere piece of ignorance to suppose that heaven and earth were ever made at all. He will say that, if the matter is properly looked at, 'heaven and earth' in the sense of the physical universe, the various heavenly bodies, and the spaces which contain them, will be perceived to be, not a product consciously designed and put together by an intelligent being, but an ultimate fact which has assumed its present shape according to what he will call certain 'laws' of development and evolution behind which we cannot get, and which we can trace only in an imperfect and to a great extent conjectural way. Upon these he will discourse with the utmost interest and vivacity, and will (in my experience) be ready to go beyond what he can prove, to show himself more or less credulous, enthusiastic, and willing to supply by his own imagination gaps in the evidence by which his conclusions are supported or suggested.

Turn to the theological point of view, and the very same man will be zealous for the words of the creed. He will say they are matter of faith and that he believes them absolutely. They appear no doubt to be opposed to his scientific conclusions, but he believes them too. All truth must be consistent. This and that may possibly be explained. Probably 'maker' does not mean maker in the ordinary sense. Perhaps 'heaven and earth' do not mean the visible universe. Who can tell, in short, how far the old form will stretch to meet the new fact?

Now, I say that a man who reasons thus uses the word 'believe' in reference to a theological doctrine in the sense of 'disbelieve.' That which he believes in is the scientific view, for when he says he believes God to be the maker of heaven and earth, he puts

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upon those words the meaning which he considers to be scientifically true. If words are capable of two interpretations and you put upon them that interpretation which is suggested by A, and not that which is suggested by B, it is obvious that you believe A and not B. But this does not fully represent the confidence shown in Science as against religion in the case in question. Science does not suggest the interpretation given to the words 'Maker of heaven and earth.' Science agrees with theology as to the meaning of the words, but says that they are false. Mr. Mivart and his friends are so passionately attached to science, in opposition to theology, that they are willing to say that theologians do not know their own meaning, and that, whatever they say, they must be taken to mean to assert that which science ultimately discovers to be true.

The method of interpreting white to mean grey, green, orange, or black, as occasion requires, is not the only one which is adopted in this matter. It is equally common to take the slightly different course of saying that, if different truths, each established by its appropriate standard, appear to conflict, then both are true, and their reconciliation will appear in due time, as happened when the telescope revealed that Venus had phases like the moon, and so removed what at one time appeared to be an unanswerable objection to the Copernican system.

I do not think it possible to give a more perfect illustration of the reasonable way of looking at these matters than this memorable instance affords. I say that in such cases the only proper state of mind is doubt, inclining in the direction towards which, for the time being, the evidence appears to preponderate, and that if a man says he believes in spite of evidence, he either speaks dishonestly or uses 'believe' so as to include doubt. If with such telescopes as we now possess it had been impossible to observe any phases in Venus, the Copernican system ought to be subject to the gravest doubt. If no planet external to Uranus had been discovered, the formula which states the force of gravity ought to have been doubted. If the mistake made by Flamstead in his calculations of the moon's orbit, undertaken to test Newton's theories, had never been discovered, that formula would not, and ought not, to have been established, and any belief in it which had come to prevail would have been a belief mixed with doubt. If we suppose a series of facts, or even any one fact, to be fully established, which is absolutely inconsistent with any formula or, as people usually call it, law whatever, that formula is shown to be false if it is put forward as of universal application. The way of thinking which I am observing upon appears to come to this. As a man of science I admit all your objections. Biology and geology are true, and are opposed to the doctrine of the creation of the world; history is true, and is opposed to the truth of the history of Christ; in short, I admit your premisses, but then I am a man of faith as

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well as of science, and I will not admit the conclusion which your premisses suggest. Whatever science may say to the contrary, God did create the world. Whatever history may say to the contrary, the historical part of the Apostles' Creed is true.

The answer to this is, we are not speaking the same language. What you call belief I call doubt if not disbelief. The meaning of doubt, to me, is the state of mind to which I am reduced by what on full consideration appears to me to be conflicting evidence. The meaning of disbelief is the state of mind to which I am reduced by a great preponderance of evidence against a given conclusion. If you use the word 'believe' in a sense which is consistent with doubt or disbelief, I have no more to say. I content myself with referring to Hallam's reflections on the inconvenience which arose in the sacramental controversy from the habit of using the words 'real presence' in the sense of 'real absence.'

I pass now to that part of Mr. Mivart's article which states that as the acquiescence of the Church in the results of science has greatly improved it, it is to be hoped that the same result will follow from its acquiescence in history and criticism. I think this is like saying that, as a man has got no harm, but much good, from living a more sober life than he used to live, it is to be hoped that his health may be still further improved by his discarding other bad old habits. But let this pass. The whole question of the present and future state of religion is one of such awful importance that it ought to be discussed without petty sectarian feelings, and without the indulgence of personal likes and dislikes.

Now as the Roman Catholic Church is, for good or bad, the spiritual teacher and leader of a great mass of human beings, and especially of a great number of British subjects, I do not think that any humane person can seriously wish it unmixed ill, however much he may dislike it, and however strongly he may sympathise with every one of the grievances against it which many generations of Englishmen have felt so deeply. I do not think anyone can feel more deeply than I do the common objections to it. It cannot, however, be denied that in it, as in all religions, there is more or less good. I cannot, therefore, refuse to regard it as susceptible of improvement or to hope that it may be improved. Nay, I think that the 'transformation' expected by Mr. Mivart would be an improvement, but it takes an effort to realise in imagination the extent of the change implied in it. However, let us try to do so. In the first place, if reason and not ecclesiastical authority is to be its guiding principle, its theology, whatever Mr. Mivart may imagine, will quickly disappear. It will be transformed into a poetic fable. M. Renan's description of the Breton peasantry, who, he says, think that everyone has the right to 'tailler son roman à sa guise,' would thenceforth become the description of the Roman Catholic Church.

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The history of the gospels would become an historical romance, recommending for imitation such parts of the character of Jesus Christ as particular people might like, with such explanations and modifications as particular tastes might require, and this would run through the whole system. In some minds God the Father might typify or personify force guided by intelligence; Jesus Christ, Human Nature, glorified but struggling; the Virgin Mary the feminine side of Human Nature, and so on. Thus Catholicism would gradually be converted to Positivism, and supply the poetical version of scientific results which Comte, in his dry and essentially clumsy fashion, wished for and tried to provide. In short, as paganism, having died down into a set of ceremonies and myths, was replaced by dogmatic Christianity, with its explanations of human life and destiny, and its far-reaching ecclesiastical organisation to superintend and develop it, so dogmatic Christianity, having been confuted by science, history, and criticism, having, in a word, been shown not to be true, would take up the place of its old rival and oppressor, and idealise and poetise the evils of life, striving, like the Christmas snow in Milton's Ode—

> O'er her naked shame,
> Pollute with sinful blame,
> The saintly veil of virgin white to throw.

Would this be a great improvement, a thing to look forward to with enthusiasm, or to accept if it came with satisfaction? The question is not one to be answered in a moment or in a sentence, and it would be specially foolish to try to do so because the question implies the occurrence of one of those changes which is of such enormous range, and dependent on such a vast number of conditions all connected together, that no sort of argumentation about it is likely, in any appreciable degree, to affect the chance of its happening, or to quicken or retard its occurrence. Some things, however, may be said about it. I am inclined on the whole to think that it will happen, not indeed formally, but practically, and I am further disposed to think it will bring about an improvement, as cowpox, though not in itself an advantage, is better than smallpox. To some extent indeed it has already happened. An immense number of Roman Catholics care almost nothing about the dogmas of the Church, most people care for Church doctrines rather for political and social reasons than for any others. The doctrine of the Trinity, for example, has ceased to interest the great mass of mankind, and it is difficult to imagine in these days a controversy about original sin or the sacraments attracting much attention.

Still, the practical admission that the dogmas of the Church of Rome are not true would have a great effect, for of all existing religions the Roman Catholic is by far the most dogmatic. Some of the Protestant forms of the Christian religion may be more strictly

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logical. The Greek Church has its own special position, and its highest authorities will declare that the Popes of Rome were the first Rationalists, and will on inquiry be found to have more to say on the subject than most people would suppose; but, be all this as it may, it is clear beyond all possibility of doubt that, to the part of the Christian world most important to us, the Church of Rome is the champion of dogmatism—of the belief, that is, that certain definite propositions about religious matters are absolutely true, are revealed by God, and are so fully and closely grasped by the Church, that it possesses the power of deciding all controversies as they arise by reference to them. The fact that this theory is bad upon the face of it, because it either assumes the existence of God, which is a *petitio principii*, or proves it, which is an appeal to reason, as an authority superior to the Church, does not, so far as popular opinion and impression go, lower the position of the Roman Catholic Church as the great champion of dogmatism.

If the 'transformation of opinion,' which, Mr. Mivart says, 'is in store for the Catholic world in the domains of history and criticism,'[5] is fully carried out, this will be at an end. The champion will be a champion no more. In relation to history, criticism, and science, and their teachers, the Church will be

> The desolator desolate,
> The victor overthrown,
> The arbiter of others' fate,
> A suppliant for its own.

To own that the function of a spiritual ruler is one which it cannot perform, that the function to which it is adequate is that of a repeater of old fables, a performer of curious old ceremonies more gorgeous though less picturesque than the passion play at Ammergau, may be a healthy humiliation for the Church and its priesthood, and may be beneficial to mankind, but it would be more bitter than any ordinary persecution if it did not come as gradually and imperceptibly as great changes generally do.

It is difficult to imagine a more painful position than that of an earnest and sincere man, who, having undertaken to be the exponent and vindicator of such a system under a real belief in its truth, gradually comes to believe that in every one of its essential features he is constrained to admit it to be liable to refutation by processes of which he admits the validity. With what terror and shrinking must he inquire how the main points of such books as those of Strauss and Renan are to be dealt with; how pleased he must feel when slips and errors in their constructive efforts are pointed out; and how bitter must be the quiet reflection, made deep down, that these things do not affect the force of their destructive theories. How hard it must be to join with and repeat all that Colenso and many others have

[5] II. 51.

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said about the Old Testament, and to try in vain to draw any sort of line between these well-known criticisms and those made in the same spirit and by the same method about the New Testament! How strange must it be at one and the same time to contend that the doctrine of the creation of the world, that of the origin of the human race, and the story of the flood are to be rejected because biology and geology and so on contradict them, but that the historical assertions of the Apostles' Creed are a true narrative of the most important events that ever happened!

But this is not all. It is probably not the worst part of the humiliation which Mr. Mivart's theories prepare for himself and for the body to which he belongs. The attitude assumed by Roman Catholics in England for the whole of the last generation has uniformly been one which such speculations as these make incredibly absurd. The great controversial weapon of Cardinal Newman, for instance, was always the dilemma:—Catholics, he used to argue, are consistent; Atheists are consistent; but you Protestants are wretched daubers with untempered mortar. You try to sit upon two stools. You cannot make up your minds between faith and reason. You are Laodiceans, neither hot nor cold, and deserve the same treatment. If Mr. Mivart's views are correct, all this applies properly to the Roman Catholic Church. It is the Catholics who halt between faith and reason, who are inconsistent, who daub with untempered mortar, who believe all sorts of things relating to both faith and morals, which they have to give up at the orders of science, and yet refuse, on other matters of the same kind, to accept science as a guide. Moreover, this inconsistency is all the more marked and glaring because it exists in a body which claims infallibility. The truth I take to be that neither Protestants nor Catholics were ever consistent. The very earliest attempts at any sort of systematic theology were essentially compromises between faith and reason—attempts to use Comte's famous expression about Bossuet: 'De faire de l'ordre avec du désordre.' Whatever may be said to the contrary, alternatives in such a matter as this are impossible. The equation has only one root, and not two. One way of looking at the subject only is possible in the long run. It is that ordinary human reason in the last resort is the supreme judge of all controversies whatever. No one but a madman can reject the use of reason. No one who admits its authority in any department of affairs can deny its absolute supremacy in all, as the one guide to truth. That the prevalence of Mr. Mivart's views will inflict cruel humiliations on the Roman Catholic clergy and controversialists appears to me to be certain; but that such a humiliation will be good for the world at large, I think equally certain. Whether it will be good for those who feel it depends on the way in which they take it.

Notwithstanding this it must be observed that though, from the

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nature of the case, all Christian bodies must share the reproach of inconsistency, some of them are much less candid than others, and the real distinction between Roman Catholics and Protestants appears to me to be that Protestant bodies are very much more candid than the Roman Catholic Church. The fact that no Protestant body has ever claimed infallibility is one reason of this, and many others will suggest themselves on a moment's reflection, such, in the case of Protestant churches established by law, as the moderating influence derived from the recognised supremacy of lay courts and fixed legal standards of belief. This both disables them from and disinclines them to persecution, or at least to the persecution of mere opinions as distinguished from the punishment of attacks upon their political position. A Protestant body not established by law is bound to be both tolerant and more or less candid, because it is as much dependent upon contract and as much exposed to competition as any trading association, and tolerance and candour are in themselves attractive to many persons, while their absence affords a great handle to competing controversialists.

The effect of the adoption of Mr. Mivart's views would be to place the Roman Catholic Church on the same level on which Protestant bodies already stand on this point. It would, as I have already said, become a rival to Comte's religion of humanity, which, after all, is only a prosaic version of it from exactly the point of view which Mr. Mivart partially realises. The degree of success which it might meet with in the new character of an institution having for its object the function of teaching mankind good moral lessons by theatrical representations of different kinds, and by moral exhortations founded on affecting myths admitted not to be historically true, no one can estimate. There are many who might wish success to such an enterprise. There are multitudes who would perceive no difference between what it would then become and what it has always been.

One or two points of considerable interest may be noticed, as to which the change suggested by Mr. Mivart would have remarkable effects. It would put the Church of Rome on precisely the same level as all other churches, as far as concerned persons who wish to set up an authority either over their intellects or over their passions. No one can have followed the controversies upon these subjects which have filled the last thirty or forty years without feeling that the great attraction of the Church of Rome to intellectual men has hitherto been its proclamation, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest'—rest by a word of command, potential as regards both the restless intellect and the no less restless passions. Strange as it seems to most of us, there are men who long to be taken command of, and this longing is felt, as often as not, by people of acute though not very weighty intellect. The power of satisfying such a longing obviously depends upon the belief of the person requiring such

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satisfaction in the power of the Church to give it. But how can it be given if, as Mr. Mivart teaches, the Church itself is an authority sadly liable to err, and which actually has erred again and again, just like all other human institutions in matters both of faith and morals, and if it has to be set right continually, in all the matters which interest it most, by appeals to science, to history, to criticism, any one of which may at any time set it right in a matter so important as the creation of the world or the historical truth of the Apostles' Creed? How can such an authority as this give peace or rest to anyone? It can give nothing whatever but a little sentimental play. It is asked for bread, and it gives a doll. Moreover, it would have only one doll to give amongst many. To say nothing of Mahommedan and Buddhist wares, which have their own attractions, there would be every opportunity for Greek and Protestant versions of the legend, which could easily be so arranged as to suit particular populations much better than the Romish one. The Church of England, even if disestablished, could adapt itself quite as easily to the various discoveries of history and science as the Church of Rome, and with an infinitely better grace.

If some very distinguished members of the Church of England, living or lately dead, could be or could have been put into a witness-box and closely cross-examined as to their real, deliberate opinions, it would probably be found that they not only acknowledged the truth of the principles advocated by Mr. Mivart—which indeed most of them notoriously, and even ostentatiously, did and do—but were well aware that they involved all the practical consequences which are pointed out above; yet some of them held, and others still hold, an honoured place in the Church of England, and, without giving any particular scandal, discharge in it duties of the highest importance, and give advice, and make exhortations, which are highly appreciated by a large number of important persons. To me I admit—probably to some others—their presence in the Church, their participation in all its services, is more or less a moral miracle—to use the phrase by which Dr. Pusey is said to have described certain matters recorded without blame, if not with applause, in the Old Testament; but their courtesy, their scholarship, their many accomplishments, their wholly unblemished personal characters, were and are usually regarded as making them ornaments and supports of the Church of England, and guides by whose advice its inevitable change, from being the spiritnal ruler of the nation to being a guide into practical philosophy and philanthropy, might be effected cautiously and safely.

Far be it from me to presume to judge such men. Far be it from me to presume to judge Mr. Mivart, or the Roman Catholics in general, if they adopt his views, or even permit the expression of them to pass uncensured. If Mr. Mivart and others give up the point that the Roman Catholic religion is true, if they admit that it can and

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ought to be corrected by reason, at every point at which it makes an assertion within the range of reason, they may say, as well as others, Why may not we write our novel as we like? Is it not, after all, a matter of taste?

One reply only can be made to this, and that is, that every sort of conscious and voluntary romance is out of place in such a matter. If the romance is unconscious, the case is the common one of belief upon insufficient grounds; but romance or poetry, understood to be such, ought to be a servant and not a master. The greatest admirer of Milton or Dante would not set up their writings as an authoritative standard of faith or morals, though he might value them to any extent as a persuasive way of advocating views which he admired, but his admiration of the views of Dante or Milton on independent grounds would be the reason why he admired those poets. He would be wrong if he admired their views because he admired the men themselves or their literary style.

In precisely the same way it appears to me that the truth of the great doctrines of Christianity, assuming them to be true, is the only reasonable ground for wishing to propagate them by any means whatever whether mythical or not. If it is not wise to love or try to love your neighbour as yourself, why favour a parable or myth which teaches that it is? If it is not true that either here and now or at some other time and in another sphere, might and right are or will ultimately be found to be identical, why favour a fable which teaches that they are?

Doctrines ought to stand or fall according to their own intrinsic powers of persuasion and command; poetry and romance can at best only cheat. If they cheat in favour of the truth, they distort and so injure it. If they cheat in favour of what is not true, they do unqualified mischief.

J. F. STEPHEN.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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AN OLIVE BRANCH FROM AMERICA.

[The Editor has submitted the subjoined article to the gentlemen whose names here follow, hoping to obtain thus some indication of the way in which the proposed scheme is likely to be regarded by English authors.

Mr. Gladstone.
Lord Tennyson.
The Duke of Argyll.
Archdeacon Farrar.
Mr. Rider Haggard.
Mr. Lewis Morris.
Mr. Justin McCarthy.
Sir Thomas Farrer.
Mr. Walter Besant.
Mr. Matthew Arnold.
Professor Huxley.
Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The opinions expressed are, as will be seen, for the most part very favourable to the project of an open literary 'royalty,' and probably forecast the view which the great majority of our authors would take. Politics, Poetry, Science, Theology, History, Fiction, and Criticism are all represented by the writers of the letters of approval appended to the article.

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The minority of objectors would include the few strong men who have already been fortunate enough to arrange terms with the 'strong barons' of the American publishing trade referred to by Professor Huxley.

Most English publishers would be likely to share the indifference on the subject declared by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.; but it is of authors and not publishers that the great American Public will be mainly thinking, when it really thinks at all about the question and resolves to begin doing what is fair and right in this matter.—ED. *Nineteenth Century.*]

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

THE strongest organised effort which has ever been made to secure from the United States Congress the passage of an International Copyright Law, was that of a combination of authors and publishers in the Session of 1886–7. It was hoped, even after a series of failures extending through two generations, that the strong pressure of the influential and well-organised American Copyright League would at length gain this point. The Committee of the Senate on Patents gave a patient hearing to the authors and experts selected for examination, and, under strong personal influence, one of the two Bills presented was reported to the Senate. The Hawley Bill, urged by the League, but rejected in Committee, offered very nearly the same terms as those sketched by the 'Conférence Internationale pour la protection des Œuvres Littéraires et Artistiques, réunie à Berne, du 7 au 14 Septembre, 1885,' and adopted by most European countries. The Chase Bill, which was reported to the Senate, was similar in terms, but added provisions making compulsory the manufacture within the United States of all foreign copyrighted works.

Early in the Session it was stated to the present writer, both by the Chairman of the Committee on Patents, and by the Senator to whom the care of the Bill in the Senate had been committed, that neither Bill would be likely to pass during the current Session, and in fact they were not even brought up before the Senate for consideration. A well-known Senator recently in London, who favours the adoption of some modified form of international copyright, expresses the opinion that both these Bills, unless essentially altered, will meet a strong opposition especially in the popular House, while a plan but slightly increasing prices may probably be favourably acted on.

It may be well therefore to state some of the reasons why

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American readers object to give to British publishers and authors a monopoly or exclusive copyright of their books. Rejecting the arguments used by but a few, that, as copyright is limited by time and not absolute property, it should be limited by area also; and that Governments are not competent to legislate for the special benefit of foreigners, the chief lines of objection may be thus briefly stated.

I. The English system of high-priced books, with their acres of blank margin and superfluously expensive bindings, was designed for wealthy readers and for circulating libraries, and is not adapted to the United States. As a result of a system of general education extending through several generations, there is a great body of American readers of narrow means. The mass of population which in Great Britain is contained in an area not larger than that of some single States, is in America distributed through 4,000 miles east and west by 1,500 miles north and south, an area equal in extent to all Europe. It follows that, save in large cities, circulating libraries are rarely available, and cheap books have become a necessity.

Were a monopoly control gained by the English publishers for the printing of their works in America, they would, as they frankly assured the Royal Commission on Copyright in 1876, increase the present prices of the cheapest reprints about tenfold, by an approximation to English rates. They could not face the British public if they systematically sold the same books in America at the prices now asked for reprints there, and in England at the current standard of prices; and this they themselves acknowledge.

The works which are now purchased in the United States at ten or twenty cents would cost one or two dollars, at least during the first year of their issue, and in some cases even thirty-one shillings and sixpence, or seven and a half dollars. American readers could no longer buy them almost as they buy newspapers. The Chicago man would take arms before he would pay ten prices for his newspaper, and his feelings would partake of the same character under a similar advance in the price of his books. The vested interests in reprints formerly limited to the sea-board cities have now extended to the Pacific, and even if a law involving such results could by any pressure be passed, it could never be kept on the Statute Book.

American statesmen may very reasonably object to a monopoly system, which, if it had been enacted, would have reduced the 100,000,000 copies of cheap reprints of British copyright works which have been sold within the last few years to 10,000,000 or less. In 1886 Henry C. Carey, the political economist, once a successful book publisher, estimated that if there had been a monopoly copyright in America worked on the usual English system, the issue of a certain novel of Dickens there would have been 50,000 instead of 1,000,000 copies.

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As Mr. Trollope once remarked, sermons and moral treatises are not so much read as formerly, and a large proportion of our instruction in religion, social ethics, and the conduct of life is now derived from the pens of our ablest writers of fiction. Who can estimate what would have been the loss to the American people from the suppression by monopoly prices of these 90,000,000 books, which have certainly for the most part conveyed the teaching of the Anglo-Saxon high standard of social life? And it is equally clear that the world would have had much reason to regret the loss of a means of uniting the two great branches of our race so potent as the interlacing of their sympathies by a common literature perused at the same time. We purposely avoid the discussion of the abstract rights of the question, on which much might be said in favour of monopoly copyright, and confine these remarks to what is practicable. A privilege that is obtainable is better than one which may by some be considered better, but which cannot be gained.

II. American readers further object to monopoly international copyright because, were it granted, and were they to cut themselves off from cheap competing reprints of British books, the bulk of the advance in price would not go to the authors but to the book trade. The style of the manufacture would be advanced, it is true, but it would be above the needs of the market; and of the enhanced price, after deducting cost of manufacture, about one-eighth only would go to the author. By easily tested calculations it will be found that in popular copyright books, the outlay for type-setting and stereotyping forms a scarcely appreciable factor in large editions, and that when all the cost of paper, printing, and binding has been paid, seven-eighths of the difference between this cost price and the price paid by the buyer goes into the pockets of the publishers and bookseller, and one-eighth only to the author. Thus in the case of a book selling in large editions at one dollar, the cost of manufacture would be about fifteen cents, the author's copyright ten cents, and the balance coming to those who produce and sell the book seventy-five cents. By this it will be understood how several series of standard works, not under copyright, can be issued in London with good type, paper, and cloth binding, at a retail price of one shilling a volume (about sevenpence to the trade), and an excellent series in paper covers at threepence (wholesale about fifteen farthings), for each book.[1] It must be

[1] It is enough to instance the following incomplete list of issues, composed partly of English works nearly all out of copyright, and partly of American reprinted books; all published at one shilling, and retailed by some London booksellers at ninepence. Morley's Universal Library (Routledge), cloth; Routledge's Pocket Library, cloth backs; Routledge's Railway Library, paper covers; Routledge's Demy Octavo novels, paper covers; Routledge's American Library, fancy covers; Cassell's Red Library, stiff covers; Cassell's Miniature Library of the Poets, cloth backs; Routledge's Emerald Series of the Poets, cloth gilt; Scott's Camelot Monthly Series (Prose), cloth; Scott's Canterbury Poets (monthly), cloth; Scott's Great Writers (monthly), cloth. Ward, Lock, & Co.'s complete Shakespeare, 833 pages, retails at

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remembered that discounts such as are given by British booksellers to retail purchasers are hardly known in America beyond a few of the large city book shops. In raising the price by monopoly copyright from ten cents to the minimum of one dollar, American readers will therefore have to pay the trade seventy-five cents in order to remunerate the author with ten cents. The American people would naturally resent an increase of price, given nominally for the benefit of authors, in which only one-eighth would reach them. It is not our business here to criticise a system in which a large proportion of the retail price goes to the distributors of the product of the author's thought. In the home trade it may be needful to meet the losses on the immense proportion of unsuccessful books, but as a rule it is only books which are successful at home that command a Transatlantic reprint, and on these the risk of loss is a minimum.

III. It is only lately that English railway companies have found that their largest profits are derived from third-class passengers. It can be demonstrated that in so large a market for books as the United States affords, the circulation of popular books, within certain limits, increases in direct proportion with every reduction in price. If therefore we calculate by the American custom of paying the author ten per cent. on the retail price, he will make quite as much on an edition of 10,000 copies at ten cents per copy as he would on 1,000 copies at one dollar.

When the second volume of Macaulay's History of England had reached a sale of 10,000 copies at sixteen shillings per volume in London, over 100,000 in different styles and at various prices had already been disposed of in America. Of the reprints of the most popular novels, histories, and religious works, 500,000 low-priced copies, and even more, are sometimes issued. In addition to these cheap issues, large numbers in library styles are also printed, on which the authors would have proportionately greater royalty.

It is evident, that, generally speaking, the more vendors an inventor or proprietor can gain for his wares the greater will be their sale. Of a recent novel by Mr. Haggard no less than thirteen rival issues have been produced in the United States. It is usual to find several

sixpence; and at threepence in paper, or sixpence in cloth, Cassell's National Library (weekly), Routledge's World Library. Taking as a sample Landor's Imaginary Conversations in Scott's Camelot Series, we have 366 pages of good type and paper, bound in red cloth, for one shilling. Through almost two generations during which the copyright lasted, this work was inaccessible to students of limited means owing to the expensive form of the issue of his works; so that it was commonly said that Landor could never become popular. Of the low-priced edition over fifteen thousand have been already sold within about a year. A person of limited means must sometimes wait till old age before he can become the possessor of a book which delighted his youth. Would that the English educational system could be crowned by keeping the whole population in touch with its contemporary intellectual leaders by means of a fresh literature within the reach of the lowly as well as the rich!

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competing editions of the most popular new English books at prices varying from ten cents in unbound quarto, up to bound editions equal in quality to the English issues but at less than one-half their price. Under this free competition in foreign works the number of separate books, American and foreign reprints, issued in America, has gradually advanced until it has now passed the annual publications in Great Britain, while the average number of each edition is a very large multiple of the English issues. It appears therefore not only possible but quite probable, if a system of royalty copyright with open competition in production and sale can be attained, that British authors may now, and yet more largely in the future, derive their best rewards from America; and it is also more than probable that the reading public in the United States would gladly have themselves assessed to pay a reasonable author's copyright, properly adjusted to their system of book publishing.

It remains to be seen whether a plan can be devised by which the American people may have these advantages of open competition of low prices, while yet the British authors shall receive in an open royalty system at least as much as they would get on the old plan of monopoly.

A Bill has been drafted and privately printed in America which proposes to confer on persons not citizens of the United States a royalty compensation without monopoly. By this plan books may be entered at Washington for a copyright term extending with one renewal for forty-two years, the same as is now granted to native authors; and all the provisions of the United States law relating to the protection of citizens, not inconsistent with the provisions presently to be mentioned, are to be granted to any foreign holders of copyright.

It is stipulated that every proprietor of a copyright shall provide a distinctive form of stamp, adaptable to the various prices and conditions of issue, and shall be bound to furnish these within thirty days of the tender of price, under penalty of forfeiture of his copyright. Any publisher desiring to use international copyright matter will obtain, as of course, the author's licence to do so by making a formal application for the necessary amount of author's stamps, accompanied by a tender of the total price, which shall be always ten per cent. Thus a publisher desiring to issue ten thousand of a book at twenty cents retail price shall send two hundred dollars; or for a thousand copies of a superior library edition of the same book at one dollar per copy, one hundred dollars will be sent. One stamp shall be attached to each book issued; special stamps can be provided gratis for copies designed for periodicals or special purposes. In the case of the issue of protected matter in periodicals a different proprietor's licence can be obtained and the copyright stamps, with name of periodical and date, may be adapted for printing with the

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type matter in the body of the number. Each book stamp should contain the retail price of the book, with the autograph initials of the author in facsimile or any other design. Imitation of copyright stamps shall be punished as forgery. Publishers shall be responsible for an accurate and unmutilated reproduction of the originals. Any arrangement for a credit on the stamps or the return of those not used would be matter for special contract.

The proprietor of the copyright would be bound to print his address upon the title-page or its reverse, in every copy he issues in his own country. In default thereof, an application for stamps to the Librarian of Congress, accompanied by the money, would be taken as an application to the proprietor.

The Librarian of Congress or the Secretary of the Incorporated Society of (British) Authors may be made the depository of copyright stamps, charging a commission on the amounts of money received. The cost of the stamps themselves would be merely nominal, and they could be, if desired, numbered consecutively by an inexpensive mechanical contrivance.

Any assignment of international copyright would have to be recorded in the office of the Librarian of Congress within sixty days of its execution.

For the protection of the rights thus granted it is proposed that every vendor of international copyright books who shall dispose of any copy or copies to which the proper stamp has not been affixed, and which do not bear due notice of copyright, shall forfeit to the proprietor all such copies in his possession, and in addition pay all damages arising from such sale; and that he shall also forfeit and pay a sum equal to ten times the retail price of every copy thus sold by him, which sum shall be recoverable by a civil action in any court of competent jurisdiction; one-half to be paid to the person who sues and one-half to the United States. Thus every bookseller will be compelled to see that the publisher has affixed the proper stamps and notice of copyright to the works he sells to him, and every purchaser of the book, in the most distant place in the United States, becomes an interested protector of the author's or proprietor's rights.

Such a law would be almost automatic in its working, and under it fraud in unauthorised issues would become impossible.[2] It has been carefully examined and approved by not a few students of

[2] The long-standing grievance of British authors at home, that publishers' accounts of sales are practically not capable of verification, would be for ever ended by attaching similar copyright stamps to every volume issued here. An engraved form of stamp, adjustable to book titles and manuscript initials, is at the command of authors without charge. One London house has consented to an arrangement on this basis. Every writer may reasonably claim it, and the system ought to be welcomed by honourable publishers, as its general adoption would save them from an unfair competition from those who are not reliable.

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copyright law, practical legislators and authors, and also by some publishers and by some of the members of the American Copyright League. It is conceived in the interests of readers and authors rather than those of the large publishing houses whose gains lie in the control of monopoly copyrights; but the publishing trade would soon adjust itself to the new conditions of open competition.

Some of the publishers, on both sides of the Atlantic, it is but just to say in passing, have dealt most generously, in the absence of law, with foreign authors, and would have done much more but for the competition of those who paid nothing; indeed some British writers, as stated before the Royal Commission, have received more from American than from their English publishers.

It will not be forgotten that to every plan of protection some objection will be found, and any legal adjustment can at the best be only one which involves the fewest difficulties. The scheme here proposed is not without its possible disadvantages, but it is a method involving an overwhelming balance of advantages over inevitable difficulties, and one entitled to careful consideration, especially when it is to be remembered that the real question is how to obtain a practicable benefit for foreign authors. Authors of popular works will find it equal, if it should pass, in its pecuniary results to the monopoly plan. It may be improved upon in its details, and if it meets with cordial support in English literary circles it may be laid before Congress with good prospects of success. That body will always find it difficult to resist the pressure of numberless constituents against the suppression of the cheap reprints so long in use, but it would probably accept a measure like this, against which no similar objections lie. The granting of a system of monopoly becomes every year more improbable as the use of low-priced reprints and the vested interests concerned in them extend yet further throughout the United States; but the pressure of opinion is certainly making in the direction of an arrangement by which the advantages of open competition and royalty may be combined.

This plan of open royalty was long since suggested by Sir Charles Trevelyan in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Copyright in 1876, in which he cited his letter to Mr. Longman, written in 1872:—

> I am persuaded that Mr. Appleton's Bill will not pass. The Americans will never submit to an absolute monopoly on the part of foreign authors and their assignees, so that they might fix the price of their books without fear of competition; *nor in my opinion is it right* (the italics are his) that it should be so either in the United States or Canada. Such an absolute monopoly is only possible under the protection of the municipal law of the countries in which the books were originally produced. As regards other countries, the owners of the copyright must be content with some more general acknowledgment, which, like the circle in the water, would increase in diffusion as it decreased in intensity. . . . The people of the United States will not invest any person with the power of indefinitely en-

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hancing the price of the books upon which they and their children have been nourished. There is now every disposition to admit the just claims of English authors, but not by means of a monopoly. . . .

The author's royalty might be fixed at ten per cent. on the retail price. At home he would continue to get whatever might be prescribed by the municipal law of his own country, but to whatever extent his works might be reprinted abroad it would be under licence from the respective Governments, and his percentage would be paid before a single copy was permitted to be sold.[3]

He adds:—

I maintain that this principle of a monopoly, while it does great harm in England, is simply impossible in America; some other principle must be adopted.[4]

And he goes on to recommend substantially the method here proposed; a concession the more generous as he was the owner of the copyright of Macaulay's works.

I think that it [protected copyright with free-trade competition] is the only principle which furnishes a practical basis for a convention with the United States. . . . It appears to me that that principle of monopoly is totally inapplicable to these new countries where the English language is spoken and read by multitudes. The difference between the position of authors and that of publishers underlies the whole subject, and it is better to have it out at once. It is for the interest of the author that his works shall be sold everywhere and by anybody. It matters not to him who his publishers are, or whether there is one or a hundred; in fact, for him the more the better, the greater the competition among publishers the better for the author.[5]

Sir Thomas Farrer, the late secretary of the Board of Trade, after discussing the same subject before the Royal Commission, concludes by saying:[6]—

For all the above reasons I think it is clear not only that they (the Americans) will, as a matter of fact, never grant a monopoly to English publishers, but that there

[3] *Royal Commission on Copyright*, pp. 327-329. [4] *Ibid.* see 1-94.

[5] In the case of a popular English writer the unhindered law of supply and demand has produced in America competing editions of his books at twenty cents a volume, and also a superior library edition. This author has under consideration a plan by which the general English public shall no longer be cut off from the possession of his works by the prohibitory price of eight to fifteen times that of the American issues. It is hoped that he will have the courage of his convictions and permit the issue of his writings in any style, and at any price, to all British publishers who will contract to secure his copy-money returns by the insertion of authors' percentage stamps in all the copies. By doing so he would doubtless increase his own compensation, and at the same time confer a benefit on tens of thousands of readers of narrow means who would eagerly welcome his books to their limited libraries. Entire college classes in America place the works referred to upon their bookshelves. The Continent is supplied by American reprints and by Tauchnitz. At Dover the traveller's luggage is searched for spirits, tobacco, dynamite—and Tauchnitz! The writer lately found even in Constantinople that large quantities of Harper's reprints of English books were being received every month for circulation in South-eastern Europe and Asia. In India, where Shakespeare is read by more persons than in Great Britain, American reprints of new books largely supply the market. Under an open system of demand and supply these would come from London, where the manufacture is far cheaper than in America, and authors would receive their proper copy-money.

[6] *Royal Commission on Copyright*, 3930.

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are really good and sound reasons why they should not do so, and good reasons for doubting whether the plan of monopoly has worked satisfactorily for the English public. And if we look to history we find by the Act of 8 Anne, c. 19, which created present copyrights, it was not intended to confer an unrestricted monopoly on publishers. That Act contained a clause by which any one of a large number of officials was enabled to reduce prices which might seem to them unreasonable. The clause is obviously unworkable and has been repealed, but it no less shows the then intention of Parliament. It is no accident that this clause was introduced. It was inserted in the Bill as it passed the House of Commons; the House of Lords struck it out, but the Commons insisted on its insertion.

The present limits prevent the multiplication of authoritative expressions of British opinion to this purport. It will not be thought strange if American readers, who are not pecuniarily interested in the profits, form similar conclusions as to both the honesty and policy of the protected competitive system.

The interests of American authors are evident. An essentially reciprocal privilege would doubtless, with the approval of British writers, be promptly granted by a British Order in Council under the provisions of the general law. The number of reprints in England of the books of American authors is already large, and the proportion to the total issue is likely to increase rapidly.

It is true that American writers wish to avoid the competition of free reprints by the enactment of monopoly copyright for English books, with the accompanying increase of price, but this they can now scarcely hope for. Under the reciprocal royalty system they would be partly compensated for any competition in America by a protected English sale.

When the two branches of the same race were separated politically in 1784, the Republic of Letters was not severed. Both nations have the same language, the same standards in ethics, religion, and taste, and both are members of the same commonwealth of literature, possessing the same measureless treasures of the past. And under a happy democratic accommodation to varying circumstances both may in the future equally pay their tithes to the literary pastors whose united parish would extend round one-third of the globe.

R. PEARSALL SMITH.

Philadelphia, U.S.A.

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1. *From Mr. Gladstone to the Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century.'*

Hawarden Castle.

I have read with cordial interest and pleasure the forthcoming article by Mr. Pearsall Smith prepared for the *Nineteenth Century* of November.

It forms an admirable overture to a discussion which I trust you intend to prosecute to a practical conclusion.

There are three interests obviously and vitally involved in the question of an international copyright between England and the United States; a question which, I take it for granted, implies the establishment in each country of copyright by royalty, instead of copyright by monopoly, for the whole of its domestic literature, and not only for foreign importations from the territory of the other contracting Power.

And there is a fourth interest which is also concerned, and which I cannot dismiss in silence. The literary question between England and the United States enters into the general relations of the two countries; and tends, within a limited but important sphere, to a disagreeable friction. Whereas, if it were once adjusted, it would give free motion to an agency of unmixed good, and of immense effect in promoting their moral and social union.

With respect to the three interests commonly taken into view, those of authors, publishers, and readers, I conceive the present system of copyright to be injurious to them all; to authors and publishers by restricting the amount of their operations, to readers by withholding, often for a long term of years, valuable additions to their stock of intellectual and moral sustenance.

I do not deny that there are many difficulties of detail to be faced in the construction of a new and better method, nor do I pretend to be prepared with due modes of treatment for each and all of them. I am not satisfied of the necessity of tying down authors to a uniform percentage, irrespective of their standing and credit in the literary world, of the form and price of the intended edition, and especially of the character of the work, as on the one hand intended for the general public, or as on the other hand a professional or literary speciality. But it would much disappoint me unless the new system, framed upon careful consideration, were found to be one offering a greatly increased aggregate of advantage to publishers and to authors, as well as to the reading public.

The case, with which you have to deal, may be shortly stated thus. On one side there is a well-founded sense of injustice. On the other side there is a not less strong conviction that an inter-

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national system of copyright by monopoly would replace one injustice by another and probably a greater one. The selfish opposition to change gathers and will gather strength from day to day. You are not, then, premature in your efforts to relieve the contending parties, now hopelessly butting at one another, by the suggestion of a possible and equitable solution.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

2. *From the Hon. Hallam Tennyson.*

Aldworth, Haslemere, Surrey.

With regard to the proposal shortly to come before Congress, allowing to an English author 10 per cent. on the retail price of his works, my father desires me to say that something is better than nothing, therefore he would support it. Indeed the arrangement, if carefully managed in detail in America, might turn out to be very good. For some years past my father has not received a penny from America, though we hear of huge sales of his poems. Formerly he had some small sums on each *new* volume; and our good friend Mr. Fields had promised us a liberal annual income, but owing to his sudden withdrawal from the firm this promise fell through. The American author can protect himself in some measure in England, and I have no doubt that, if America were to grant a copyright of this kind, an Order in Council would at once confirm the public opinion of this country, and protect the American author here from any publishing piracies. However, we have been so often and for so long promised bills in Congress to better the position of the English author that we are not very sanguine as to this new announcement that the American publishers and public are awakening to a sense of their duty.

HALLAM TENNYSON.

3. *From the Duke of Argyll.*

Inveraray.

I have read this article with much interest, and until I read it I did not know how the case stood for and against international copyright with America.

The plan proposed of a fixed lordship or percentage on sales seems the only proposal which meets all the difficulties of the case.

At present I think we authors have some reason to complain. I believe one of my own books, the *Reign of Law*, has had an im-

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mense circulation in America, and, if I may judge from the private letters I have had from men whom I have never seen, it has given some satisfaction to many minds. But this great circulation gives no pecuniary return to the writer—which must be specially hard in cases where authors are poor men.

ARGYLL.

4. *From Archdeacon Farrar.*

17 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

I have read with great interest the proof of the paper which you so kindly sent me. I am not a good judge about the technical details of business transactions, and therefore my opinion on the subject may be of little value. So far, however, as I am able to form an opinion, the details of the scheme seem to be feasible. Had any such law of international copyright been in existence in past days, I might have been a very large gainer from its operation.

F. W. FARRAR.

5. *From Mr. Rider Haggard.*

Ditchingham House, Bungay.

In reply to your letter I beg to say that having had the advantage of reading Mr. Pearsall Smith's article on the subject of copyright with America, and also of hearing from his own lips full details of the proposed scheme of what I may call Author's Stamp Rights, I am of opinion that this scheme is one which should be cordially accepted by English writers. A royalty of ten per cent. on the published price is not a very liberal fee to the author of a book, but, taking the peculiar circumstances of the American market into consideration, it seems to me that it is quite a question if it would not bring in as large a return as would be forthcoming under a system of monopoly copyright. At the least it is all that we foreign writers have a chance of obtaining from America at the present time, and as such it should be gratefully accepted, if by good fortune it should come within our power to accept it. I trust therefore that my brother writers will do all that in them lies to further this scheme, to the formal adoption of which the American public appears to be favourably inclined.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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6. *From Mr. Lewis Morris.*

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall.

I have read the article on International Copyright which you are kind enough to send me. With regard to the adoption of a system of remunerating English authors by a stamp to be affixed to each book sold, I should think there can hardly be two opinions. It would undoubtedly solve the difficulty which is felt at present by English authors in ascertaining the sales of their books in America, and of recovering a share of the proceeds. I myself some years since entered into an agreement with a highly respectable American publisher for the publication of a book of mine in America on the usual terms of my receiving 10 per cent. of the profits. The book, which was then a new one in England, has since gone through a very large number indeed of editions. On application a long time after publication to the publisher, the only answer which I could obtain was that a small edition of 500 copies had been tried by him, that he had sent out about 100 copies to the press, and had still 250 copies on hand, so that it was obvious that there was nothing whatever coming to me. No further communication has ever been received by me from the publisher; but it is clear that we are fellow-sufferers, because for many years past I have been assured by Americans travelling in Europe that this book, a book of verse, is to be found on every drawing-room table in the great towns of the Eastern States; and a very popular sketch of American manners, published at New York some four or five years back, spoke of it as being or as having been in everybody's hands. It is quite obvious, therefore, that there is some room for improvement in this respect.

With regard to the amount, 10 per cent., proposed to be paid to the English author in America, I cannot agree with the writer of the article, except under a certain reserve. That amount is estimated on the practice which prevails in the case of new works by untried authors. But it is certain that the English books which obtain publication and remunerative sale in America will, as a rule, not be of this class, but rather works already successful here, or at least new works by well-known men, and published with a minimum of risk and almost a certainty of profit. Why should publishers or booksellers, American or English, an estimable class of men no doubt, but certainly not underpaid, be allowed to pocket, without risk or trouble to themselves, so large a percentage as would thus remain to them after discharging the necessary expenses of a book? I should have thought that the author might fairly ask for a percentage not exceeding 25 per cent., leaving it to the author and publisher to settle the actual percentage, probably in many cases much lower than this, on which they would find it to their interest to agree.

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Nevertheless I quite recognise the value of the principle of payment advocated by the article. An immense country with a scattered population and no circulating libraries must be treated on a different footing from a small thickly populated island which has only too many. No system of monopoly copyright can, or ought as Sir C. Trevelyan said, to exist in America, and I hope Englishmen will recognise this fact in time, and while there is a prospect of legislative action on the part of America to remedy a great injustice.

LEWIS MORRIS.

7. *From Mr. Justin M'Carthy.*

The principle of my friend Mr. Pearsall Smith's scheme appears to me unassailable. If the plan should prove practicable—if it can be worked out easily, for the public is very listless and lazy in its ways—it is the settlement of the copyright question between England and the United States, so far as the rights of authors are concerned. A copyright which includes more than the author's rights I do not think we can ever expect to get from America. The American public will not consent to adopt any arrangement with England which would put a high price on books. We need not argue on the moral of the question; there is, I think, the fact. Cheapness is the one condition of literature for the great American public, because for one reason the great American public buys instead of borrowing its books.

Our circulating library system is virtually unknown in the United States, as much unknown as it is in Paris. Men and women in America buy the books which they wish to read, and they will have them cheap. Of course there are costly editions of most books in the States, and those who can afford to pay the high price and are willing to pay it will buy the costly editions; and there is a large sale for these editions sometimes. It often happens that the cheap editions are an advertisement for the expensive forms. A man buys a book in a paper cover for a quarter of a dollar; he reads the book and likes it; and he makes up his mind that he must have it in some better edition to keep in his library. This happens often even where the buyer is a poor man; he likes this particular book, and he will have a decently bound and printed copy of it for his little bookshelf. Therefore, if Mr. Pearsall Smith's plan were to come into operation, the English authors whose books it would sell in cheap editions may be well assured that it would help to the selling of costlier forms as well. I do not believe that there would be any difficulty in obtaining from Congress any legislation necessary to give the scheme a full chance in the United States. There really is no objection there that ever I heard of to the acknowledgment

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of the English author's fair and honest claims. I never met an American who did not admit the full claims of the author, and did not own that the system stands self-condemned which shuts him out from the reward of his brains and his labour. Mr. Pearsall Smith's plan would put the English author on just the same footing in the United States as he has in his own country.

Therefore I am one of Mr. Smith's adherents so far as the principle of the scheme is concerned. I am most earnest in wishing it success—in wishing it, to begin with, a fair trial. But everybody asks me, 'Will it work?' I see no very clear reason why it should not; but I know nothing personally of the publishing business, and my opinion on that point is not worth anything. When I am asked by people whether the plan would work, I can only turn to the public and say in the words of Hamlet—'That you must teach me.'

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

8. *From Sir Thomas Farrer.*

Abinger Hall, Dorking.

Mr. Pearsall Smith has suggested to me that I should deny the allegation that, in anything I may have said on the subject of dear books, I wish to abolish copyright or to diminish the author's remuneration. What I may have said is of very little importance. But, as he thinks it may help the cause he has in hand, I have no hesitation in giving the allegation in question the most absolute denial. To the system of publishing books at many times their cost, which has grown out of our copyright laws, I have always objected and still object.

But my objection to the system is not only that it gives the public dear books, but that it prevents authors from getting the benefit of an extended market. English trade has become what it is by seeking for profit, not in a narrow market with high prices, but in a wide market with low prices. With the enormous expansion of English-speaking peoples there is an opening for the application of this principle to books such as past generations could never have dreamed of; an opening for the cheapest literature, coupled with the largest aggregate returns to the author. But English authors have failed to get the advantage of this opening, because, under our existing law of copyright, books have been published for our circulating libraries at a prohibitive price, instead of for the million at a moderate price.

It is this which has caused perpetual conflict with our colonies, and which prevents our authors from getting anything out of the fifty millions who read their books in the United States.

Our American cousins have enjoyed cheap books too long to give

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to any publisher, English or American, the unconditional power of making them as dear as he pleases. They have done so hitherto when publishing was in the hands of a ring in the Eastern cities. They will do so the more now that this ring is ceasing to control the market. Nothing is more striking in the States than the transfer of power from the east to the west, and it is an idle dream to suppose that any influence which can be exerted either by American authors or by the publishers of New York and Boston will be able to persuade the scattered millions of the west and south to forego cheap literature or to adopt an unqualified law of copyright monopoly. There is no use in arguing or preaching. What is really needed is to show the American people that, in any arrangement which may be made with them concerning copyright, they shall have books, not at the fancy price of a monopolist, but at such prices as will give fair remuneration to all persons concerned in producing them. If such au arrangement can be devised, I feel little doubt that the Americans, who are a commercial people, and as ready to pay fair prices for what they want as we are, would come into it. If the arrangement suggested by Mr. Pearsall Smith should prove to be practicable, and I see no reason why it should not, it will do more to bring about a reasonable copyright treaty with the United States, to do justice to English authors, to remove an international sore, and to place the market for literature on a reasonable footing, than all the arguments of jurists, all the preachments of moralists, and all the complaints of authors.

The writer who publishes a cheap popular book, and shows that he can make a good profit by so doing, is the greatest of benefactors to his own class, as well as to his readers. Give the public cheap books, and there is no limit to the market for English literature.

T. H. FARRER.

9. *From Mr. Walter Besant.*

Incorporated Society of Authors,
4 Portugal Street.

There are one or two points in Mr. Pearsall Smith's paper which seem to me open to objection.

He assumes that, if international copyright were conceded, the price and form of American editions would be controlled by English publishers, who, he also contends, are all for expensive books.

Now, immediately on the concession of international copyright, two things would happen.

First, the council of this society would prepare modifications in publishers' agreements for the protection of authors and the limitation of the power of their publishers.

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Next, there would instantly appear in London branch offices of the American publishing houses, which would compete with English houses, and, at least in the outset, drive them out of the field.

International copyright, it seems to me, will be fatal to the old-established jogtrot English publisher, who, without much capital and with no enterprise, makes his profit by bringing out every year a certain number of books at high prices to be bought wholly by the libraries.

Nothing seems to me more absurd than the pretence made in America that international copyright will destroy cheap books. In a *book-buying country* (not unhappily in Great Britain) the interests of authors demand cheap books. The effect will be, I take it, a slight increase of prices in our country, and a slight decrease in another. Thus, the two-shilling novel is the favourite form here; it can be bought everywhere for eighteenpence: on the concession of international copyright it will fall to a shilling. In America pirated books can now be bought for ten and twenty cents. They will in the same way rise to a quarter dollar. Of course the 'face price' of a shilling here will mean a shilling, and the ridiculous discount of twenty-five per cent., which ought never to have been introduced, will be given up. It may be urged that English publishers will retain the power of cheap editions by buying books of the authors 'right out.' As a matter of fact there are only one or two English houses which ever do buy books; and if they did, in order to insure cheap and profitable editions, the American houses would speedily outbid them.

These objections made *in limine*, I have every desire to see Mr. Pearsall Smith's scheme carried out, if that may be compassed. It was introduced by him at a meeting specially called by the Society of Authors about a year and a half ago. The scheme was new, and many objections were raised as to its practical working. In fact, it failed, on a first hearing, to command confidence. Subsequent discussion with the author of the scheme has removed many of the objections. I think it may be worked for the advantage of the author, and in a cheap edition perhaps a ten per cent. royalty is as much as can be expected. In the case of a successful work published say at 5*s.* or 6*s.* a ten per cent. royalty simply gives the publisher a clear profit of about two and a half times that which is made by the author, which, in the words of Euclid, is absurd. In any case Mr. Pearsall Smith's scheme can only be accepted as an instalment of what is just.

For myself, I confess that I despair of seeing justice done by the United States in this matter. In this country an American can protect himself. Writers like Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and others, whose books are deservedly bought here by the thousand, know this very well. Therefore, if, as Mr. Pearsall Smith says, one-tenth of the books published here are American reprints, either the authors do

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not take the trouble to protect themselves, or the publishers pay them honourably and fairly.

Lastly, I cannot agree with Mr. Pearsall Smith's concluding paragraph. When the two branches of the same race were separated politically in 1784, the republic of letters *was* severed in twain. On this side we have done our best to recognise the fact that it ought not to have been severed. On the other side every cheap novel sold in a railway car proclaims aloud that the separation was effectual, and that it enables one nation to rob and steal from the other. It helps nothing to call names. On the other hand it does no good to call things by wrong names.

Meanwhile, as there are many American readers of the *Nineteenth Century*, I beg that they will not listen to those who assure them that the question is one of publishers. It is one of authors.

WALTER BESANT.

10. *From Mr. Matthew Arnold.*

Pain's Hill, Cobham.

As to copyright . . . I have read Mr. Pearsall Smith; his plan is not favourable to the British author. I am not prepared to accept his assertion that of the difference between the cost price and the price paid by the buyer the trade gets seven-eighths and the author only one-eighth. I believe that I get from Macmillan for the American edition of my books a larger share of the profit than Mr. Pearsall Smith's plan would give me. When therefore he says 'a privilege that is obtainable,' &c., I must meet him by a strong doubt whether what he offers me *is* a privilege. If it were a privilege, however, I should still at present decline the discussion of it. 'Congress,' he says, 'will always find it difficult to resist the pressure of numberless constituents against the suppression of the cheap reprints so long in use.' It will indeed. America is governed, as Mr. Hawley says, 'by and for the average man;' and so long as this average man, in America, is what he is, he will not give to the British author copyright. As I have said somewhere or other, he has not *delicacy* enough to feel the author's claims; he feels only that he himself has 'a good thing' and had better keep it. A similar ruling power here in England would do just as the American people does. Perhaps in France and in Italy *the people* might be trusted to feel with the author and artist, but nowhere else. The standard must be higher in America generally, not here and there only, before we shall get copyright.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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11. *From Professor Huxley.*

4 Marlborough Place, N.W.

I find in Mr. Pearsall Smith's interesting paper two chief matters for consideration: the one is a statement of the moral principles by which the Transatlantic English-speaking people propose to govern themselves in dealing with the property of British authors; and the other is a plan for securing to the said British authors such a price for the use of their property as is compatible with the moral principles in question. The principles are very easily gathered from Mr. Pearsall Smith's candid exposition of them. Transatlantic readers, it appears, by no means go so far as to deny that a book is the property of its author; and they are evidently quite shocked at the notion that, when they possess themselves of a pirated edition, they may be placing themselves in the position of receivers of stolen goods. Their conscience has been stirred to its depths by the suspicion that such may be the case, and will give them no peace until they are satisfied that the man whose genius has charmed away their sorrows or opened up new vistas for their intellect has not been left to starve on mere praise. All they ask (and they seem to think the request a grace) is that they themselves shall be the assessors of the pecuniary value of their obligations. 'Our souls require moral and intellectual elevation; we are accustomed to get these elevators cheaply, and we mean to go on getting them cheaply. We shall be happy to consider any arrangement for rewarding the makers of the elevators consistently with that declaration; but they had better recollect that we are masters of the situation and that we shall appropriate our spiritual nourishment without payment, if we cannot get it at our own price.'

In England we still retain so much of the ingrained conservatism of the decaying civilisations of Europe, that, if a starving man goes into a baker's shop and carries off a sixpenny loaf, leaving only twopence in its place, the poor wretch is haled before the nearest magistrate and sent to prison for a thief. It would be no good whatever for him to plead that his bodily frame absolutely required to be elevated and kept erect by regular instalments of bread; that he had been accustomed all his life to get a big loaf for twopence; and that, in his judgment, the baker got quite enough profit out of the twopence—to prison he would go. But see the difference. The starveling is not (at any rate yet) master of the situation, and the baker (*plus* the magistrate) is. However, we are altering all these things rapidly. It has become an axiom among a large and influential class of our politicians that a want constitutes a good claim for that which you want, but which other people happen to possess. The 'earth hunger' of the many has established itself as an excellent plea for the

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spoliation of the landowning few; leaseholders are already trying the effect of 'house hunger' on house-owners; and the happy time seems approaching when the consumer, and not the producer, will fix the price of all things desirable. The course of action by which, according to Mr. Pearsall Smith, Transatlantic readers propose to deal with British authors is but another anticipation of that social millennium when the 'Have-nots,' whether they lack land, or house, or money, or capacity, or morals, will have parted among themselves all the belongings of the 'Haves'—save the two last mentioned.

The proposed plan for 'protected copyright with free-trade competition' has one merit. It recognises the right of property of an author in his work. It is a frank confession that piracy is theft. But, as a practical measure, I cannot say I feel any confidence in its working. The author is to provide stamps for each copy of his work, and anybody who chooses to publish it is to obtain the number of stamps required for his edition, on paying ten per cent. of the publishing price to the author or his representatives. It appears to me that there are serious—not to say fatal—objections to this project from the point of view both of the author and of the publisher.

From that of the author, because, unless the stamps are executed with the care and cost of a bank-note, they may be counterfeited with the most tempting eagerness. Suppose that I had the good fortune to be the author of a popular novel, and that I found that some scamp of a bookseller was issuing an edition with forged stamps at Chicago, and another playing the same game at Toronto. Unless I happened to have a few thousands of which I desired to make ducks and drakes, is it conceivable that I should be so foolish as to take action against my defrauders in the civil courts of these two cities, when, in all probability, the judge would have a copy of the pirated edition in his pocket, while bar and jury were equally well provided? How shall Angelo condemn Claudio without many qualms? Suppose I succeeded and obtained the award of five times the retail price of the cheap edition—which is the maximum fine proposed—to what extent would that recoup me for law expenses, worry, and loss of time? Legal administration is comparatively cheap and swift in Scotland; but an eminent Scotch judge once told me that if he were riding along Leith Walk and somebody preferred a claim to his horse and took it away, he should think it, on the whole, better to put up with the loss of the horse than to go to law with the spoliator. Certainly it would be better for the English author to sell all he had and give it to the poor than to undertake a copyright process in the United States or Canada in the face of the existing feeling that 'our people' have a right to 'nourish themselves and their children,' as Sir C. Trevelyan put it, on cheap books. The former process, at any rate, would not leave him in debt.

And now as to the position of the publisher under the proposed

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arrangement. My experience of publishers both in England and America has been such as to lead me to differ somewhat from the estimate which many of my brethren seem to form of them. So far as my observation has gone, they have as much claim to the possession of souls as other people; and I have not been able to convince myself that the portion of inherited depravity in the average publisher is greater than that implanted in the average author. I have frequently asked myself whether, for any possible benefit which my publishers get out of my books, I would, or could, submit to the worry, loss of time, and pecuniary risk of bringing them out on my own account; and I have had no difficulty in answering this question in the negative. But there are publishers and publishers, and there are various fashions of bringing out books.

As our Transatlantic readers admit that an author has some right of property in his work, I am a little perplexed to understand why they deny his right to appoint the agent[6] on to whose shoulders he desires to throw all the burden and risk of giving that work a practical existence; and to decide, in accordance with him, the form of their joint produce and the remuneration they may ask for it. The farmer, the miller, and the baker decide the price at which they can afford that the loaf which they have jointly produced shall be sold. In revolutionary times, starving mobs, desiring to have the sixpenny loaf for twopence, call the baker a monopolist, and proceed to hang him *à la lanterne*. The Transatlantic people, impelled, as it appears, by their spiritual cravings after the intellectual and moral elevation imparted by the works of English authors, call the publisher, who stands in the same relation to the author as the baker to the farmer, a 'monopolist.' Heaven forbid that I should suggest that my excellent friends, the Messrs. Appleton, may stand in danger now or hereafter of the *lanterne*. Not at all! The sixpenny loaf can be got not merely for twopence, but for nothing, without any such violence, by simply continuing the present practice of piracy, checked only by the underselling power of the strong houses.

Grant, however, that the appointment by the man who possesses a property of an agent to administer that property, according to such terms as they may mutually agree to, is an offensive act of monopoly on the part of the owner—what will be the practical working of the scheme which it is proposed to substitute for this old-world expression of rights of ownership?

I suppose myself an American or Canadian publisher. I hear that the celebrated English author A. B. is about to produce a work which is certain to be greatly in demand on my side of the Atlantic. As things are, if I bring out an edition of ten thousand, I, in the

[6] I see no reason for demurring to the requirement that the agent should be a native of the country in which the sale is to take place, if, as is asserted, there are strong practical grounds of objection to any other arrangement.

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first place, risk the whole prime cost of that edition on the accuracy of my judgment of the public taste. To those who have had experience of the uncertainty of such judgments this will probably seem enough. But the new scheme proposes that I shall add to this risk the deposit, with the author or his representatives, of a sum equal to a thousand times the selling price of a single copy, with the prospect of a possible lawsuit against a man who is usually not rich, an indefinite time afterwards, to get back the value of stamps for unsold copies in case I have made a mistake. And, for all this additional trouble, risk, and tying up of capital I get absolutely nothing. It is open to my rival in the next street to write for the necessary stamps and undersell me whenever he pleases. For the publisher, therefore, the state of things would remain exactly as it is now—a condition of internecine warfare, in which only those houses can afford to pay copyright who are wealthy enough to break down any one who trenches on their ground. The relation of authors to publishers in America at present is exactly that of the travelling merchants to the barons of the middle ages. Put yourself in the hands of any one of them who was strong enough, and he protected you against all the rest; otherwise you were every man's prey. I do not see how the projected scheme will alter this state of things. It is further to be considered that the new proposal leaves the author absolutely at the mercy of anybody who applies for stamps. The publisher may turn out an ill-printed, ill-corrected version (perhaps improved and amended to suit the taste of the Transatlantic people), and the author has no remedy.

In the case of illustrated works the wrong may be still more gross. I speak with some knowledge of the cost and trouble of preparing illustrated scientific books. The author may spend months or years in dissecting and preparing the requisite objects and in making or superintending the execution, in the first place, of drawings from them, and, in the second place, of the engravings made from these drawings. It rarely happens that he obtains more than the most bare and scanty remuneration for the labour thus spent, which often is as great as that of writing his book. The work being published in England, an American publisher writes for stamps for an edition, say a third or a fourth of the price per copy of the English one. It is perfectly easy for him to do so; the paper and the mere type-setting after a printed book do not come to much, and the illustrations, which have cost the producer so much trouble, can be reproduced at a fraction of the cost of the originals. If they are coarse and clumsy, with the references half wrong, what matter? The discredit is put down to the author's account.

In conclusion, I am of opinion that this proposal for 'protected copyright with free-trade competition' is false in principle, and, so far as English authors and Transatlantic publishers are concerned, would

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be futile in practice. If adopted, it will merely come to the issue of letters of marque to people who are now frankly pirates. The French valet said to the master who offered him so much a year if he would leave off the pickings and stealings, 'Monsieur, je préfère de vous voler.' I may paraphrase the candid valet's confession and declare that if I am to be robbed I prefer to be robbed openly.

If the Transatlantic reader admits, as he professes to do, that an English author has rights of property in the book which he has written, he seems to me bound further to admit that the author may at least appoint an agent in the reader's own country with the exclusive right to make and sell the book under such conditions as that agent, knowing the wants and condition of the community, may think prudent and reasonable. If my Transatlantic friend calls that proposal 'undisguised monopoly,' I call any which offers less to the author more or less disguised piracy.

T. H. HUXLEY.

12. *From Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.*

1 Paternoster Square.

You ask us to give our opinion as to the effect that the adoption of Mr. Pearsall Smith's scheme would have on the interests of English publishers.

We think that while it would be extremely beneficial to the English authors, it would have little or no effect on the publishers. It certainly would not hurt them.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co.

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SCIENCE AND THE BISHOPS.

If there is any truth in the old adage that a burnt child dreads the fire, I ought to be very loth to touch a sermon while the memory of what befell me on a recent occasion, possibly not yet forgotten by the readers of this Review, is uneffaced. But I suppose that even the distinguished censor of that unheard-of audacity to which not even the newspaper report of a sermon is sacred, can hardly regard a man of science as either indelicate or presumptuous, if he ventures to offer some comments upon three discourses, specially addressed to the great assemblage of men of science which recently gathered at Manchester, by three bishops of the State Church. On my return to England not long ago, I found a pamphlet[1] containing a version, which I presume to be authorised, of these sermons, among the huge mass of letters and papers which had accumulated during two months' absence; and I have read them not only with attentive interest, but with a feeling of satisfaction which is quite new to me as a result of hearing or reading sermons. These excellent discourses, in fact, appear to me to signalise a new departure in the course adopted by theology towards science, and to indicate the possibility of bringing about an honourable *modus vivendi* between the two. How far the three bishops speak as accredited representatives of the Church is a question to be considered by-and-by. Most assuredly, I am not authorised to represent any one but myself. But I suppose that there must be a good many people in the Church of the bishops' way of thinking; and I have reason to believe that in the ranks of science there are a good many persons who, more or less, share my views. And it is to these sensible people on both sides, as the bishops and I must needs think those who agree with us, that my present observations are addressed. They will probably be astonished to learn how insignificant, in principle, their differences are.

It is impossible to read the discourses of the three prelates without being impressed by the knowledge which they display, and

[1] *The Advance of Science.* Three sermons preached in Manchester Cathedral on Sunday, September 4, 1887, during the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, by the Bishop of Carlisle, the Bishop of Bedford, and the Bishop of Manchester.

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by the spirit of equity, I might say of generosity, towards science which pervades them. There is no trace of that tacit or open assumption that the rejection of theological dogmas, on scientific grounds, is due to moral perversity, which is the ordinary note of ecclesiastical homilies on this subject, and which makes them look so supremely silly to men whose lives have been spent in wrestling with these questions. There is no attempt to hide away real stumbling-blocks under rhetorical stucco; no resort to the *tu quoque* device of setting scientific blunders against theological errors; no suggestion that an honest man may keep contradictory beliefs in separate pockets of his brain; no question that the method of scientific investigation is valid, whatever the results to which it may lead; and that the search after truth, and truth only, ennobles the searcher and leaves no doubt that his life, at any rate, is worth living. The Bishop of Carlisle declares himself pledged to the belief that 'the advancement of science, the progress of human knowledge, is in itself a worthy aim of the greatest effort of the greatest minds.'

How often was it my fate, a quarter of a century ago, to see the whole artillery of the pulpit brought to bear upon the doctrine of evolution and its supporters! Any one unaccustomed to the amenities of ecclesiastical controversy would have thought we were too wicked to be permitted to live. But let us hear the Bishop of Bedford. After a perfectly frank statement of the doctrine of evolution and some of its obvious consequences, that learned prelate pleads, with all earnestness, against

> a hasty denunciation of what *may* be proved to have at least some elements of truth in it, a contemptuous rejection of theories which we *may* some day learn to accept as freely and with as little sense of inconsistency with God's word as we now accept the theory of the earth's motion round the sun, or the long duration of the geological epochs (p. 28).

I do not see that the most convinced evolutionist could ask any one, whether cleric or layman, to say more than this; in fact, I do not think that any one has a right to say more with respect to any question about which two opinions can be held, than that his mind is perfectly open to the force of evidence.

There is another portion of the Bishop of Bedford's sermon which I think will be warmly appreciated by all honest and clear-headed men. He repudiates the views of those who say that theology and science

> occupy wholly different spheres, and need in no way intermeddle with each other. They revolve, as it were, in different planes, and so never meet. Thus we may pursue scientific studies with the utmost freedom and, at the same time, may pay the most reverent regard to theology, having no fears of collision, because allowing no points of contact (p. 29).

Surely every unsophisticated mind will heartily concur with the Bishop's remark upon this convenient refuge for the descendants of

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Mr. Facing-both-ways. 'I have never been able to understand this position, though I have often seen it assumed.' Nor can any demurrer be sustained when the Bishop proceeds to point out that there are, and must be, various points of contact between theological and natural science, and therefore that it is foolish to ignore or deny the existence of as many dangers of collision.

Finally, the Bishop of Manchester freely admits the force of the objections which have been raised, on scientific grounds, to prayer, and attempts to turn them by arguing that the proper objects of prayer are not physical but spiritual. He tells us that natural accidents and moral misfortunes are not to be taken for moral judgments of God; he admits the propriety of the application of scientific methods to the investigation of the origin and growth of religions; and he is as ready to recognise the process of evolution there as in the physical world. Mark the following striking passage:—

> And how utterly all the common objections to Divine revelation vanish away when they are set in the light of this theory of a spiritual progression. Are we reminded that there prevailed, in those earlier days, views of the nature of God and man, of human life and Divine Providence, which we now find to be untenable? *That*, we answer, is precisely what the theory of development presupposes. If early views of religion and morality had not been imperfect, where had been the development? If symbolical visions and mythical creations had found no place in the early Oriental expression of Divine truth, where had been the development? The sufficient answer to ninety-nine out of a hundred of the ordinary objections to the Bible, as the record of a Divine education of our race, is asked in that one word —development. And to what are we indebted for that potent word, which, as with the wand of a magician, has at the same moment so completely transformed our knowledge and dispelled our difficulties? To modern science, resolutely pursuing its search for truth in spite of popular obloquy and—alas! that one should have to say it—in spite too often of theological denunciation (p. 53).

Apart from its general importance, I read this remarkable statement with the more pleasure, since, however imperfectly I may have endeavoured to illustrate the evolution of theology in a paper published in this Review last year, it seems to me that in principle, at any rate, I may hereafter claim high theological sanction for the views there set forth.

If theologians are henceforward prepared to recognise the authority of secular science in the manner and to the extent indicated in the Manchester trilogy; if the distinguished prelates who offer these terms are really plenipotentiaries, then, so far as I may presume to speak on such a matter, there will be no difficulty about concluding a perpetual treaty of peace, and indeed of alliance, between the high contracting powers, whose history has hitherto been little more than a record of continual warfare. But if the great Chancellor's maxim, 'Do ut des,' is to form the basis of negotiation, I am afraid that secular science will be ruined; for it seems to

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me that theology, under the generous impulse of a sudden conversion, has given all that she hath; and indeed, on one point, has surrendered more than can reasonably be asked.

I suppose I must be prepared to face the reproach which attaches to those who criticise a gift, if I venture to observe that I do not think that the Bishop of Manchester need have been so much alarmed as he evidently has been, by the objections which have often been raised to prayer, on the ground that a belief in the efficacy of prayer is inconsistent with a belief in the constancy of the order of nature.

The Bishop appears to admit that there is an antagonism between the 'regular economy of nature' and the 'regular economy of prayer' (p. 39), and that 'prayers for the interruption of God's natural order' are of 'doubtful validity' (p. 42). It appears to me that the Bishop's difficulty simply adds another example to those which I have several times insisted upon in the pages of this Review and elsewhere, of the mischief which has been done, and is being done, by a mistaken apprehension of the real meaning of 'natural order' and 'law of nature.'

May I, therefore, be permitted to repeat, once more, that the statements denoted by these terms have no greater value or cogency than such as may attach to generalisations from experience of the past, and to expectations for the future based upon that experience? Nobody can presume to say what the order of nature must be; all that the widest experience (even if it extended over all past time and through all space) that events had happened in a certain way could justify, would be a proportionally strong expectation that events will go on so happening, and the demand for a proportional strength of evidence in favour of any assertion that they had happened otherwise.

It is this weighty consideration, the truth of which every one who is capable of logical thought must surely admit, which knocks the bottom out of all *à priori* objections either to ordinary 'miracles' or to the efficacy of prayer, in so far as the latter implies the miraculous intervention of a higher power. No one is entitled to say *à priori* that any given so-called miraculous event is impossible; and no one is entitled to say *à priori* that prayer for some change in the ordinary course of nature cannot possibly avail.

The supposition that there is any inconsistency between the acceptance of the constancy of natural order and a belief in the efficacy of prayer, is the more unaccountable as it is obviously contradicted by analogies furnished by everyday experience. The belief in the efficacy of prayer depends upon the assumption that there is somebody, somewhere, who is strong enough to deal with the earth and its contents as men deal with the things and events which they are strong enough to modify or control; and who is capable of being moved by appeals such as men make to one another. This belief does

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not even involve theism; for our earth is an insignificant particle of the solar system, while the solar system is hardly worth speaking of in relation to the All; and, for anything that can be proved to the contrary, there may be beings endowed with full powers over our system, yet, practically, as insignificant as ourselves in relation to the universe. If any one pleases, therefore, to give unrestrained liberty to his fancy, he may plead analogy in favour of the dream that there may be, somewhere, a finite being, or beings, who can play with the solar system as a child plays with a toy; and that such being may be willing to do anything which he is properly supplicated to do. For we are not justified in saying that it is impossible for beings having the nature of men, only vastly more powerful, to exist; and if they do exist, they may act as and when we ask them to do so, just as our brother men act. As a matter of fact, the great mass of the human race has believed, and still believes, in such beings, under the various names of fairies, gnomes, angels, and demons. Certainly I do not lack faith in the constancy of natural order. But I am not less convinced that if I were to ask the Bishop of Manchester to do me a kindness which lay within his power, he would do it. And I am unable to see that his action on my request involves any violation of the order of nature. On the contrary, as I have not the honour to know the Bishop personally, my action would be based upon my faith in that 'law of nature,' or generalisation from experience, which tells me that, as a rule, men who occupy the Bishop's position are kindly and courteous. How is the case altered if my request is preferred to some imaginary superior being, or to the Most High Being, who, by the supposition, is able to arrest disease, or make the sun stand still in the heavens, just as easily as I can stop my watch, or make it indicate any hour that pleases me?

I repeat that it is not upon any *à priori* considerations that objections, either to the supposed efficacy of prayer in modifying the course of events, or to the supposed occurrence of miracles, can be scientifically based. The real objection, and, to my mind, the fatal objection, to both these suppositions, is the inadequacy of the evidence to prove any given case of such occurrences which has been adduced. It is a canon of common sense, to say nothing of science, that the more improbable a supposed occurrence, the more cogent ought to be the evidence in its favour. I have looked somewhat carefully into the subject, and I am unable to find in the records of any miraculous event evidence which even approximates to the fulfilment of this requirement.

But, in the case of prayer, the Bishop points out a most just and necessary distinction between its effect on the course of nature outside ourselves and its effect within the region of the supplicator's mind.

It is a 'law of nature,' verifiable by everyday experience, that our already formed convictions, our strong desires, our intent occupa-

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tion with particular ideas, modify our mental operations to a most marvellous extent, and produce enduring changes in the direction and in the intensity of our intellectual and moral activities.

Men can intoxicate themselves with ideas as effectually as with alcohol or with bang, and produce, by dint of intense thinking, mental conditions hardly distinguishable from monomania. Demoniac possession is mythical; but the faculty of being possessed, more or less completely, by an idea is probably the fundamental condition of what is called genius, whether it show itself in the saint, the artist, or the man of science. One calls it faith, another calls it inspiration, a third calls it insight; but the 'intending of the mind,' to borrow Newton's well-known phrase, the concentration of all the rays of intellectual energy on some one point, until it glows and colours the whole cast of thought with its peculiar light, is common to all.

I take it that the Bishop of Manchester has psychological science with him when he insists upon the subjective efficacy of prayer in faith, and on the seemingly miraculous effects which such intending of the mind upon religious and moral ideals may have upon character and happiness. Scientific faith, at present, takes it no further than the prayer which Ajax offered; but that petition is continually granted.

Whatever points of detail may yet remain open for discussion, however, I repeat the opinion I have already expressed that the Manchester sermons concede all that science has an indisputable right, or any pressing need, to ask, and that not grudgingly but generously; and, if the three bishops of 1887 carry the Church with them, I think they will have as good title to the permanent gratitude of posterity as the famous seven who went to the Tower in defence of the Church two hundred years ago.

Will their brethren follow their just and prudent guidance? I have no such acquaintance with the currents of ecclesiastical opinion as would justify me in even hazarding a guess on such a difficult topic. But some recent omens are hardly favourable. There seems to be an impression abroad—I do not desire to give any countenance to it—that I am fond of reading sermons. From time to time, unknown correspondents—some apparently animated by the charitable desire to promote my conversion, and others unmistakably anxious to spur me to the expression of wrathful antagonism—favour me with reports or copies of such productions.

I found one of the latter category among the accumulated arrears to which I have already referred.

It is a full, and apparently accurate, report of a discourse by a person of no less ecclesiastical rank than the three authors of the sermons I have hitherto been considering; but who he is, and where or when the sermon was preached, are secrets which wild horses shall not tear from me, lest I fall again under high censure for

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attacking a clergyman. Only if the editor of this Review thinks it his duty to have independent evidence that the sermon has a real existence, will I, in the strictest confidence, communicate it to him.

The preacher, in this case, is of a very different mind from the three bishops—and this mind is different in quality, different in spirit, and different in contents. He discourses on the *à priori* objections to miracles, apparently without being aware, in spite of all the discussions of the last seven or eight years, that he is doing battle with a shadow.

I trust I do not misrepresent the Bishop of Manchester in saying that the essence of his remarkable discourse is the insistence upon the 'supreme importance of the purely spiritual in our faith,' and of the relative, if not absolute, insignificance of aught else. He obviously perceives the bearing of his arguments against the alterability of the course of outward nature by prayer, on the question of miracles in general; for he is careful to say that 'the possibility of miracles, of a rare and unusual transcendence of the world order, is not here in question' (p. 38). It may be permitted me to suppose, however, that, if miracles were in question, the speaker who warns us 'that we must look for the heart of the absolute religion in that part of it which prescribes our moral and religious relations' (p. 46) would not be disposed to advise those who had found the heart of Christianity to take much thought about its miraculous integument.

My anonymous sermon will have nothing to do with such notions as these, and its preacher is not too polite, to say nothing of charitable, towards those who entertain them.

> Scientific men, therefore, are perfectly right in asserting that Christianity rests on miracles. If miracles never happened, Christianity, in any sense which is not a mockery, which does not make the term of none effect, has no reality. I dwell on this because there is now an effort making to get up a non-miraculous, invertebrate Christianity, which may escape the ban of science. And I would warn you very distinctly against this new contrivance. Christianity is essentially miraculous, and falls to the ground if miracles be impossible.

Well, warning for warning. I venture to warn this preacher and those who, with him, persist in identifying Christianity with the miraculous, that such forms of Christianity are not only doomed to fall to the ground, but that, within the last half-century, they have been driving that way with continually accelerated velocity.

The so-called religious world is given to a strange delusion. It fondly imagines that it possesses the monopoly of serious and constant reflection upon the terrible problems of existence; and that those who cannot accept its shibboleths are either mere Gallios, caring for none of these things, or libertines desiring to escape from the restraints of morality. It does not appear to have entered the imaginations of these people that outside their pale, and firmly resolved never to enter

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it, there are thousands of men, certainly not their inferiors in character, capacity, or knowledge of the questions at issue, who estimate those purely spiritual elements of the Christian faith of which the Bishop of Manchester speaks as highly as the Bishop does, but who will have nothing to do with the Christian Churches, because in their apprehension, and for them, the profession of belief in the miraculous, on the evidence offered, would be simply immoral.

So far as my experience goes, men of science are neither better nor worse than the rest of the world. Occupation with the endlessly great parts of the universe does not necessarily involve greatness of character, nor does microscopic study of the infinitely little always produce humility. We have our full share of original sin; need, greed, and vainglory beset us as they do other mortals; and our progress is, for the most part, like that of a tacking ship, the resultant of opposite divergencies from the straight path. But, for all that, there is one moral benefit which the pursuit of science unquestionably bestows. It keeps the estimate of the value of evidence up to the proper mark; and we are constantly receiving lessons, and sometimes very sharp ones, on the nature of proof. Men of science will always act up to their standard of veracity, when mankind in general leave off sinning; but that standard appears to me to be higher among them than in any other class of the community.

I do not know any body of scientific men who could be got to listen without the strongest expressions of disgusted repudiation to the exposition of a pretended scientific discovery, which had no better evidence to show for itself than the story of the devils entering a herd of swine, or of the fig-tree that was blasted for bearing no figs when 'it was not the season of figs.' Whether such events are possible or impossible, no man can say; but scientific ethics can and does declare that the profession of belief in them, on the evidence of documents of unknown date and of unknown authorship, is immoral. Theological apologists who insist that morality will vanish if their dogmas are exploded, would do well to consider the fact that, in the matter of intellectual veracity, science is already a long way ahead of the Churches; and that, in this particular, it is exerting an educational influence on mankind of which the Churches have shown themselves utterly incapable.

Undoubtedly that varying compound of some of the best and some of the worst elements of Paganism and Judaism, moulded in practice by the innate character of certain people of the Western world, which, since the second century, has assumed to itself the title of orthodox Christianity, 'rests on miracles,' and falls to the ground, not 'if miracles be impossible,' but if those to which it is committed prove themselves unable to fulfil the conditions of honest belief.

That this Christianity is doomed to fall is, to [redacted] mind, beyond a doubt; but its fall will be neither sudden nor speedy. The Church,

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with all the aid lent it by the secular arm, took many centuries to extirpate the open practice of pagan idolatry within its own fold; and those who have travelled in southern Europe will be aware that it has not extirpated the essence of such idolatry even yet. *Mutato nomine*, it is probable that there is as much sheer fetichism among the Roman populace now as there was eighteen hundred years ago; and if Marcus Antoninus could descend from his horse and ascend the steps of the Ara Cœli church about Twelfth Day, the only thing that need strike him would be the extremely contemptible character of the modern idols as works of art.

Science will certainly neither ask for, nor receive, the aid of the secular arm. It will trust to the much better and more powerful help of that education in scientific truth and in the morals of assent which is rendered as indispensable as it is inevitable by the permeation of practical life with the products and ideas of science. But no one who considers the present state of even the most developed countries can doubt that the scientific light that has come into the world will for a long time have to shine in the midst of darkness. The urban populations, driven into contact with science by trade and manufacture, will more and more receive it, while the *pagani* will lag behind. Let us hope that no Julian may arise among them to head a forlorn hope against the inevitable. Whatever happens, science may bide her time in patience and in confidence.

But to return to my 'Anonymous.' I am afraid that if he represents any great party in the Church, the spirit of justice and reasonableness which animates the three bishops has as slender chance of being imitated, on a large scale, as their common sense and their courtesy. For, not contented with misrepresenting science on its speculative side, 'Anonymous' attacks its morality.

> For two whole years investigations and conclusions which would upset the theories of Darwin on the formation of coral islands were actually suppressed, and that by the advice even of those who accepted them, *for fear of upsetting the faith and disturbing the judgment formed by the multitude on the scientific character—the infallibility—of the great master!*

So far as I know anything about the matters which are here referred to, the part of this passage which I have italicised is absolutely untrue. I believe that I am intimately acquainted with all Mr. Darwin's immediate scientific friends; and I say that no one of them, nor any other man of science known to me, ever could, or would, have given such advice to any one—if for no other reason than that, with the example of the most candid and patient listener to objections that ever lived, fresh in their memories, they could not so grossly have at once violated their highest duty and dishonoured their friend.

The charge thus brought by 'Anonymous' affects the honour and the probity of men of science; if it is true, we have forfeited all

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claim to the confidence of the general public. In my belief it is utterly false, and its real effect will be to discredit those who are responsible for it. As is the way with slanders, it has grown by repetition. 'Anonymous' is responsible for the peculiarly offensive form which it has taken in his hands; but he is not responsible for originating it. He has evidently been inspired by an article entitled 'A Great Lesson' published in the September number of this Review. Truly it is 'a great lesson,' but not quite in the sense intended by the giver thereof.

In the course of his doubtless well-meant admonitions, the Duke of Argyll commits himself to a greater number of statements which are demonstrably incorrect, and which any one who ventured to write upon the subject ought to have known to be incorrect, than I have ever seen gathered together in so small a space.

I submit a gathering from the rich store for the appreciation of the public.

First:—

> Mr. Murray's new explanation of the structure of coral reefs and islands was communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1880, and supported with such a weight of facts and such a close texture of reasoning, that no serious reply has ever been attempted (p. 305).

'No serious reply has ever been attempted'! I suppose that the Duke of Argyll may have heard of Professor Dana, whose years of labour devoted to corals and coral-reefs when he was naturalist of the American expedition under Commodore Wilkes, more than forty years ago, have ever since caused him to be recognised as an authority of the first rank on such subjects. Now does his Grace know, or does he not know, that, in the year 1885, Professor Dana published an elaborate paper 'On the Origin of Coral Reefs and Islands,' in which, after referring to a presidential address by the Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland delivered in 1883, in which special attention is directed to Mr. Murray's views, Professor Dana says:—

> The existing state of doubt on the question has led the writer to reconsider the earlier and later facts, and in the following pages he gives his results.

Professor Dana then devotes many pages of his very 'serious reply' to a most admirable and weighty criticism of the objections which have at various times been raised to Mr. Darwin's doctrine, by Professor Semper, by Dr. Rein, and finally by Mr. Murray, and he states his final judgment as follows:—

> With the theory of abrasion and solution incompetent, all the hypotheses of objectors to Darwin's theory are alike weak; for all have made these processes their chief reliance, whether appealing to a calcareous, or a volcanic, or a mountain-peak basement for the structure. The subsidence which the Darwinian theory requires has not been opposed by the mention of any fact at variance with it, nor by setting aside Darwin's arguments in its favour; and it has found new support in the

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facts from the 'Challenger's' soundings off Tahiti, that had been put in array against it, and strong corroboration in the facts from the West Indies.

Darwin's theory, therefore, remains as the theory that accounts for the origin of reefs and islands.[2]

Be it understood that I express no opinion on the controverted points. I doubt if there are ten living men who, having a practical knowledge of what a coral-reef is, have endeavoured to master the very difficult biological and geological problems involved in their study. I happen to have spent the best part of three years among coral-reefs and to have made that attempt; and, when Mr. Murray's work appeared, I said to myself that until I had two or three months to give to the renewed study of the subject in all its bearings, I must be content to remain in a condition of suspended judgment. In the meanwhile, the man who would be voted by common acclamation as the most competent person now living to act as umpire, has delivered the verdict I have quoted; and, to go no further, has fully justified the hesitation I and others may have felt about expressing an opinion. Under these circumstances, it seems to me to require a good deal of courage to say 'no serious reply has ever been attempted;' and to chide the men of science, in lofty tones, for their 'reluctance to admit an error' which is not admitted; and for their 'slow and sulky acquiescence' in a conclusion which they have the gravest warranty for suspecting!

Second:—

Darwin himself had lived to hear of the new solution, and, with that splendid candour which was eminent in him, his mind, though now grown old in his own early convictions, was at least ready to entertain it, and to confess that serious doubts had been awakened as to the truth of his famous theory (p. 305).

I wish that Darwin's splendid candour could be conveyed by some description of spiritual 'microbe' to those who write about him. I am not aware that Mr. Darwin ever entertained 'serious doubts as to the truth of his famous theory;' and there is tolerably good evidence to the contrary. The second edition of his work, published in 1876, proves that he entertained no such doubts then; a letter to Professor Semper, whose objections, in some respects, forestalled those of Mr. Murray, dated Oct. 2, 1879, expresses his continued adherence to the opinion 'that the atolls and barrier reefs in the middle of the Pacific and Indian Oceans indicate subsidence;' and the letter of my friend Professor Judd, printed at the end of this article (which I had perhaps better say Professor Judd has not seen) will prove that this opinion remained unaltered to the end of his life.

Third:—

. . . Darwin's theory is a dream. It is not only unsound, but it is in many respects the reverse of truth. With all his conscientiousness, with all his caution,

[2] *American Journal of Science*, 1885, p. 190.

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with all his powers of observation, Darwin in this matter fell into errors as profound as the abysses of the Pacific (p. 301).

Really? It seems to me that, under the circumstances, it is pretty clear that these lines exhibit a lack of the qualities justly ascribed to Mr. Darwin, which plunges their author into a much deeper abyss, and one from which there is no hope of emergence.

Fourth:—

All the acclamations with which it was received were as the shouts of an ignorant mob (p. 301).

But surely it should be added that the Coryphæus of this ignorant mob, the fugleman of the shouts, was one of the most accomplished naturalists and geologists now living—the American Dana—who, after years of independent study extending over numerous reefs in the Pacific, gave his hearty assent tc Darwin's views, and, after all that had been said, deliberately reaffirmed that assent in the year 1885.

Fifth:—

The overthrow of Darwin's speculation is only beginning to be known. It has been whispered for some time. The cherished dogma has been dropping very slowly out of sight (p. 301).

Darwin's speculation may be right or wrong, but I submit that that which has not happened cannot even begin to be known, except by those who have miraculous gifts to which we poor scientific people do not aspire. The overthrow of Darwin's views may have been whispered by those who hoped for it; and they were perhaps wise in not raising their voices above a whisper. Incorrect statements, if made too loudly, are apt to bring about unpleasant consequences.

Sixth. Mr. Murray's views, published in 1880, are said to have met with 'slow and sulky acquiescence' (p. 305). I have proved that they cannot be said to have met with general acquiescence of any sort, whether quick and cheerful, or slow and sulky; and if this assertion is meant to convey the impression that Mr. Murray's views have been ignored, that there has been a conspiracy of silence against them, it is utterly contrary to notorious fact.

Professor Geikie's well-known *Textbook of Geology* was published in 1882, and at pages 457–9 of that work there is a careful exposition of Mr. Murray's views. Moreover, Professor Geikie has specially advocated them on other occasions,[3] notably in a long article on 'The Origin of Coral Reefs,' published in two numbers of *Nature* for 1883, and in a presidential address delivered in the same year. If, in so short a time after the publication of his views, Mr. Murray could

[3] Professor Geikie, however, though a strong, is a fair and candid advocate. He says of Darwin's theory, 'That it may be possibly true, in some instances, may be readily granted.' For Professor Geikie, then, it is not yet overthrown—still less a dream.

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boast of a convert so distinguished and influential as the Director of the Geological Survey, it seems to me that this wonderful *conspiration de silence* (which has about as much real existence as the Duke of Argyll's other bogie, 'the Reign of Terror') must have *ipso facto* collapsed. I wish that, when I was a young man, my endeavours to upset some prevalent errors had met with as speedy and effectual backing.

Seventh:—

> . . . Mr. John Murray was strongly advised against the publication of his views in derogation of Darwin's long-accepted theory of the coral islands, and was actually induced to delay it for two years. Yet the late Sir Wyville Thomson, who was at the head of the naturalists of the 'Challenger' expedition, was himself convinced by Mr. Murray's reasoning (p. 307).

Clearly, then, it could not be Mr. Murray's official chief who gave him this advice. Who was it? And what was the exact nature of the advice given? Until we have some precise information on this head, I shall take leave to doubt whether this statement is more accurate than those which I have previously cited.

Whether such advice was wise or foolish, just or immoral, depends entirely on the motive of the person who gave it. If he meant to suggest to Mr. Murray that it might be wise for a young and comparatively unknown man to walk warily, when he proposed to attack a generalisation based on many years' labour of one undoubtedly competent person, and fortified by the independent results of the many years' labour of another undoubtedly competent person, and even, if necessary, to take two whole years in fortifying his position, I think that such advice would have been sagacious and kind. I suppose that there are few working men of science who have not kept their ideas to themselves, while gathering and sifting evidence, for a much longer period than two years.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Murray was advised to delay the publication of his criticisms, simply to save Mr. Darwin's credit and to preserve some reputation for infallibility, which no one ever heard of, then I have no hesitation in declaring that his adviser was profoundly dishonest, as well as extremely foolish, and that, if he is a man of science, he has disgraced his calling.

But, after all, this supposed scientific Achitophel has not yet made good the primary fact of his existence. Until the needful proof is forthcoming, I think I am justified in suspending my judgment as to whether he is much more than an anti-scientific myth. I leave it to the Duke of Argyll to judge of the extent of the obligation under which, for his own sake, he may lie to produce the evidence on which his aspersions of the honour of scientific men are based. I cannot pretend that we are seriously disturbed by charges which every one who is acquainted with the truth of the matter knows to be ridiculous; but mud has a habit of staining if it lies too long, and it is as well to have it brushed off as soon as may be.

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So much for the 'Great Lesson.' It is followed by a 'Little Lesson' apparently directed against my infallibility—a doctrine about which I should be inclined to paraphrase Wilkes's remark to George the Third when he declared that he, at any rate, was not a Wilkite. But I really should be glad to think that there are people who need the warning, because then it will be obvious that this raking up of an old story cannot have been suggested by a mere fanatical desire to damage men of science. I can but rejoice, then, that these misguided enthusiasts, whose faith in me has so far exceeded the bounds of reason, should be set right. But that 'want of finish' in the matter of accuracy which so terribly mars the effect of the Great Lesson, is no less conspicuous in the case of the Little Lesson, and, instead of setting my too fervent disciples right, it will set them wrong.

The Duke of Argyll, in telling the story of *Bathybius*, says that my mind was 'caught by this new and grand generalisation of the physical basis of life.' I never have been guilty of a reclamation about anything to my credit, and I do not mean to be; but if there is any blame going, I do not choose to be relegated to a subordinate place when I have a claim to the first. The responsibility for the first description and the naming of *Bathybius* is mine and mine only. The paper on 'Some Organisms living at great depths in the Atlantic Ocean,' in which I drew attention to this substance, is to be found by the curious in the eighth volume of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, and was published in the year 1868. Whatever errors are contained in that paper are my own peculiar property; but neither at the meeting of the British Association in 1868, nor anywhere else, have I gone beyond what is there stated; except in so far that, at a long subsequent meeting of the Association, being importuned about the subject, I ventured to express, somewhat emphatically, the wish that the thing was at the bottom of the sea.

What is meant by my being caught by a generalisation about the physical basis of life I do not know; still less can I understand the assertion that *Bathybius* was accepted because of its supposed harmony with Darwin's speculations. That which interested me in the matter was the apparent analogy of *Bathybius* with other well-known forms of lower life, such as the plasmodia of the Myxomycetes and the Rhizopods. Speculative hopes or fears had nothing to do with the matter; and if *Bathybius* were brought up alive from the bottom of the Atlantic to-morrow, the fact would not have the slightest bearing, that I can discern, upon Mr. Darwin's speculations, or upon any of the disputed problems of biology. It would merely be one elementary organism the more added to the thousands already known.

Up to this moment I was not aware of the universal favour with

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which *Bathybius* was received.[4] Those simulators of an 'ignorant mob' who, according to the Duke of Argyll, welcomed Darwin's theory of coral-reefs, made no demonstration in my favour, unless his Grace includes Sir Wyville Thomson, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Bessels, and Professor Haeckel under that head. On the contrary, a sagacious friend of mine, than whom there was no more competent judge, the late Mr. George Busk, was not to be converted; while, long before the 'Challenger' work, Ehrenberg wrote to me very sceptically, and I fully expected that that eminent man would favour me with pretty sharp criticism. Unfortunately he died shortly afterwards, and nothing from him, that I know of, appeared. When Sir Wyville Thomson wrote to me a brief account of the results obtained on board the 'Challenger,' I sent his statement to *Nature*, in which journal it appeared the following week, without any further note or comment than was needful to explain the circumstances. In thus allowing judgment to go by default, I am afraid I showed a reckless and ungracious disregard for the feelings of the believers in my infallibility. No doubt I ought to have hedged and fenced and attenuated the effect of Sir Wyville Thomson's brief note in every possible way. Or perhaps I ought to have suppressed the note altogether, on the ground that it was a mere *ex parte* statement. My excuse is that, notwithstanding a large and abiding faith in human folly, I did not know then, any more than I know now, that there was anybody foolish enough to be unaware that the only people, scientific or other, who never make mistakes are those who do nothing; or that anybody, for whose opinion I cared, would not rather see me commit ten blunders than try to hide one.

Pending the production of further evidence, I hold that the existence of people who believe in the infallibility of men of science is as purely mythical as that of the evil counsellor who advised the withholding of the truth lest it should conflict with that belief.

I venture to think, then, that the Duke of Argyll might have spared his 'Little Lesson' as well as his 'Great Lesson' with advantage. The paternal authority who whips the child for sins he has not committed does not strengthen his moral influence—rather excites contempt and repugnance. And if, as would seem from this and former monitory allocutions which have been addressed to us, the Duke aspires to the position of censor, or spiritual director, in relation to the men who are doing the work of physical science, he really must get up his facts better. There will be an end to all chance of our kissing the rod if his Grace goes wrong a third time. He must not

[4] I find, moreover, that I specially warned my readers against hasty judgment. After stating the facts of observation, I add, 'I have, hitherto, said nothing about their meaning, as, in an inquiry so difficult and fraught with interest as this, it seems to me to be in the highest degree important to keep the questions of fact and the questions of interpretation well apart' (p. 210).

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say again that 'no serious reply has been attempted' to a view which was discussed and repudiated two years before by one of the highest extant authorities on the subject; he must not say that Darwin accepted that which it can be proved he did not accept; he must not say that a doctrine has dropped into the abyss when it is quite obviously alive and kicking at the surface; he must not assimilate a man like Professor Dana to the components of an 'ignorant mob;' he must not say that things are beginning to be known which are not known at all; he must not say that 'slow and sulky acquiescence' has been given to that which cannot yet boast of general acquiescence of any kind; he must not suggest that a view which has been publicly advocated by the Director of the Geological Survey and no less publicly discussed by many other authoritative writers has been intentionally and systematically ignored; he must not ascribe ill motives for a course of action which is the only proper one; and finally, if any one but myself were interested, I should say that he had better not waste his time in raking up the errors of those whose lives have been occupied not in talking about science, but in toiling, sometimes with success and sometimes with failure, to get some real work done.

The most considerable difference I note among men is not in their readiness to fall into error, but in their readiness to acknowledge these inevitable lapses. The Duke of Argyll has now a splendid opportunity for proving to the world in which of these categories it is hereafter to rank him.

T. H. HUXLEY.

Dear Professor Huxley,—A short time before Mr. Darwin's death I had a conversation with him concerning the observations which had been made by Mr. Murray upon coral-reefs, and the speculations which had been founded upon those observations. I found that Mr. Darwin had very carefully considered the whole subject, and that while, on the one hand, he did not regard the actual facts recorded by Mr. Murray as absolutely inconsistent with his own theory of subsidence, on the other hand, he did not believe that they necessitated or supported the hypothesis advanced by Mr. Murray. Mr. Darwin's attitude, as I understood it, towards Mr. Murray's objections to the theory of subsidence was exactly similar to that maintained by him with respect to Professor Semper's criticism, which was of a very similar character; and his position with regard to the whole question was almost identical with that subsequently so clearly defined by Professor Dana in his well-known articles published in the *American Journal of Science* for 1885.

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It is difficult to imagine how any one, acquainted with the scientific literature of the last seven years, could possibly suggest that Mr. Murray's memoir published in 1880 had failed to secure a due amount of attention. Mr. Murray, by his position in the 'Challenger' office, occupied an exceptionally favourable position for making his views widely known; and he had moreover the singular good fortune to secure from the first the advocacy of so able and brilliant a writer as Professor Archibald Geikie, who in a special discourse and in several treatises on geology and physical geology very strongly supported the new theory. It would be an endless task to attempt to give references to the various scientific journals which have discussed the subject, but I may add that every treatise on geology which has been published, since Mr. Murray's views were made known, has dealt with his observations at considerable length. This is true of Professor A. H. Green's *Physical Geology* published in 1882; of Professor Prestwich's *Geology, Chemical and Physical*; and of Professor James Geikie's *Outlines of Geology*, published in 1886. Similar prominence is given to the subject in De Lapparent's *Traité de Géologie*, published in 1885, and in Credner's *Elemente der Geologie* which has appeared during the present year. If this be a 'conspiracy of silence,' where, alas! can the geological speculator seek for fame?

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. JUDD.

Oct. 10, 1887.

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CAN ENGLISH LITERATURE BE TAUGHT?

The thing is not to let the schools and Universities go on in a drowsy and impotent routine; the thing is to raise the culture of the nation ever higher and higher by their means.—WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, *quoted by Matthew Arnold.*

AMONG all the anomalies in which the history of education abounds it would be difficult to find one more extraordinary than our present system of teaching, and legislating for the teaching, of English literature. The importance of that subject, both from a positive point of view as a branch of knowledge and from an educational point of view as an instrument of culture, is so fully recognised that its study is everywhere encouraged. It forms a portion of the curriculum at Cambridge. It is about to form a portion of the curriculum at Oxford. It holds a foremost place in our leading Civil Service examinations, and it is among the subjects prescribed for the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. In the Extension Lectures it fills a wider space than either science or history. There is probably no school in England, whether public or private, in which it is not taught. The number of books and booklets, manuals, primers, sketches, charts, annotated editions, and the like designed to facilitate its study exceeds calculation. To all appearance, indeed, there is no branch of education in a more flourishing condition or more full of promise for the future. But, unhappily, this is very far from being the case. In spite of its great vogue, and in spite of the time and energy lavished in teaching it, no fact is more certain than that from an educational point of view it is, and from the very first has been, an utter failure. Teachers perceive with perplexity that it attains none of the ends which a subject in itself so full of attraction and interest might be expected to attain. It fails, they complain, to fertilise; it fails to inform; it fails even to awaken curiosity. For a dozen youths who derive real benefit from the instruction they get in preparing for an examination in history there are not two who derive the smallest benefit from the instruction they get in preparing for an examination in literature. In the first case the chances are that a lad of ordinary intelligence will not only have learned what he has learned with

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relish and pleasure, will not only therefore retain and assimilate much of what he has been taught, but will have had implanted in him a genuine and perhaps permanent interest in history generally. In the second case he will be a singular exception to the rule if, six months after he has poured out in 'Shakespeare papers,' in 'Bacon papers,' in 'general literature papers' the substance of his lectures, he either retains or cares to retain a tithe of what he has been at so much pains to acquire. No one who has had experience in examining can have failed to be struck by the difference between the answers sent in to questions on English literature and the answers sent in to questions on other subjects. In a paper on literature the questions designed to test intelligence and judgment will as a rule be carefully avoided, or if attempted prove only too conclusively the absence of both; but questions involving no more than can be attained by the unreflective exercise of memory will be answered with a fluency and fulness which is often perfectly miraculous.

The consequence of all this is that those whose estimate of the educational value of a subject is not determined by the facility it affords for making marks in competitive examinations are beginning to regard 'English literature' with increasing disfavour. In the examination for the Civil Service of India it has been degraded to a secondary place. From the Army examination it has, by a recent order, been entirely eliminated. The Council of the Holloway College have decided to recognise it only in connection with Philology. More than one eminent authority has pronounced that it cannot be taught, that its introduction into our scholastic curricula was an experiment, and an experiment that has failed. It is no doubt natural to judge of the educational value of any given subject of teaching by the results of that teaching. And yet we may often be very grievously mistaken. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the case of the classics. A wretched system of word-mongering and pedantry bears its natural fruits. Two noble literatures eminently calculated to attain all the ends of a liberal education, and such as would in the hands of competent teachers be certain to attract and interest the young, are rendered repulsive and unintelligible. A cry arises that the classics are a failure. 'Demosthenes,' says a plain man, 'may be the prince of orators, and Homer the prince of poets; but when I find that my boy, after hammering at them for twelve years, knows nothing and cares nothing about either the prince of orators or the prince of poets, I have not much faith in the classics.' Again. A lad leaves school, becomes a writer or public speaker, finds himself reading the literatures of modern Europe with ease and pleasure, re-opens Homer or Catullus, discovers that he is unable to make out five lines, closes the volume with a sigh, and goes forth to swell the cry against 'the classics.' A ludicrous coalition—composed partly of malcontents like

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these, partly of noisy Philistines who never read a line of a Greek or Roman author in their lives, but who 'argue the question on *a priori* grounds;' partly of perplexed schoolmasters, and partly of recalcitrant drudges conscious of the futility of their labours and ready to support anyone who confirms them in their impression—is formed. Each in his own way passes judgment on 'the classics.' Each in his own way is furnished with unanswerable arguments against their employment as a means of education. It never seems to occur to these persons to inquire whether the fault lies in the classics or in those who teach them; whether it is the tools which are in fault or the workmen. The absurdity of concluding that because a particular watch cannot be made to keep time accurately it is neither possible nor desirable for time to be kept accurately, is not greater than the absurdity of concluding that because the present method of teaching the classics has failed we should do well to cease to teach them at all. The truth is that there is all the difference in the world between what is implied by 'classics' and what is implied by the classics, and the mistake of the anti-classicists lies in their failing to perceive the distinction. By the first is connoted partly a system and partly the machinery of that system. Virgil as one of the classics and Virgil in his relation to 'classics'—in other words, Virgil as he affords material for teaching and Virgil as he is actually taught—bears indeed the same name and is therefore very naturally confounded. But no greater mistake could be made. If by urging the uselessness of the *Georgics* and *Æneid* as text-books for teaching we mean the *Georgics* and *Æneid* of Forbiger and Henry, we readily admit that popular education would gain by the ostracism of Virgil; but Forbiger and Henry are not Virgil. If a radical reform in our methods of classical teaching were instituted, and experiment recorded failure, it would be time to show cause why Sophocles should not be superseded by Goethe and Horace by Béranger; but the experiment has not been tried.

Now all this is exactly repeating itself in the condition and prospects of our own literature. Since its recognition as a subject of teaching it has been taught wherever it has been seriously taught on the same principle as the classics. It has been regarded not as the expression of art and genius, but as mere material for the study of words, as mere pabulum for philology. All that constitutes its intrinsic value has been ignored. All that constitutes its value as a liberal study has been ignored. Its masterpieces have been resolved into exercises in grammar, syntax, and etymology. Its history has been resolved into a barren catalogue of names, works, and dates. No faculty but the faculty of memory has been called into play in studying it. That it should therefore have failed as an instrument of education is no more than might have been expected. But it has

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failed for the same reason that 'classics' have failed. It has failed not because it affords no material for profitable teaching, but because we pervert it into material for unprofitable teaching. Nor is this all. Thucydides has remarked that a state fares better under indifferent laws efficiently administered than under excellent laws administered inefficiently. Whatever exception may be taken to our classical system, it has the advantage of being organised. The utmost that its legislation can accomplish is attained. It has its standards and its tests, and both are uniform. It never oscillates between conflicting theories. What is taught in one place is not contradicted in another. But in our English system all is anarchy. A teacher who should entertain the soundest and most enlightened views of the ends at which literary teachers should aim would have no security that his work would not be tested and his pupils plucked by a man against whose views his whole work had been a tacit protest. If in a school or institute instruction in English literature be required an application for such instruction is made—and the rest is fortune. It may come in the form of excellent lectures the theory and method of which proceed on the principle that English literature began in the valleys of the Punjab and ended at the birth of Chaucer, or it may come in the form of excellent lectures in which all that preceded Spenser and Shakespeare is contemptuously ignored. It may consist of bald compilations from current handbooks, or it may consist of vague and florid declamations in the æsthetic style. It may confine itself—and this perhaps is most likely—to philological comments on particular works. That there are living and working among us—and that in large numbers—sound and efficient teachers who err neither on the side of pedantry nor on the side of dilettantism is undoubtedly true. But they are scattered and isolated. They are hampered and thwarted in their work by its disconnection with any recognised system, and still oftener by the regulations of examining boards. Without any common centre they are without any common plan of action. Such is the present condition of what ought to be our most efficient instrument of popular education.

Whether all this can be remedied is surely worth serious consideration. Two things are certain: English literature in the proper and obvious sense of the term is and will continue to be a subject of teaching in all parts of the kingdom; and if that teaching is not organised, and those who undertake it not educated, nothing but anarchy can be the result. It is useless for the Universities to attempt to solve the problem by attaching to literature a meaning which it does not bear. If philology be confounded with literature at Oxford and Cambridge, the world without will distinguish them. Of the uselessness of such institutions as the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos at Cambridge no further proof is needed than the records of the class lists of that Tripos.

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In 1886.		*In* 1887.	
First class . . .	none	First class . . .	none
Second class . . .	one	Second class . . .	one
Third class . . .	two	Third class . . .	none

On the first occasion, it may be added, there were no less than six examiners, and on the second, five. Incredible as it may seem, Oxford is now preparing at a vast expense to establish a precisely similar institution founded on precisely the same theory of the meaning of literature. Thus, while English literature is in every part of the country a subject of teaching in one sense of the term, it is not even recognised at the centres of education, except in another sense of the term.

The contention of the Universities is that if English literature is to be regarded as a subject capable of systematic and accurate study, a study the results of which are to be submitted to the same tests as the results of other studies recognised in educational curricula, no other signification can be attached to it than the signification attached to it by philologists. If, they urge, we attempt to study it as *belles-lettres* what would be the result? On the historical side its study would be stereotyped into one species of cram. On the critical side it would be stereotyped into another species of cram. An elaborate apparatus of mnemonic aids would be devised. Such works as Mr. Morley's *First Sketch* would be summarised into tables for facts, and such works as M. Taine's would be reduced to epitomes for generalisations. Criticism as applied to particular authors would be got by heart from essays and monographs, and criticism on its theoretical side would be got by heart from the analyses of crammers. If this were not the result, all would evaporate in dilettantism. It would be impossible for examiners to frame such questions as would baffle abuse. Now all this will apply equally to history and philosophy, and yet the problem of organising the academic study of both has been solved, and with what success we all know. To say that literature is a subject peculiarly susceptible of being crammed is absurd. By cram we simply mean knowledge acquired by the unreflecting exercise of memory; and whether such knowledge is to be obtained depends on whether it is to have opportunities for displaying itself. It is open to an examiner in history to frame his questions on the model of—

Enumerate, with their dates, the Archbishops of Canterbury as far as the accession of Henry the Seventh.

It is open to an examiner in literature to frame his questions on the model of—

Give the Christian names of Langland, Lydgate, Hawes, Coleridge, Denham, Pope, Akenside, and Gray, and give the authors of *Hobbinol, The History of John Bull, Hydriotaphia, The Bristowe Tragedy*, &c.

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But it is equally open to the first to propose such questions as—

> The Church has been called the democracy of the Middle Ages. Discuss that statement.

And to the second to propose such questions as—

> Define the essential characteristics of romanticism and classicism, and account for the predominance, at particular periods, of each.

The first questions are obviously cram questions; the second as obviously are not. Again, with reference to criticism: whether it could be crammed or not would depend entirely on the tact of examiners. If questions on the 'essential characteristics' of the genius and style of particular writers became a stock part of the examination, they would in all probability be crammed; but what competent examiner would dream of setting them? The application of Hume's maxim that criticism without examples is worthless would alone suffice to defeat this form of imposture. To say that such works as Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*, Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, Addison's papers on Milton, Johnson's *Lives*, Coleridge's *Lectures*, and the like, would be 'got up from analyses' true enough, but it is no less true of every special book in the History School, and of the *Ethics* and *Republic* in the Philosophy School. We are told, again, that the teaching of English literais ture as a branch of *belles-lettres* is impracticable on another ground. It is not a subject sufficiently 'solid and tangible' for examination purposes. Take Shakespeare. Make it impossible for candidates to be admitted to an examination in Shakespeare without a thorough knowledge of French and German, of Old Saxon and Mœso-Gothic, and then frame two-thirds of your questions after this fashion:—

> 1. Point out textual difficulties, and mention and criticise any suggested emendations on these passages [then follow in due order the (*a*), the (*b*), the (*c*), &c. &c.]
> 2. Give some account of the extent and variety of Shakespeare's vocabulary.
> 3. Mention and discuss some points in which Elizabethan grammar differs from Victorian.
> 4. What are the relative proportions of the Teutonic and Latin elements in the phraseology of Shakespeare?

Do this, and Shakespeare becomes a solid and tangible subject for examination. Admitting that from this point of view Shakespeare becomes a 'solid and tangible subject,' are we therefore to assume that when his dramas ceased to be studied on the same method and under the same conditions as the *Ormulum* and the *Ayenbite of Inwyt* are studied, they cease to be applicable to purposes of education, cease to be susceptible of serious treatment? Suppose that instead of the questions to which I have just drawn attention, the following were substituted:—

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1. The epithet which best characterises Shakespeare is 'myriad-minded.' Discuss that statement.

2. Point out Shakespeare's obligations to his dramatic predecessors and contemporaries, and discuss the statement that 'Pure Comedy' was his creation.

3. Discuss the theology and ethics of Shakespeare, and show how they bear out Jonson's assertion that he was 'not for an age, but for all time.'

4. Discuss Goethe's analysis of the character of Hamlet.

Would not Shakespeare, when studied from this point of view, become an equally 'solid and tangible subject,' and lead perhaps to more 'solid and tangible' results in education? But to turn from the study of particular authors to the study of the general history of English literature: The objection here is not to its intangibleness, but to the facility it would afford to cramming. Now why it should lead to cramming when questions set on it should assume the form of—

Two-thirds of what is most valuable in English literature is as historically unintelligible, apart from classical literature, as the history of Latin literature would be apart from Greek. Discuss that statement;

or—

Account for the dominance of the classical school between 1667 and 1744, and for the romantic revival in and about 1793;

and should *not* lead to cramming when they assume the form of—

Give some account of the state of our language in regard both of (*sic*) its grammatical forms and usages, and of its vocabulary, at the beginning of the sixteenth century;

or—

Discuss these words and phrases: Areopagitica; all to-ruffled; the dreaded name of Demogorgon; his shoulders fledge with wings; Pharaoh's pensioners; to plume the regal rights; angels' metal; in my warm blood and canicular days; a serviceable dudgeon; in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches.

—it would be very interesting to know. But precedent is to experiment what proof is to assertion. And as the study of English literature has not been reduced to system in the past, it is no more than we might expect from those who have always proceeded on the principle of *auctoritas pro veritate, non veritas pro auctoritate*, that they should deny the possibility of reducing it to system in the present.

In legislating for the teaching of English literature—and the term literature needs no definition—we have obviously to bear two things in mind—the necessity for an adequate treatment of it from an historical point of view and the necessity for an adequate treatment of it from a critical point of view. In treating it historically we have as obviously to regard it generally as an organic whole, as the expression of national idiosyncrasies revealing themselves under various conditions, to consider it particularly in its relations to those conditions, and to consider it finally in its relation to individuals.

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Thus in dealing historically with any given work—say, *Paradise Lost*—what a teacher has to explain is how and why the poem could have been produced only by an Englishman; how and why it could have been produced only under the conditions under which it was produced; how and why it could have been produced only by Milton. Literary teachers are therefore as much concerned with the study of 'origins' as the philosophers are, but in 'origins' not as they throw light on language, but on character. They are not at all concerned with the O. S., O. H. G., M. H. G., and N. H. G. equivalents of *ê*, *ei*, *ô*, *û*, *ai*, *au*, *iu*; but they are very much concerned with the fact that if Wordsworth had not been of the Teutonic stock, he could not have written the 'Ode to Duty,' or the 'Lines on Tintern Abbey.' Whether Professor Rhys is right or wrong in supposing that in the case of *Vedomaui* and *Mauoh* the *mau-i* and *mau-o* are of the same origin as *mai* in Gwalchmai is of no consequence to them; but whether Mr. Matthew Arnold is right or wrong in what he has been preaching to us about the Celtic element in our literature is of the greatest consequence.

To trace back to their sources the elements—sensuous, spiritual, moral, intellectual—which mingle in the composition of English masterpieces is all that appertains to the student of literature. That it would for this purpose be an advantage to him to be able to peruse the 'Taîn Bo' and the 'Beowulf' in the original is indisputable; that it would not be necessary for him to do so is obvious; for what concerns him in them is not the form, is not the intrinsic value, but the light thrown collaterally on temper and character. The many excellent histories and monographs, Ten Brink's *Early English Literature*, for example, Professor Earle's *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, Professor Morley's *English Writers before Chaucer*, the many excellent English versions of all that is most valuable and most characteristic in Celtic and Saxon literature would in truth give him all the information which for his purposes he would require. Thus a student who understood clearly the character and temper of the forefathers of our literature, and who had at the same time mastered such a survey of its history as Mr. Stopford Brooke has given us, would have no difficulty in conceiving of it as an organic whole, and the foundation of a systematic study would have been laid.

In proceeding to the next step—in tracing, that is to say, the evolution of our literature in detail—we are confronted with the difficulty of there being no good general history in existence. M. Taine's work, though a work of great genius and great eloquence, is rather a series of brilliant sketches than a continuous and ordered narrative, and is moreover too full of paradox and exaggeration for the purposes of sober students. Professor Morley's *First Sketch* is at once too full and too meagre; its pages are crowded with names and titles in bewildering multitudes; but of the causes which have

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conspired to form epochs in literary activity, and of the characteristics of such epochs, very inadequate accounts are given.[1] Chambers's *Encyclopædia of English Literature*, a work which so far as it goes it is impossible to praise too highly, has no pretension to being more than a mere manual with illustrative extracts. The works of Craik and Shawe are simply handbooks. The consequence of this is, that if a student wishes to obtain a general knowledge of the history of our literature, he is driven to seek information about one period in one book and about another period in another book, having at the same time to supply the connecting links for himself. To illustrate what is meant: Taken in its whole extent, the history of English literature proper may be divided into nine epochs. The first will extend from about the middle of the fourteenth century to the death of Chaucer in 1400; the second from the death of Chaucer to the accession of Henry the Eighth; the third from that date to the accession of Elizabeth; the fourth from the accession of Elizabeth to the accession of Charles the First; the fifth from the accession of Charles the First to the death of Dryden in 1700; the sixth to the death of Swift in 1745; the seventh from the death of Swift to the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798; the eighth to the death of Wordsworth in 1850; and the ninth from that date to the present time. Now of all these periods, if we except the first and second, which, so far as poetry is concerned, have been methodically though not adequately treated by Warton, we have no connected history at all. For the Elizabethan age we must consult, for the drama, Collier's and Ward's Histories of Dramatic Poetry, and the notices and critiques which have appeared separately of each of the dramatists; for narrative, lyric, and other branches of poetry we have nothing to fall back upon except such information as may be gathered piecemeal from editors and essayists. With regard to prose literature we are in a still more unfortunate condition; for not only has no attempt been made to trace its history from Maundeville to Milton, but we have few or none of those 'studies' of particular writers which have in the case of poetry served to illustrate, at all events occasionally and fragmentarily, the process of its development. And what applies to the history of our literature in its earlier stages applies equally to its history during later epochs. There is, it is true, no lack of excellent monographs and essays, such as Macaulay's essays on Addison or Johnson, or Forster's essays on Steele and Churchill, and such as some of the volumes in the English Men of Letters series; but these neither supply nor were designed to supply the sort of work which the student of the history of English literature requires. Nothing is so necessary in treating literature historically

[1] It is satisfactory to learn that Professor Morley is engaged on an elaborate and systematic *History of English Literature*, and that there is some prospect of our finding our Tiraboschi at last.

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as the recognition of its continuity on the one hand and a clear exposition of what marks and constitutes epochs in its development on the other, and nothing is in teaching so universally disregarded. What is needed is a series of volumes corresponding to each of the periods into which the history of our literature naturally divides itself, each period being treated separately in detail, but each being linked by historical disquisitions both with the period immediately preceding and with the period immediately following. And each volume should consist of four parts. Its prologue, which should be virtually the epilogue of its predecessor, should, after assigning the determining dates of the particular period under treatment, show how, in obedience to the causes which regulate the course and phases of literary activity, the literature characteristic of the preceding epoch developed or degenerated into the literature characteristic of the new. Next should come a careful account of the environment, social, political, moral, intellectual, of that literature not given in general or in the abstract, but accompanied throughout with illustrations drawn from the constituent elements of typical works. But nothing is more important than what constitutes the third function of historical interpretation. The influence exercised by other literatures on our own has been so considerable that it is impossible to study it without continual reference to them. It has been at various times affected by that of Italy, by that of France, by that of Germany, but to those of Greece and Rome it is bound by indissoluble ties. An adequate account of the influence of these literatures on the formal development of our own has long been a desideratum, and it is a desideratum which it should be one of the first objects of such a series of text-books as we have here advocated to supply. To these disquisitions—and this should form the fourth and last part of each volume—should be attached tables in which, arranged according to their schools and under their various categories, the writers of the particular epoch under treatment should, together with their works, be enumerated, and enumerated descriptively. With such guides as these in his hands the student would proceed to the biography of particular writers and to the study of particular works—the next and not less important part of his task—furnished with the knowledge which would alone suffice to render both historically intelligible.

But to pass from the historical to the critical treatment of literature—in other words, to the interpretation of particular works: In that interpretation is necessarily involved much which has been included under the former heading; but we have now to consider what is not included under that heading—verbal analysis, analysis of form and style, analysis of sentiment, ethic, and thought. To secure that each should be adequate, that each should have its place, and that each should receive equal attention, is obviously the business of the teacher. The mistake commonly made is to attach too much import-

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ance to the first, to deal with the second very inefficiently, and to neglect the third altogether. This is the result of one of the most serious deficiencies in our higher education. We have absolutely no provision for systematic critical training. Rhetorical criticism as a subject of teaching is confined to what is known in elementary schools as 'analysis.' Æsthetic and philosophical criticism is as a branch of teaching without recognition at all. The truth is that they have been killed by philology; fifty years ago such works as the *Institutes* of Quintilian, the *De Sublimitate*, and the *Rhetoric* were studied as thoroughly and methodically as the *Ethics* and the *Republic* are studied now. And till that study is revived and extended—till, in addition to the treatises of the ancients, such treatises as the *Laocoon* and Schiller's *Letters and Essays on Æsthetic Education* have a place in our Universities—there is small hope of sound principles of exegesis. For in education all moves from above. Systematise a study at the Universities, and it is systematised throughout the country; neglect it at those centres, and anarchy elsewhere is the result. This grave defect in our educational system has furnished the opponents of literature with an excellent weapon, and has led to serious misconceptions on the part of those who would fain be its advocates. Æsthetic criticism, it is said, will lead only to vague and useless generalities. If one man has not the wit and taste to relish the beauties of poetry it is very certain that another man will not enable him to do so. You may expound Locke's treatise on the *Human Understanding* and Bacon's treatise on the *Advancement of Learning* profitably enough, but you cannot expound the *Ode to a Skylark* or the *Eve of St. Agnes*. Criticism, if it is to be a real service in practical education, can deal only with what is positive and tangible. Our Universities cannot manufacture Arnolds and Sainte-Beuves.

All this and much more of the same kind has been gravely brought forward as an argument against the Universities providing for the study of *belles-lettres*. It is no doubt true, both with regard to criticism and with regard to literature generally, that if a man is an Arnold or a Sainte-Beuve he will educate himself; it is true also that no amount of teaching will make him an Arnold or a Sainte-Beuve, but it is no less true that hundreds of men are engaged in interpreting poetry who are neither one nor the other, and that if instruction does not do for them what nature and self-culture have not done, they will perform their work inefficiently. Let us hope that if Oxford and Cambridge decline to distinguish between literature and philology in their schools, they will at least see their way to giving the principles of criticism a place among their 'special subjects.'

A student who should have mastered the *Poetics*, the second book of the *Rhetoric*, the tenth book of the *Institutes*, the *De Oratore*, the *De Sublimitate*, and Lessing's *Laocoon* would have laid the foundations of a sound critical education. It may be objected to what has been

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said that such a standard of teaching is neither generally possible nor at all necessary, that it is mere pedantry to suppose that an adequate interpretation of an English classic depends on a knowledge of Aristotle and Lessing, and that the only door to the teaching of Milton lies through Quintilian and Longinus. The reply to this is that we have not been considering what is generally possible or generally necessary, but how a finished literary critic ought to be educated and how the teaching of English literature may be raised to the level of the teaching required in the honour curricula of our Universities. There is surely no reason why a diploma in Honours should not be as open to students of literature as it is to students of history, and it is very certain that no man would be entitled to such a diploma whose education had not taught him to approach Shakespeare through Aristotle.

But to return. I have said that in the study of particular books —which is often as far as 'English literature' is permitted to extend—attention was too often directed merely to language. The fault unhappily does not end here: attention is frequently directed to wholly unprofitable topics. I will illustrate what I mean by giving *in extenso* a typical paper on *Macbeth*.

1. What reasons are there for believing that this play has been interpolated? Point out the parts probably interpolated.

2. What emendations have been proposed in the following passages?

(*a*) My way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf.

(*b*) As thick as tale
Came post with post.

(*c*) Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

(*d*) My title is appeased.

(And three others.)

3. By whom were the following spoken, and with what reference?

(*a*) To after favour ever is to fear.

(*b*) Thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies.

(And four other passages.)

4. Explain and comment on the following passages:—

(Then follows a series of well-selected *cruces*.)

5. Give the meanings and derivations of the following words. In what context do they appear?

(Then come the words.)

6. Whence did Shakespeare derive the plot of *Macbeth*? Point out any deviations from recorded history in the play.

7. Illustrate from the play important points of difference between Elizabethan and modern grammar.

The first thing that strikes us in this paper is that the only faculty appealed to is memory. There is nothing which encourages reflection, nothing which can have the smallest effect on the education of taste, nothing which even indicates the existence of what

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constitutes the life and power of the work. Nor is this all. The first two questions are a direct encouragement to the acquisition of the sort of knowledge which is of all knowledge the most useless. When in the case of Shakespeare or any other poet there is certain evidence of interpolation, it is not too much to expect of students that they should be able to point out where such interpolations occur; but when no such evidence exists, and all rests only on the assumptions of speculative criticism, the practice of requiring them to load their memories with such inanities cannot be too strongly condemned. In the case of *Macbeth* there is no evidence, there is not even suspicion of interpolation. The play appeared in the first folio edited by Shakespeare's literary executors, and was printed in all probability from the poet's own manuscript. There begins and there ends our knowledge of its text. To argue interpolations from supposed inequalities in the composition would be to argue interpolations in almost every drama and certainly in every epic in the world; and so it comes to pass that 'interpl., sec. scene, first act; third scene, one to thirty-seven; third scene, sec. act, comm.; fifth scene, third act, hundred and thirty-five to hundred and thirty-three, dub.; eighth scene, fourth act, thirty-two and thirty-three; last scene, last act, traces other hand' is a mnemonic formula only too familiar to English youth.[2] Equally futile and equally misleading is the practice of encouraging the getting by heart of conjectural emendations which are mere impertinences. What is required, for example, in the (*a*) section of question two is Johnson's wholly unnecessary conjecture 'may'; what is required in (*b*) is

[2] Of the immense stupidity of which these interpolation theorists are capable it may be well to give one or two instances. They tell us that the Porter's speech, act ii. sc. 3, is interpolated. Now it requires very little critical sagacity to see that that scene is not merely exquisitely appropriate but absolutely necessary. First it bridges over the interval between the intense excitement attendant on the committal of the murder and the intense excitement which will be attendant on its discovery, an interval which could not with propriety have been bridged over in any other way; it thus serves partly to calm the passions after the appalling climax in the preceding scene and partly to prepare them by a lull of repose for another climactic appeal—the succeeding horror of Macduff's announcement. Secondly, its harsh and grotesque realism suddenly striking on us has, like 'the knocking,' an effect so weird that comedy if it relaxes, never for a moment breaks the spell of tragedy, never for a moment unharmonises the emotions. Thirdly, it is exactly in Shakespeare's manner; just such a scene interposes between climax and climax in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2; in *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1, &c. &c. Fourthly, it has all the characteristics of Shakespearian low comedy. Even more ridiculous is the theory which suspects interpolation in the opening scene and asserts interpolation in the witch scene (act i. sc. 3). The problem in *Macbeth* is, as everyone knows, how far he is to be regarded as a responsible agent, and how far the thrall of supernatural powers. But Shakespeare, in accordance with his usual custom, furnishes us with the key to the position, and that key is found in the appearance of the witches in the opening scene and in their subsequent appearances at each crisis in Macbeth's decline. Remove any of the witch-scenes and the key is lost. Again, the second scene of the first act, another 'interpolation,' is, as a child might see, obviously introduced to emphasise Macbeth's bravery, and carries Shakespeare's stamp in every line and in every cadence.

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Rowe's flat and contemptible correction 'hail'; and what is required in (*c*) is the reproduction of the nonsense of Mason, Bailey, and Singleton. If teachers and those who write books for the instruction of teachers could only be brought to feel that the text of a great poet should be as sacred as his memory, education would greatly gain. But to continue: The third question, intended no doubt to secure an original acquaintance with the play, is either wholly superfluous—for much more effective tests could easily have been applied—or places a premium on the exercise of the least intelligent faculty of the mind—local memory. To questions four and five—if we except at least the condition with which the fifth is saddled—no objections could of course be made. The attainment of such information as they are designed to secure is obviously as essential as it is important. With regard to the sixth, it is chiefly to be regretted that it is the only question of its kind, and with regard to the seventh that it did not supply the deficiency. It is clear, then, that the study of a play of Shakespeare—and what applies to a play of Shakespeare applies obviously to any other work in poetry—which runs on the lines indicated in these questions would serve only to attain one of the ends at which the interpretation of literature should aim. It would secure an exact knowledge of the history and meaning of words; it would secure a clear understanding of all that pertains in the mechanism of expression to grammar and syntax, and of all that pertains in the accidents of expression to local and particular allusions. But it would go no further. The questions which ought to form an essential part of every examination not merely elementary in which a play of Shakespeare is offered are questions requiring an intelligent study of its general structure, of the evolution of its plot, of its style and diction not simply in their relation to grammar but in their relation to rhetoric, of its ethics, of its metaphysics, of its characters, of the influences, precedent and contemporary, which importantly affected it. It would be quite as easy to substitute for such questions as I have transcribed some such questions as these:—

1. Through what phases did the style of Shakespeare pass? Analyse the characteristics of each phase in its development, and discuss his general claim to be called 'a consummate master of expression.'

2. Is Macbeth to be regarded as a responsible agent? If so, how does the drama illustrate Shakespeare's ethics? If not, what light does it throw on Shakespeare's theology?

3. Analyse and contrast the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

4. Point out the exquisite propriety from a dramatic point of view of (*a*) the porter's speech and (*b*) Macbeth's soliloquy in the dagger scene, and point out in the play what strike you as being particularly subtle dramatic touches. Explain your reasons for thinking them so.

Or suppose we make the questions assume the form which they

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should assume in a comparative study of classical and modern literature.

1. Show in what way and through what media Attic tragedy determined the form of our Romantic tragedy, and show by a comparative review of the *Persæ* and *Henry V.*, and of the *Agamemnon* and *Macbeth* how much Attic and Shakespearian drama have in common.

2. Compare Shakespeare and Sophocles (*a*) as dramatic artists, (*b*) as critics of life. Discuss particularly their use of irony.

3. Point out how far the typical tragedies of Shakespeare illustrate Aristotle's analysis of the structure, characterisation, and functions of tragedy. In what respects has Shakespeare violated Aristotle's canons?

I am not proposing these questions as models; I am merely showing the necessity of directing attention to such points as they touch on, if the study of Shakespeare or of any other master poet is to be of profit in popular, or in academic education. There is moreover no lack of excellent guides. We have the Lectures of Coleridge, the Commentaries of Gervinus and Ulrici, Kreyssig's *Vorlesungen über Shakespeare*, Professor Dowden's suggestive little volume, and innumerable other works. And it would be well if, in every examination where the Clarendon Press edition of a play of Shakespeare is prescribed as a text-book, it should be prescribed only under the condition that its introductions and notes were supplemented by reference to these and similar works. It is, indeed, only one of the many proofs of the anarchy which exists in the English department of education, that the same press—a press which virtually directs the study of our national literature in almost every school in the kingdom—should be simultaneously issuing editions of English poets edited on such principles as *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are edited, and editions of English poets edited as Mark Pattison has edited the *Essay on Man* and the *Satires* of Pope.

But, it may be said, though criticism in its application to solid subjects, like a drama of Shakespeare or the *Satires* of Pope, is, in teaching, practicable enough, it becomes in its application to less tangible subjects—to lyric poetry, for example—eminently impracticable. What end could be served by dissecting *Christabel* or by proceeding categorically through the merits and defects of *Epipsychidion*? No one would deny that the spectacle of a lecturer with 'Tears, Idle Tears' or 'Mariana in the Moated Grange' in his hand 'proceeding to show' what is graceful, what is fanciful, what is pathetic, would be sufficiently ludicrous and repulsive. But the soundness of a principle is not affected by the possibility of reducing it to an absurdity. It still remains that of all the functions of the literary teacher none is more important than the function which lends itself thus easily to ridicule. And what is that function? It is the interpretation of power and beauty as they reveal themselves in language, not simply by resolving them into their constituent

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elements, but by considering them in their relation to principles. While an incompetent teacher traces no connection between phenomena and laws, and confounds accidents with essences, blundering among 'categorical enumerations' and vague generalities, he who knows will show us how to discern harmony in apparent discord, and discord in apparent harmony. In the gigantic proportions of *Paradise Lost* he will reveal to us a symmetry as perfect as in the most finished of Horace's Odes. He will expose flaws, interstices, and incongruity where, as in the *Essay on Man*, all is to the unskilled eye consistency and unity. He will teach us to hear in the choked and turbid rush of Shakespeare's ruggedest utterances a truer and subtler music than in the most mellifluous cadences of Pope.

Nor will he confine himself to interpreting what is excellent and what is vicious in form and style. Rightly distinguishing between the criticism which should be simply suggestive and the criticism which should be directly didactic, he will abstain from impertinent prattle about the effects produced by poetry, to show how far in each case the effects produced might with a larger insight and a fuller understanding have been heightened and intensified; or how, on the other hand, such effects ought not, and, in the case of a critic whose ethic and æsthetic education had been sound, could not have been produced at all. He will teach us to see in all poetry, not purely lyrical or simply fanciful, a criticism of life, sound or unsound, adequate or defective. And if in dealing with such luminaries as Chaucer and Spenser, as Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, his care will not extend beyond reverent exposition, in dealing with the lesser lights, with our Drydens and our Popes, with our Byrons and our Shelleys, he will have another task. He will have to show how, in various degrees, defects of temper, the accidents of life, historical and social environment, and the like have obscured and distorted that vision which penetrates through the local and particular to the essential and universal. He will not, for example, allow the brilliant rhetoric and sound sense of Pope to blind us to the worthlessness of his metaphysics or to the insufficiency of his views on the subject of man's relation to spiritual truth; nor will he allow the marvellous music and imaginative splendour of the *Revolt of Islam* and the *Prometheus Unbound* to veil from us the folly and insanity of their ethics.

Thus systematised the study of English literature would become on the one side—on the side of its history—as susceptible of serious, methodical, and profitable treatment as history itself; and on the other side—on the side of criticism—it would become a still more important instrument of discipline, for it would correspond as nearly as possible to the *Musikê* of the Greeks, and supply the one great deficiency in our national education. In a country like ours, where the current will always run in a scientific and positive direction, nothing

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is so much to be regretted as the almost entire absence of any systematic provision for 'musical' culture. At the Universities the want is to some extent supplied by the study of classical literature, but throughout the country our own literature must necessarily be the chief medium for disseminating that culture, if it is to be disseminated at all. Whether English literature is to fulfil this function or not depends obviously on the training of its teachers, and the training of its teachers depends as obviously on the willingness or the unwillingness of the Universities to provide that training. How far that training is likely to be provided by such an institution as the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos of Cambridge we have already seen. What is to be devoutly hoped is that Convocation will have the wisdom to prevent Oxford from the folly of being guilty of similar treason to the cause of Letters and Culture.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

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THE NERVE-REST CURE.

A Plea for the Nervous.

There are many who regard the special consideration of nerve rest as absolutely unnecessary. According to them the greatest evil in the world is idleness.

'If men had only enough hard work they would soon sleep off their nervousness. It is thinking about himself that makes a man nervous. Instead of encouraging his introspection we ought to urge him to the pursuit of a useful occupation.'

Such is the talk prevalent among people who call themselves practical.

It is true that if we would live more naturally there would be less nervousness. But we have, for several generations, been getting more artificial in our lives. The nervous system has been goaded to continuous exertion and subjected to constant strain. The effect of this upon each succeeding generation has been so deleterious that there have descended to us numerous persons whose nerves are naturally hypersensitive. To prevent these from becoming severe sufferers ordinary precautions are powerless. The advice just alluded to is excellent for the ordinary man, born with a strong nerve which has not yet been damaged by hurry for money or worry for bread. If followed it would prevent healthy men becoming victims of nervousness; but something more is required for those who have inherited, or acquired, a hypersensitive nervous system. Most men and women of robust health deny the existence of any physical cause for nervous irritability. They insist that it is entirely mental and directly dependent upon the will of the sufferer. They would employ the word 'actor' instead of 'sufferer.'

It is not surprising that we should doubt the existence of that which does not directly appeal to our senses. The writer remembers an instance of this in the case of two hard-working students who boarded in the same house. They were both vigorous in the use of knife and fork as well as of book. In course of time one of them began to complain of dyspeptic symptoms, the result of full diet with scant exercise. His companion laughed him to scorn as he avoided one and another of his favourite dishes. He insisted

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with 'Robert the waiter' 'that a gentleman should no more think of consulting his stomach than he would his portmanteau as to what he should put into it.' The sufferer, on the other hand, took the view of the French writer who defines dyspepsia as the 'ingratitude of the stomach,' and he determined to bring that ungrateful organ to its senses by systematic starvation. This physiological feud had not continued long before the scorner himself began to experience disagreeable sensations, which bore a striking resemblance to those of his fellow student. For months he endured in silence the tortures of an invisible enemy 'gnawing at his heart.' Food gave him temporary relief; indeed, he was hardly ever comfortable except when eating, so that his appetite seemed to increase as that of his friend diminished, and his ailment consequently remained unsuspected. When at length he could bear it no longer he confessed his sufferings to his companion, and together they went to consult a physician.

In a similar manner I have seen not a few who have been sceptical of nervous suffering brought by severe personal experience to confess their error and apologise for their previous harshness of judgment.

That society at large is sceptical on this subject ought scarcely to surprise us when we remember that, until a very recent date, the medical profession maintained the same attitude. Even at the present day nervous subjects are generally regarded by 'doctors' as most unsatisfactory patients. No sooner do they find such an one than they order him off to the mountains, or over the seas, anywhere to get rid of the trouble of treating him.

If your liver is deranged you have your choice of a score of remedies, from blue-pill to dandelion. You will be advised to increase your exercise and diminish your diet. Every friend you meet will tell you of something that is 'good for the liver.' He used to suffer just like you, but since he began to eat a raw carrot before breakfast, or to drink a tumbler of hot water at bed time, he has been a different man.

If, on the other hand, it is your nerves that are at fault, your wisest course is to keep silence; for if you should, yielding to a desire for sympathy, reveal your affliction to a friend, he will probably smile upon you in the manner of a superior and inform you 'what a foolish thing it is to let your nerves get the better of you.'

There is more exquisite torture inflicted by the ignorant advice given to nerve victims than a healthy man can well conceive. They are told in such an offhand manner 'to keep down their nerves,' that one would imagine their advisers knew of a 'nerve cropper' in the next street, who could step in and prune the nerves as a barber trims the beard.

When a man, previously healthy, is suddenly seized with a nervous attack, we know that it must have had some definite cause, and we rarely fail to do something definite for its cure. Such an

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attack may be the result either of drink or worry. In the latter case the patient usually sees a lion in his path; in the former he is surrounded by an army of demons. We don't reason with a man in delirium tremens and inform him that the 'blue devils' are but creatures of his diseased imagination. We give him a dose of chloral and put him to bed. If a hospital surgeon fears to undertake an operation that he has successfully performed a hundred times, we do not try to overcome his disinclination by telling him that he is acting like a fool. We advise him to take a holiday, knowing that his fears will soon vanish with brain rest and upland air. Why, then, should we insult a victim of chronic nervous irritability by informing him that 'he could live like other people if only he would'?

Some affect to believe that nervous subjects feign their ailments for the purpose of attracting attention and sympathy. It is quite true they frequently exaggerate their sufferings, but that is no excuse for denying their existence. Besides, it is natural to exaggerate a grievance so long as it remains unrecognised. Others admit the reality of the diseased sensations, but maintain that the only way to abolish them is by means of reason. They hold that nervous persons ought to be taught to control their nerves by their reason, and they insist that 'plain speaking' is the strongest aid to recovery. Their experience seems to corroborate this opinion. The sufferers cease to complain to them, so they fancy that their 'plain speaking' has effected a cure. This fancy is, however, very far from the fact, which is that the patients have transferred their complaints to a more sympathetic ear.

It is not easy even for healthy persons to disregard their sensations and act according to pure reason. It is said that there are few travellers who can descend the Rigi railway without leaning all their weight against the back of their seat in order to 'ease the locomotive.' Reason tells them plainly that their efforts are futile; but although they assent to her teaching they cannot reduce it to practice. If it be so difficult for a healthy man to act contrary to his sensations, how can we expect it of one whose nerves are in a condition of excessive irritability, a condition which renders him liable to impressions of unusual intensity?

When Dives, returning from the banquet, asserts that there are two moons in sight, we do not hope there and then to convince him of his error. Not until 'the wine is out' shall we be able to persuade him to the contrary. By that time, however, he will not require persuasion: his own observation will satisfy him. So it is with a nervous patient. The nervous system must be restored to health before argument can have due effect, and when the nerves are thus restored argument is needless. All foolish fancies and diseased sensations will then gradually disappear.

It is absurd to assert that there can be nothing amiss with that nervous system which does not present any manifest structural

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alteration. A man may be utterly insane without any appreciable change taking place in the tissues of his brain; yet no one now denies the necessity for the medical treatment of lunatics. Nervous irritability might aptly be described as insanity of the nerves, and it is certainly quite as deserving of recognition and treatment as insanity of the brain. He whose brain is insane is generally oblivious of the opinion of his fellows, whereas he of insane nerves is usually acutely conscious of want of sympathy on the part of his friends. A harsh word or an unfriendly glance will worry him as much as a heavy loss. Indeed, many such sufferers are driven to drunkenness through dread of the petty annoyances of daily life.

But all nervous subjects cannot be called severe sufferers. There are cases in which certain local nerves have, from various causes, become so perverted in function as to produce troublesome effects, and in which strong mental control on the part of the patient has cured the disease. Take the following instance. A young lady, in other respects healthy, had gastric nerves so wayward that they would only permit a very small amount of food to remain on the stomach. This condition produced both debility and inconvenience. Her physician told her that she might by a strong mental effort free herself from the ailment. She tried her best, but failed. It became apparent that she did not possess sufficient will-power for the task. The physician therefore decided to assist the will by inducing a strong emotion with respect to the ailment; and this he effected in the following manner: Going to the future husband of the lady, he urged him to inform her that their union could not take place until she was cured. The time fixed for the marriage was near at hand, and the shock of such news had an immediately beneficial effect. Her gastric nerves began to resume their normal functions from the moment of that interview.

But the cases in which such treatment is beneficial are very rare. Even when successful in abolishing the ailment, it may prove highly injurious to the patient, who thus strains one set of nerves to control another; for if the higher nerves are not much stronger than the lower, general nervous prostration will ultimately supervene. Many local nerve affections carry off irritation from the nerve centres, just as an attack of gout in the great toe frequently relieves an irritable brain. It is therefore dangerous to suppress a local symptom without previously removing any existing central disease. In the case just related the central nervous system was healthy; consequently no harm resulted from suppressing the local symptom.

Sea-sickness is a familiar example of central nervous disturbance being relieved by the excitement of a distant local effect. Those whom the sea affects, and who cannot be actually sick, generally suffer intense nervous headache. In order to prove that sea-sickness is within the control of the voyager, a ship's surgeon intimated, on leaving port, that his cure for sea-sickness was the application of a

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hot iron to the spine. Not 'a single complaint' was made during the voyage. This scientific inquirer thought that he had proved his point, but we may rest assured that his intimation acted not entirely in the manner intended. There were probably many cases of sickness which never reached his knowledge, and many cases of intense nervous headache produced by restraining the natural mode of relief. The best way to avoid sea-sickness is to lessen the irritability of the entire nervous system by means of a sedative drug. For a similar reason the safest way to cure the majority of nervous affections is by means of nerve rest, to reduce the general nervous excitability of the patient. What is meant by nerve rest will appear later. At present let us inquire how the prevalent mistaken notions of nervous complaints have arisen. The following case will serve as an illustration.

Several years ago the wife of a scientific man was seized with what is called 'hysterical' paralysis of the lower limbs. She was informed that her inability to walk was not the result of any organic change, but merely of nervous debility, and she received the usual routine advice, viz. that 'she must fight against her feelings and make constant efforts to overcome the paralysis by force of will.' She followed this advice for a long time, but getting gradually worse, she gave up all attempts at walking and resigned herself to the ignominy of a Bath-chair. After many months of rest the use of her limbs was suddenly restored. One summer's day she was left on the seashore by her husband, who went a short distance for a newspaper. During his absence a half-intoxicated Highlander approached the lady and threatened to kiss her. In terror she jumped from the Bath-chair and made off in search of her husband. From the date of that incident she gradually recovered her power of locomotion.

At first sight this case seems to support the treatment by forced walking. On consideration, however, it becomes apparent that rest, not exercise, was the means of cure. As long as the patient forced herself to walk she grew worse. Her cure was effected by the prolonged rest to which she subjected herself in the belief that she was incurable. She came to accept the paralysis as inevitable, and this gave her mental rest; for she entirely ceased to worry about recovery. Had she continued to make walking efforts, or even mental efforts, towards recovery, she would not have recovered so soon. The fright to which she was subjected merely revealed to her the fact of her cure. The sudden emotion communicated nerve power to those limbs from which for years it had been excluded; but no such emotion could have enabled her to continue walking if a cure had not been previously effected.

Under great excitement a half-cured patient will sometimes dance at a ball or climb a mountain, only to lapse into deeper exhaustion when the mental stimulus is removed. It is, therefore, highly injudicious to urge a nervously exhausted person to exertion before he has had rest sufficient to enable him to lay up a fresh

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store of nervous energy. Under the 'forcing' system one patient walked herself almost into a lunatic asylum to ward off a threatened attack of hysterical paralysis. This is an instance of the lower nerves being controlled by the higher, to the detriment of the latter. It was ultimately decided to prohibit walking in this case, the power of reason being considered of more importance than that of locomotion.

Against the rest cure it is frequently urged that if you once put a nervous woman to bed she will remain an invalid for life. This mistake has arisen from want of experience, for, until Dr. Weir Mitchell inaugurated this treatment, no systematic rest had been employed in this class of cases. Patients were prevented taking to bed until they could hold out no longer, and were obliged to lie still by sheer nervous exhaustion. Then the doctors gave them up as incorrigible, and they were allowed to follow their own inclination.

Their further history is interesting and instructive. They now become chronic invalids, with whom, according to 'everybody,' there is nothing the matter. They are tortured by the consciousness that their ailments are doubted, and this goads them to exertion whenever they are able to move. Thus they squander every small gain of energy, and still further delay the cure. As long as such efforts are continued recovery is impossible; but when hope of cure ceases, and the *rôle* of invalid is fully accepted, the nerves are allowed to enjoy rest, and begin to gather strength.

If the patient be now removed from sources of agitation, and rest continued for a sufficient period, the exhaustion may ultimately pass away. This favourable result would take place sooner in many cases if the sources of agitation were fully appreciated by friends and attendants. But it is almost impossible for them to understand that trivial circumstances can be of much moment to the patient. They generally regard any apparent ill effects from trifles as the pure result of imagination, and consequently ignore them. They do not know that the diseased imagination is a part of the ailment, which absolute nerve rest is calculated to remove. In the time of rest, however, a new difficulty arises. The muscles, through want of exercise, become weak and flabby, and are utterly unable to respond to the call of the renewed nerves. A period thus arrives when, although the nerves are cured, the patient is still unable to walk through muscular weakness. There being no apparent difference in her symptoms, neither she nor her friends suspect the favourable change in her condition. It is at this stage that 'wonderful' cures are wrought. If a faith healer now gains an influence over the patient, he will soon work a 'miracle.' If a new physician be consulted, he will gain great credit by carrying out the old force method. All that is necessary is, by compelling her to walk, to reveal to the patient the fact of her cure, and to get her muscles strengthened by exercise. One medical man used to drive such patients a short way

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from home and compel them to walk back. He was said to have performed remarkable cures, but, as his successful cases had always been a considerable time confined to their couch, they were practically cured before he undertook them. By the adoption of systematic nerve rest at an early period of the disease its duration is materially shortened, and, as the muscles are kept in daily exercise by massage or electricity, the otherwise inevitable muscular enfeeblement is prevented. Thus whenever the nerves are able to command the muscles are ready to obey, so that there is little fear of the patient drifting into chronic invalidism. Indeed, it is quite surprising how much walking such persons voluntarily accomplish on quitting their bed of treatment.

During the old haphazard days these invalids frequently showed all the symptoms of starvation in the midst of plenty. Want of exercise diminished appetite and nervous worry hindered digestion. It was from this class that our notorious fasting girls were constantly arising. A part of the present treatment consists in persistent overfeeding. Three substantial meals are given daily, with savoury sops or morsels every two hours between. It might seem as if a sudden transition from the borders of starvation to the centre of repletion would create nausea, but it is not so. The amount of exercise undergone in massage equals a walk of several miles daily, so that there is more appetite in two hours than there used to be after a whole day's fast.

Within the limits of this paper it is impossible to discuss the various means adopted to obtain nerve rest. As there are many degrees of nervous exhaustion, so are there many methods of restoration. What would be pleasant exercise to one might prove laborious exertion to another, and what would be soothing to one might be irritating to another. In all cases, however, complete nerve rest implies *the maintenance of agreeable sensation and the avoidance of nervous agitation.* It may not be possible to obtain such absolute rest as is here indicated, but the aim of treatment is to secure as near an approach to it as can be attained by legitimate means. No means is used which might injure the general health.

The fact that women are more liable than men to the severer forms of nervous exhaustion is one reason why the cases quoted in these pages are chiefly those of women. Another reason is that, in men, it is rarely possible to study this stage of the disease uncomplicated by the effects of alcoholic indulgence. Most men who find themselves becoming victims of nervousness endeavour to escape the worries of life by taking refuge in drink; so that they usually bring upon themselves other diseases of alcoholic origin. In women this was not formerly the habit, but there is reason to believe that the late increase of inebriety among them is largely due to the spread of nervous exhaustion. On the other hand, there are many

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cases in both sexes where alcoholic indulgence has undoubtedly been the chief cause of the ailment.

Although the most severe forms of this disease have alone been discussed it must not be supposed that milder forms do not also require special nerve rest. This cannot be secured without more or less change being made in the ordinary mode of life. Nervous agitation is the chief cause of nervous exhaustion. It is *almost* impossible even for a healthy man to avoid a certain amount of agitation in connection with his affairs, while for the nervous man it is *absolutely* impossible. For the latter, therefore, a frequent holiday is essential. The way of spending such a holiday is a matter of urgent importance.

Many nervous sufferers return home worse than when they left. They climb mountains in Switzerland when they ought to be loitering on the sea-shore or lounging on the deck of an ocean steamer. They rise early 'to make the best of to-day' when they had better lie several hours longer to fix the benefits of yesterday. Like the unskilled rider, who dismounts for relief, they are frequently driven to bed to recover from their holiday exertions.

The amount of exercise must be regulated by its effects on head or spine. Mere muscular fatigue may be overcome by regular walking, but nervous fatigue must be entirely avoided. If the patient cannot take sufficient exercise to sustain his appetite and digestion, he had better undergo an hour's massage daily. And when he has once gained the power of walking from five to ten miles a day without fatigue of head or spine, he ought, by constant practice, to endeavour to retain it.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished.

For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks.

Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by trength of will.

JAMES MUIR HOWIE.

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THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN NORTH AMERICA.

OVER a considerable portion of the northern hemisphere the remains of man, or his works, have been found in association with bones of the extinct mammalia which characterised the Glacial epoch, and no evidence has been obtained that man at that time differed more from modern savages than they do among themselves. The facts which prove this antiquity were, when first put forth, doubted, neglected, or violently opposed, and it is now admitted that such opposition was due to prejudice alone, and in every case led to the rejection of important scientific truths. Yet after nearly thirty years' experience we find that an exactly similar prejudice prevails, even among geologists, against all evidence which carries man one little step further back into pre-Glacial or Pliocene times, although if there is any truth whatever in the doctrine of evolution as applied to man, and if we are not to adopt the exploded idea that the Palæolithic men were specially created just when the flood of ice was passing away, they *must* have had ancestors who *must* have existed in the Pliocene period, if not earlier. Is it then so improbable that some trace of man should be discovered at this period that each particle of evidence as it arises must be attacked with all the weapons of doubt, accusation and ridicule, which for so many years crushed down the truth with regard to Palæolithic man? One would think, as Jeremy Bentham said of another matter, that it was 'wicked or else unwise' to accept any evidence for facts which are yet so inherently probable that the entire absence of evidence for their existence ought to be felt to be the greatest stumbling-block.

No better illustration of this curious prejudice can be given than the way in which some recent discoveries of stone implements in deposits of considerable antiquity in India are dealt with. These implements are of quartzite, and are of undoubtedly human workmanship. They were found in the Lower Laterite formation, which is said to have undergone great denudation and to be undoubtedly very ancient. Old stone circles of a great but unknown antiquity are formed of it. It is also stated that the distinction between the Tertiary and post-Tertiary is very difficult in India, and the age of

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these Laterite beds cannot be determined either by fossils, which are absent, or by superposition. Yet we are informed, 'The presence of Palæolithic implements *proves* that the rock is of post-Tertiary origin.'[1] Here we have the origin of man taken as fixed and certain, so certain that his remains may be used to *prove* the age of a doubtful deposit! Nor do these indications of great antiquity stand alone, for in the Nerbudda fluviatile deposits Mr. Hackel has found stone weapons *in situ* along with eleven species of *extinct* fossil mammalia.

Believing myself that the existence of man in the Tertiary epoch is a *certainty*, and the discovery of his remains or works in deposits of that age to be decidedly *probable*, I hold it to be both wise and scientific to accept all evidence of his existence before the Glacial epoch which would be held satisfactory for a later period, and when there is any little doubt, to give the benefit of the doubt in favour of the find rather than against it. I hold further that it is equally sound doctrine to give some weight to cumulative evidence; since, when a thing is not improbable in itself, it surely adds much to the argument in its favour that facts which tend to prove it come from many different and independent sources, from those who are quite ignorant of the interest that attaches to their discovery, as well as from trained observers who are fully aware of the importance of every additional fact and the weight of each fresh scrap of evidence. Having by the kindness of Major Powell, the able Director of the United States Geological Survey, been able to look into the evidence recently obtained bearing on this question in the North American continent, I believe that a condensed account of it will certainly prove of interest to English readers.

The most certain tests of great antiquity, even though they afford us no accurate scale of measurement, are furnished by such natural changes as we know occur very slowly. Changes in the distribution of animals or plants, modifications of the earth's surface, the extinction of some species and the introduction of others, are of this nature, and they are the more valuable because during the entire historical period changes of this character are either totally unknown or of very small amount. Let us then see what changes of this kind have occurred since man inhabited the North American continent.

The shell heaps of the Damariscotta River, in Maine, are remarkable for their number and extent. The largest of these stretches for about half a mile along the shore, and is often six or seven feet, and in one place twenty-five feet, in thickness. They consist almost exclusively of oyster shells of remarkable size, frequently having a length of eight or ten inches, and sometimes reaching twelve or fourteen inches. They contain fragments of bones of edible animals, charcoal, bone implements, and some fragments of pottery. The surface is covered to a depth of several inches with vegetable mould, and

[1] *Manual of the Geology of India*, p. 370.

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large trees grow on them, some more than a century old. The special feature to which we now call attention is 'that at the present time oysters are only found in very small numbers, too small to make it an object to gather them; and we were credibly informed that they have not been found in larger quantities since the settlement in the neighbourhood. It cannot be supposed that the immense accumulations now seen on the shores of Salt Bay could have been made unless oysters had existed in very large numbers in the adjoining waters.'[2] Here we have evidence of an important change in the distribution of a species of mollusc since the banks were formed.

On the St. John's River, Florida, are enormous heaps largely composed of two freshwater shells, *Ampullaria depressa* and *Paludina multilineata*, which cover acres of ground and are often six or eight feet thick. Professor Wyman, who explored these heaps, remarks, 'It seems incredible to one who searches the waters of the St. John's and its lakes at the present time, that the two small species of shells above mentioned could have been obtained in such vast quantities as are seen brought together in these mounds, unless at the times of their formation the shells existed more abundantly than now, or the collection of them extended through very long periods of time. When it is borne in mind that the shell-heaps afford the only suitable surface for dwellings, being most commonly built in swamps, or on lands liable to be annually overflowed by the rise of the river, they appear to be necessarily the result of the labours of a few living on a limited area at one time. At present it would be a very difficult matter to bring together in a single day enough of these shells for the daily meals of an ordinary family.'[3]

On the Lower Mississippi, at Grand Lake, are shell banks of great extent which are now fifteen miles inland; while Nott and Gliddon describe similar banks on the Alabama River fifty miles inland, and they believe that Mobile Bay must have extended so far at the time the shells were collected. These beds are often covered with vegetable mould from one to two feet thick, and on this grow large forest trees. Equally indicative of long occupation and great antiquity is the enormous shell mound at San Pablo, on the bay of San Francisco, which is nearly a mile long and half a mile wide, and more than twenty feet thick. Numerous Indian skeletons and mummies have been found in it, showing that it had been subsequently used as a place of burial. Some mounds in Florida have growing on them enormous live oaks from thirteen to twenty-six feet in circumference at five feet from the ground, some of which are estimated to be about six hundred years old, indicating the minimum age possible for the heaps, but not necessarily approaching to their real age.

The extensive shell heaps of the Aleutian Islands have been care-

[2] *Second Annual Report of Trustees of Peabody Museum*, p. 18.

[3] *Fifth Annual Report of Peabody Museum*, p. 22.

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fully examined and reported on by Mr. Dall, and are found to exhibit some remarkable and probably unique peculiarities. Complete sections were made across several of these, and they were found to consist of a series of distinct layers, each marked by some well-defined characteristics. In the upper layers only are there any mammalian remains, and these may be divided into three subdivisions. In the upper bed there are found seals, walruses, &c., aquatic and land birds, the arctic fox and dog, with well-made weapons and implements, awls, whetstones, needles, and lamps. In the next layer the dog and fox are absent, as are remains of large whales; and in the lower mammalian layer there are seals and small cetacea only, but no birds or land animals, and the weapons found are ruder. We then come to a considerable layer in which there are no mammalian remains whatever, but only fish-bones and molluscan shells, with rude knives, lance heads, &c. Below this is a bottom deposit consisting entirely of the shells of echini, and containing no weapons, tools, or implements of any kind, except towards the surface of the layer, where a few hammer stones are found, round pebbles with an indentation on each side for the finger and thumb. Echinus' eggs are now eaten raw by the Aleuts, and it is the only eatable part of the animal. It takes forty or fifty full-sized echini for a meal. Some of the heaps cover five acres, and from a careful estimate founded on experiments, and taking the probable numbers of a colony which could have lived on such a spot, Mr. Dall calculates that it would take about 2,200 years to form such an accumulation. A similar estimate applied to the upper layers brings the time required for the accumulation of the entire series to 3,000 years, but that is on the supposition that they were formed continuously. This, however, was evidently not the case. Each layer indicates a change of inhabitants with different habits and in a somewhat different phase of civilisation, and each such change may imply the lapse of a long period during which the site was abandoned and no accumulation went on. These shell heaps may, therefore, carry us back to a very remote antiquity.

We next come to remains of man or his works found in association with the bones of extinct mammalia. The great mastodon skeleton in the British Museum found by Dr. Koch in the Osage Valley, Missouri, had stone arrow heads and charcoal found near it, but the fact was at the time received with the same incredulity as all other evidences of the antiquity of man. This animal was found at a depth of twenty feet, under seven alternate layers of loam, gravel, clay, and peat, with a forest of old trees on the surface, and one of the arrow heads lay under the thigh-bone of the mastodon and in contact with it. About the same date (1859) Dr. Holmes communicated to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences his discovery of fragments of pottery in connection with bones of the mastodon and megatherium on the Ashley River of South Carolina.

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Such cases as these remove all improbability from the celebrated Natchez man, a portion of a human pelvis from the loess of the Mississippi, which contains bones of the mastodon, megalonyx, horse, bison, and other extinct animals. This bone was stated by Sir Charles Lyell 'to be quite in the same state of preservation and of the same black colour as the other fossils.' Dr. Joseph Leidy agrees with this statement, yet he and Professor C. G. Forshey maintain that it is 'more probable' that the human bone fell down the cliff from some Indian grave near the surface. Sir Charles Lyell well remarks that 'had the bone belonged to any other recent mammal such a theory would never have been resorted to.' The admitted identity of the state of preservation and appearance of the human and animal bones is certainly not consistent with the view that the one is recent, the other ancient, the one artificially buried near the surface, the other in a natural deposit thirty feet below the surface.

Of a similar character to the above is the basket-work mat found in a rock-salt deposit fifteen to twenty feet below the surface in Petit Anse Island, Louisiana, two feet above which were fragments of tusks and bones of an elephant. The salt is said to be very pure, extending over an area of 5,000 acres, and the formation of such a deposit requires a considerable change of physical conditions from those now existing, and thus of itself implies great antiquity.[4]

These indications of the great antiquity of American man are now supported by such a mass of evidence of the same character that all the improbability supposed at first to attach to them has been altogether removed. As an illustration of this evidence I need only refer here to the Report on the Loess of Nebraska, by an experienced geologist, Dr. Samuel Aughey, who states that this deposit, which is now believed by the best American geologists to be of Glacial origin, and which covers enormous areas, contains throughout its entire extent many remains of mastodons and elephants, and that he himself had found an arrow and a spear head of flint at depths of fifteen and twenty feet in the deposit. One of these was thirteen feet below a lumbar vertebra of *Elephas americanus*.]

We now take a decided step backwards in time, to relics of human industry within or at the close of the Glacial period itself. About twenty years ago a well was sunk through the drift at Games, a few miles south of Lake Ontario, and at a depth of seventeen feet there were found lying on the solid rock three large stones enclosing a space within which were about a dozen charred sticks, thus closely resembling the cooking fires usually made by savages. Mr. G. K. Gilbert, of the U.S. Geological Survey, obtained the information from the intelligent farmer who himself found it, and after a close examination of the locality and the drift deposit in its relation to the adjacent lakes, comes to the conclusion that the hearth must have been used

[4] Foster's *Prehistoric Races of the United States*, p. 56.

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'near the end of the second Glacial period,' and at the time of the separation of Lake Ontario from Lake Erie.' When Mr. Gilbert gave an account of his researches on this matter at the meeting of the Washington Anthropological Society, November 16, 1886, two other gentlemen reported finds of similar character. Mr. Murdock, of the Point Barrow Station, near the extreme north-west corner of the continent, in making an excavation for an earth thermometer, found an Eskimo snow-goggle beneath more than twenty feet of frozen gravel and earth capped by a foot of turf. This being near the shores of the Arctic Sea may be a comparatively recent beach-formation and of no very great antiquity; but the remaining discovery was more important. Mr. W. J. McGee, a gentleman who has specially studied the Glacial and post-Glacial formations for the U.S. Geological Survey, described the finding by himself of a spear head in the quaternary deposits of the Walker River Cañon, Nevada. These beds consist of several feet of silt and loose material at the top, then a layer of calcareous tufa lying upon twenty to thirty feet of white marl, containing remains of extinct mammalia, and resting unconformably upon somewhat similar beds of earlier date. The spear head was found with its point just projecting from the face of the marl about twenty-six feet below the surface. Before removing the implement, he carefully studied the whole surroundings, and finally came to the conclusion that it had been embedded in the marl during its formation. The beds were deposited by the ancient Lake Lahonton. They have been thoroughly investigated by able geologists, and have been referred to the close of the Glacial period, or about the same time as the hearth described by Mr. Gilbert. The spear head is three and a half inches in length, finely made, and well preserved.

About a hundred miles north-west of St. Paul, in Central Minnesota, a thin deposit has been discovered containing numerous worked quartzite implements. They occur at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet in an old river terrace of modified drift, and the deposit marks an ancient land surface on which the implements are found, and which must have been deposited at about the close of the last Glacial epoch.[5] Mr. N. H. Winchell, State geologist of Minnesota, has found similar chips and implements in the upper part of the same deposit; and also human bones in the eastern terrace bluffs at Minneapolis, in a formation of about the same age as the above.

The same writer reports a still more remarkable discovery of a fragment of a human lower jaw in the red clay and boulder drift, but resting immediately on the limestone rock. This red clay belongs to the first or oldest Glacial period, and we thus have the proofs of man's

[5] 'Vestiges of Glacial Man in Minnesota,' by F. E. Babbitt, *Proc. of Am. Assoc.* vol. xxxii. 1883.

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existence carried back not only to the end of the Glacial epoch, but perhaps to its very commencement.[6]

We now come to the very interesting discoveries of Dr. Charles C. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey. In the extensive deposits of gravel in the valley of the Delaware, fresh surfaces of which are continually exposed in the cliffs on the river's banks, he has found large numbers of rude stone implements, almost identical in size and general form with the well-known palæolithic implements of the valley of the Somme. These have been found at depths of from five to over twenty feet from the surface, in perfectly undisturbed soil, and that they are characteristic of this particular deposit is shown by the fact that they are found nowhere else in the same district. Large boulders, some of very great size, are found throughout the deposit, and in one case Dr. Abbott found a well-chipped spear-shaped implement immediately beneath a stone weighing at least half a ton. Professor N. S. Shaler, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, after examining the locality and himself obtaining some implements *in situ*, says, 'I am disposed to consider these deposits as formed in the sea near the foot of the retreating ice-sheet when the sub-Glacial rivers were pouring out the vast quantity of water and waste that clearly were released during the breaking up of the great ice-time.' Dr. Abbott however adduces facts which seem to prove that some part of the deposit at all events was sub-aërial, for he states that the very large boulders often have immediately under them a foot or more of soil between the lower surface of the stone and the gravel, and that this layer often extends some distance laterally, showing that it formed a land surface on which the boulders rested, and which was subsequently removed by water action, except where thus protected. At any rate we may accept Professor Shaler's conclusion:—'If these remains are really those of man, they prove the existence of inter-Glacial man on this part of our shore.' That the implements *are* of human workmanship is quite certain, and the fact stated by Professor Shaler himself that 'they are made of a curious granular argillite, the like of which I do not know in the place,' is an additional proof of it. The further fact that the remains of man himself have been discovered in the same deposit completes the demonstration. First a human cranium was found of peculiar characteristics, being small, long, and very thick; then a tooth; and, lastly, a portion of a human under jaw, found at a depth of sixteen feet from the surface, near where a fragment of mastodon tusk had been found some years before. In recording this last discovery the curator of the Peabody Museum remarks: 'To Dr. Abbott alone belongs the credit of having worked out the problem of the antiquity of man on the Atlantic coast,' so that this gentleman appears to stand in a somewhat similar relation to this great question in America as did Boucher de Perthes in Europe. His researches

[6] *Annual Report of the State Geologist of Minnesota*, 1877, p. 60.

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are recorded in the first, second, and third volumes of the Reports of the Peabody Museum.

The interesting series of researches now briefly recorded has led us on step by step through the several stages of the quaternary at least as far back as the first great Glacial period, thus corresponding to the various epochs of Neolithic and Palæolithic man in Europe, terminating in the Suffolk flints, claimed to be pre-Glacial by Mr. Skertchley, or the earliest traces of human occupancy in Kent's Cavern, of which Mr. Pengelly states that 'he is compelled to believe that the earliest men of Kent's Hole were inter-Glacial if not pre-Glacial.' It now remains to adduce the evidence which carries us much further back, and demonstrates the existence of man in Pliocene times. This evidence is derived from the works of art and human crania found in the auriferous gravels of California, and in order to appreciate duly its weight and importance, it is necessary to understand something of the physical characteristics of the country and the nature of the gravels themselves, with their included fossils, since both these factors combine to determine their geological age.

The great lateral valleys of the Sierra Nevada are characterised by enormous beds of gravel, sometimes in thick deposits on the sides or filling up the whole bed of the valley, at other times forming detached hills or even mountains of considerable size. These gravel deposits are often covered with a bed of hard basalt or lava, having a generally level but very rugged surface, and hence possessing, when isolated, a very peculiar form, to which the name 'table mountain' is often given. These tabular hills are sometimes a thousand or even fifteen hundred feet high, and the basaltic capping varies from fifty to two hundred feet thick. The gravels themselves are frequently interstratified with a fine white clay and sometimes with layers of basalt.

Geological exploration of the district clearly exhibits the origin of this peculiar conformation of the surface. At some remote period the lower lateral valleys of the Sierra Nevada became gradually filled with deposits of gravel brought down from the higher and steeper valleys. During the time this was going on there were numerous volcanic eruptions in the higher parts of the range, sending out great showers of ashes, which formed the beds now consolidated into pipe-clay or cement, while occasional lava streams produced intercalating layers of basalt. After this had gone on for a long period, and the valleys had in many places been filled up with débris to the depth of many hundred feet, there was a final and very violent eruption, causing outflows of lava which flowed down many of the valleys, filled the river beds, and covered up a considerable portion of the gravel deposits. These lava streams, some of which may be now traced for a length of twenty miles, of course flowed down the lower or middle portion of each valley, so that any part of the gravel remaining uncovered would be that most

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remote from the river bed towards one or other side of the valley. This gravel, being now the lowest ground as well as that most easily denuded, would of course be eaten away by the torrents and mark the commencement of new river beds, which thenceforth went on deepening their channels and forming new valleys which undermined and carried away some of the gravel, but always left steep slopes and cliffs wherever the lava flow protected the surface from the action of the rains. Hence it happens that the existing rivers are often in very different directions from the old ones, and sometimes cut across them, and thus isolated table mountains have been left rising up out of the surrounding plain or valley. What was once a single lava stream now forms several detached hills, the tops of which can be seen to form parts of one gently inclined plane, the surface of the original lava flow, now a thousand feet or more above the adjacent valleys. The American and Yuba valleys have been lowered from eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet, while the Stanislaus river gorge has cut through one of these basalt, covered hills to the depth of fifteen hundred feet.

While travelling by stage, last summer, from Stockton to the Yosemite Valley, I passed through this very district, and was greatly impressed by the indications of vast change in the surface of the country since the streams of lava flowed down the valleys. In the Stanislaus Valley the numerous 'table mountains' were very picturesque, often running out into castellated headlands or exhibiting long ranges of rugged black cliffs. At one spot the road passed through the ancient river bed, clearly marked by its gravel, pebbles, and sand, but now about three or four hundred feet above the present river. We also often saw rock surfaces of metamorphic slates far above the present river bed, thus proving that the original bed-rocks of the valley, as well as the lava and gravels, have been cut away to a considerable depth since the epoch of the lava flows. The ranges of 'table mountains' now separated by deep valleys more than a thousand feet below them, could easily be seen, by their perfect agreement of slope and level, to have once formed part of an enormous lava stream spread over a continuous surface of gravel and rock.

These great changes in the physical conditions and in the surface features of the country alone imply a great lapse of time, but they are enforced and rendered even more apparent by the proofs of change in the flora and fauna afforded by the fossils, which occur in some abundance both in the gravels and volcanic clays. The animal remains found beneath the basaltic cap are very numerous, and are all of extinct species. They belong to the genera rhinoceros, elotherium, felis, canis, bos, tapirus, hipparion, equus, elephas, mastodon, and auchenia, and form an assemblage entirely distinct from those that now inhabit any part of the North American continent. Besides these we have a tolerably abundant series of vegetable remains, well

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preserved in the white clays formed from the volcanic ash. These comprise forty-nine species of deciduous trees and shrubs, all distinct from those now living, while not a single coniferous leaf or fruit has been found, although pines and firs are now the prevalent trees all over the sierra. Professor Lesquereaux, who has described these plants, considers them to be of Pliocene age with some affinities to Miocene; while Professor Whitney, the State Geologist of California, considers that the animal remains indicate at least a similar antiquity.

These abundant animal and vegetable remains have mostly been discovered in the process of gold-mining, the gravel and sand of the old river beds preserved under the various flows of basalt being especially rich in gold. Numerous shafts have been sunk and underground tunnels excavated in the auriferous gravels and clays, and the result has been the discovery not only of extinct animals and plants, but of works of art and human remains. The former have been found in nine different counties in the same gravels in which the extinct animals occur, while in no less than five widely separate localities, underneath the ancient lava flows, remains of man himself have been discovered. In order to show the amount of this evidence, and to enable us to appreciate the force or weakness of the objections with which, as usual, it has been received, a brief enumeration of these discoveries will be made. We will begin with the works of art as being the most numerous.

In Tuolumne County from 1862 to 1865 stone mortars and platters were found in the auriferous gravel along with bones and teeth of mastodon ninety feet below the surface, and a stone muller was obtained in a tunnel driven under Table Mountain. In 1870 a stone mortar was found at a depth of sixty feet in gravel under clay and 'cement,' as the hard clay with vegetable remains (the old volcanic ash) is called by the miners. In Calaveras County from 1860 to 1869 many mortars and other stone implements were found in the gravels under lava beds, and in other auriferous gravels and clays at a depth of 150 feet. In Amador County stone mortars have been found in similar gravel at a depth of forty feet. In Placer County stone platters and dishes have been found in auriferous gravels from ten to twenty feet below the surface. In Nevada County stone mortars and ground discs have been found from fifteen to thirty feet deep in the gravel. In Butte County similar mortars and pestles have been found in the lower gravel beneath lava beds and auriferous gravel; and many other similar finds have been recorded. It must be noted that the objects found are almost characteristic of California, where they are very abundant in graves or on the sites of old settlements, having been used to pound up acorns, which formed an important part of the food of the Indians. They occur literally by hundreds, and are so common that they have little value. It seems therefore absurd to suppose that in scores of cases, over a wide area of country and over

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a long series of years, gold-miners should have taken the trouble to carry down into their mines or mix with their refuse gravel these articles, of whose special scientific interest in the places where found they have no knowledge whatever. It is further noted that many of these utensils found in the old gravels are coarse and rudely finished as compared with those of more recent manufacture found on the surface. The further objection has been made that there is too great a similarity between these objects and those made in comparatively recent times. But the same may be said of the most ancient arrow and spear heads and those made by modern Indians. The use of the articles has in both cases been continuous, and the objects themselves are so necessary and so comparatively simple, that there is no room for any great modification of form.

We will now pass on to the remains of man himself. In the year 1857 a fragment of a human skull with mastodon débris was brought up from a shaft in Table Mountain, Tuolumne County, from a depth of 180 feet below the surface. The matter was investigated by Professor Whitney, the State geologist, who was satisfied that the specimen had been found in the 'pay gravel,' beneath a bed three feet thick of cement with fossil leaves and branches, over which was seventy feet of clay and gravel. The most remarkable discovery, however, is that known as the Calaveras skull. In the year 1866 some miners found in the cement, in close proximity to a petrified oak, a curious rounded mass of earthy and stony material containing bones, which they put on one side, thinking it was a curiosity of some kind. Professor Wyman, to whom it was given, had great difficulty in removing the cemented gravel and discovering that it was really a human skull nearly entire. Its base was embedded in a conglomerate mass of ferruginous earth, water-worn volcanic pebbles, calcareous tufa, and fragments of bones, and several bones of the human foot and other parts of the skeleton were found wedged into the internal cavity of the skull. Chemical examination showed the bones to be in a fossilised condition, the organic matter and phosphate of lime being replaced by carbonate. It was found beneath four beds of lava, and in the fourth bed of gravel from the surface; and Professor Whitney, who afterwards secured the specimen for the State Geological Museum, has no doubt whatever of its having been found as described.

In Professor Whitney's elaborate Report on the Auriferous Gravels of the Sierra Nevada, from which most of the preceding sketch is taken, he arrives at the conclusion that the whole evidence distinctly proves 'that man existed in California previous to the cessation of volcanic activity in the Sierra Nevada, to the epoch of greatest extension of the glaciers in that region, and to the erosion of the present river cañons and valleys, at a time when the animal and vegetable creations differed entirely from what they are now,

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and when the topographical features of the State were extremely unlike those exhibited by the present surface.' He elsewhere states that the animal and vegetable remains of these deposits prove them to be of 'at least as ancient a date as the European Pliocene.'

Professor Whitney enumerates two other cases in which human bones have been discovered in the auriferous gravel, and in one of them the bones were found by an educated observer, Dr. Boyce, M.D., under a bed of basaltic lava eight feet thick; but these are of but little importance when compared with the preceding cases, as to which we have such full and precise details. The reason why these remarkable discoveries should have been made in California rather than in any other part of America is sufficiently apparent if we consider the enormous amount of excavation of the Pliocene gravels in the long-continued prosecution of gold-mining, and also the probability that the region was formerly, as now, characterised by a milder climate, and a more luxuriant perennial vegetation, and was thus able to support a comparatively dense population even in those remote times. Admitting that man did inhabit the Pacific slope at the time indicated, the remains appear to be of such a character as might be anticipated and present all the characteristics of genuine discoveries.

Even these Californian remains do not exhaust the proofs of man's great antiquity in America, since we have the record of another discovery which indicates that he may, possibly, have existed at an even more remote epoch. Mr. E. L. Berthoud has described the finding of stone implements of a rude type in the Tertiary gravels of the Crow Creek, Colorado. Some shells were obtained from the same gravels, which were determined by Mr. T. A. Conrad to be species which are 'certainly not later than Older Pliocene, or possibly Miocene.' The account of this remarkable discovery, published in the *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*, 1872, is not very clear or precise, and it is much to be wished that some competent geologist would examine the locality. But the series of proofs of the existence of man by the discovery of his remains or his works going back step by step to the Pliocene period, which have been now briefly enumerated, takes away from this alleged discovery the extreme improbability which would be held to attach to it at the time when it was made.

It is surely now time that this extreme scepticism as to any extension of the human period beyond that reached by Boucher de Perthes, half a century ago, should give way to the ever-increasing body of facts on the other side of the question. Geologists and anthropologists must alike feel that there is a great, and at present inexplicable, chasm intervening between the earliest remains of man and those of his animal predecessors—that the entire absence of the 'missing link' is a reproach to the doctrine of evolution; yet with

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strange inconsistency they refuse to accept evidence which in the case of any extinct or living animal, other than man, would be at least provisionally held to be sufficient, but follow in the very footsteps of those who blindly refused even to examine into the evidence adduced by the earlier discoverers of the antiquity of man, and thus play into the hands of those who can adduce his recent origin and unchangeability as an argument against the descent of man from the lower animals. Believing that the whole bearing of the comparative anatomy of man and of the anthropoid apes, together with the absence of indications of any essential change in his structure during the quaternary period, lead to the conclusion that he *must* have existed, as man, in Pliocene times, and that the intermediate forms connecting him with the higher apes probably lived during the early Pliocene or the Miocene period, it is urged that all such discoveries as those described in the present article are in themselves probable and such as we have a right to expect. If this be the case, the proper way to treat evidence as to man's antiquity is to place it on record, and admit it provisionally wherever it would be held adequate in the case of other animals; not, as is too often now the case, ignore it as unworthy of acceptance or subject its discoverers to indiscriminate accusations of being either impostors themselves or the victims of impostors. Error is sure to be soon detected, and its very detection is often a valuable lesson. But facts, once rejected, are apt to remain long buried in obscurity, and their non-recognition may often act as a check to further progress. It is in the hope of inducing a more healthy public opinion on this interesting and scientifically important question that this brief record of the evidences of man's antiquity in North America has been compiled.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

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COUNTY CHARACTERISTICS—CORNWALL.

THAT remote promontory

> Where England, stretched towards the setting sun,
> Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,

is differentiated from the other English counties by many and marked peculiarities. Principal amongst these are the antiquity of its lithic remains, its magnificent cliff scenery, its mines of tin, copper, and lead, its Celtic population, its pilchard fisheries, and the picturesque bosses of granite which crop out in the central ridge running through the county, and at last stretching forth like a gauntleted hand, in defiance of the ceaseless onset of the Atlantic rollers. From its position as the southernmost and westernmost county of England, Cornwall has been named the vanguard of them all; and although it is true that in configuration, in coast-line, and in position it bears no small resemblance to Pembrokeshire, and is still more similar to Caernarvon, here the likeness may be said to cease. The cliffs of those two counties are for the most part of dark monotonous slate, instead of the lichen-covered, golden-grey granite; and along the yet more dangerous Welsh seaboard

> Stern melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence and a sad repose.

The Cornish seas have, on the contrary, a cheerful aspect, owing, it may be, partly to the bright tracts of yellow sand over which at so many places the unsullied apple-green waves lazily curl and dash themselves into miles of 'pearl-threaded foam;' partly to the colours of the rocks; and partly to their being thronged highways for ocean traffic, formed by the English and St. George's Channels meeting at the Land's End: but, above all, the beauty of the Cornish seas is due to the clearness of the water, and the readiness with which it assumes all the brighter influences of sky and air. Standing on the cliffs at Kynance Cove on a breezy summer day, or at Tol-pedn-Penwith, and gazing down into the rocky coves below on the gigantic waves, as they give forth what the late vicar of Morwenstow (paraphrasing the well-known passage in the *Prometheus*) called 'old

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Ocean's merry noise, his billowy laugh,' the restless waters seem living sapphires and amethysts and emeralds. Even when 'cradled 'neath the grey sky's brooding wings,' the outlook over some such wide waste of waters as may be seen from the Land's End reveals through the opaline haze such hues of turquoise, lilac, peach, and silver grey, 'half tints of pink and pearl,' as have astounded by their delicate beauty, and by the subtleness of their intermingling, many a gazer who had hitherto been accustomed carelessly to think of the ocean as monochromatic. Mr. Brett has more than once made a brilliant attempt to portray the Cornish sea; but it is 'a thing to dream of, not to tell,' or paint. Nor, at times, are the seas on this part of the coast less remarkable for their terrific majesty, when, as on some dark afternoon, the rushing pinions of the wild-winged north-west wind stir them into madness, and the billows hurl themselves in rapid charges against the mural precipices which stretch from Morvah to the Point of Guethensbras.

The transition is not difficult from these natural characteristics of the cliffs to certain other objects of interest which they closely resemble; for it is still a moot point with some whether many of the pinnacled 'pedns,' or headlands, are entirely nature's work. Cornwall is 'the land of the giants,' and to human hands tradition has assigned at least some share in the logan rocks, the huge granite basins, and such-like fantastic shapes, which are scattered through the westernmost hundred of the county, Penwith, and to a less extent through the Isles of Scilly. On the other hand, some of the undoubted works of man's hands—the menhirs, tall rude stone pillars which mark the graves of forgotten heroes, or the scenes of battles unknown to history; the tol-mens, or holed stones, which the Cornish peasant still associates with miraculous cures, performed at first by Druid hands, and even yet efficacious; nay, even some of the cromlechs themselves, the stone graves of long-forgotten men of other days—are so rude in their character that many on beholding them for the first time smile incredulously on being told that they are something more than the native rock. Well said Drayton of such monuments as these:—

> Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their storie,
> Thou has forgot their names who reared thee for their glorie;
> For all their wondrous cost, thou that has served them so,
> What 'tis to trust to tombes by *thee* we all may know.

And the difficulty which strangers feel in accrediting to a human origin primæval remains of this class is not a little enhanced by the lonely spots in which they are, for the most part, to be found; as, for example, on the bleak, treeless moors (or, as they are more generally called by the Cornish, 'downs'), barely covered with a hungry coat of heather, which stretch westward from Madron and Sancreed.

It is almost impossible to imagine anything more weird than a

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thunderstorm on such a scene, when the hollow, jagged granite pile of the 'Cairn of Hooting'—Carn Kenidzhek—makes good its name; or than the look of the same distorted mass of rocks in the lurid light of the

> last glare of day's red agony,
> Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,
> Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

And there are yet other indubitable traces of prehistoric man still traceable on the wild moorlands of Cornwall in the stone circles—miniature Stonehenges—in the remains of beehive huts of Cyclopean masonry; in the ogofs or secret shelter-caves; and in the stone-lined pits and enclosures which exist in various parts of the county, though perhaps nowhere in such profusion and in so good preservation as in the isolated district—containing some sixty or seventy square miles—which lies west and north of Penzance.

At length we come to a class of stone monuments whereon we seem to touch ground and gain the surer footing of history; such are the inscribed stones, of which there are yet to be found some examples in Cornwall. In almost every instance these inscriptions are in Latin; and yet there is scarcely the faintest trace to be found of Roman roads or of Roman occupation in Cornwall; a fact to which the Cornwealhas, or '*foreigners* of the horn-shaped land' (as the English called them), point with pride as evidence of their having been unconquered, but which others aver to be merely a proof of the worthlessness of the conquest. It should, however, be added that these Latin inscriptions generally record the death of some distinguished Cornishmen; as, for instance, the fragment known as 'the other halfstone,' near Trevethy Cromlech, in the parish of St. Cleer, which was erected in memory of Dongerth, a king of Cornwall, who was drowned circa A.D. 872.

It is unnecessary to refer, at any length, to the Christian antiquities of Cornwall, though certain characteristic peculiarities are by no means unworthy of notice, especially in the crosses and the names of the churches. Of the former it should be observed that the great majority of them are of the Greek or equal-limbed type (although in many cases a cross of the Latin type has been subsequently incised on the back of the stone)—a fact which helps to show that the Church was in vigorous existence here before the mission of St. Augustine. And this is confirmed by the original names of the churches, many of which are even yet retained. They are generally dedicated either to early Irish, Welsh, or Breton saints (and here it is well to remember that there is a Cornouaille in Brittany); those in West Cornwall to Irish saints; those in the north and north-west to Welsh; and those on the southern coast to Breton priests or anchorites. Most, if not all, of the churches specified in a subsidy roll of

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Edward III. can still be identified. As to the legends of the saints themselves, the curious reader must be referred to an interesting series of articles by the Rev. C. W. Boase, of Penzance, in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, and to Mr. W. C. Borlase's 'Age of the Saints,' in the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall.*

The church buildings are, as a rule, uninteresting, owing to the state of decadence into which church architecture had already fallen when, in the sixteenth century, a great wave of activity in rebuilding swept over the county; and that, too, at a time when means do not appear to have been forthcoming for the construction of large or handsome edifices. Moreover, the scarcity of a good freestone for carving contributed to that want of beauty of detail which characterises so many of the churches of Cornwall. Some brilliant exceptions there undoubtedly are, but they only serve to enforce the general rule. No one, for instance, can look upon that small but perfect example of the Decorated period—the spire of Lostwithiel—without agreeing with the late Mr. Street, R.A., that, architecturally considered, it is the 'glory of Cornwall;' nor can he fail to be struck with the exquisite proportions of the tower of Probus, of later date, or the elaborate exteriors of the south aisles of St. Mary Magdalene at Launceston and of St. Mary's at Truro—the latter now incorporated in the new cathedral there, which is to be opened immediately by the Heir Apparent to the Throne, the Duke of Cornwall. Norman work is rare, and examples of the Early English period even more so; but, where they occur, they have singular features of their own which have often afforded interesting problems for the architect and the antiquary.

Such are amongst the chief materials for the early history of the county of Cornwall. The written records are meagre, and may perhaps be thought of no considerable interest. That the Phœnicians traded to the Cassiterides for metals which their own country did not produce may now be considered certain, though whether or not their god Poseidon's *χαλκοβατὲς δῶ*[1] was built of Cornish copper may be left an open question.

Traces of contact with Roman influences are almost entirely confined to a few stray coins, and to the inscribed Brito-Roman stones to which reference has already been made. By the Saxons Cornwall was the last part of England subjugated—probably for the same reasons as induced the Romans to abstain from interference with the remote and infertile west country. It was not until the year 926 A.D. that Athelstan marched through Cornwall, and fixed, two years later, the Tamar for her eastern boundary. The connection of the county with the story of Danish influences is much the same here as elsewhere throughout England; the Northmen came to ravage and destroy,

[1] *Od.* viii. 321.

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their incursion of 1068 being especially destructive. To this period may probably be referred some at least of the 'cliff castles' which stud the numerous small promontories, and which are supposed to have formed, in some cases, safe retreats for the natives from their invaders, whilst in others they were possibly used by the invaders themselves when they wished to secure for their marauding galleys 'a base of operations' close to the sea.

The main work of the Norman in Cornwall has been summarised by Mr. G. T. Clark, our greatest living authority on castrametation; it consisted almost entirely in the construction of fortifications, with a view to keeping the half-conquered Cornishmen in check. Mr. Clark observes:—

> Upon and beyond the Tamar, as at Montacute, Wallingford, and Berkhampstead, may be traced the footsteps of the powerful nobles who held the great earldom of Cornwall. Their principal Cornish castles—Trematon, Launceston (where the town was also walled), and Restormel—were the work originally of Robert, half-brother of the Conqueror. Their remains are considerable, and their strength and position were such as to give them immense influence in that wild and almost impenetrable district. St. Michael's Mount remains fortified; Carn Brea, the work of Ralph de Pomeroy, still marks the rocky ridge whence it derives its name; and there are traces of Boscastle, the hold of the Barons Botreaux, and of the 'Arthurian' castle of Tintagel.[2] There are besides in Cornwall a few fortified houses and a multitude of strong places, camps rather than castles, very peculiar in character, and probably the work of the native Cornish before the arrival of the stranger.

The red walls of the 'ivy-tapissed keep' of Trematon and the gaunt ruins of Launceston still frown upon quiet branches of the Tamar; as the lovelier remains of Restormel still watch the banks of the Fowey. The castle on St. Michael's Mount, as in Spenser's days, still 'wardes the western coast;' and grim Carn Brea yet stands on a granite hill from which the sea may be discerned on both the northern and southern shores of the county. But only mounds remain to show the sites of Botreaux Castle and Truro; 'King Arthur's Castle' on

> Wild Dundagil, by the Cornish sea—

sometimes, according to the old stories, visible, at others hidden from mortal gaze—is fast crumbling into ruins, and the dark cliffs on which it stands are being rapidly undermined by the long waves that break

> All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss.

But the influence of the Norman chiefs in Cornwall seems to have been not very strong, permeating, or lasting; few Norman names survive, and their former owners' places are now for the most part

[2] Mr. Clark might have added the once existing shell-keep of Truro to his list of Norman castles.

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taken by those who sprang from the soil, and who rejoice in the characteristic prefixes of Tre, or Pol, or Pen.

The Cornishmen next figure in history chiefly in connection with popular risings; such as those in favour of the Lancastrian cause in 1471, and Flammock's rebellion in behalf of Perkin Warbeck in 1495—'the most formidable danger which ever threatened Henry VII.'s throne,' but which was at length crushed by the King's artillery at Blackheath, notwithstanding the Cornish bills and bows and their long arrows, 'the length,' Lord Bacon tells us, 'of a tailor's yard, so strong and mighty a bow were they said to draw.' Again, in the middle of the following century, we find the Cornishmen in arms; this time under Humphry Arundell, of Lanherne, in futile defence of 'the old religion.'

Their share in the civil wars is too well known to be repeated here; suffice it to say that most of the Cornish gentry and their followers sided with the king, and, by their chivalric valour in the west, more than once turned the tide of victory in his favour, drawing from Charles a letter of warmest and most courtly thanks, a copy of which he directed should be kept for ever in all the Cornish churches and chapels—

> that, as long as the history of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that county hath merited from us and from our crown may be derived, with it, to posterity.

The memorial is still, in many cases, preserved.

From that period the history of Cornwall merges into that of England.

Perhaps the feature in Cornish scenery which first strikes the attention of a stranger is the mining landscape, with its barren, scarred surface, its enormous heaps of débris that have been excavated from the earth in search of mineral wealth, its tall and often not unpicturesque engine-houses and chimneys, and the busy, discoloured stamping and dressing floors, where the ore is crushed and prepared for the smelter. The mines of Cornwall are almost coæval with her præhistoric antiquities. We have seen that the Phœnicians traded here; and Diodorus Siculus gives full particulars of the subject in a well-known passage, in which he further describes the routes of the traders through Gaul to the mouths of the Rhone, for a second shipment of the Cornish metals on the waters of the Mediterranean. In the reign of John, who, by the way, granted a charter to the tinners of Cornwall and Devon, with power to take both turf and wood for fuel to smelt the ores, mining seems to have been almost a monopoly of the Jews, to the great discontent of the barons and their vassals. Richard, Duke of Cornwall, derived great revenues from this source, but the produce very much diminished on the banishment of the Hebrew race in the reign of Edward I. This leads us to mention

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that the old 'coinage towns' of Cornwall were so named from their being the places appointed for stamping the blocks of smelted tin, with the view to the duty being then paid upon them to the Duchy, and to the blocks being thus rendered legally saleable. This duty, or tax, was commuted in 1838; and some, if not all, of the old coinage halls have now been either removed or converted to other uses. But the Cornish mines would form a subject of their own; and it will perhaps be sufficient to add here that in some years (notably in 1870 and 1872) the annual value of the tin raised in Cornwall and Devon has amounted to nearly one million and a quarter sterling, and that the copper produce in one year (1880) was over one million in value. But the condition of the mines is, from a variety of causes, especially since the introduction of foreign ores, of a most fluctuating character; and the industry has of late years become so much depressed that a very large proportion of the mines has been closed, and the labourers, formerly numbering nearly 30,000 hands, have been forced to emigrate, leaving their families, in many instances, in most painful destitution. Lead, silver,[3] zinc, and iron, as well as many of the rarer metals, are also found in Cornwall; and until very lately a brisk trade was driven in 'china clay,' a form of decomposed granite, used mainly in the manufacture of porcelain; but this too has much lessened. The variety of the mineral products of Cornwall is in fact most remarkable, and the extent of it may be readily estimated on an inspection of the magnificent mineral collections in the Natural History Museum, lately removed to South Kensington. Of nuggets of gold there are many examples; and amongst the foremost contributors to the rarer 'specimens' of minerals (as the Cornish miners call them) will be found the far-famed submarine Botallack Mine and the Fowey Consols. Yet, notwithstanding the untold wealth that has been for centuries wrung from the depths of Old Cornubia, and the persistent endeavours which are being made to revive, by various means, the prosperity of bygone days, it is to be feared that the future mineral resources of Cornwall will never rival those of the past. It is, however, encouraging to be able to add that it has been calculated that the value of the shareholders' interest in the Cornish mines increased during the year 1886 by about one million sterling.

From the great extent of the Cornish seaboard, as well as from the generally infertile character of the soil, which causes agriculture to be a subject of less importance here than in most English counties, the fisheries play a scarcely less important part in the resources of the county than even the mines themselves. The harbours are small, and generally tidal, more especially those on the rocky northern coast; but, in the days of small ships, such little ports as Fowey and Looe, where now only a few coasters, smacks, or

[3] 6,000*l.* worth was raised in one year, 1878.

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small schooners are occasionally to be seen, frequently furnished a gallant contingent for the defence of the realm as well as of their own neighbouring shores. Falmouth and Penzance are the largest modern seaports; but even these, now that the railway and telegraph have come into operation, are beginning to decline. Yet the fisheries continue to flourish, though they are very fluctuating in their annual harvest. It is unnecessary to advert in detail to the capture of mackerel and other ordinary fish, but the delicate, luscious pilchard (*clupea pilchardus*), which is almost essentially a Cornish fish, demands a few words, not only on account of the important bearing which it has upon the welfare of the poorer inhabitants, but also because of the mysterious habits of the fish itself, notwithstanding the many attempts which have been made by naturalists to investigate its history. It was known at least so long ago as Shakespeare's days, who, in his *Twelfth Night*, thus aptly describes it: 'And fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger.' To this it may be added that the scales of the pilchard are much the larger, and its dorsal fin is placed much further forward than the herring's. The chief homes of the pilchard fishery are St. Ives, the Mount's Bay, and Newquay. The fish make their appearance off the shore in the early autumn, and retire during the winter months to the deep, warm waters of the Atlantic. When they make their appearance (on one occasion, Mr. Couch tells us, in a shoal 100 miles long), there is joy on the Cornish cliffs. Oftentimes the mines and the fields are deserted by the labourers, who are now required to man the boats. An anxious interval of suspense occurs, lest the valuable fish should escape the nets of the seiners; but practice has made perfect. Directed by signs from experienced old fishermen on the cliffs (called 'huers'), the boatmen seldom fail in casting the long seine net round the 'school,' as it is termed, and then, unless indeed rough weather intervenes, it is an easy matter to remove the spoil from the sea by tuck-nets, and carry it in smaller boats to the land. Here a busy scene ensues: some of the pilchards are carted off at once to the inland towns, villages, and farms; others are pressed and dried for the Mediterranean market (hence the fish are sometimes called the Spanish capon), and the offal is used for manure: nay, sometimes the catch is so unmanageably large that the fish themselves are necessarily used in that capacity. It is said, for instance, that in one day, in the year 1846, 75,000,000, or 3,000 hogsheads (worth about 2*l.* per hogshead), were caught off St. Ives. The capital invested in the Cornish fisheries may be roughly stated at about a quarter of a million sterling, and they afford employment for upwards of 4,000 persons. It is difficult to explain why the pilchard is scarcely ever met with far beyond the limits of the Cornish coast, but the most probable cause is its love for the high temperature of the waters of the Gulf Stream, which, after impinging upon our western shores, cool somewhat rapidly.

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And this leads us to touch upon that other and remarkable distinguishing characteristic of Cornwall, its mild, moist, equable, 'subtropical' climate. This is a subject to which Mr. N. Whitley, of Truro, has for very many years paid the closest attention, the results of which are given in his prize essay on the Climate of the British Islands (1850), and in his treatise on the 'Development of the Agricultural Resources of Cornwall.'[4] He points out that the month of January is as warm at Penzance as it is at Madrid, Florence, or Constantinople; whilst the Cornish July is as cool as that of St. Petersburg. Under such conditions it is not surprising that Cornwall has a flora and fauna of its own. On the southern shores, and in the Scilly Islands, myrtles, hydrangeas, fuchsias, and other delicate plants and shrubs stand out during the winter and freely bloom in the open air; scarlet geraniums grow into hedges ten or more feet high; and early vegetables from Cornwall supply the markets of London, Bristol, and Birmingham. No less than three-fourths of the whole list of 400 British birds have, according to the late Mr. Rodd, been observed in the county. Yet the climate is not without its drawbacks, owing to the fact that the very Gulf Stream which cools the air in summer, and warms it in winter, brings with it such superabundant stores of moisture that Cornwall gets double its due share of rain—or 44 inches annually. And, again, the narrowness of the county—swept as it so easily is by winds from almost every point of the compass—is unfavourable to the growth of trees: few fine specimens are to be found save in the sheltered valleys of Glynn or Boconnoc, or in the lordly park of Mount Edgcumbe, which overlooks the waters of Plymouth Haven and the blue Dartmoor Hills in the lovely sister county of Devon. The stunted trees along the Cornish coast excite our pity rather than our admiration; even when no breeze is stirring they seem to cower in dread of the prevailing tyrannical westerly winds, and to fling their arms eastward, as if seeking in that quarter for safety and protection:—

As for revenge, to Heav'n each holds a wither'd hand.

A few words must be added about the Cornish people; for the Cornishman is, and always has been, *sui generis*. In a word, the Cornish still have the virtues and the vices of the ardent, vivacious, restless Celt; 'a fierce, bold, and athletic race,' Macaulay says, 'among whom there was (two centuries ago) a stronger provincial feeling than in any other part of the realm;' and the clannish sentiment is still strong, at once fostered and represented by their old motto, 'One and all.' Diodorus Siculus refers in high terms of praise to the hospitable and courteous manners of 'the people who inhabited the promontory of Britain called Bolerium.' Festus Avienus is equally complimentary to them:—

[4] *Bath and West of England Agricultural Journal*, vol. ix. p. 2.

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Multa vis hic gentis est,
Superbus animus, efficax solertia,
Negotiandi cura jugis omnibus.

'The Cornish gentlemen are all born courtiers, with a becoming confidence,' declared 'Gloriana,' at whose court were to be found, amongst other Cornishmen, Carews and Grenvilles, Trelawnys and Reskymers. Drayton, in his *Barons' Warres*, writes:—

For courage no whit second to the best,
The Cornishmen; most active, bold, and light;

and, to come down to the middle of the seventeenth century, an anonymous writer thus describes them:—

Cornwall is the compleate and repleate Horne of Abundance for high churlish hills and affable courteous people. . . . . The country hath its share of huge stones, mighty rocks, noble free gentlemen, bountiful housekeepers, strong and stout men, and handsome and beautiful women.

In our own days the late Charles Kingsley, Emerson, and other writers who might be named, grew so enthusiastic over the Cornubian character that, were the present writer to transcribe their words, he fears that one virtue—modesty—might be denied to at least one Cornishman. The following account of the Cornish gentry, written in 1602 by Richard Carew, the historian of his native county, is so graphic and amusing that it is hard to refrain from inserting it. He says:—

This angle which so shutteth them in, hath wrought many interchangeable matches with other's stock, and given beginning to the proverb that all Cornish gentlemen are cousins; which endeth in an injurious consequence, that the king hath there no cousins. They keep liberal, but not costly builded or furnished houses; give kind entertainment to strangers; make even at the year's end with the profits of their living; are reverenced and beloved of their neighbours; live void of factions amongst themselves (at leastwise, such as break out into any dangerous excess); and delight not in bravery of apparel; yet the women would be very loth to come behind the fashion, in new-fangledness of the manner, if not in costliness of the matter, which perhaps might over empty their husbands' purses. They converse familiarly together, and often visit one another. A gentleman and his wife will ride and make merry with his next neighbour; and after a day or twain, those two couples go to a third; in which progress they increase like snowballs, till through their burdensome weight they break again.

The 'angle which so shutteth them in' has had one remarkable effect upon the Cornish people, especially on the labouring classes: they are remarkably self-reliant. The broad-shouldered Cornish miner is often also a sea fisherman; he builds his own house and makes and mends his own boots; and it has frequently been a subject of remark that, to whatever place he emigrates, he is apt there to take the lead in all affairs of enterprise and danger. But profuse emigration within the last few years, owing to the decay of the mining interest, has wrought dire havoc in many a humble Cornish household: the bread-winner, without capital, has had to make a fresh start in life in foreign climes, and has been compelled to leave behind

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him—unprovided for, at least for a while—those who looked solely to him for support. How that terrible interval has, in most cases, been passed we shall never know; for to the eternal honour of the Cornish women let it be recorded that, when a 'benevolent fund' had been collected on their behalf, it was with the utmost difficulty that many of those who most required its assistance could be induced to admit that they were starving and almost naked.

The old Cornish language is now extinct; it was spoken by a few old fisher-folk at Newlyn and Mousehole probably for the last time during the closing years of the eighteenth century, and the last sermon in Cornish is said to have been preached at Landewednack towards the close of the seventeenth. Traces, however, are still to be found in the names of persons and places; and in a few rustic words and phrases, which, uncouth as they may sound to a stranger's ears, often have in their meaning a wild beauty of their own. For instance, Polurrian meant, to a Cornish ear, 'the sea-birds' home;' Carrag Luz, 'the hoary rock;' and Creeg Morgan, 'the stony hillocks by the sea.' It was a Cymric rather than a Gaelic dialect, and was tolerably well understood by those who spoke the tongues to which it was most nearly allied—the Welsh and the Bretons. Indeed, Bishop Gibson, in his Additions to Camden's *Cornwall* (1678–1700), pointed out that one of the disadvantages of suppressing the old language would be the loss of commerce and correspondence with the Armoricans of Brittany. Scawen, a Cornish writer and Vice-Warden of the Stannaries, who two hundred years ago even then lamented its impending disappearance, contended that it was 'not so guttural as the Welsh, nor muttered, like the Armoric;' and we have the testimony of Professor Max Müller that it was 'a melodious and yet by no means an effeminate language.' Yet it must be admitted that the *coup de grâce* was administered by the Cornish themselves; for Scawen[5] is compelled to admit that 'our people in Queen Elizabeth's time desired that the common liturgy should be in the English tongue, to which they were then for novelty's sake affected, not of true judgment desired it.' The dialects spoken even in the present day in some country districts are quite unlike any of the other English dialects, and are as unintelligible to a stranger as that of Lancashire.

It has often been remarked that Cornwall has not yet found so worthy and complete an historian as many another English county. The best is still Lysons, in his *Magna Britannia* (1814); but Davies Gilbert (himself a Cornishman and a former President of the Royal Society) wrote during the present century a valuable account, based upon and partly incorporating the MSS. of Hals and Tonkin. Carew's survey is not full, but is most interesting; and Borlase, as

[5] Scawen, Keigwyn, Llhuyd, Gwavas, and Price (Tonkin), also Edward Norris, and Zeuss (in his *Grammatica Celtica*) may be consulted on this subject; also some papers in the publications of the Philological Society, notably one by Mr. Henry Jenner in 1873.

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well as Polwhele, Hichens, Drew, and C. S. Gilbert, have in later times afforded more or less important contributions. Sir John Maclean has lately completed a laborious and exhaustive description of one portion of the county, comprising over a dozen parishes (*A History of the Deanery of Trigg Minor*), and Colonel Vivian is publishing an admirably annotated *Visitation of the Heralds*. But by far the most extensive and valuable contribution towards Cornish history, biography, and literature which has ever yet appeared is the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* of Messrs. Boase and Courtney, the third and last volume of which was recently issued. It is a splendid monument of the writers' labour of love for their native county, and by its aid doubtless much light will ere long be shed upon many an obscure point relating to Cornish affairs. It has more than once been asked why, with such suggestive assistance as this, Cornwall has no companion book to Prince's *Worthies of Devon*; for, although Cornwall may have produced no Shakespeare or Milton, no Newton or Bacon, no Wellington or Nelson, she nevertheless has such names on her roll of honour as Sir Richard and Sir Bevill Grenville, the first Lord Vivian, Pellew, Lord Exmouth, and Admirals Boscawen and Bligh among her heroes by land and sea; such men of science as Humphry Davy, Goldsworthy Gurney, and that only half-recognised genius, Richard Trevithick—to the last of whom we really owe the first application of steam to locomotion and to agriculture. The Royal Academicians, Opie, of the strong dark brush, and Bone, most delicate of enamellists, were also sons of Cornwall; as were Foote, the wit and dramatist, Martyn, the missionary and scholar, and one who was the owner of perhaps the sweetest tenor voice that England ever produced—Incledon of St. Keverne. Such names as these, to say nothing of the older families (some now extinct), amongst others the Killigrews of Arwenack, the Arundells of Lanherne and Trerice, the Godolphins of Godolphin, and the Carews, the Bassets, the Trevanions, the Tremaynes, the Rashleighs and the Trelawnys, the St. Aubyns of Clowance and the Mount, and the Edgcumbes of Mount Edgcumbe and Cothele, are names of which any county may be proud.

Such, then, is a brief review of the story of Cornwall in the past and a statement of her claims upon our consideration now in the closing years of the nineteenth century. The peculiarities of the venerable county are so strongly marked in her ancient remains, her unfamiliar industries, her exotic climate, and in the character of her rural population—as yet, for the most part, unsophisticated—that it is difficult to believe that Plymouth, on her eastern boundary, is only six hours from Paddington, and that another two or three hours will convey us to the westernmost railway station in England—Penzance.

WALTER H. TREGELLAS.

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MEDICAL WOMEN.

JUST ten years have elapsed since there appeared in one of the earliest numbers of this Review a thoroughly chivalrous paper with the above title, and I am glad to refer to it anyone who is not familiar with the history of the movement in favour of the medical education of women up to that date, and who may wish to read it as it appeared to a writer who had no personal interest whatever in the cause, except the one paramount interest of a love of justice and right.[1]

> The case (he says) is an instance, not uncommon in the history of movements destined to succeed, of an uphill struggle apparently against long odds, of doubtful progress, hopes disappointed or defeated, the patience and the courage of many trembling in the balance, and then, at the moment of the greatest discouragement, the hour before the dawn, of a sudden collapse of opposition, and then of daylight and the haven reached.

I shall not, of course, attempt in the present article to go over again in any detail the ground which has been so admirably covered by Mr. Stansfeld, but shall make it my endeavour to supplement his paper with an account, as clear as brevity will permit, of the subsequent events in the history of the last ten years, and of the present position of medical women in this country and abroad. In order, however, to make my story clear, it will probably be necessary for me to recapitulate as briefly as possible the most essential points referred to in the previous paper.

The whole story really turned upon the fact that, by the Medical Act of 1858, the sole power of admission to the medical register was vested in nineteen licensing bodies, and, by a fatal oversight, no clause in the Act made it obligatory on those bodies to examine all candidates irrespective of sex. It had never occurred to the framers of the Act that the boards in question would capriciously refuse to examine, and that in this way an enormous injustice might be committed under shelter of the law.[2]

[1] *Medical Women*, by the Right Hon. James Stansfeld, M.P., *Nineteenth Century*, July 1877.

[2] It is a curious fact that Mr. Cowper-Temple (now Lord Mount-Temple) was in office in 1858, and as vice-president was specially instrumental in passing this Act; that his subsequent advocacy on our behalf was peculiarly appropriate.

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After referring to the remarkable circumstances under which the two first English medical women, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and Dr. Garrett Anderson, succeeded in placing their names upon the British Register (in 1858 and 1865 respectively), and the still more remarkable way in which the doors through which they entered were closed effectually after these 'forerunners of the movement,' Mr. Stansfeld proceeded to give an account of the struggle itself, which he dates from the month of March 1869, when application was made by a woman to the University of Edinburgh, for permission to become a student in its medical faculty. After various vicissitudes which it is impossible to narrate, the requisite permission for separate classes was given, and received the sanction of every one of the governing bodies of the University.[3] Five women were allowed to matriculate in October 1869, and, after passing the requisite examination in arts, were required to pay the usual fees and to sign the University roll, then receiving the ordinary matriculation tickets, which bore their names and declared them to be *Cives Academiæ Edinensis*. The apparent success thus gained was, however, ultimately rendered nugatory by the fact that, while the University authorities 'permitted' women to attend *separate* medical classes, and forbade them to attend any other, they did not require the professors to give such classes, and so left the women dependent on the personal caprice of each individual teacher. At the end of two years a dead lock ensued, and subsequently the Court of Session was called upon to decide between the claims of those medical students who had the misfortune to be women, and the assertion of the right of professors to refuse to teach one section of Edinburgh undergraduates. The action was tried in 1872 before Lord Ordinary Gifford, and was by him decided substantially in favour of the women's claims.

> It is impossible to hold (said his lordship) that ladies are students with no rights whatever, whereas males are students with legal and enforceable rights. To admit them as students and yet deny their right to be taught would be absurd. . . . And, lastly, it follows that the pursuers are entitled equally, as a matter of right, to demand full and complete medical degrees. The right to demand graduation is a necessary consequence of the right to study at the University; ordinary medical degrees are not matters of favour or of arbitrary discretion; they are the indefeasible right of the successful student.

The question, however, was not allowed to rest here. The case was appealed to the Inner House, and, after deliberations extending over nearly a year, judgment was, in June 1873, given against the ladies by a bare majority of the whole Court of Session. The defeated students thus lost all the labour and expenditure of the previous four years, and were, moreover, made liable for the whole expenses of the lawsuit, amounting to 848*l*. It would of course have been possible

[3] For all details see *Medical Women*, by the present writer, second edition, Oliphant, Anderson, & Co., Edinburgh, 1886.

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still to appeal to the House of Lords, but after much anxious consideration the women in question determined, as Mr. Stansfeld puts it, 'to widen their appeal, to base it on the ground of right, and to address it to Parliament and to public opinion.'

The little band of Edinburgh students came to the south, and enlisted sufficient sympathy in and out of the medical profession to enable them to found the London School of Medicine for Women, which was opened in October 1874, and which has ever since pursued a career of increasing usefulness and success. Lecturers from existing schools were induced to undertake the teaching of its students; and when, in 1877, the wards of the Royal Free Hospital were also thrown open to them, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Stansfeld, the whole problem of the medical education of women might be considered as satisfactorily solved.

But this was only half of what was required. It was also necessary that access to the Medical Register should be secured, through the examinations and qualification of at least one of the Examining Boards. The question came up in Parliament again and again, and the cause of the women was generously taken up with equal readiness by just men belonging to both sides of the House. In 1874 a bill was brought in 'to remove doubts as to the powers of the Universities of Scotland,' but those Universities (or some of them) preferred that the doubts should remain, and the bill proved a failure. In 1875 Mr. Cowper-Temple proposed that the degrees of certain foreign Universities should be registrable in the case of women, so long as these women were debarred from the ordinary British examinations and diplomas; but this bill also fell to the ground. Finally, a bill was, in 1876, brought in and carried by Mr. Russell Gurney, then Recorder of London, which 'enabled' (without compelling) all British Examining Boards to extend their examinations and qualifications to women.

At the same time the question was brought by the Government before the Medical Council, who delivered, as their official reply, that 'The Council are not prepared to say that women ought to be excluded from the profession.' Within a few months of the passing of the Enabling Act the path of the women was made plain by the liberality of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, who declared their readiness to admit them to their ordinary examinations and to grant them the usual qualification for registration.

Now, then, the goal at length was won, and when Mr. Stansfeld wrote his article in 1877, the three absolutely essential points had all been secured—(1) a medical school; (2) a hospital for clinical teaching; (3) examination and registration. The foundations, in fact, were well and safely laid, after eight years of incessant struggle; but much, very much, still remained to be done before the superstructure could be considered complete. At that time only one

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examining body, out of nineteen, had consented to admit women, and that one granted a 'medical' qualification only (*i.e.* not including surgery); no University in the three kingdoms would grant them degrees; no College of Surgeons would examine them; only nine women had succeeded in obtaining registration; only one medical school was open to women, and this numbered less than thirty students; not a penny of public money was available for their assistance in any way, and the whole very considerable expense of founding and maintaining a separate school till it became large enough to be self-supporting had to be met from private funds, which, as usual, were less easily attainable for such a purpose than for benevolent objects more directly appealing to the sympathies of the population at large. I hope now in the following pages to relate what has subsequently been achieved in the various directions in which progress was most urgently needed.

When I stated that all the Universities still closed their doors in 1877, I should perhaps have mentioned, as an exception, that the authorities of the Queen's University in Ireland consented to examine women, if any could comply with their conditions; but as no candidates were admitted except from the affiliated Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway, and as all these Colleges unanimously refused to teach women, the permission was, in fact, merely nominal. Subsequently, however, in 1879, this University became transformed into the Royal University of Ireland, and was enabled to fulfil its pledge to the women, as residence at special colleges was no longer required. A number of women have already passed its examinations and obtained its degrees, though no degree has yet been granted in the medical faculty, which, however, is now fully open.

The University that practically led the van in admitting women to British degrees was, as was perhaps to be expected, the University of London. When, in January 1878, the question of the admission of women was brought by the Senate before Convocation, it was decided on the side of liberality by an overwhelming majority (241 to 132 votes), and the degrees of this, the leading University of Great Britain, have ever since been thrown open on equal conditions to all comers, as the rewards of academic merit alone; no longer to be regarded, as still are unfortunately the degrees of other British Universities, as a mere 'appanage of the male sex.' It is a matter of some interest that examinations are, in this University, conducted by papers marked with numbers only, so that examiners do not know the sex of the candidate; and thus the question of relative capacity for success has been for the first time tried before an inevitably impartial tribunal. It is at least worth notice that an analysis of the results given in the *University Calendar* shows that during the first five years (1878 to 1883) 7,208 men went up for the matriculation examination, and 3,712 passed, *i.e.* 51·5 per cent; while 619 women

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went up, and 427 passed, or 69 per cent. The results of the subsequent examinations were not dissimilar. Of course I would not for a moment argue from this fact, that the mental power of women is superior to that of men (an assertion which seems to me just as absurd as its converse), but that the comparatively small number of women who take advantage of the lately opened door value their privileges more highly, and are more thoroughly in earnest in their use of them, than is the case with the average student of the other sex, for whom academic honours have always hitherto been arbitrarily reserved.

With regard to the Colleges of Surgeons, the final success was to be still delayed for some years. It was not till 1885 that the Irish College of Surgeons, under the enlightened presidency of Sir Charles Cameron, threw open its doors to women on the same terms as to men; and in February 1886 the conjoint Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh and Glasgow took the same step. This action was singularly opportune in view of the passing of a new Medical Act a few months later, which required a 'double qualification' (*i.e.* in both surgery and medicine) from all candidates for registration, and which therefore, but for the voluntary action of the Irish and Scotch colleges, would once more have excluded women from the register; unless indeed it had contained a compulsory clause requiring every recognised Examining Board to admit all candidates, irrespective of sex. Now, however, the requisite provision has been made by the wise liberality of the Scotch and Irish colleges, and it is left to the English Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons to remain alone 'on a bad eminence' of persistent exclusion. It might have been thought that when, in March 1886, these colleges asked a woman to lay the foundation stone of their new Conjoint Examination Hall, it would have been a graceful act to announce that students of her Majesty's sex would no longer be excluded from their portals, but this unfortunately was not the view taken by the learned bodies in question.

As, however, these colleges are supported by funds of a more or less private character, derived either from bequest or from the examination fees of candidates, there is at least more excuse for their policy of exclusion than can be found in the case of the Universities, which are in a much more extended sense dependent upon national funds. As regards the ancient foundations of Oxford and Cambridge, it may not be out of place to remind the authorities that in more than one case the benefactors of the colleges have belonged to the sex at present excluded from their formal list of honours and degrees; but now that a woman has shown her right to claim the position of senior classic, and many others have followed not far behind her, it can hardly be doubted that these Universities will speedily acknowledge the logic of events, and put an end voluntarily to so absurdly anomalous a position.

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In the case of the recently founded Victoria University the exclusion of women from medical degrees is the more indefensible, as this university professes to examine candidates of both sexes on equal terms, and in fact does so in the non-medical faculties; but it requires that all students taking its degrees shall have studied in one of its affiliated colleges, at Manchester or Liverpool, and yet allows women to be excluded from the medical departments of both these colleges. It is quite clear that either such exclusion should cease, or that women students of medicine should be admitted to examination after studying elsewhere.

The case of the Scottish universities is, however, the one that most urgently demands public attention, and it was a very great disappointment to all those interested in the matter to find that in the Scottish Universities Bill recently introduced by the Government, no provision whatever was made for securing justice to women, even in view of the largely increased subsidies of public money to be drawn from the pockets of ratepayers of both sexes. It is stated in a parliamentary return just issued that no less than 315,330*l.* has been paid to the four Scottish Universities within the last ten years,[4] and the recent Bill would considerably increase that amount. Even if it is maintained that one-half of the community have no claim upon ancient endowments for educational purposes—and in Italy, on the contrary, it has been held that every Italian of either sex is alike entitled to the benefits of the national universities—it seems at least difficult to maintain that a parliament, in whose election women have no share, is entitled to vote increasing sums of money from the taxation imposed on female as well as male ratepayers, for purposes of education, from all the advantages of which all women are excluded. The point seems worthy of the attention of those who maintain that all the true interests of women are safe in spite of their disfranchisement; and it is at least to be hoped that no future charter will be granted to any university without absolute security that students of both sexes shall receive justice at its hands.

At the present moment not one penny of public money is available in any shape for the medical education of women. Since the foundation of the London School in 1874, and the opening of the Royal Free Hospital in 1877, an excellent curriculum has been open to women, but it has been secured entirely by private effort and by the aid of private beneficence. About 5,800*l.* was contributed by friends for the purposes of the school during the first six years of its existence, the students' fees for the same period amounting to about 3,900*l.* A few legacies also have been received, but these have been mainly invested for the permanent advantage of the school. Now that its numbers have so greatly increased—there are this winter seventy-five students as against twenty-three during the

[4] *Times*, August 22, 1887.

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year 1874–75—it is hoped that their fees, combined with the modest income derived from investments, will suffice to meet the ordinary expenditure of the school.

Until very recently this school afforded the only opportunity of medical study for women, and this fact presented very great difficulties to those residing at a distance from the metropolis, especially to Scotch and Irish students. In point of fact the number of Scotch girls who desire to study medicine is considerably greater in proportion to population than the number from either England or Ireland; and I can myself testify to the many applications I have had in past years from natives of Scotland whose circumstances made it impossible for them to go so far from home as was then necessary, though they would gladly have availed themselves of more readily accessible opportunities. When therefore, early in 1886, the Scottish colleges threw open their examinations and diplomas, it seemed of pressing importance that classes should once more be reopened in Edinburgh; and, after an interval of twelve years, this, I am thankful to say, has now been successfully accomplished. A first year's course was provided for women last winter in Surgeons' Hall, and eight students at once took advantage of the opportunities offered. These ladies moreover acquitted themselves with marked distinction; for the prize lists of the Extra-mural School of Edinburgh (published in the *Scotsman* of March 28, 1887) showed the very unusual fact that every member of the little class had attained a place in the honours lists. A small executive committee, consisting of members of the larger committee of the Association for Promoting the Medical Education of Women, has been constituted, and arrangements are already complete for the full curriculum of medical education; though, while the number of students is small and the funds low, courses of lectures will, for the sake of economy, be given in rotation only. The authorities of the Leith Hospital have most kindly consented to throw open their wards to our students, and arrangements for full courses of clinical instruction have already been made. Nine new students, making a total of sixteen, have now (October 1887) entered for the second winter session; so that no doubt can be entertained of the reality of the demand that this school is intended to supply. Excellent premises have been secured for the school in the historic precincts of Surgeon Square, comprising a circular lecture theatre, seated for about a hundred persons, two large halls lighted from above, and other smaller apartments. Here, however, as elsewhere, we find the chief difficulty to consist in the provision of the sinews of war; and in the fact that, no public funds being available, every penny has to be obtained from the comparatively small number of those who are fully awake to the importance of the movement. In Edinburgh the number of wealthy friends is much smaller than in London, and we cannot fall back upon the great city companies who have on more

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than one occasion given generous aid to the London School. We live in hopes, however, that some enlightened Scotchman, or Scotchwoman, with equally large heart and large means, will come to our rescue, and enable us to tide over the first few years of difficulty, when the expenditure must necessarily exceed the income from students' fees, and especially at the present moment to meet the expenses of purchase and needful repairs of the school building, amounting as they do to about 1,000*l.*, of which only a small part is at present available. All who now give us a helping hand may rest assured that by the most rigid economy we will reduce all outlay to a minimum, and pledge ourselves as quickly as possible to make the school entirely self-supporting.

In Ireland also the College of Surgeons completed their good work by throwing open their school as well as their examinations to women. In London and in Edinburgh it has been found necessary for the present (by the wish of the lecturers) to establish separate classes, but in Dublin the ladies have been admitted to the ordinary lectures, separate arrangements being made in one department only. A number of women have gladly availed themselves of the opportunities offered, and it is pleasant to find that in the recent examinations several of them acquitted themselves with great distinction.

The progress, then, of the last ten years as regards education and examination may now be summed up. Instead of one examining board we have no less than seven thrown open to women; viz. two Universities, two Irish Colleges, and three Scotch Colleges; but the English Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons still remain closed, as also four out of the five English Universities, and all the Scottish Universities, as well as Trinity College, Dublin, and the Apothecaries' Halls of London and Dublin.

Instead of a single medical school for women we now have three, viz. one in the capital of each of the three kingdoms; and the number of students has risen from less than thirty in 1877, to about a hundred at the present time. The number of registered medical women in 1877 was but nine; at the beginning of 1887 the number who had attained registration was fifty-four, and some additional names have since been entered.

If we turn to the results, as shown by practical work accomplished or in progress, the evidence is not less satisfactory. A hospital for women and children, managed exclusively by medical women, has now been established in London for more than fifteen years, and larger premises have been needed and obtained at least twice during that period. A small hospital of the same kind in Edinburgh has just completed its second year. In addition to these, dispensaries have been started in London, Clifton, Leeds, and Manchester, and in every case the attendance of patients has shown how much the facilities offered have been appreciated. In a number of other

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instances medical women are working in conjunction with their professional brethren, and also alone in connection with various charitable and other institutions. One of the largest day schools for girls in London has a woman doctor in regular attendance, with a view to preventive rather than curative service; and I trust that this example will before long be far more widely followed. In these days of educational pressure I know of no more useful function for medical women than the constant and careful supervision of growing girls during their period of study, and I am sure that a great part of the evil results now justly deprecated could be with certainty avoided, if a sensible medical woman were entrusted with the oversight of physical health in every large centre of education for girls. Another branch of work that in America is being gradually more and more handed over to medical women, is the supervision of patients of their own sex in lunatic asylums, and also in prisons and reformatories. Few unprejudiced persons who know anything of the facts can fail to see the immense boon that might be conferred, both physically and morally, on suffering women, by the almost exclusive employment of physicians of their own sex in these special cases, and the time is probably not far off when public opinion will awake to the need I can here only indicate.

It is of course neither possible nor advisable to enter here into details of private practice carried on in this country by medical women; but, as some have ventured to question the demand for their services because they do not invariably find a ready-made practice spring up around them in a few weeks, I feel bound to record my belief that disappointment in this matter can only be experienced by those who have entertained unreasonable expectations, such as would be absurd in the case of a man; and that, other things being equal, it is invariably easier for a young medical woman than for a young medical man to build up a satisfactory practice. In point of fact women are continually doing what men hardly even attempt, viz. settling down in a strange place, with no professional introduction to practice, by purchase or otherwise; and if gifted with a moderate degree of patience, tact, and other qualities needful in every successful practitioner, they do manage to succeed in a way that certainly goes far to justify their bold adventure. Hitherto, no statistics on this subject have been taken in this country, but it may be of interest to mention that in 1881 a systematic inquiry was made respecting the 460 medical women who were known to be in practice in America, and that answers were obtained from 362 of them, which showed that 226 were satisfied with their professional incomes, and that only eleven of those who had been in practice over two years had failed to become self-supporting.[5]

[5] See a paper read by Dr. Emily Pope, before the American Social Science Association, at Saratoga, September 7, 1881.

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It is, however, of course in India and other parts of the East that the *necessity* for medical women is most apparent, and their usefulness most indisputable. The great publicity given to Lady Dufferin's movement for supplying medical women to India, and the very influential patronage under which it has been organised, have brought the matter before the nation at large with an emphasis and authority that no private advocate could have commanded. For many years past, however, the facts have been familiar to those specially interested in the welfare of India on the one hand, or in the education of medical women on the other. As long ago as 1867 a medical school for native women was started by Surgeon Corbyn at Bareilly; and in 1872 the subject was brought before the Madras Government by Inspector-General Balfour, who bore witness that 'of the hundred millions of women in India, at least two-thirds are, by their social customs, debarred alike from receiving the visits of a medical man at their own houses, and from attending at the public hospitals and dispensaries. . . . To send among those classes women educated in the medical art seems to be the only means of providing them with scientific medical aid.'[6] The result of this was the opening of the Madras Medical College to women in 1875. Notwithstanding this advance, Sir Salar Jung wrote in 1880, that he was of opinion that 'it would be a great benefit to India, a benefit that could not be exaggerated, if English medical women, *educated completely in England*, could settle in the chief towns of India. He estimated the number necessary at first at 1,025, but believed this number would prove wholly insufficient.'[7] Over a thousand English medical women urgently needed for India in 1880, and in 1887 there are but fifty-four women, all told, on the British Register! Is it possible to have stronger evidence of the pressing need of increased facilities and national aid for the medical education of women?

The movement in favour of medical women in India received, however, its first great impetus from the natives themselves, when, in January 1883, a committee chiefly composed of native gentlemen was formed spontaneously in Bombay; and at a meeting held in the following March, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy in the chair, it was announced that about 4,000*l.* had already been raised for the purpose of bringing women doctors from England, establishing a hospital and dispensary to be worked by them, and providing for the medical education of women at the Bombay Medical College, with scholarships as required. The committee were fortunate enough to induce Dr. Edith Pechey to accept the chief appointment in the proposed hospital, and before she landed in Bombay its foundation was laid with great *éclat* on the 22nd of November, 1883, by H.R.H. the

[6] *Circular Memorandum*, No. 4218, issued by the Madras Government, 1874.

[7] Lecture by Mrs. Scharlieb, M.B. B.S. Lond., at Madras, November 21, 1885.

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Duke of Connaught, who remarked that 'the introduction of female medical practitioners into India is calculated to afford a needful relief to classes which have hitherto been almost entirely deprived of medical and surgical aid. . . . It affords me much gratification that my first public act in India should be performed on behalf of so excellent an object, one which her Majesty the Empress will most highly approve of.' This, the Cama Hospital for Women and Children, was founded by the munificence of a Parsee gentleman, named Pestonjee Cama, and is now in full working order, with wards containing sixty beds, and an excellent staff of three thoroughly qualified medical women. It is a matter of interest that this is the first hospital in the Bombay Presidency that has been from the outset nursed entirely by trained English nurses, and that has attached to it a training school for nurses of all nations. The success of this department is due in great measure to the indefatigable exertions of Lady Reay, wife of the governor of Bombay. The same medical staff has also charge of a dispensary, established by the liberality of a Mussulman gentleman, named Cumoo Suliman; and the attendance here is simply enormous, for the report tells us that in 1885 no less than 5,998 new patients came for advice, with a total number of visits amounting to 27,429.

A similar hospital 'for caste and gosha women' was established in Madras in 1885, under the auspices of Mrs. Grant Duff, and the committee secured for it the services of Mrs. Scharlieb, M.B. Lond., who also undertook to lecture on midwifery to the women students of the Medical College at Madras. This hospital now contains about fifty beds, with a very large dispensary practice in connection.

In August, 1885, the Countess of Dufferin, wife of the Viceroy, issued the prospectus of a 'National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India,' and stated that her Majesty had consented to be patron of the Association, which indeed owed its existence to her initiative, as she had personally commended the matter to Lady Dufferin's attention before she left for India. It is impossible here to give any detailed account of the very large scope and aims of this Association, which can best be learned from its reports, and also from an excellent article written by Lady Dufferin herself on the subject.[8] One of the most interesting features of the case is the rigidly non-proselytising character of the Association, which has received, as Lady Dufferin says, large sums of money from native gentlemen, who trust in the honour of its promoters that they shall not be employed in any way hostile to the national creeds. This principle, of course, makes it impossible for the Association to co-operate in any way with the Medical Missionary Societies, but it by no means precludes friendly relations between the promoters of the two movements, which have to some extent a common aim.

[8] *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, April 1886.

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I cannot leave this branch of the subject without remarking that the immense size of the field now open in India, and the enormous number of medical women that would be required adequately to meet its needs, are in themselves conducive to the one great danger which to my mind threatens the best interests of the movement, if not, indeed, its very existence. With but fifty women on the British Register, it is of course quite impossible that the demands made by India can be filled up from their ranks alone; as a matter of fact I find that ten only of these registered women are available for this field. The main supply must for the present come from America, where medical women are numbered at least by hundreds, but no doubt here also the contingent at command falls short of the needs even of the present moment. An obvious and easy remedy unfortunately presents itself only too temptingly in the employment of women very imperfectly qualified for their work by an incomplete and insufficient education, and I am sorry to find that both Medical Missionary Societies and Lady Dufferin's Association are in danger of falling into the pitfall in question. The 'Church of England Zenana Missionary Society' is a notorious offender in this respect, for it appears that out of *ten* women who, under its auspices, are doing more or less exclusively medical work (including even in some cases the sole charge of hospitals and dispensaries), but *one* has received a complete medical education, terminating in a registrable qualification! The sister society (non-sectarian), which is, I think, now called the 'Zenana Bible and Medical Mission,' has, I understand, on the contrary, distinguished itself by the wiser resolution to employ as medical missionaries none but fully qualified women; and, though this will no doubt for the moment limit its power of usefulness, I am sure that in the long run the wisdom of such action will be established. In the same way I think the National Association is committing a very serious error by accepting partially qualified women, and especially the lower class of 'medical practitioners,' educated at the Indian colleges with a much restricted curriculum, and placing them practically on an equal footing with the graduates of those same colleges, or of European schools, who have really had a thorough education.[9] I do not say that imperfectly educated women may never be usefully employed, but it should certainly be only in subordinate positions, and by no means in a post of sole responsibility; and this alike for the sake of those who may rely on their professional skill, and for that of the credit of medical women at large.

It is of course a separate and most important question, which cannot be adequately discussed here, whether it is possible or, indeed,

[9] When women were admitted to the Madras Medical College in 1875, it was arranged, I think unfortunately, that they should have the option of studying for the ordinary M.D. degree, or for a 'Medical Practitioner's Certificate,' which represented a very inferior standard of education and attainment.

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desirable that provision for the medical needs of the hundred millions of Indian women should be undertaken by *any* voluntary agency; and whether it ought not, in fact, to be made in connection with the Civil Service of this the most important dependency of our empire. This is the more worthy of consideration as the great majority of the patients are quite unable to pay remunerative fees, and the matter seems one rather for public than for private benevolence. If also medical women took their place on the Indian Medical Service we may be sure that proper regulations would be enforced, and no practitioners would be suffered to act without sufficient credentials.

It will, of course, be self-evident that in the foregoing pages I have confined myself to narration only, and have not attempted to enter into any controversy with reference to the fundamental question of the desirability that women should, or should not, be educated in medicine. Any adequate discussion of this subject would require all the space allotted to the present paper; and at this moment I am content to address myself to those already interested in the matter, either because they know the real existence of a need that can be supplied by medical women only, or because they sympathise in the belief that every human being is entitled to perfect liberty of choice in the selection of his or her life-work.[10] I do not propose now in any way to widen the scope of my paper, but merely in conclusion to sum up the chief difficulties and dangers which still beset the movement whose history I have brought down briefly to the present time.

1. The first difficulty lies in some remaining jealousy and ill-will towards medical women, on the part of a section (constantly diminishing, as I believe) of the medical profession itself. Some twenty years ago the professional prejudice was so deep and so widely spread that it constituted a very formidable obstacle, but it has been steadily melting away before the logic of facts; and now is, with a few exceptions, rarely to be found among the leaders of the profession, nor indeed among the great majority of the rank and file, so far as can be judged by the personal experience of medical women themselves. Unfortunately it seems strongest just where it has least justification —viz. among the practitioners who devote themselves chiefly to midwifery and to the special diseases of women. The Obstetrical Society is, so far as I know, still of the same mind as when, in 1874, they excluded Dr. Garrett Anderson, a distinguished M.D. of Paris, from their membership; and the Soho Square Hospital for Women has never revoked its curt refusal to allow me to enter its doors, when,

'e deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or vidual for another individual, what is, and what is not, their 'proper sphere.' ıer sphere of all human beings is the largest and highest which they are able to. What this is cannot be ascertained without complete liberty of choice. S. Mill.)

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in 1878, I proposed to take advantage of the invitation issued in its Report to all practitioners who were specially interested in the cases for which the hospital is reserved. Sometimes this jealousy takes a sufficiently comic form. For instance, I received for two successive years a lithographed circular inviting me by name to send to the *Lancet* the reports of interesting cases that might occur in my dispensary practice; but when I wrote in response to this supposed offer of professional fellowship, I received by next post a hurried assurance from the editor that it was all a mistake, and that in fact the *Lancet* could not stoop to record medical experiences, however interesting, if they occurred in the practice of the inferior sex! Probably it will not require many more years to make this sort of thing ridiculous even in the eyes of those who are now capable of such puerilities.

2. The second obstacle lies in the continued exclusion of women from the majority of our universities, and from the English Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. Here also the matter may be left to the growth of public opinion as regards those existing bodies which do not depend upon the public purse; but it is time that Parliament should refuse supplies to those bodies whose sense of justice cannot be otherwise awakened, and it is certainly the duty of Government to see that no new charter is granted without absolute security for equal justice to students of both sexes.

3. The third difficulty is that of finance. If women are to be excluded from public schools, and obliged, with great additional labour and expense, to make their own arrangements, it certainly seems not unreasonable that some modest share of public money should be assigned to them, and that a helping hand should be given, at least during the earliest years of probation. I quite agree that in the long run all medical schools should be self-supporting, and if the fees and the expenditure are properly balanced they are sure to become so eventually; but even then some kindly help will be always needed for individual students whose means are too slender to meet the full expenses of medical education. The number of scholarships and exhibitions founded for the benefit of young men cannot be easily told, and surely the claims of young women are not less valid or less pressing. The average wealth of women is less than that of men, and few fathers are as ready to spend money on professions for their daughters as for their sons. Less money is available for women students, and their need of it is greater; for, while almost all endowments are reserved for men, more than average expense has to be incurred in making separate arrangements for women. Surely public money should not be altogether denied to them, nor should private generosity lose sight of the very considerable number of struggling women students, whose merits and whose energies are sadly in excess of their available means.

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4. But to my mind by far the most formidable danger, and the only one that need really alarm us, arises not from without but from within—from the professed, and probably sincere, friends of the movement itself. I refer to the threatened discredit of medical women by the introduction into their ranks of those who, refusing to go through the door into the sheepfold, are encouraged by well-meaning but ill-judging persons to climb up some other way, and who, therefore, cannot complain if they find themselves held as thieves and robbers. Not long after the foundation of the London School, it was found necessary to prevent the admission to it of foolish persons, who fancied that after taking 'a few classes' they might consider themselves competent to practise as medical missionaries or otherwise; and in order to do this a regulation was passed that every medical student must sign a declaration stating her intention to go through the whole course of study, with a view to admission to the National Register. The same rule is in force in Edinburgh, and therefore neither of the special schools for women can be held in any degree responsible if ill-educated women creep surreptitiously into the profession. Unfortunately, provision has been made elsewhere for 'two years' courses' of instruction, and women are being sent out under the name of medical missionaries, who cannot possibly be duly qualified for the very serious responsibilities of practice. Every doctor who has gone through the ordinary four years' course will testify that it has been all too short, and that not a day could be spared from it if even the most essential knowledge is to be secured; and if this is so in this country, where opportunities of consultation with senior practitioners abound, how much more is it the case in the East, where each medical women is probably isolated in a far-away station, and must meet emergencies of life and death with no outside aid whatever? Let those who think differently ask themselves if they would be willing to trust the lives of their nearest and dearest in the hands of an average second year's student of either sex; and, if they would not do so, whether they can be justified in foisting such deceptive assistance on dying natives, and making it their excuse that they desire the spread of the Christian religion? Is it not rather a case of

> Assist us to accomplish all our ends,
> And sanctify the means we take to get 'em?

Let me quote on this subject the indignant protest uttered by Dr. Edith Pechey in her Inaugural Address delivered at the London School in 1878.

> I confess that I have been somewhat horrified to hear occasionally remarks from the supporters of medical missions, to the effect that a diploma is not necessary, that a full curriculum is superfluous—in fact, that a mere smattering is sufficient for such students. I cannot believe that such sentiments are held by the students themselves, and if there are any here to-day, I beg of you not for one moment to

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give way to this idea. Is human life worth less in other lands, amongst people of another faith—or do such persons imagine that disease there is of a simpler nature, and that the heathen, like the wicked, are 'not in trouble as other men'? . . . 'Christian England' is renowned in every land for her adulterated goods; let it not be said that, under the very guise of Christianity, the medical help she sends out is also an inferior article. Let it not be said of you hereafter, as was said of some medical missionaries more than one hundred years ago, 'The usual introduction and security of these missionaries is the pretence to the practice of physic, that in destroying bodies they may save souls,'[11] but let your practice prove you a worthy member of the profession by saving life, or, where that is impossible, by lessening pain and smoothing the passage to the grave.

Of course, unless the whole principle of medical legislation is wrong, the practice of medicine by imperfectly educated persons is always to be most earnestly deprecated; but in the present case the special sting of the injury depends on this, that when disastrous results follow, as they are sure to do from such reckless intrusion into posts of the deepest responsibility, the blame of the consequent fatalities will be laid, not on the shameful imperfection of education in individual cases, which probably will not be known or realised by the public, but on the sex of the persons who are thus justly blamed; and it will be said that the victims fell a sacrifice not to the exceptional and criminal ignorance of the individual, but to the mistaken idea of the practice of medicine *by women*; and it is therefore in the name of all my sisters in the profession that I desire most emphatically to record the above protest.

SOPHIA JEX-BLAKE, M.D.

[11] *Discourse on Inoculation*, by La Condamine. Preface by translator (Maty) 1755.

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BRITISH MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

TRY, my reader, to imagine yourself in the position of some weary African explorer, who is travelling through some little known part of the dark continent. You may be just quitting the slightly civilised coast-belt for the unknown and savage interior, and you may have sickened with the first touch of fever, and with all your enthusiasm for exploration you feel depressed and saddened at the snapping of all ties which bind you to the world of culture and comfort: your new tent is leaky and lets in the rain, or it fails to mitigate the blazing heat of noontide: your untried cook cannot at once acquire the art of producing a decent *cuisine* amid the exigencies of camp-cooking: the bread you are eating is perhaps four days old, a piteous relic of the pleasant sojourn spent at the house of your consul, or of some merchant compatriot in the coast-town whence you started.

Or it may be that the circumstances under which you are travelling are somewhat different. You are at the end of some great journey, some expedition which has had its moments of exhilarating success, of wonderful discovery; but now the excitement is over, and is succeeded by a dull apathy that is almost despair: you no longer anticipate, with a joy that can scarcely be outwardly repressed, the pleasures which are about to reward your months of toil, privation, and danger—the first night's sleep in clean sheets, the first juicy steak and floury potatoes, the first visit to a theatre: you are weary of scanning in your mind's eye the distinguished audience that is to listen in rapt attention while you describe your own exclusively discovered mountain, lake, river, tribe of cannibals, or new zoological species: you merely confine yourself to reflecting dully on the probabilities of reaching your destination alive, and to doubting whether, under any circumstances and especially the present ones, life is worth living.

In either case, whether your work lies behind you, finished, or before you, to be accomplished, you jog along the narrow winding path, tired, ailing, heartsick, homesick; your sore and weary feet tripping over stocks and stones, your aching eyes bent on the ground but seeing nothing, your face scorched by the hot wind, your hands scratched by the grass blades that have to be continually

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pushed aside in your dogged progress. Perhaps, even, you may be enduring worse discomfort; you may be drenched to the skin—macintosh notwithstanding—in some torrential downpour, and overweighted with your heavy, streaming rain-coat, you stagger along half-blindly through slushy mud and soaked vegetation. Then you hear your guide saying to some one, that he recognises the district—that the white man's house is near at hand. 'What white man?' you apathetically ask, too weary to show an interest in anything. 'He be mission-man, them white man,' the guide replies, and then if you only know this modern type of evangelist by tradition you will smile bitterly and say to yourself, 'Oh! a missionary? H'm, I don't feel much in a mood to pray or sing hymns just now.' Then you continue plodding on in stupid resignation to whatever fate awaits you.

We will suppose, to make this picture more effective, that it is now late afternoon. The sun—if it is the sun that has chiefly troubled you during the day's march—is at last sinking behind an imposing clump of forest trees, and the fierce heat of noon is beginning to be tempered by the rising breeze. Or the murky rain clouds are drifting away in ragged, piled-up masses to the east, leaving a large space of the western heavens clear; and this expanse of open sky has become a pale lemon-yellow through the diffused misty glory of the declining sun. The surrounding country has a more pleasing appearance. Here and there in the distance are bright green and yellow patches diversifying the grey scrub and sombre forest, and these clearly indicate the existence of plantations, while the vicinity of man is proved by occasional puffs and spirals of blue smoke where the natives are burning weeds. The path, too, is wider, clearer, and better cared for. The obtrusive wayside vegetation has been checked and no longer impedes your progress. Then you begin to meet occasional inhabitants of the distant unseen settlement—women with babies slung on their backs and earthen pitchers poised on their heads, on their way to the spring to obtain their evening's supply of water; or men returning from the chase armed with long-barrelled, ancient-looking guns, spears, assegais, or clubs, and accompanied by several snarling curs, whose collars are hung with little bells. To your surprise, instead of plunging terror-stricken into the bush or assuming a defiant and hostile attitude, each native greets you politely with ''Morning! Goo' morning!' for they have learnt from the missionaries our matutinal salutation, which they indifferently make use of at all hours of the day and night. On each side of the widened road a straggling row of young plantain trees begins to make its appearance, evidently planted with the view of its forming ultimately a shady avenue; then, behind a wooden fence, appear thriving plantations of vegetables and hedges of pine-apples; and, at last, a turn in the road brings into view a garden of

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flowers and flowering shrubs—blazing with brilliant masses of colour—and a long, low-built dwelling-house of two storeys, with white-washed walls, green window-shutters, and a wide overhanging roof of thatch which forms a verandah round the building. Behind the house are other dwellings of a humbler architecture more or less hidden with green shrubs and trees; and further in the background is a huge barn-like building, also whitewashed and with a thatched roof, but having about it an indefinably ecclesiastical air which at once suggests the idea that it is a church or chapel.

As you are toiling up the red path towards the house, taking in all these details with slow and tired comprehension, there comes towards you, half-striding, half-running, a white man whose outward presentment is something like the building you have taken for a chapel—a sort of compromise between homely rusticity and ecclesiastical primness. Probably he wears a large, soft, grey felt hat with a broad brim, a crumpled white tie, a long white clerical coat, cut close up to the neck, grey breeches and gaiters, and heavy boots. His face has homely features, but it is pleasantly lit up with an expression of hearty kindliness. Almost to a certainty, this individual wears the long, straight-haired, weedy beard and thin moustache, which are characteristic of men whose disposition is simple-minded, emotional, and religious. His hand, which grasps and wrings your own with an almost painful cordiality, is large and red, with swollen veins and prominent tendons—the type of hand which the average artist in depicting Biblical scenes bestows on Moses, Samuel, Jeremiah, Joseph the carpenter, and Peter the fisherman. It is, however, a hand which can quickly and kindly disembarrass you of your burdens.

Behind your new acquaintance—who has introduced himself to you as the agent of some well-known British Protestant mission—follow half a dozen loutish boys, mostly clad in gay-coloured jerseys or shirts, with Manchester cottons round their lower limbs; one or two more favoured ones being hideously clothed in coats and trousers. These lads have lost the easy carriage and independent bearing of the unsophisticated native, and shuffle and slouch along in a lazy, loose-jointed manner that is a distinct irritation to a person of energetic, active temperament, and their semicircular grin as they lounge up to you with a loud greeting produces on your part an involuntary frown rather than answering smile. In a half-hearted manner they relieve your foremost porters of their burdens, and the straggling procession proceeds on its way up the red clay path, and through the flower-garden towards the house. It is probable that in the pretty porch, overgrown with the Grenadilla passion flower, the missionary's wife awaits you, clasping and unclasping her hands, and letting her smile wax and wane as your slow approach through the garden gives her a slightly nervous feeling of conscious expectancy. Involuntarily

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her hand goes to her throat—yes! the gold locket is there, she has not forgotten it. She glances at the little bouquet of flowers in her bosom—how quickly they are fading in the hot air! She smoothes the crumpled pale blue ribbons that give her homely dress an almost pathetic remembrance of former smartness; touches her hair to ascertain its smoothness; shakes out the limp folds of her skirt, clears her throat, calls up the smile again, now that you are close, and finally loses all affectation when she takes your hand and gazes into your pale, tired, spiritless face, and in a burst of womanly pity bids you welcome, and hurries away to make arrangements for your comfort.

When you have bathed and changed your clothes a pleasant languor succeeds your crushing fatigue. The missionary's wife is busy in her household, devising additions to the evening meal; the missionary has excused himself, and is gone to wind up the school affairs, and dismiss the scholars from the chapel. You are left for a short time in not unwelcome solitude. As you sit in the porch, gazing dreamily on the glowing sunset, and inhaling the strong, sweet, mingled perfume of the daturas, frangipanis, oleanders, and lilies in the garden, your ears catch the shrill, clear voices of children singing five verses of an evening hymn. Were you with them in the building, the glib utterance, thin melody, and nasal twang of the performance would jar upon you; as it is, here, softened by distance, it strikes a sweet note in the unruffled harmony of your surroundings. From the native village, half-hidden among the tall umbrageous trees, which stand out in velvet blackness against the western sky, comes the faint murmur of voices, and an occasional laugh of the women and girls, returning with their pitchers from the spring, echoes pleasantly through the air. In the acacia hedge at the bottom of the garden a bulbul is piping and warbling his mellow notes. You feel enveloped in an atmosphere of peace, which is doubly refreshing because of its contrast to the weary tenour of your past life.

The loud clanging of the school bell disturbs your reverie. The missionary is once more at your side with many excuses for having for a brief while left you to your own devices. The evening meal is announced, and you follow your host to the dining-room, or, rather, the one large sitting-room of his house. Here, his wife, seated at the table before a large tea-tray, welcomes you to the repast, and perhaps adds a quite unnecessary apology for its character. As you unfold your clean napkin, you glance over the table and are quite satisfied with your present lot. There is, for instance, to open the repast, a tureen of good chicken-soup; and a cold pigeon-pie, a rolled tongue, sardines, and boiled eggs are other items. There are dishes of savoury white yams, of sweet potatoes, and golden slices of fried plantain. A superb pineapple imparts its fragrance to the mingled odours of the steaming tea and the savoury broth. Little glass

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dishes of luscious jams and sweet biscuits fill up spare gaps in between the *pièces de résistance*, and it is probable that a few bright flowers in a slender vase give a grace to the outspread meal which clearly indicates feminine supervision. While your thoughts and your gaze are wandering thus, you see your hostess suddenly pause in the tea-outpouring, and lower her head and clasp her hands, while your host, who has once or twice endeavoured to arrest your attention, rises somewhat bashfully and pronounces a brief benediction on the repast. Then, this duty over, he serves and carves and cuts with a will. If you are a man of any tact and desire to administer a little harmless flattery to your kind hosts, you will compliment your hostess on her delicious tea. Then she will tell you of the difficulties which attend the procuring of fresh milk in Africa, and of how, in her case, these difficulties have been met and conquered. She will enumerate her nanny-goats, and describe the vagaries of her half-wild cow. And you must especially dwell on the excellence of the cold pigeon-pie. This will no doubt elicit from your hostess the avowal—with a little blushing—that she herself made it. Her husband shot the pretty green fruit-pigeons—'poor little things! it seems a shame, doesn't it?'—and she made the pie-crust. 'You know, the native girls can learn to cook most things, but they never can be taught to make pastry, so I always go into the kitchen and do it myself.'

When the meal is over, you are doubtless made to take the easiest chair, and having surreptitiously removed a lumpy antimacassar worked in Berlin wools, you really feel permeated with comfort, while gratitude for the kindness shown you lends, or ought to lend, a brighter look to your eyes and a more sympathetic tone to your voice. The missionary's wife has taken up some work to occupy her fingers. She may, alas! be making another Berlin wool antimacassar, or perhaps she has reached the higher stage of crewel-work; or it may be that she is sewing dainty garments for a large doll—as you think at first, until you divine another and more serious purpose. Her husband, out of politeness, is sitting idle with his hands before him, trying to make conversation; but if you question him adroitly, you will soon find out that he has some hobby that he rides, some favourite pursuit that he follows in his leisure time. Perhaps it is the study of the native language, and on your expressing an encouraging interest he will bring out delightedly his bulky manuscript vocabularies and chatter to you of prefixes and suffixes and infixes, of clicks and nasals, guttural labials, aspirated sibilants, [illegible]ounds—all the cacophony of barbarous tongues. Or you [illegible] that his passion is entomology, and a very little persua[illegible]uce him to open his boxes and tins, redolent of camphor, [illegible] down from his study-shelves his spirit-jars, and to [illegible]re your somewhat wearied gaze a bewildering collection

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of insect forms—beetles big as mice, and gorgeously clad in golden-green and chestnut-brown, tiny jewel-like beetles caught in the calyces of orchids, fantastic longicorns, clumsy scarabs, lovely chafers, brilliant cantharids, all the coleopterous forms of the surrounding district. He will recall your wandering attention to a marvellous mantis, mimicking a large green leaf to perfection or assuming exactly the form and appearance of a dry branching twig. He will show you butterflies from the forest which when their wings are folded can scarcely be distinguished from a dead leaf, or other splendid *papilionidæ* of the tropics not afraid to exhibit their beauties openly, and revelling in the display of brilliant colours, attractive markings, and eccentric shapes. Then will follow for your inspection rows of bugs, scarlet and green, yellow and black; repulsive cicadas with huge stupid heads and disgusting fat bodies, giving a nasty oily odour which even the camphor cannot suppress; dapper-looking grasshoppers, neatly and prettily coloured; and dragon-flies with gauzy wings, some purple-blue, some orange, others umber-brown or crimson.

If you are not reviewing insects or discussing languages, you may be turning over portfolios of dried plants, in which perhaps a touch of *bourgeois* taste obtrudes, the 'pretty' leaves of begonias or the delicate fronds of lycopodiums being neatly gummed into albums, or it is birds that the missionary shoots and skins, or geological specimens that he collects, or he may even concentrate his interest exclusively within the narrow domain of spiders or land-shells. Whatever his hobby may be, having once started him off, it is hard to arrest him, and with the best intentions you find yourself after a while arduously acting an interest you cease to feel and paralysing the muscles of your jaws with suppressed yawns. The missionary's wife detects your fatigue. Long use has accustomed her to regard her husband's favourite pursuit with indulgent unconcern; so rising, and gathering her needlework together, she says, 'John' (most missionaries are called John or Robert, and their wives Carrie or Lottie), 'it is time for prayers; I am sure Mr. So-and-so must be tired.' So the obedient husband assents, puts away with a sigh his manuscripts or his collections, and goes outside into the verandah to ring the bell. Then he returns with a solemn face, gets down his big Bible and seats himself in the arm-chair at the head of the table. Presently there is a whispering, giggling, and shuffling in the passage, and in come the loutish boys you have seen before. They are lugging along some wooden forms, which they place in the room near the door. Then they retreat and return again, this time bearing piles of Bibles and paper-covered hymn-books. They are followed by a small number of lollopy girls, some clad in loose garments like short nightgowns, a few bearing still an appearance of being but half-reclaimed and in their

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savage innocence scorning to hide their virginal breasts in a frowsy gown, while the draping of the bright cottons round their limbs and heads retains an element of innate good taste which the older, more civilised girls have lost. These latter, too, are oppressed with a sense of self-consciousness at the sight of a stranger, and alternately glance at you with sidelong, languishing looks, and then make you the subject of sniggering whispers among themselves, until they are checked by a stern look from their mistress, which makes their eyes drop with one accord on their open Bibles.

The missionary first reads a chapter from the Scriptures—probably it will strike you as an inappropriate one, for, as he will afterwards tell you, he is 'going through' the Bible in his evening readings, taking genealogies, levitical ordinances, and obscure prophecies as they come, unheeding as to the arousing of his hearers' interest. The boys and girls spell through the reading apathetically, flop down noisily to the succeeding prayer, and only show interest in the hymn. This is just the point where you yourself feel ill at ease. The reading of the Bible has been in English and the prayer also, but the hymn is translated into the native tongue, though it is sung to a thoroughly familiar air. You feel supremely ridiculous as you try, in a quavering voice, to sing five verses of—what appears to you—mere gibberish, to the tune of 'Jerusalem the golden.' At the end of the second verse, you probably give it up and accompany the rest with a solemn hum. The benediction succeeds the hymn, and is itself succeeded by a loud rude Amen from the boys and girls; after which everyone rises from their knees with a sense of relief; the youths drag out the forms again, the maidens bob and curtsey, and each with shrill monotony yelps out, 'Good night, ma'am; good night, sah,' to which your host and hostess reply, with wearisome punctiliousness, 'Good night, Amelia; good night, Florence; good night, Susanna; good night, Rebecca,' and so on to the end of the list. Then you stand for a few minutes purposeless, gazing at the prints of Bible subjects hung round the walls, staring vacantly at your hostess's sewing machine, opening the gift-books on the table, or softly trying the wheezy harmonium with one finger and an intermittent pressure on the pedals. The missionary's wife, who has just been with her servants to ascertain that all your requirements in your bedroom have been anticipated, returns and bids you good night with a kindly worded wish that you may benefit by your night's rest. You chat a few minutes longer with your host and then repair to your bedroom, where you will be sure to find a comfortable bed and a shelf of books, with one of which—generally a profusely illustrated work with mildly interesting letter-press, which has come out in monthly parts—you beguile the moments till sleep comes to close your tired eyelids.

Perhaps in the morning you awake, ill with the threatened fever.

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Sick, dazed, and trembling, you attempt to dress, but your host, who is learned in the treatment of such maladies, insists on your returning to bed, where for days to come you toss and rave, while the vulture death approaches in ever-narrowing circles, until, by patient nursing, thoughtful care, unwearying attention, the missionary and his wife have conquered the disease, and restored you to health. Or, more probably, the first night's quiet rest under a rain-tight roof, the good food and cheering kindness of your evening's entertainment at the mission, have successfully dispelled the incipient malady, and at the clanging of the school-bell you awake from slumber, to find yourself light-hearted and full of energy, braced by this little interlude of comfort to face with stout determination the solitude of the wilderness.

Your host and hostess are loth to part with you, and before you go, you must, in very grace, inspect the church or chapel and the schools; call up all your powers of acting, and simulate delight while the school children sing a simple English glee, and 'God save the Queen;' look over and make intelligent remarks about their specimens of handwriting; listen with wonder to their efforts in mental arithmetic. You may find it hard to take an interest in or suppress a repugnance for the hulking youths and plump girls, who instead of being—as they ought to be—engaged in hard, wholesome, manual labour, are dawdling and yawning over slate and primer, and in whose faces sensual desires struggle for expression with hypocritical sanctimoniousness; but the little children, the little, naked, bright-eyed children just captured from the village, and now demurely ranged in rows, solemnly picking out and wrongly naming cardboard A's and B's and C's—you surely can find no difficulty in loving them, and saying something to encourage the missionary's wife, whose pets they are? The school inspection over, you yield to very pressing invitations and stay to an early luncheon, after which your host starts you on the right road to your next destination, and your hostess slips some dainty package of eatables into your satchel.

It is well that you should leave the mission before your gratitude has time to dissolve in the discontented air of Africa. If you are detained by illness, or accept for any length of time the ungrudging hospitality of the missionary and his wife, you will infallibly begin to criticise. You will discover that your host holds narrow-minded views about evolution, your hostess's ideas will seem very limited, and you will remark to yourself how her figure and her complexion must have suffered from the climate. The long evening hymn in the native language will become insupportable, and you will feign illness to escape it. Susannah and Florence, Rebecca and Amelia, will lose all shyness and tend to become alarmingly familiar. The native catechist, with his profane display of religious phrases, his sleek broadcloth and his coarsely sensual face, will inspire a dislike and contempt difficult to

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conceal. But a protracted stay at the mission will also convince you of the earnest sincerity of purpose which inspires the missionary and his wife. It will show you how the pursuit of an exalted idea can clothe an inherently commonplace nature with unconscious poetry and pathos. And you will also learn that the life of these modern evangelists in Africa is full of disappointment, danger, and monotonous discomfort.

I have endeavoured in the foregoing sketch to give an idea—perhaps a crude, but in the main a true one—of the typical British Protestant missionary as you encounter him in his field of work. I have taken an average type for description. There are, of course, extremes in this as in every class of men. There are some—I have met very few, I am thankful to say—who are mere ignorant, offensive fanatics; there are others, coming from the great English Universities, who are highly cultured, most accomplished gentlemen, not without a certain Jesuitical flavour which is far from displeasing. But the great bulk of British missionaries in Africa answer more or less to the type lightly portrayed in the first part of this article. They are neither the emotional, high-souled, ecstatic saints, as unwise old ladies imagine them and missionary journals depict them; nor the canting, unctuous hypocrites, living a life of slothful ease on money obtained by false pretences, as described in bygone caricatures and even occasionally asserted by ignorant satirists of the present day. In that commonplace period of modern history—the reign of the *bourgeoisie*—from 1840 to 1860, the palmy days of Exeter Hall, when eminent philanthropists led unreasoning mobs of weak-brained men and silly women to rave about the emancipation of the negro and his immediate conversion to their own narrow, stupid form of Christianity; then, no doubt, the canting, ignorant, fulsome type of missionary might be met with, and be found not overdrawn in the satires of the day. Read the contemporary pamphlets of philanthropic societies, the sectarian journals, and religious gift-books for the young, and you will see that Dickens wrote no caricature in his description of Mrs. Jellyby's associates and the mission of Borrioboola-Gha.

But that phase of the work and type of worker have passed away. Unreasoning enthusiasm has given place to careful, deliberate organisation. The man who wishes to go out as a missionary now for any one of the recognised British missions must be properly qualified for his work. Unless he has studied at a university he will probably have to enter one of the missionary colleges supported by the sect to which belongs the mission he is seeking to enter, and here he will undergo a careful training and course of study adapted to the work he is to undertake. He will certainly be examined medically as to his fitness to stand the climate of the country where he is destined to labour. We will suppose, for the purposes of this article, that he is proceeding to Africa, having passed all his tests

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successfully and being pronounced spiritually, mentally, and physically fit for his career. Most likely he has become engaged to be married before starting, and it is arranged that his future helpmeet shall follow him to Africa in a year's time and there join him in his work. For the first few months after he arrives at his new sphere of action he is put under the charge of an older missionary, who initiates him into the nature of his work and his mode of life. Whilst he remains a bachelor and a novice, his salary is probably about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty pounds a year. After he is married it is increased to about two hundred and fifty pounds, and if he attains to the position of senior member and superintendent of the mission, it may in time rise to as much as four hundred. Of course, this does not exactly apply to Church of England missions, which are under bishops and archdeacons, and whose higher officers receive larger stipends than those mentioned, though even in these cases the pay is relatively small. In the majority of British missions the Society bears all the costs connected with the maintenance, travelling expenses, and housing of their agents when in active work.

In most instances missionaries are distinctly encouraged by the societies who employ them to marry and take their wives out to live with them in Africa. I only know of one Protestant mission that directly approves of celibacy. The others say, 'It is not good for man to live alone,' and I believe they consider marriage to be a better security for morality than vows of celibacy. Undoubtedly for the man it is a solace and a stay to be accompanied by his wife—it is better for his health, comfort, and disposition. A celibate, young and in the prime of manhood, is prone to be restless and discontented, or to find a consolation which arouses scandal. Married to a wife of his own nation and rank, his whole career may be different. He is happy, contented, pure-minded, and disposed—by the very fact of having made his home there—to devote himself with greater heartiness to his work in Africa: in fact the married missionary becomes more or less the missionary-colonist, a result which the parent society is desirous to obtain. Again, it is indisputable that a married man has far more influence among the natives. To the African mind, celibacy is either an unnatural or dishonourable condition, provoking suspicion or contempt. The man-missionary, moreover, if he is to avoid the breath of scandal, must have as little to do with the native women-folk as possible. Yet in the interests of his work it is quite as—it is perhaps more—important that the women should be instructed as the men. As mothers and wives they wield an influence for good and bad that it is hard to overrate. From an evangelistic point of view women are needed for missionaries as well as men. The Roman Catholic Church recognises this fact by establishing nuns in Africa where she has placed her colonies of missionary

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priests. But in her case the difficulties which perplex her Protestant rivals are eluded—her propagandists neither marry nor are given in marriage.

There is one Anglican mission I know of, in which the men and women workers generally devote themselves to a life of celibacy. But, somehow, I have always noticed that sooner or later the younger members of the mission felt themselves called to other spheres of work wherein marriage was not incompatible with a devout life. Is it the craving for a home, for a family hearth, that renders English people so averse to a single life? There is much, therefore, to be said not only in excuse but also in favour of missionaries' wives sharing their husbands' work in Africa. At the same time, it is impossible to conceal the many drawbacks to the healthy happy life of a married white woman in a barbarous country with a sickly and tropical climate.

A blithe, pretty English girl, with the wild-rose bloom on her cheek, arrives in Africa and espouses her missionary husband; or, it may be, they are married in England and make the voyage out their honeymoon. Everything in her new life is a shock to her mental and physical system. The unvarying, enervating heat, and the enforced changes in her mode of dress; the strange, tropical nature, overpowering at first sight with its luxuriance and its amazing growths; the different kind of food, and even the altered manner of passing the hours of daylight; sometimes, too, the total absence of any kindred society of her own sex—all these new experiences united form a complete reversal of her previous life, and must at first react on her physical organisation. Then, too, think of a modest girl who has been hitherto shielded with such jealous care from contact with anything coarse or impure, so that she has, in fact, grown up stupidly innocent: think of her suddenly thrust into a barbarous country where the inhabitants are naked and not ashamed, and where they exhibit a wanting knowledge of decency which to her English prudery must appear horribly indecent; where, too, the women among whom she has come to minister will, when she understands their language, talk glibly to her of matters that the most depraved of her sex in her own country would hesitate to mention; consider the effect of this ordeal on a mind innocent of evil, and you will realise that this unwholesome experience must necessarily be acquired at the cost of a certain loss of delicacy, and that just as the fresh bloom of the English complexion [illegible] pears in the hot, exhausting climate, so this rude contact with [illegible] animal natures and their unrestrained display of animal [illegible]s tends imperceptibly to blunt a modest woman's susceptibili[illegible]d even, in time, to tinge her own thoughts and language with [illegible]ntentional coarseness.

[illegible] these already recited disadvantages apply even more forcibly

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to single than to married women, if they are to be urged as arguments against woman's work in African missions. It is, however, in the wedded state that women meet with the most serious obstacles to their well-being, in the life they are usually called upon to lead in Africa. The natural—I might say, without flippancy, in the case of missionaries, the inevitable—corollary of marriage is the begetting of children. Missionary stations, from their very *raison d'être*, are not usually established in Europeanised cities, or settlements, possessing medical men and most of the resources of civilisation; they are, on the contrary, often isolated in the midst of barbarism. The missionary-man has generally acquired a smattering of medical knowledge; that is to say, he can treat the ordinary African fevers with intelligence, can cure a colic, arrest dysentery, and heal ulcers, but he knows nothing of midwifery. When his wife's time is close at hand he has to choose between sending her on a long and tiring journey (the vicissitudes of which may kill her) or keeping her in her own home and trusting to Providence and native midwives to afford her a safe deliverance. His wife, also, in her dread of travelling at this critical time, prefers to lie-in at her own home. So the matter is settled. Her hour comes in her time of pain and travail; there is no tender, comforting mother at hand, nor even a kindly, experienced matron, ready to soothe and encourage, only a stupid, useless man, able to do little beyond wring his hands in impotent distress, and pray. Perhaps she suffers agonies with the clumsy services of a hideous old negress-hag; perhaps she dies—dies with her little baby that has scarcely lived; or it may be that she survives, to pass the rest of her days a languid invalid, while the child for whose birth she has paid so dearly lingers through a sickly infancy and then fades away.

In writing these lines I am not describing a supposititious circumstance; the description applies, with sufficient accuracy, to several actual cases which have come within my personal knowledge. From what I know and have heard, I am led to believe that more missionaries' wives have died in Africa from childbirth or from maladies attendant on that state than from any other cause. An honest examination of missionary records will, I am sure, confirm this opinion. Yet I cannot bring myself to condemn missionaries theoretically for marrying and taking their wives out to live with them in Africa, because, under favourable circumstances, the united influence of the married couple is productive of better results among uncivilised people than the partial suasion of single individuals. Nevertheless, it seems to me undeniable at the present time that the governing authorities of Missionary Societies might, with advantage, exercise a little control over the matrimonial arrangements of their agents. They should ascertain that the wife, or the *fiancée*, is physically fitted for an African life before they sanction her husband's intention

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to establish his wife with him in Africa. Young married women, too, ought not to be allowed to live far in the interior, or at any place where medical aid is not easily accessible. And if the Missionary Society approves of and recommends the marriage of its *employés*, it should provide the means by which the *employés'* wives may be enabled to frequently repair to Europe for the benefit of their health.

When it first became apparent that the evangelisation of Africa by means of white men was marked by such a terrible loss of life—for in the earlier times of African missions the mortality was much greater than in these days of ampler knowledge—the idea arose that the same end might be attained, with less sacrifice, by raising up teachers, evangelists, and pastors from among the natives themselves. This idea, theoretically a good one, was taken up with enthusiasm.

A negro bishop was consecrated, negro archdeacons were ordained, a large ministry of negro clergy was formed for service in Western Africa. Almost every mission working in the dark continent began to employ natives of their own training as schoolmasters, catechists, readers, and deacons. Just as, about the same time, commerce was to be developed between the white trader on the coasts and the natives of the interior by means of negro commercial travellers, 'linguisteiros,' and middle-men, so, in like manner, the Christian religion was to be spread among those that sat in darkness by the zealous efforts of negro evangelists, who were to radiate in their proselytising paths from a few well-chosen centres on the coast presided over by white men. But in neither career, evangelistic nor commercial, did the native helpers prove a success. In both cases have white men found that the negro ally was a broken reed. I regret to say that with a few—very rare—exceptions those native African pastors, teachers, and catechists whom I have met have been all, more or less, bad men. They attempted to veil an unbridled immorality with an unblushing hypocrisy and a profane display of 'mouth'-religion which, to an honest mind, seemed even more disgusting than the immorality itself. While it was apparent that not one particle of true religion had made its way into their gross minds, it was also evident that the spirit of sturdy manliness which was present in their savage forefathers found no place in their false, cowardly natures. These are strong words, but they are not written down without reflection. The exceptions to whom these strictures do not apply it would be invidious to name, but I might mention that they are men of an altogether different stamp to the half-taught native teacher, and have, themselves, received their education and training in England.

I trust it will be observed that in expressing these condemnatory views I have abstained from arbitrarily associating the colour of a missionary's skin with the worth of his character. I draw attention

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to this reserve, because some of the best, hardest working, most satisfactory and sensible missionaries I have known have been West Indians—in colour as dark as the Africans they had come to teach, but in goodness of heart and mind-capacity fully equal to their European colleagues. But then these men were several generations removed from the uncivilised negro, and were as much strangers to Africa and African habits as the average European.

The fact is that it takes at least three generations before any clear appreciation of the principles of morality, truth, gratitude, and honour can penetrate the intellect and curb the instincts of a negro. Nor in this disadvantage is he singular among the backward races of man. The same statement applies equally to the Red Indian, the Polynesian, or the Papuan. You cannot in a year or two convert a wolf into a sheep-dog nor a skulking jackal into a black-and-tan terrier; you cannot even effect this change in the one individual, no matter how long he may live: the result can only be obtained by generations of transmitted culture induced by constant restraint and careful education. Even then, when the bulk of your subjects are firmly established in their new mode of life, and breed true, there will be an occasional disappointing reversion. A young sheep-dog will take to worrying sheep, or a black-and-tan terrier be detected killing fowls.

It is not on the spread of Christianity that African missions can at present base their claims to our gratitude, respect, or support. Judged from a purely Christian point of view, they have not been successful. In many important districts where they have been at work for twenty years they can scarcely number in honest statistics twenty sincere Christians, that is to say, twenty natives understanding in any degree the doctrines or dogmas they have been taught, and striving to shape their conduct to their new principles. In other parts of Africa, principally British possessions, where large numbers of nominal Christians exist, their religion is discredited by numbering among its adherents all the drunkards, liars, rogues, and unclean livers of the colony. In the oldest of our West African possessions all the unrepentant Magdalenes of the chief city are professing Christians, and the most notorious one in the place would boast that she never missed going to church on a Communion Sunday.

It is not at all rare, either, to find negro Christians who have grafted the new religion upon the old beliefs, and who retain side by side with an implicit faith in their gross conception of the Deity an almost equally respectful credence in a very real devil, a lurking fear of the malicious acts of evil spirits, and an unwavering, though concealed, belief in the powers of necromancy and witchcraft. Only a short while ago I met with the case of a native catechist who had been for some ten years in the employment of a well-known Christian mission. This man was in most respects a very quiet, decent sort of a fellow, less hypocritical than many of his kind.

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Nevertheless, having had a run of bad luck with the livestock of his little farm, he got an idea into his mind that a certain fellow-Christian, a washerwoman, had 'witched' him. He laid a charge against her to this effect before the European agent of the mission. At first he was laughed at, then remonstrated with, and at last 'suspended from church membership,' but he still clung obstinately to his *idée fixe*, and eventually so worked on the poor washerwoman's feelings by his charges and denunciations that in order to clear herself she consented to go with him before a native 'doctor' and undergo the ordeal of drinking an infusion of poisonous bark. She survived her dose, and then very sensibly went and exposed her tormentor at the mission. He was promptly expelled, and afterwards, I believe, became a native clerk in a trading-station.

About two years ago, in one of the rivers of the Niger delta, a quarrel broke out among the natives of a quasi-Christian settlement. From words, the newly converted came to blows, and not a few were slain; the remnant of the defeated faction taking to flight. The victors who remained on the field then *cooked and ate* the bodies of their fallen enemies, committing this act of cannibalism in the belief that a man whose body is eaten loses his immortal soul. Thus these negro Christians carried out in a radical manner the extermination of their enemies, body, soul, and spirit. As a punishment, their native pastor announced that they were 'suspended from all church privileges.'

If the immediate success of British missionaries in spreading their religion over barbarous Africa be doubtful, if the average type of their converts seem an unsatisfactory product of so much labour and expenditure of lives and wealth, it is, on the other hand, consoling to reflect on the immense services which missionary enterprise has rendered to Africa, to the world at large, and to Great Britain in particular. When the history of the great African states of the future comes to be written, the arrival of the first missionary will, with many of these new nations, be the first historical event in their annals. Allowing for the matter-of-fact and strictly realistic character of historical analysis in the twentieth century, this pioneering propagandist will nevertheless assume somewhat of the character of a Quetzalcoatl—of one of those strange, half-mythical personalities which figure in the legends of old American empires, the beneficent being who introduces arts and manufactures, implements of husbandry, edible fruits, medical drugs, cereals, and domestic animals.

To British missionaries and not to British traders many districts of tropical Africa owe the introduction of the orange, lime, and mango, of the cocoa-nut palm, the cacao-bean, and the pineapple. Improved breeds of poultry, pigeons, many useful vegetables and beautiful garden-flowers have been and are being taken further and further into the poorly endowed regions of barbarous Africa by these

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emissaries of Christianity. It is they, too, who in many cases have first taught the natives carpentry, joinery, masonry, tailoring, cobbling, engineering, book-keeping, printing, and European cookery; to say nothing of reading, writing, arithmetic, and a smattering of general knowledge. Almost invariably it has been to British missionaries that the natives of interior Africa have owed their first acquaintance with the printing-press, the steam-boat, and the saw-mill. Most of the great lakes and rivers of this little-known continent have been navigated in the first instance by the steamers of British missionary societies, which may now be seen plying on Tanganyika, and Nyassa, on the Upper Congo, the Niger, Binué, and Zambesi.

Is it of no account, do you think, is it productive of no good effect in the present state of Africa, that certain of our fellow-countrymen—men and women possessed of at least an elementary education, and impelled by no greed of gain or unworthy motive—should voluntarily locate themselves in the wild parts of this undeveloped quarter of the globe, and, by the very fact that they live in a European manner, in a house of European style, surrounded by European implements, products, and adornments, should open the eyes of the brutish savages to the existence of a higher state of culture, and prepare them for the approach of civilisation? I am sure my readers will agree with me that it is as the preparer of the white man's advent, as the mediator between the barbarian native and the invading race of rulers, colonists, or traders, that the missionary earns his chief right to our consideration and support. He constitutes himself informally the tribune of the weaker race, and though he may sometimes be open to the charges of indiscretion, exaggeration, and partiality in his support of his dusky-skinned clients' claims, yet without doubt he has rendered real services to humanity in drawing extra-colonial attention to many a cruel abuse of power, and by checking the ruthless proceedings of the unscrupulous pioneers of the white invaders.

Indirectly, and almost unintentionally, missionary enterprise has widely increased the bounds of our knowledge, and has sometimes been the means of conferring benefits on science, the value and extent of which itself was careless to appreciate and compute. Huge is the debt which philologists owe to the labours of British missionaries in Africa! By evangelists of our own nationality nearly two hundred African languages and dialects have been illustrated by grammars, dictionaries, vocabularies, and translations of the Bible. Many of these tongues were on the point of extinction, and have since become extinct, and we owe our knowledge of them solely to the missionaries' intervention. Zoology, botany, and anthropology, and most of the other branches of scientific investigation have been enriched by the researches of missionaries, who have enjoyed unequalled oppor-

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tunities of collecting in new districts; while commerce and colonisation have been so notoriously guided in their extension by the information derived from patriotic emissaries of Christianity that the negro potentate was scarcely unjust when he complained that 'first came the missionary, then the merchant, and then the man-of-war.'

There are some nine British Protestant missionary societies engaged in Christianising Africa. The yearly income of these corporations ranges from 250,000*l.* in the case of the richest, to 10,000*l.* in that of the poorest. Collectively, they spend annually on Africa about 200,000*l.* Their energy, activity, and wealth united form an imposing force, which is powerful for good and ill, and which to those who shape our destinies is far from being '*une quantité négligeable.*' It is a force which, in the past, despite many errors of judgment and foolish prejudices, effected greater changes for the better in the condition of savage Africa than armies and navies, conferences and treaties, have yet done. For missionary enterprise in the future I see a great sphere of usefulness—work to be done in the service of civilisation which shall rise superior to the mere inculcation of tedious, barren dogmas; work which shall have for its object the careful education and kindly guardianship of struggling, backward peoples; work which, in its lasting effects on men's minds, shall be gratefully remembered by the new races of Africa when the sectarian fervour which prompted it shall have long been forgotten.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

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HOW TO SOLVE THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

In the Northern legend we learn how the great god Thor, anxious to display his strength to Utgard Loki and his giants, essayed to lift from the ground the king's grey cat. Straining with all his might, he only succeeded in raising a single paw from the ground. But when the glamour of magic was removed, he knew the true nature of the task he had undertaken. The grey cat of King Loki was no other than the great Midgard Serpent which circled the foundations of the solid earth; not even the mighty strength of the immortal could unclinch its tremendous folds. And the Scandinavian story is not without its moral in these matter-of-fact days. A good many people there are in this country who at one time or another have made mistakes no less serious than that into which the red-bearded hero of Asgard allowed himself to fall.

Among the number of those who have so erred are assuredly to be found the authors of the three Irish Land Acts of 1870, 1882, and 1887. These well-meaning politicians have all worked conscientiously, they have worked terribly hard, they have put an unparalleled amount of energy into their operations, they have even shaken the political world not a little; but the great coils at which they were straining and tugging have not budged. There they were, and there they remain. The Irish land difficulty is untouched. The times are altered, but the eternal verities remain the same. Politicians tug and strain, and hope to see the great monster come up. If they knew that it was made fast by indissoluble links to the unshakable foundations of the universe of law and reason, they would perhaps stop tugging, and set about some more useful business better adapted to their strength.

When Mr. Gladstone talked about banishing political economy to Jupiter and Saturn, there were not wanting adorers who recognised in the saying a brilliant and original quality, and who argued success for a project which could be defended by such wise and witty phrases. But the laws of political economy have not really gone to Jupiter or Saturn; on the contrary, they have remained exactly where they were, as indeed we are beginning to find out to our cost.

Both Mr. Gladstone's Land Acts were, of course, like most of his

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other healing measures, absolutely final, conclusive, and all-sufficing at the time they were passed. This year, following a bad example, we have seen a Conservative Government passing a third Land Act on the old lines. To do the present Administration justice, it must be said that there is not a single member of it who pretends that this last piece of tinkering is likely to be permanent or satisfactory. It is only making the best of a bad job.

Everybody is pretty well agreed by this time that if the Irish land difficulty is to be got rid of at all, it must be by measures very different indeed from previous Land Acts. What is to be the nature of the new remedy? That is a question which it is worth trying to answer. It is always easier to say what a scheme should *not* be than what it should be. I would therefore begin by saying that the new bill, if bill there is to be, should *not be* anything that in the remotest degree resembles, or that in any way recalls, its predecessors. The principles upon which all three Land Acts were based were radically bad, and by no possible manipulation can be made good or fruitful. Therefore to found any new scheme upon these principles is to condemn it to certain failure. It may seem somewhat bold to speak in such decided terms of the Acts of 1870, 1882, and 1887; but this is not a matter upon which there is room for two opinions, or upon which, now that we have had time to look at the matter coolly, two opinions are really entertained. We go to school and learn that twice two are four, and believe it, and when we go out of school into the great world we do not call the multiplication table a piece of *doctrinaire* research which has no application to the facts of life. Still less do we attempt to conduct our own worldly operations upon the theory that twice two are five, or nine million and forty-two, or the square of x, or some equally odd and fortuitous quantity. If only we carried this arithmetical consistency into our politics, we should not have inflicted the last three Land Acts upon Ireland.

Year after year we pay all our professors to teach us that the price of commodities cannot be fixed by Act of Parliament. We acknowledge the fact, we are convinced of its correctness, we write books about it, and in our turn we teach it to those who have not our opportunities. Then, having done this, we proceed with infinite elaboration to enact a series of laws, the whole aim and object of which is to fix by statute the price of the most important commodity in the country we hope to benefit. Some sluggish intellect fails to see the wisdom of the step, and its possessor asks why twice two are going to make five now any more than they did at school. How can you deal with such a man as this? There are only two ways of suppressing him. Either you may assert that he is selfish, interested, tyrannical, retrograde, and only wishes to prevent your doing any good to a suffering country; or else

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you can put him off with some smart remarks about Jupiter and Saturn which all the world will recognise as conclusive. Then of course you have nothing to do but to sing the praises of your own magnanimity, and to prophesy the certain success of your measures, until their absolute and disastrous failure makes it time to set about another beneficent reform of the same nature.

Or again, we write or read, as the case may be, some millions of leading articles, pamphlets, treatises, reports of speeches, &c., all tending to show that we are a brilliantly practical people, full of common sense, and with a thorough knowledge of business. No doubt we possess all these high qualities, and accordingly there is no doubt whatever that we are perfectly well aware that the result of making a man a rent-charger on his own estate, with no sort of power over or interest in it beyond what is involved in the periodical collection of a statutory rent, is to paralyse all enterprise on the part of either landlord or tenant, to prohibit the expenditure of capital, to embitter the relations between two men who have no common ground except in the sheriff's court, and to render irksome the bonds which we forbid one of the parties to the contract to break. All these things, we know perfectly well, are and must be the results of the course described. Provided there be no special application made, no one would take the trouble to deny the proposition. But propose by elaborate legislative process to inflict this miserable condition upon a people, call it a *remedial measure*, and pledge the credit of a popular politician for its efficacy, and *presto!* the absurdity of the classroom and the study becomes the mature wisdom of the Cabinet, the House of Commons, and the platform.

Nevertheless, with miserable and disappointing persistency, two and two still make four, and so indeed I believe they will continue to do to the end of the chapter. But what I wish to call attention to is the strange and unfortunate belief that has evidently grown up in the minds of many, that if we only go pretending long enough that two and two make five, or nine million and forty-two, the old result will in the end be altogether altered.

We have witnessed, as I have endeavoured to point out, the most aggravated symptoms of this delusion in the dealings of our politicians with Ireland during the past twenty years. We know that it is impossible to fix prices by Act of Parliament, and we enact three statutes to fix them. We know that to make a man a mere rent-charger on his own land is to drive all spirit out of both landlord and tenant; and we make this arrangement the normal condition of Irish land tenure. We know that to allow and encourage the breaking of laws, because they are unpopular with those who break them, is to return to barbarism and anarchy; and we make heroes out of a set of men who earn their daily bread by bragging of their intention to violate the law, or by inciting others to do so.

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We know that the one thing which alone can save Irish agriculture is the investment of capital in the land; and half our politicians help to maintain a state of things in which any man who invests sixpence in Irish land must be considered a lunatic if the money be his own, and a scoundrel if it be any one else's.

Such is a summary of the remedies which we have been content to apply to Ireland, and such are some of the reasons why they have not had the success which their authors undoubtedly hoped for them. Is it not possible that, after all, some plan, based upon the old superstitions of the multiplication table, of political economy, and of the ten commandments, might succeed, even though the brilliant experiments of the past have failed?

Almost the only thing that can be said in favour of past land legislation is, that it has been full of good intentions, and has frankly recognised the real source of the Irish difficulty.

Everybody who knows anything about Ireland is well aware that the proportion of space which the land question occupies in the popular mind, in comparison with that occupied by Home Rule, is as about a hundred to one. Some people, indeed, would put the difference even higher, and would hold that, while the permanent solution of the land question was a matter of deep and pressing personal interest to some millions of the population of Ireland, the real enthusiasm for Home Rule was confined to a knot of noisy and impecunious agitators, who would like nothing less than the solution of the agrarian problem which has provided them for so long with a competence not earned in any other trade than that in which they are now engaged.

I am not concerned to inquire whether I have understated this matter, but I am content to take the moderate estimate of the situation which I have given above.

From that statement it appears that, in order to restore any sort of civilisation in Ireland, it is necessary to deal comprehensively and finally with the land question. I know that the use of the word 'finally' in such a connection is to invite a crushing reply. I know that every Irish measure which Mr. Gladstone has brought in has produced an eloquent peroration in which the absolutely final, conclusive, and never-to-be-amended character of the new remedy was dwelt upon with an unction which in the earlier cases must have carried conviction to many. But when I use the word 'final' I am under no illusion. I do not for one moment pretend that the economical difficulty in Ireland will be solved, or that the Irish tenant will be made either rich or happy, by the passing of any Act of Parliament. Such a consummation, if it ever happily arrive, must be conditional on a rise in the value of agricultural produce, coupled with the growth of some sort of respect for the Ten Commandments on the part of the Irish cultivators.

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At present there seems little enough likelihood that either of these preliminary conditions will be fulfilled. But what I do assert is that a solution is possible, by which we may relieve this country from all responsibility, real or imaginary, for the misfortunes of the Irish tenant-farmers, and may make it clear to all the world that the decay of agriculture in Ireland has as little to do with the action of the British Government as the Goodwin Sands have to do with Tenterden steeple.

I have already pointed out that no solution whatever can have the remotest chance of success which does not differ in every essential particular from the ordinary run of Irish Land Acts as we have hitherto known them. By merely avoiding every principle and every detail embodied in previous legislation, we cannot, indeed, make success certain, but we may, at any rate, make it possible. We cannot recall political economy from Jupiter and Saturn, because it has never left this terrestrial globe; but we can recall our legislators from the distant fields they have been rambling in, and in which they have managed to forget the science in which they were once capable of passing a satisfactory examination. 'The mountain will not go to Mahomet.' That is the strongest possible reason why the false prophet should be conducted to the mountain.

A scheme which eschews every feature of the previous Land Acts may make success possible; something more is required to make it probable. The required measure must not only be right in itself, but it must be so obviously right and reasonable as to carry with it the approval and to strike the imagination of the general public. Not one Englishman in ten thousand has even a general idea of the provisions of the Irish Land Acts. Not one in a million has any really accurate knowledge of the various clauses and their effect. Even in Ireland the persons who are best acquainted with the acts are those who have studied them with the object of seeing how far and how completely they can be set aside, or turned into the convenient instruments of fraud.

It is absolutely certain that, before another session is over, we are destined to have one more Irish Land Bill, and possibly one more Irish Land Act. Can such a Bill or such an Act be produced which shall be capable of meeting the requirements which I have laid down as essential? I believe such a Bill can be framed, and in laying an outline of its provisions before the public I ask for a fair and deliberate consideration of a proposal which has never yet been seriously discussed.

It will save time if I state as briefly as possible the outline of the measure which I desire to see introduced. The tenor of the Bill should be somewhat as follows:—

1. On and after a date specified in the Act the whole of the agricultural land of Ireland held on lease or otherwise than in fee

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shall be transferred from the present owners to the present occupiers, to be held by the latter in fee, subject to certain conditions as to payment of rent-charge as stated hereafter.

2. The present owners shall receive, as the price of the land from which they are expropriated, a payment equal to a fixed number of years' purchase of the rental. Such payment to be made in the shape of bonds bearing interest at 3 per cent., and guaranteed by the British Government.

3. The new owners to hold their land subject to the payment of an annual rent-charge calculated on a basis which will repay the whole liability incurred in the purchase within a given number of years. Such payments shall be recoverable from the tenants by (*a*) the Government, (*b*) the local authority, jointly or independently. The recovery to be effected by *distress* repeated until the required amount be recovered, and not in the first instance by eviction.

4. Power shall be given by the Act to levy upon certain commodities (to be named in the schedule) customs duties on importation into Ireland. Such duties[1] to be in addition to any amounts already levied, not to exceed a statutory maximum, and no such duty or any part of it to be levied except when and as shall be directed by an Order in Council to be issued from time to time.

5. The power to levy import duties shall be wholly within the control of the Executive Government, and the sums collected by means of such duties shall be taken in repayment of any deficit which may occur in the repayment by the new owners of the instalments necessary to meet the payments on account of the bonds issued to the late owners.

Such is a very brief outline of the measure which I hope to see brought before the country. I will now proceed to examine the suggested provisions somewhat in detail.

That a grand transfer of the land of Ireland is inevitable, and indeed is contemplated by the present Government, I believe to be without doubt. Whenever such a transfer takes place, somebody will have to pay for it. Four courses are open. Honour and reason combine to suggest that the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, who are responsible for the Act of Parliament which effects the transfer, should bear the cost of interfering with vested interests which they have deliberately established for their own benefit and by their repeated acts. Mr. Gladstone was perfectly well aware of the true aspect of this question when he stated that his original Land Transfer Bill was brought in to discharge an honourable obligation. Indeed, up to a very recent period, he was always clear on this head.

This is what he said in the House of Commons in April 1886:

[1] To these powers I will add the Indian practice of charging the land in the hands of every occupier until the debt upon it is cleared.

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It is a fact that this (our past treatment of the land question) was not the action of a party, but the action of a parliament, and that is why I ask this House whether, after even such a summary recital as I have given, it is possible to deny that the landlords have been our garrison and our representatives; that we have relied upon them as they have relied upon us, and that we cannot wash our hands of responsibility for their doings or for the consequences of those doings.

The fact, however, that adhesion to his original plan seemed likely to cost some votes, soon modified Mr. Gladstone's view as to what was expedient, though of course it could not in any way have altered his opinion as to what was just. The 'honourable obligation' was bundled overboard to lighten the ship. And now that this objectionable burden has been got rid of, captain and crew are brimming over with excellent reasons for saying that it ought never to have been shipped at all. Sir George Trevelyan, for instance, has evidently persuaded himself that there is something almost heroic in telling the electors that, come what may, he, at any rate, will never, never consent to taking a penny of English money to pay for an act of confiscation which Englishmen are about to commit to save themselves trouble and to salve their own consciences. Perhaps if Sir George and his friends remembered that nine-tenths of the landlords of Ireland have bought and sold, acted or refrained from acting, lived, moved, and had their being in direct obedience to the invitations and commands of the English electors deliberately expressed in solemn Acts of Parliament, he and they would see what a very unheroic line this policy of commuting your sins at some one else's expense really is.

For good or for ill the enormous majority of Irish landlords have acted in strict conformity with the laws which the English people made for them. The very purchasers under the Encumbered Estates Court Act were invited to purchase by government puffers which announced that the inducement to buy was the possibility of raising the rents. And now, heaven save the mark! it is to be accounted a virtue to say we will upset every arrangement to which our word was pledged, and which we ourselves made, but that on motives of the purest principle we decline to pay one penny to avert the ruin which for our convenience we have elected to bring about.

Still facts are stubborn things, and practical politicians are bound to look them in the face. We all like to be charitable, for charity covereth such a multitude of sins; and if we can be charitable on Sir George Trevelyan's new patent system of making heroic sacrifices at somebody else's expense, the virtue is likely to be very extensively practised. In other words, if the people of England are persistently told by men they have been accustomed to respect that it is a fine and noble thing to settle the Irish land question 'on the cheap,' it is perfectly certain that a very large number will believe it, at any rate so far as to prevent them voting for the fulfilment of an honourable obligation which compels them to put their hands in their pockets.

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Granted, then, that the noble party which will never, never spend a shilling of the English taxpayers' money upon Irish landlords (that is the correct formula) get their way, what are the remaining alternatives?

As we said, if the land of Ireland be transferred, some one must pay. The people of England and Scotland we have eliminated. There remain (1) the Irish landlords, (2) the Irish tenants, (3) the Irish people. There is a party which is in favour of making the Irish landlords pay for the robbery of their own land. The holders of this doctrine are represented in the political world by Mr. Parnell and the prairie value, by Mr. O'Brien, and others of that class. It is represented in history by Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and Bill Sikes. It has its more modest representatives in every gathering of the swell-mob, in every cracksman's haunt, and in every pickpockets' meeting. Sometimes it is qualified or mystified with a few high-sounding phrases, but at bottom it is simply the doctrine of pure theft—neither more nor less. Fortunately, despite some rather ominous appearances, no important section of Englishmen has as yet shown signs of deliberately adopting this policy. We need not discuss it for the present. If it be adopted seriously, it will probably lead to armed resistance in which the depredators may find themselves confronted with elements with which they have not hitherto had to calculate.

Setting aside, then, the policy of robbery, we come to the two remaining alternatives—payment by the Irish tenants, and payment by the Irish people.

That the Irish tenants, if they are suddenly transformed on very advantageous terms into Irish owners, *ought* to pay for the fee of the land which they acquire, is a proposition so obviously just that under ordinary circumstances it would hardly be disputed. But the present circumstances are not ordinary; and in addition to the comparatively small number of individuals who hold that the tenants should succeed in the plan of rapine which their leaders have sketched out for them, there is an infinitely larger number of persons who say that, though such a payment may be just in principle and expedient in policy, it is wholly out of the question in practice. I am not of this opinion; on the contrary, I believe that the Irish tenants not only *ought* to pay, but can, with the very smallest amount of effort, *be made to pay*. But I go further, and I say that if the Irish tenant will not pay, and if it be not worth while to make him pay, then the Irish people must pay, and with even less effort can be made to pay.

Let me explain myself. The first proposition in my Land Bill is simple enough; it corresponds with similar clauses introduced into previous Bills. It provides that, on and after a date specified in the Act, 'the whole of the agricultural land of Ireland held on lease or otherwise than in fee shall be transferred from the present owners to

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the present occupiers, to be held by the latter in fee, subject to certain conditions as to payment of rent-charge.' That is simple enough. It is a large operation truly, but it has been contemplated before, and will certainly before long be undertaken.

My second clause provides that 'the present owners shall receive, as the price of the land from which they are expropriated, a payment equal to a fixed number of years' purchase of the rental. Such payment to be made in the shape of bonds bearing interest at 3 per cent., and guaranteed by the British Government.' The calculations which must form the basis of this payment have been frequently made by various authorities. There is considerable difference among them, and it is obviously useless to try and forecast the decision of Parliament as to the number of years' purchase which should fairly be paid. The just figure probably lies somewhere about midway between the estimate of a Gladstonian who is called upon to fix a price for the compulsory sale of his own property and that of somebody else's. There is only one principle which can be unhesitatingly laid down beforehand—namely, that no valuation should take into account the fall in the value of land arising from the Parnellite agitation. The proposition would appear self-evident if we were about to apply it to our own concerns. If a railway company drives a tunnel under a man's house and makes the house uninhabitable, the owner claims compensation for the value of the house before it was ruined. The fact that a property has become depreciated to the value of a Greenland ice-floe by the perpetual incursions of wearers of the Parnell medal and others does not prove that the land is worth nothing.

This fact will have to be remembered, merely because so many people will invite us to forget it. But I shall not attempt in this paper to lay down any sort of principle as to the proper price to be paid for the Irish land. For the purpose of my argument I am content to adopt the figures given by Mr. Gladstone at a time when 'an honourable obligation' seemed also to be a convenient obligation. 113,000,000*l.* was the figure given by the late Prime Minister as representing the value of land requiring to be dealt with at an average of twenty years' purchase of the judicial rents. In a few cases he would have granted twenty-two years' purchase; in most cases deductions on account of rates and other charges payable by the landlord would have reduced the figure from twenty to eighteen years. To cover the payment on the stock to be created, a sum equal to 3 per cent. on account of the interest, and 1 per cent. on account of a sinking fund, or 4 per cent. in all, would be required.

In adopting Mr. Gladstone's figures I also adopt one of the features of his plan, namely, the creation of Government stock to be issued to the present landowners as compensation for their expropriation. But obviously the creation of a new Government stock will impose a liability upon the British Treasury—and indeed it is the British

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Treasury that I wish to make responsible in the first instance for the payment of interest on the bonds issued.

But as I have already pointed out, the balance of public opinion seems for the present to incline against any scheme which may even contingently increase the burdens of the British taxpayer. I accept the situation. The interest on the money must be repaid, therefore, by the late tenant and present occupier in the form of a terminable rent-charge spread over a number of years. Here again, for argument's sake, I am content to take Mr. Gladstone's figures, and to assume that a repayment of 4,520,000*l.* would suffice to meet the requirements of the Treasury, and that the aggregate rent to be raised in Ireland need not much exceed that total. But it will be replied this is nothing more than Mr. Gladstone's condemned Land Bill over again: the tenants will not pay, the instalments will fall into arrears, the British taxpayer will after all have to put his hand into his pocket, and there you are once more in presence of the accursed thing.

To this I simply reply that this is going too fast, and that though two roads start together they do not necessarily end together. I propose, in the first place, that the Irish tenant shall pay for his own land, and that if he does not the Irish people shall go bail for him. I am perfectly prepared for the flood of conclusive objections which this proposition is certain to give rise to. 'You cannot coerce a nation.' 'The State can never take the place of a universal landlord.' 'You will be out of the frying-pan into the fire; instead of landlords and loyal men being boycotted, every government official will be boycotted.' 'Instead of a plan of campaign in a few localities, you will have a plan of campaign in every county in Ireland.'

I am quite prepared for all these objections, and I would merely say in reply 'Connu.' I quite believe that if we give the tenants the chance of doing all these things, under their present leaders, they will do them. But I do not mean to give them the chance—which indeed makes all the difference. What I do propose is that all instalments of rent-charge shall be payable primarily by the tenant, and shall be recoverable from him either by the Executive Government or by the local authority provided for that purpose. In all cases the amount due to be recovered by distress and not necessarily by eviction. There is no reason why the distress should not be put in a dozen times; the moment the debtor has enough property to justify a seizure, a seizure should take place.

But, supposing after all the tenant will not pay, and suppose he and his friends enter upon an organised scheme of fraud similar to the 'Plan of Campaign.' Well then, of course, as we have been so often told, 'we cannot coerce a people.' If the expression means that we cannot conveniently carry out evictions over large areas against organised resistance, I admit that there is some truth in the saying. If, however, it means that we cannot make the Irish

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people pay their debts, I simply deny it. If in the supposed case the new Irish owners choose to be dishonest, let them be so by all means; only the Imperial Treasury must be repaid. A great boon will have been conferred upon the Irish people, and a section of them, some 500,000 in number, will get the direct and obvious advantage of that boon. These persons refuse to pay, whom must we turn to? Obviously to the community for whose benefit the transfer has been made. If the Irish tenants will not pay, the Irish people must. How are we to make them? My plan furnishes a ready and, as I conceive, a complete answer to that question.

Ireland is an island lying in latitude 52°. From her geographical position she does not produce, and cannot produce, tea, coffee, sugar, currants, rice, tobacco, or wine. Being an island, the commodities which she does not produce, but which her people nevertheless consume in large quantities, are brought to her shores by water, and chiefly from Great Britain. Here, then, is the key to my puzzle. I propose by my Act to give power to levy customs duties, not exceeding in any case certain maximum rates, upon all the commodities mentioned in the schedule of the Act;[2] such duties to be in addition to those already levied in the United Kingdom. To these duties to be levied by the customs authorities on imported articles must be added equivalent charges upon those articles which are manufactured in Ireland itself. Under this head it will be only necessary to include spirituous liquors. The duties will only be levied in pursuance of an Order in Council naming the article to be taxed, the amount of duty to be charged, and the duration of the impost. The Executive Government will have an easy guide to the amount required; it will be the sum by which the total payment of the Irish rent-charge falls short of the amount due, *plus* all expenses of collection, &c. There can be no doubt whatever as to who will pay these duties—it will be the Irish consumer: consumers invariably do pay import duties.

'But the Irish people will refuse to pay.' I take the liberty of doubting this. They will not refuse to pay, because, unless they do pay, they will not get the necessaries of life, and these articles, as their name implies, no population can do without. There are seventeen customs ports in Ireland, of which five do no business. The whole of the ports are, and will remain, absolutely under the control of the Imperial authorities.

I quite understand that, at the outset, complaints will be made against a plan which makes the many pay for the default of the few.

Such a proposal, I shall be told, will at once lead to the non-payment of rent by many owners, who will be only too glad to put the burden on other shoulders.

[2] Articles included in the schedule: Tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, rice, tobacco, currants and raisins, wine, spirits, beer. Home coal and manufactured iron have not been included, but they might be added if necessary.

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All I can say, in reply to such an objection, is that such an event is quite possible. If it occur, an injustice will be inflicted upon those who have to pay for their neighbours' dishonesty. But that is the situation; and the sooner the public grasp it the better. The land has to be paid for, and if the owners decline to pay, then the community must. But if the community allows itself to be taxed in this way, its members will assuredly have no one but themselves to thank.[1]

For eight years past a large number of Irishmen have been banded together for the express and avowed object of compelling their neighbours to be dishonest. They have perfected a most complicated machine to enable them to carry out their object with success. I would humbly suggest that the same machinery which has been so successfully devoted to the task of making knaves should be directed to the novel, but not less meritorious, work of making honest men.

In this connection I picture to myself all sorts of interesting developments.

Imagine, for instance, the inhabitants of a Tipperary barony waking up to the consciousness that if the gallant fellows who have so long been the mainstay of the local league do not pay their debts, they, the patriotic, energetic, enthusiastic, and well-organised population of the said barony, will positively have to make good the deficit themselves, in the shape of extra payments for their tea, their tobacco, their sugar, or their implements. Once started on this theme it is hard to stop; and it is even possible to conceive of some unhappy man being shot in the legs or knocked on the head because he insists upon remaining a rogue, and not because he tries to be an honest man. As to the landlord, what will his position be? He will have his bonds in his pocket, and if Mr. Dillon and his friends really try the cowardly game of persecution which they have promised to undertake the moment they have matters in their own hands, he will simply depart to a place where he can spend his money under happier circumstances. Hitherto it has paid to rob and terrorise the resident gentry. If my Bill passes, it will pay a thousand times better to treat them well.

I must not forget to suggest a class of commodities which may, if necessary, be included in my schedule. I allude to those articles the taxation of which may be regarded as a concession to the protectionist sentiments of the Irish people. Personally I do not believe that any amount of protection will enable Irishmen to succeed in

[1] A remarkable precedent exists in support of the principle that in the case of a great transaction such as national land transfer, the community should bear a portion of the expense. In Bavaria the agrarian difficulty was met by buying the land from the landlords at twenty years' purchase, and transferring it to the tenants subject to a charge equal to eighteen years' purchase; the value of the odd two years being paid by the State, i.e. the taxpayers.

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business until they have abandoned the various forms of dishonesty which their present leaders have taught them. They have a long probation to go through, and much to unlearn before they will make any honest trade pay. But there is no harm in humouring their prejudices within certain limits. 109,000 tons of coal are raised in Ireland per annum. Let us, if necessary, put a duty upon imported coal; there is a direct incentive to the coal-owners of Kilkenny to raise more coal and to get a good price for it. Or let us, on the same principle, put a tax on corn imported into Ireland. Such a duty, I admit, would be strictly protective, and in about two thousand years the Irish farmers would perhaps have learned to benefit by the protection. Meanwhile there is no sort of reason why they should not be gratified by a concession which would provide the Imperial Government with the necessary funds, and would at the same time be acceptable to the new owners of Irish land.

I do not myself recommend these last-mentioned subjects of taxation, but I merely suggest them for the consideration of others.

I am perfectly aware that no scheme such as that which I have sketched out can be considered as satisfactory which is not supported by definite figures, and I will admit at once that in this particular case it is exceedingly difficult to obtain accurate figures. As a matter of fact, there is no official record of the imports of merchandise into Ireland from Great Britain, and there has not been since the abolition of internal customs duties. Nevertheless, it is obvious that some sort of estimate of the amount and value of imports must be arrived at before the present problem can be worked out.

This is the problem put in a convenient form. The British Exchequer issues stock to the amount of 113,000,000*l.*, bearing interest at 3 per cent., or 3,390,000*l.*, per annum. A security for the repayment of this sum has to be obtained. The first security is the payment of the whole amount due by the Irish tenants become owners. In the event of the tenants or any of them making default a further security is obviously required. Such security is to be furnished by the Irish customs revenue as stated above. What will the liability be, and to what extent will the customs duties be called upon to replace the deficit? Let us assume the worst case—a case practically impossible—that no instalments are paid at all. What will the charge be then? It will be 4,520,000*l.*, or 4 per cent. interest and sinking fund on 113,000,000*l.* How far can the customs duties be relied upon to provide a security for this sum?

Before dealing with any of the figures involved in this problem, I must admit frankly that the totals given are only approximate and are open to the widest criticism and the freest revision. It is impossible to obtain accurate results; the data for producing them do not exist.

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There is no record of the imports of the chief necessaries of life into Ireland. I can only, therefore, state the methods by which I have arrived at the results given below; and the results themselves must be regarded merely as estimates based upon a fairly sound basis.

I have before me the official return of the amounts of various commodities retained for consumption in the United Kingdom per head of population.

Tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, rice, and currants are necessaries of life, or practically so; and I do not believe the consumption of these articles per head is less in Ireland than in other parts of the United Kingdom. I have some reason for thinking that the consumption of tea is greater in Ireland than elsewhere. I have also an official return showing the values of the named articles taken on an average of the last fifteen years. These are the values independent of customs duties, so the prices are not affected by the abolition of certain charges during the period named. I have reckoned the population of Ireland at 4,800,000, or 50,000 less than the Registrar-General's estimate for this year.

I have left out of consideration all articles imported in order to be reshipped, and have dealt only with such quantities as were retained for home consumption. This will probably lead to a slight understatement of the Irish imports. But the error cannot be very considerable, for it is certain that none of the Irish ports are great *entrepôts*.

I am aware that a very large quantity of sugar is used for the purposes of manufacture, and this fact might be taken to interfere with the correctness of the average taken.

The average consumption of raw sugar in the United Kingdom is given at 47·4 lbs. per head. If it could be said that in Great Britain there was, in addition to the demand for domestic purposes, a demand of sugar for manufacturing purposes which had no existence in Ireland, it is plain that my figures would be misleading. But, as a matter of fact, the few manufactories which Ireland possesses are of a kind which do use sugar largely. I think, therefore, that it is fair to assume something like an equal consumption of the article in all parts of the United Kingdom. With this slight explanation of my method I come to my results.

I do not intend to ring the changes on all the alternatives which are open to the Government in search of a revenue from the necessaries, but I will record in a tabular form the results which may be obtained by what appear to me the most reasonable methods.

The following table contains an estimate of the amounts of the several commodities named imported into Ireland, and the value of a duty of 1*d.* per lb. upon the same:—

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Cocoa	1,968,000 lbs.	£8,200
Coffee	3,928,000 lbs.	16,366
Tea	23,376,000 lbs.	97,400
Currants and raisins[4]	172,285 cwts.	80,399
Rice	51,600,000 lbs.	215,000
Sugar (refined)	803,571 cwts.	379,999
„ (raw)	2,023,285 cwts.	944,200
Tobacco	6,816,000 lbs.	28,400
Total		£1,769,964

Before going further I will remind my readers of one or two facts in the past history of our revenue departments which are exceedingly important in this connection.

The existing duties on most dutiable commodities have only recently reached their present low figure. Within very recent memory such articles as tea and coffee have borne duties a hundred, and a hundred and fifty per cent. higher than those now charged. Other articles, such as sugar, have ceased to bear any impost at all. The following figures with regard to tea and sugar alone are most informing:

Tea duties.

	s.	d.	
1857	1	7	per lb.
1865	1	0	„
1887	0	6	„

Average Sugar duties.

	s.	d.			s.	d.	
1854	16	4	per cwt.	1865	12	10	per cwt.
1855	18	8	„	1871	7	0	„
1857	18	7	„	1872	6	0	„
1859	18	6	„	1873	3	9	„
1863	18	4	„	1874	abolished.		

It is most remarkable to note that the demand for tea is evidently what is called a 'saturated' demand, that is to say no further lowering of the duty is likely to increase the consumption. Indeed the point of saturation appears to have been reached when the duty was at 1*s.*, for we find that whereas in 1864, prior to the lowering of the duty, the import of tea amounted to 124,359,000 lbs., in 1867, with the duty at 6*d.*, or a hundred per cent. less, the amount imported had only risen to 128,028,000 lbs. An increase not equal to that of many previous years.

These facts are very relevant to the question of the reimposition of duties, for they show how well the ordinary necessaries of life can bear taxation.

It will not have escaped the observation of the reader that I have hitherto made no reference to the spirit duties. This is not because I think spirits an improper article to bear an extra burden. On the

[4] The value for currants and raisins is less than the actual amount, the higher price of the raisins not being taken into account.

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contrary, I think that on no commodity could the additional tax be imposed with greater propriety. But for a variety of reasons spirit duties differ from those on the other articles named; for clearness' sake, therefore, I propose to deal with these separately.

The chief manufactures of Ireland are linen and spirituous drinks. Obviously any increase in the customs duties levied on imported spirits must be accompanied by a corresponding increase in the excise duties; otherwise we should be merely fostering and protecting a home industry which perhaps of all industries least deserves legislative encouragement. But the moment we propose any alteration in the excise charges we are brought face to face with the fact that, in this matter at least, our plan partially breaks down. Any duty leviable in Ireland, and not under the control of the customs authorities at the ports of entry, is to a certain extent exposed to the interference of dishonest men and dishonest combinations. There is a chance that conspiracies may be formed to cheat the revenue, to threaten the collectors, and to evade the law. It is also possible that an addition to the spirit duties may increase illicit distilling. I have considered these objections, and I confess they do not seem to me final. There are at present only twenty-seven distilleries in Ireland; most of them are large concerns, and, unless all law is destroyed in Ireland, there ought to be no difficulty whatever in taxing the products of these establishments long before any political combination acquired a control over them. If the cost of producing whisky be increased, we may be quite certain that the retail dealers will pay the amount somehow, and that their customers will repay them. As to the illicit distilling, it goes on now in a considerable number of places which are pretty well known to the police. In 1885 there were 864 detections for the offence. If the spirit duties be increased, the illicit distilling will continue, but I do not believe it will increase, or at any rate not seriously enough to interfere with the large distilleries. I have mentioned these difficulties to prove that I do not ignore them, but I am not alarmed by them. Assuming that they present no insuperable difficulties, let us see what new resources are put at our disposal.

The following are the principal statistics of the Irish excise revenue for 1886. Net revenue collected:—

Beer	£673,177
Licenses	183,369
Spirits	3,354,201
Other articles	286
Total	£4,211,033

The number of gallons of spirits entered for home consumption was 4,754,670. The duty, 10*s.* per gallon of proof spirit.

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It is impossible, from the figures I possess, to obtain a correct statement of the imports of wine and spirits into Ireland. I find, however, that in one year the value of wine, brandy, and gin imported from the *colonies and abroad* was as follows:—

Wine	£1,394,670
Brandy	657,317
Gin	28,742
Total	£2,080,729

No doubt a considerable addition should be made to these figures on account of wines duty-paid in Great Britain and imported thence, but the figure is so uncertain that I do not calculate it.

On the facts as they stand, however, it will appear that a shilling a gallon extra upon proof spirits will give 237,733*l.* I do not think a charge of 1½*d.* extra on every pint of proof spirit sold would ruin Ireland, or even do much to check the drinking of whisky.

Ten per cent. *ad valorem* on the colonial and foreign wines and spirits would give us another 208,072*l.*, while an increment of like amount upon the existing beer duties would give 67,000*l.*

Whatever be the effect of the increased taxation upon alcohol, the result can hardly fail to be gratifying. In the first place, if it succeeds in curtailing the consumption of spirituous liquors, it will indubitably benefit the people of Ireland, and should certainly be most acceptable to the advocates of temperance.

If, on the other hand, the tax fails to check the consumption, the revenue will, of necessity, be increased. Being of a sanguine disposition, I venture to look forward to a happy state of things, when every Irishman will drink an extra glass to the cause of free land, and will feel that, in emptying his bumper, he is really and truly liberating the soil of his country.

'Here's to your health and the freedom of the land!' may yet become a popular toast.

But to return to our calculations. We now have a maximum total from all the sources enumerated of 4,273,498*l.* per annum, made up as follows:—

Cocoa, 6*d.* per lb.	£49,200
Coffee „	78,196
Tea „	584,400
Currants, 3*d.* per lb.	241,197
Rice, 2*d.* per lb.	430,000
Sugar (refined), 2*d.* per lb.	759,000
„ (raw) 1½*d.* „	1,416,300
Tobacco, 6*d.* per lb.	170,400
Spirits, excise 1*s.* per gall.	237,733
Colonial and foreign wine, 10 p.c. *ad valorem*	208,072
Beer, 10 p.c. extra tax	67,000
Total	£4,241,498

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Such is a rough summary of the resources which I conceive to be available for the purposes of my scheme. I do not pretend for a moment that it is accurate, but I am convinced that, whatever criticism be applied to the figures, the main result will be unaltered. No corrections will shake the fact that an ample fund may be raised from purely Irish sources, which can be collected without difficulty, and which can be applied in repayment of any deficit in the instalments due from the new occupiers. Of course one or two factors in the problem may be greatly varied, and the variation will only place my proposals on a firmer basis. I have assumed that the total value of the bonds issued must be 113,000,000*l.* I have assumed that the rate of purchase should be twenty years' value of the judicial rent, less deductions on account of landlords' outgoings, such as rates, &c. In both these figures I have adopted Mr. Gladstone's calculations, but I am well aware that in the opinion of many authorities both figures are placed too high. I have assumed moreover that the operation to be undertaken by the Government must of necessity include the whole agricultural land of Ireland now held on tenancy, but I know that many persons doubt the necessity of dealing with all estates indiscriminately. If, therefore, the views of either of the parties referred to above should eventually prevail, it is obvious that the security afforded by the customs and excise duties would be even more complete than appears from my tables, for the total amounts to be secured would be greatly diminished.

Nor must it be forgotten that though, in order to complete my case, I have contemplated the absolute cessation of the payment of rent-charge in all parts of Ireland at one time, there is nothing more improbable than such a contingency. At present self-interest has created an organisation which, in defiance of and in open hostility to the law, has succeeded in compelling many thousands of persons to be dishonest. It is at least reasonable to suppose that the power of self-interest will not be less when it has behind it the whole machinery of the law, the moral support of all honourable men as well as most rogues, and when it is used to compel men to be honest and to do their duty. If with all these aids public opinion armed with public authority cannot insure the payment of the rent-charge, then certainly the bulk of the Irish taxpayers will themselves have to contribute. But that is the situation; that is, under the circumstances, the only just and feasible way of getting the money.

There is, of course, an obvious objection to the idea of holding over traders a permanent threat of extra taxation upon the commodities in which they deal. The fact that traders and shopkeepers will be compelled to watch the increase in the arrears of rent-charge must occasion much uncertainty, and some loss. Such uncertainty exists at present in the tobacco and spirit trades, and the recent unannounced changes in the duties on tobacco, spirits, and beer have,

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no doubt, proved a source of much inconvenience. But every system must be attended by some drawbacks, and, as a matter of fact, the changes in the Imperial tariff have not really paralysed or seriously injured the industries which they affected.

But it will be said you will be inflicting a serious hardship on the bulk of the population; taxes on the necessaries of life, however small, are felt immediately by small consumers. The fact, with some qualifications, is true, but it is a fact which makes my proposal so useful. If Ireland chooses to elect for a policy of dishonesty and repudiation, her people ought to be made to feel the consequences, and the further the indulgence is carried the more sharply ought the penalty to be inflicted. For my part I do not believe the difficulty would arise, or that the Irish people would to any serious extent become defaulters. The annual payments on account of rent-charge would be far less than even the present low rents, and the payment would be terminable. The power to distrain until the whole sum due was actually paid would prove a very serious weapon in the hands of a local authority which had a direct interest in applying it. And lastly, if the Indian plan of charging the holding with all arrears due to Government in the hands of every occupier were adopted, an extra security of a very substantial kind would be added.

One other objection is nearly certain to be taken. An act such as that proposed would be unfair to Ulster. Why should men who honestly observed their obligations in the North be made to pay for those who have broken faith in the South? I admit at once that if any area in Ireland could be dealt with separately under the scheme proposed, Ulster, or a part of it, might fairly claim exceptional treatment. But, as a matter of fact, such an exception is impracticable: a customs line cannot be traced between two counties, or—as in the case of Donegal—between two halves of the same county.

Having made this admission, however, I cannot profess to be disturbed by the possibilities which it raises. I do not believe Ulster ought to condemn the plan on this account, or even that Ulster will do so.

In the first place it must be remembered that the wealth and prosperity of Ulster will not, under any circumstances, be taxed. In the worst event it is only the numbers of Ulster that will be taken into account; and the numbers of Ulster as compared with the rest of Ireland are small. If it were in the power of Tipperary and Limerick to indulge in repudiation at the expense of Antrim and Down, it would not be long before the experiment would be tried. But this happy possibility would not be open. No doubt Tipperary could compel Ulster to pay an extra halfpenny in the shilling, but on one condition only, namely, that the other three provinces paid an extra twopence. It appears to me that Leinster, Connaught, and Munster will not be very grateful to Tipperary under such circumstances.

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Moreover, as I have already pointed out, the proportion of income devoted to the purchase of necessaries is largest in the case of small incomes. The artisans of the North will be less affected by the new duties than the small farmers of the South. None of the implements or raw materials of the great Ulster manufactories will be touched. I believe that under no scheme is Ulster likely to be less affected than under that which I propose. Any system of raising money based on rateable value, on incomes, or on business profits, must hit the North unfairly. Any scheme by which a Dublin authority is allowed to raise money from Ulster must inevitably end in the robbery of the latter. I venture respectfully to ask Ulstermen to weigh and consider these points before they pronounce upon my plan.

Such is my plan. I believe it has much to commend it, and, what is more, I believe there is no serious alternative before the public which is not open to infinitely greater objections than the plan which I have ventured to recommend.

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SIR,—I find it stated, in an article on 'Literature for the Little Ones,' in your October number, that my little book, 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,' first published in 1865, was probably suggested by the late Mr. T. Hood's 'From Nowhere to the North Pole,' first published in 1864. May I mention, first, that I have never read Mr. Hood's book; secondly, that I composed mine in the summer of 1862, and wrote it out, in the form lately published in facsimile, during 1863? Thus it will be seen that neither book could have been suggested by the other.

As it is, in my view, and no doubt in that of many others of your readers, an act of dishonesty to imitate another man's book without due acknowledgment, I trust to your sense of justice to allow this reply to the charge brought against me in the above-named article to appear in your forthcoming number.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LEWIS CARROLL.

29 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXXX.—December 1887.

'THE POWER OF LOOSE ANALOGIES.'

The two articles from the pen of Mr. Herbert Spencer upon 'The Factors of Organic Evolution,' which were published in this Review for the months of April and May 1886, have not, I think, attracted the attention they deserve. They appear to me to mark an epoch in the history of the Darwinian Hypothesis, and in the immense volume of literature which, all over the civilised world, has been concerned with the discussion of it. It will be my object here to explain the significance of the arguments and conclusions of Mr. Herbert Spencer in the articles referred to.

In order to estimate this significance we must go back to the state of speculation and of suggestion upon the subject which existed before the publication of the *Origin of Species*. It is of course well known, but I do not think it equally well remembered, that Charles Darwin did not start the idea that—somehow and in some way or other—all animal forms have been derived from pre-existing forms by way of natural birth and of ordinary generation. It is true that this idea was not generally accepted. On the contrary, it was generally ridiculed as a vain imagination, and even the few who were inclined to entertain it hardly defined it to themselves, and for the most part thought of it vaguely and in silence. It is, however, important to observe that this general idea, however indeterminate in shape, stands in very close connection with certain other ideas in respect to the actual structure of animal forms, which had come to be firmly established in the very definite science of comparative anatomy. How animal forms came to be as we now see them—this was a highly speculative question. But what these forms actually

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are, as compared with each other—this was purely a matter of dissection, of comparison, and of careful observation. Of course in this kind of observation the mind has to bring with it something more than its mere optic apparatus. It must not only see bones and tissues, but it must think of them in their relations of likeness or of difference with each other in the same animal, and with each other when compared with similar bones and tissues in other animals. Hence come the scientific facts and doctrines of what are called 'Homologies.' These doctrines were at first regarded as extremely theoretical and almost transcendental, and it is true that in their finest and highest applications they have taxed, and do still tax, some perhaps of the highest intellectual powers. But it is well worthy of note that the principle involved in the doctrine of homologies is not at all difficult, nor is it in any way transcendental. On the contrary, it is universally and instinctively recognised by the rudest and most illiterate of mankind. Nobody however ignorant—no savage even—could fail to recognise the hand of a monkey as the part of that animal's body which corresponds to the hand of a man. But monkeys graduate as to outward appearance through many kinds, such as the lemurs, into squirrel-like forms, and into ordinary quadrupeds. Therefore, although ordinary quadrupeds do not use their fore limbs, as men and monkeys both do, for the purpose of taking hold of things, but only for the purpose of progression, this difference in use makes no difference in the popular recognition of the correspondence between the fore limbs of all quadrupeds and the human arms. The same kind of recognition extends to all the principal members or organs of the body, both internal and external. The head of all the higher animals corresponds with our head. Their organs of sight, of hearing, and of taste, have all an obvious correspondence which is admitted and expressed in the common use of speech. But this recognition of an obvious fact involves the whole doctrine of homologies. It is a general conception which includes—as a whole includes its parts—every detail of the same kind of correspondence which has yet been discovered by the most laborious research. When we have recognised the fact of a correspondence between the forearms of all quadrupeds and those of all bipeds, there is nothing whatever that is new in principle when we discover further that these forearms, however unlike in shape or different in methods of use, are all made on one fundamental arrangement of corresponding bones. Some of them may be shortened and thickened, as in the mole; others of them may be lengthened and attenuated, as in the deer and all the swifter quadrupeds; some of them may be more widely separated from the rest, as in the bat, whilst others again may be closer packed, or actually glued and stuck together, as in all birds. Some of them may be reduced to mere rudiments, whilst others are so enormously exaggerated as at first sight to escape recognition. But on closer inspection, and on more

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careful comparison, that recognition invariably comes. All this is perfectly natural and consistent with the first and more general recognition of correspondence which no anatomy was needed to suggest or to demonstrate. Such further and more detailed correspondences are merely a further following and application of the same general idea.

Yes! But be it observed that the 'thing' we follow is an idea—a pure idea. The bones and organs in two different animals which we recognise as 'the same' in one sense, are certainly not the same in another sense. In their visible capacity as 'objective existences' they are not the same. What then is the sense in which we do recognise them as the same? It is in a purely intellectual sense—a sense in which we mentally recognise an arrangement or structure consisting of separate constituent parts, and so put together as to present to the mind a principle or a plan. The sameness which we see in two separate bones taken from two distinct creatures, is merely a sameness of relation to this principle or plan. Without reference to this plan, whether we are conscious of it or not, the alleged sameness would be pure nonsense.

Now, this plan, although as much a fact of nature as any one of the bones which can be weighed and measured, does not represent or suggest any physical cause to account for it. The physical cause which has produced the plan of structure is a separate question altogether. And there is another question, also quite separate, touching the reason for the structure with reference to the ends it serves. This last question is obviously the highest of all. That is to say, it is the question asked by the highest of our own rational faculties which can be concerned in such investigations. And it is remarkable that this highest question touching the use of an organ is much more easily answered than the lower one touching the origin or the physical cause. If weight has to be supported above the ground, and bodies having weight are to be moved along the ground, it becomes perfectly intelligible to our rational faculties why animals should have a skeleton of jointed bones. In like manner, if external matter must be taken in and assimilated, it is equally intelligible why all animals should have the organs needed for each step of this process—mouths to catch and chew, and stomachs to digest. If the circulating fluids require oxygen, it is similarly intelligible why a special apparatus such as the lung or gills should be supplied for this end. And as all these necessities apply to every animal it becomes the most intelligible of all facts that the special organs for meeting them are identical in principle and in plan among them all, and even in form and pattern among very many. But again, although this explains the end or the result, it does not explain the means. It explains the functions discharged by the several organs, and the similarity of them, but it does not explain

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how they have been made, or how they have arisen. Yet this question of How is one which can never be silenced by any amount of satisfaction given to the question Why. It is a question which may indeed be postponed because of its seeming to be so vain and hopeless, or because there is an answer and an explanation which may be silently accepted or assumed as sufficient without much reflection. Thus the question how bone corresponds with bone in two individuals of the same species, in two men, or in two monkeys, or in two dogs, involves exactly the same difficulties as the like correspondence between the bones of separate individuals of separate species. But in the case of the likeness between individuals of the same species the question is, as it were, postponed by an answer which is accepted as sufficient. That answer is summed up in the word 'inheritance.' It is the property of all living things to transmit their own structure to their offspring, which are mere repetitions of themselves. The real causes and nature of this property of reproduction are, indeed, inscrutable to us. But so likewise is the nature and cause of the force of gravitation. In both cases an ultimate and familiar fact is accepted by us as all that we can reach, although not by any means all that we can desire to know. This accordingly is the explanation which satisfies us of the physical causation by means of which sameness of structure arises in all individuals of the same species. They are like each other simply because they are all children of like parents, and it is an axiom that things that are equal to the same thing must be equal to one another. But a moment's consideration will convince us that inheritance does not represent a true physical cause for the first beginnings or ultimate origin of any animal structure, but only for its preservation and continuation in the world, assuming as a fact its previous existence with inherent reproductive powers. It takes us back to no beginning except the beginning of the individual. It says nothing whatever of the beginning of the whole series.

Nothing? Yes—nothing on the assumption that each species is a separate and distinct series by itself. But this assumption is fundamental. If a species does not constitute such a series—if its specific characters are not constant, not immutable, but liable to flux and change—if a rock pigeon may give birth to a stockdove, or to a turtle-dove, or to a ringdove—or if this kind of transition and passage can be brought about gradually by small and insensible changes —then the whole question is altered, and inheritance may represent a true physical cause accounting for the preservation of the distinctions which we are accustomed to think of as constituting species, and accounting also for the likenesses, identities, or homologies of structure which run through different species quite as clearly as through different individuals.

The moment this idea is suggested, it takes firm hold of the

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speculative mind. When we really try to face the only alternative idea, that each distinct kind of wild pigeon has been originally a separate creation from inorganic matter, the conception seems to be, if not actually absurd, at least to be very difficult of acceptance. I mention the case of pigeons not at all because of the hideous monstrosities and deformities which man produces in this beautiful family of birds by artificial breeding. Far too much has been made of these. They are not new species, nor are they the least like new species. I mention the pigeons because it is a family of birds widely diffused over the world, with an immense variety of wild species, all seeming to be permanently distinct, and yet all possessing so many characters in common that everybody, however ignorant of ornithology as a science, would in a moment recognise every one of those species as a kind of pigeon. There are other families of birds equally rich in species, and equally distinctive from all other groups—as for example the hawks, falcons, and eagles, the ducks, the seagulls, the humming birds, the parrots, and many others. The specific differences, although perfectly distinct, and, so far as human history extends, permanent, are yet so small in comparison with the general features which are common to them all, that the theory of separate creation for each kind must strike us as increasingly improbable the more we think of it.

But all thinking on such matters must be strictly disciplined; else it will never ripen into knowledge. Thinking about them comes of necessity out of the suggestiveness of things; and the suggestiveness of nature arises out of the fact that our own minds belong to it, and that our faculties have an innate tendency to arrange all external facts according to some rational or intelligible order. But as these faculties are themselves various, so do they concern themselves with various kinds of order. There are three questions which we instinctively ask in respect to all natural things—What, How, and Why. I do not say this is the order in which we always ask them—the order of historical and natural precedence. But it is the order of dignity as regards the faculties concerned. Simple likenesses between creatures with their related differences of form, or of colour, or of habits, are recognised by the simplest of our faculties. These answer to the question What—in what points the creatures we see are alike, and in what they are distinct. Hardly separable in fact, although clearly separable in idea, comes that other kind of order or arrangement which is concerned with function, or with use; and this is an order which concerns the higher question Why, and the faculties which recognise the reason of things, as distinguished from the mere description of them as to form. As a matter of fact and of historical precedence, this is the kind of order which men have earliest observed and thought of. Limbs have been recognised first as those parts of the creature which serve for the use of walking, or of

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climbing, or of perching. So predominant has been the perception of use or of function over the perception of mere structure, that the immense difference between the kind of use to which wings are put, and the kind of use to which forelegs and arms are put, long delayed and obscured the recognition of their structural identity. It was very easy to recognise the forearms of a monkey as the same organs with the forearms of a man, but it was not quite so easy to identify the same limb with the wing of a bat or of a bird. Our minds are disposed to rest satisfied with answers to the question Why—because it refers things to the most rational of all the different kinds of order —that kind, namely, which arranges things according to the purposes which are the most obvious and the most intelligible. The earliest and rudest division of animals was founded on their habitat—beasts of the field, fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea. This is the arrangement of the Jewish writers in the Old Testament, and it is one which does roughly separate the animal kingdom into groups that are coincident with obvious distinctions of form, of methods of progression, and of the elements in which they chiefly live. These distinctions are so wide and so apparent, that they may well absorb attention. They satisfy the mind, so long as men do not seek to go into details and to establish a closer and more complete analysis of likenesses and of difference.

Accordingly this is what did actually happen. In this, as in so many other matters, the Greek mind was the first to move. Aristotle was the earliest observer to make even a distant approach to what we now understand as the scientific methods of observation. But even his approach to these methods was so distant that for more than two thousand years he had no successor. At last—as from a long sleep—the intellectual world was roused on the vast subject of natural history by the genius and enthusiasm of the great Linnæus. In his mind the natural desire of classifying the objects of our knowledge amounted to a passion. He declared most truly that our knowledge of all objects depends on the clearness of method by which we distinguish things which are like from others which are dissimilar. No such method had been attempted by preceding naturalists, with the exception perhaps—specially acknowledged by Linnæus—of our own Willoughby and Ray.[1] Linnæus was the first to indicate a principle on which an intelligible classification could be constructed. He was troubled with no doubts as to the stability of his foundation. He believed firmly in the constancy of species. He does not seem to have even thought of it as open to any question. He knew indeed that there were local differences of form constituting varieties. But he brushed these aside, and would not suffer them to derogate from the general law. That law he expressed as follows—in the stately language in which he wrote—'Species tot

[1] *Systema Naturæ*, sixth ed.: Leipzig, 1748, p. 212.

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sunt quot diversas formas ab initio produxit Infinitus Ens;'[2] and again thus, 'Hinc nullæ species novæ hodie producuntur.'[3] The verbal form in which his method was expressed—its symbol in language—was the famous binomial system of descriptive names, which has never been abandoned since his time, and which has been universally recognised as the great achievement of the illustrious Swede. Yet it is curious to observe that in this case, as in so many others, the unconscious instincts of speech had long preceded the steps of science. The practical use of double names had long been familiar for the designation of particular animals. In England, for example, the hawfinch, the greenfinch, the chaffinch, and the goldfinch are all binomial appellations—double names involving the whole principle of the Linnæan binomials. That principle is the selection of one name to represent some obvious and wide resemblance, and another name to represent some narrower but characteristic difference. All these birds are like each other in certain broad features, and this likeness is recorded in the common name of finch. That is to say, there is a group of common features belonging to them all in the general shape of their bills, tails, and wings, in the form of their bodies, in their habits of feeding, &c., in which all finches are distinguishable broadly from other groups of birds. This fact is registered in applying to the whole group the common name of finch. On the other hand, they all differ from each other in details of colouring and of form and of habit. This fact, again, is recorded in the specific names of green and gold from peculiarities of colour, and of chaff and haw from peculiarities of food. Another similar example of binomial classification occurring in popular speech before it had been adopted scientifically by Linnæus occurs in our common names of the ringdove, the stockdove, the rockdove, and the turtledove. Yet another example is to be found in the popular names for various species of owls—the brown owl, the white owl, the horned owl. This popular binomialism, however, was apt to make mistakes by selecting some resemblance or common feature which was purely superficial, such as community of colour, and making this the foundation of a group, although the individual species belonging to it might in other ways be widely separated. We have an example of this in the case of two familiar birds which in popular language are grouped together on the strength of nothing except a certain likeness in colour and in size. These are the common sparrow and the hedge sparrow—birds not belonging to the same natural group at all, the one being allied to the finches, the other to the warblers. But mistakes of this kind were of little consequence, since they consisted only in an erroneous application of a sound principle of classification. That principle lay in the double notation of generic

[2] *Genera Plantarum*, Lugdun. Bat. 1742, Introduction, p. ii.

[3] *Systema Naturæ*, p. 210.

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likeness and of specific distinction. The likeness between all finches, between all pigeons, and between all owls, was a likeness founded upon conspicuous features common to each group, whilst the names indicating the particular kinds were founded on those minor differences which as clearly separated them from each other. Obviously, this principle of classification once established as such, that is to say, as embodying a general conception, was a principle independent of all temporary errors. It was as elastic as the boundaries of knowledge. When men came to see that mere resemblances of colour and of size, such as the likeness between a house sparrow and a hedge sparrow, were contradicted (as it were) by decided differences in shape of bill, in general form, in habits, and in nature of food, there was nothing to do but to select some other feature of likeness between the hedge sparrow and certain other birds—to apply to it a new generic name denoting that feature, and to qualify it by some second name denoting the individuality of the species. Thus the weak and slender bill of the hedge sparrow was, on the one hand, in marked contrast with the thick sturdy bill of the house sparrow, whilst on the other hand it was closely similar to the bills of a large group of birds which are all slender, like that of the robin, or the blackcap, or the nightingale. Accordingly, in all scientific works the hedge sparrow is now called the hedge warbler, the first name denoting a favourite haunt, and the second its real affinity. Some kinds of likeness are more significant than others. That is to say, some points of likeness are more closely linked than others with different and separate items of resemblance. Mere colour, which is the most superficial, accidental, and deceptive of all, is nevertheless sometimes, indeed often, the outward index to correspondences which are true and deep. Thus owls all over the world are coloured very much alike. So it is with the hawks and the falcons and the eagles. Pigeons have a prevailing system of colours—blue and purple tints over all the continents, although it changes in a marked degree to greens and reds and yellows in many of the doves of the great Eastern Archipelago. Colour in this way may be correlated, or generally associated with structure. But when we question those faculties of recognition which enable us at once to identify as a dove some one of the brilliantly coloured pigeons of the Pacific, so utterly unlike the colouring of all our own kinds, we are led to specify the shape of the bill, the peculiar nostril, the line of the forehead, the 'set on' of the head, the character of the feet and legs—all these as the features which, taken together, stamp it at once and unmistakably as a pigeon.

And here we get hold of a definite idea—namely, that structure, and nothing else, is the only true basis of classification. Habitat is nearly as useless for the purpose as colour. Both of these may be guide-posts to deeper things, and habitat is a better guide-post than

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colour, because all animals that are aquatic must have certain peculiarities of structure to enable them to move in water. So all animals that can fly, and whose habitat is in some sense the air, must also have a special structural adaptation for movement in that medium. But at once we are confronted with the fact that the habitat of the air, or, in other words, the power of flight, would bring together the birds and the bats, and even some lizards, which in all other points of structure are so widely separate from each other. It would seem, then, that even structure fails us as any tolerable basis of classification. But here again a new conception rises into view, and opens out a long perspective into the mysteries of nature. There are clearly two kinds of structure—the structure of special adaptation to special work, and the structure of conformity to a common plan. The structure of a bird's wing is very different from the structure of a bat's wing. Yet they are the same with reference to the work of flight. Thus in the structure of special adaptation two animals may be closely like each other, whilst in the deeper-seated structures of organic type they are widely separate. There is one conspicuous example of this kind of likeness, and of this kind of difference, which long deceived the pioneers of biological science, and to this day deceives the uninstructed. It is a case where the structure of adapted form entirely covers up and conceals the structure of real affinity—namely, in the case of the whales or cetacea. Their outward form, and all that kind of structure which is shaped for the habitat of water, and for active movement in it, is the outward form and shape of a fish. Yet the whole inner structure, both of the skeleton, and of the organs of breathing and of reproduction, is constructed on the plan of air-breathing animals of the dry land. So complete is this disguise that it not only deceives habitually the vulgar of all nations, but it deceived even the great classifier Linnæus, who ranked the whales among the fish. He separated them from other fish by their horizontal tails.[4] If he had known the modern doctrine of the 'correlation of growth,' this curious difference from all other fish might have led him to pierce the great disguise which hides this mammalian animal under the external forms of gill-breathing creatures of the sea.

Our own profound anatomist, John Hunter, seems to have been the earliest pioneer in applying the fruitful principle of comparative anatomy to the interpretation of living forms. But the great Frenchman Cuvier was the first to give to it a world-wide reputation and acceptance. The discovery and the study of skeletons of the extinct mammalia in the Paris basin became in his hands the basis of a new science. His *Ossemens Fossiles* and his *Règne Animal* marked another epoch in the advance of knowledge as great as that which had been marked by the *Systema Naturæ*. The world began

[4] *Systema Naturæ*, p. 39.

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to realise the fact that—not only now, but in all the incalculable ages of the past—a fundamental unity of plan runs through the inner structure of all animals, with variations and modifications more or less important, these being peculiar to definite groups or classes, in which they are constant and characteristic. It was this constancy of internal structures, and the uniformity with which certain peculiarities in them were always associated with certain other peculiarities in outward and more superficial structures, that engrossed the mind of Cuvier, as it was that also which gave him his proofs and credentials to the world. It was this that enabled him from perhaps a single bone or even, sometimes, a mere fragment of bone, to infer with certainty the kind of animal to which it had belonged. And this it did because he had discovered that such a bone was invariably associated with others of a particular kind, and these again with certain peculiarities of outward form, of habits, and of function. Thus a head furnished with horns was universally associated with a particular structure of foot, and of other parts. Thus again a particular structure of the pelvic bones was invariably associated with the animals whose young are born prematurely, and are nourished afterwards in an external pouch. These are but examples of a thousand others which gave token to the world that a new key had been found in the great work of classifying animals according to an intelligible order.

But now we can see the connection between these discoveries and the later course of thought. The constancy of forms in the inner or anatomical structure of animals was the foundation-stone of the Cuvierian discovery and of the Cuvierian classification. Cuvier, like Linnæus, held firmly to the constancy of species. He pointed alike to the mummified creatures in the catacombs of Egypt, and to the fossilised creatures in the quarries of Montmartre. He insisted that the constancy of species was not limited to creatures now living. It extended to creatures so long dead as to be entombed in the solid rocks. The marsupials which now live in Australia and America have precisely the same peculiar form of pelvis that characterised the marsupials which lived in some unknown antiquity in the country which now is France. The idea of this far-reaching permanence and stability in all organic structures and in their correlations with each other, was the idea which engrossed the mind of Cuvier, and obviously it was a special barrier against the entrance of any suggestion tending to transmutation. This suggestion is essentially founded on the antagonistic notion of instability—of flux and flow—in organic forms.

It is curious and significant that the same pursuit of a satisfying classification of animals led another eminent Frenchman, and about the same time, to a precisely opposite conclusion. This was the famous Lamarck, an older man than Cuvier by some twenty-five years, but whose writings and a large part of whose life were contemporary

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with his. Fixing his attention mainly, not like Cuvier upon the inner and deeper structures of organic life, but upon those outward structures which determine form, and are again themselves apparently determined by adaptation, Lamarck's attention was drawn, especially in the vegetable world, to the difficulty of defining what was called a species—that is to say a specific form of plant or animal which always reproduces itself by ordinary generation. He was constantly troubled by finding variations, some of them trivial and possibly accidental, but others of them decided, and passing into permanence. How were these varieties to be distinguished from true species? He found it often difficult or impossible. In proportion as he knew more of nature the more he found his fine dividing lines effaced by the intervals between them being filled up. Could it be that a species was liable at times, and under certain conditions, to produce not its own perfect likeness, but its own likeness with a difference? And was it possible that those differences might be so related to external conditions as to become fixed by adaptation? And if this were possible, could any absolute limit be conceived within which such gradual changes must be confined? And if, in imagination at least, no such limit could be defined, was it not possible that these paths of divergence, once entered upon, might lead to the widest differences which exist in nature? An affirmative answer to these questions became the conclusion of Lamarck. Its strength lay in its theoretical completeness. It assigned a true physical cause at once for all likeness and also for all difference. That physical cause was the familiar one of the ordinary processes of reproduction—now interpreted and understood as equally competent to transmit likeness and to initiate variety. The constancy and (at least) comparative permanence of inner structure was thus physically accounted for, as well as the greater variation and wider ramification of adapted characters. Both were the natural consequence of the physical causes concerned in ordinary generation.

It is important to observe also that Lamarck combined this idea with another which was harmonious and complementary. He held that the work of ordinary generation in starting new forms was governed and guided in a definite direction—that, namely, of progressive development from lower to higher forms of life. The variations he contemplated did not occur by chance, but under the direction of a law.

On the other hand, the doctrine of Cuvier, and the common understanding of the world in his day, was that each creature now representing a species, is and always has been incapable of giving birth to any permanent departure from its own form. The irresistible consequence was that every existing species must be regarded as having been made or constructed by some separate creative act. When we come to express this conception in detail, we feel instinc-

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tively how difficult it is to entertain it. It means, for example, that the stockdove, and the rockdove, and the ringdove, and the turtle-dove have each had a progenitor separately created out of the common elements of nature—each progenitor perfect as the species now is, and perpetuating its kind exactly, and till extinguished. This is the practical application of the doctrine that species are immutable, and that they were each started on their way by a creative act. No physical causation is suggested even as the instrumentality employed in the performance of that act. It becomes, therefore, a vague conception, embodied in words which are largely metaphorical, because our very idea of an act of creation is of necessity moulded on our own performances of design and of construction. And yet, strictly and in the letter, no man probably has ever thought of the creative work as like this in actual method or in visible form. On the other hand, Lamarck might say, and indeed he actually did say, that the physical causation which he invoked was in itself nothing but the instrumentality employed by the Divine Author of all living things, working—as habitually He is always understood to work—invisibly, and through the screen of those physical forces, and of those combinations of them, which we call His laws.

The antithesis, then, between the doctrine of Lamarck and the doctrine of Cuvier, lies entirely in this—that whereas Lamarck assigned the rise and development of new species to a well-known physical cause, the doctrine of Cuvier assigned it to no physical cause whatever, even as the instrumental agency employed, but to the direct action of the creative power indefinitely conceived and metaphorically expressed.

Both Cuvier and Lamarck lived on far into the present century, dying within three years of each other—Cuvier so late as 1832, and Lamarck in 1829. But their literary and scientific survival was very unequal. The doctrine of Cuvier was almost universally in the ascendant. The doctrine of Lamarck, when spoken of at all, was spoken of only as a curious and almost a comical speculation. Almost all the naturalists whom I recollect as established authorities, or as rising authorities, some forty years ago, were firm believers in the constancy of species. Among these was Edward Forbes, whose varied powers, great accomplishments, and charming manners never failed to leave an indelible impression on all who knew him, and whose large opportunities of observation, both among living and among fossil creatures, never suggested to him any doubts on the true and permanent transmission of specific likeness in the characters of every animal.

It was yet ten years before the death of Edward Forbes in 1854 that the doctrine of Lamarck on the origin of species was revived and first popularised in an anonymous work, the *Vestiges of Creation*, the author of which is now known to have been Mr. Robert Cham-

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bers. Not himself an original observer, or by profession a man of science, he attacked the problem from its philosophical side. Marshalling facts as they were then received, he reasoned on general principles against the abandonment of all attempt to connect the rise of new species with any true physical cause, and against hiding that abandonment under such metaphorical expressions as direct and separate creative acts. He insisted on the antecedent improbability that the creative work was conducted in the organic world on principles and methods fundamentally in contrast with those on which it was confessedly conducted in that inorganic world which was so closely and inseparably connected with the domain of life. As the instrumentality of physical causes was apparently universal in the one region, so it ought to be admitted as presumably universal in the other. The doctrine of transmutation fulfilled this great condition. It seized upon the one physical cause, or system of causes, which we see and know to operate in transmitting likeness, as capable also of beginning and of transmitting variations in organic forms.

The wide circulation of the *Vestiges* and its unquestionable popularity may have been due partly to the savour of mystery belonging to its anonymous source, partly to its literary merits, and partly to the attraction exerted by any theory supposed to be heterodox over minds in a sceptical or an antagonistic attitude. But it cannot be doubted that its reasoning had some effect, although its conclusions were never accepted by scientific men, in preparing the popular mind for the more scientific and imposing form which the theory of transmutation was about to take in the hands of Darwin. The success of new ideas is always determined by pre-existing causes tending to preparation. It would be a mistake probably to ascribe too much importance to the ten editions of the *Vestiges* which followed each other in rapid succession between 1844 and 1853. But in one respect I am disposed to think that its preparative effect was great. The doctrine of special creation for every well-defined species had never before been so clearly shown to be—not a solution of the problem, but an abandonment of all attempt to solve it. True physical causation, though not the highest object of knowledge, is at least the highest quest of physical science. The doctrine of special creation distinctly repudiated the only physical causes which are known to us in the production of organic forms. It suggested no other. It took refuge in a metaphor; and when this metaphor was translated into more definite conceptions, and applied to special cases, its unsatisfactory character was widely felt.

It was in this condition of men's minds that Darwin published his *Origin of Species* in 1859—not till fifteen years after the publication of the *Vestiges*, and thirty years after the death of Lamarck. The excitement which this work produced, and the passionate enthusiasm which it has sustained, are facts unexampled in

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the history of literature and of science. The *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus, and the *Règne Animal* of Cuvier, did indeed, each in their own day, command the attention of the learned, and made epochs in the advance of knowledge. But both of these great works concerned nothing deeper than classification—the reduction of known facts to an orderly and intelligible arrangement. Darwin's theory dealt with the mysteries of creation, and touched at every point questions of philosophy, and, as it was supposed at least, questions of religion. Darwin himself, as all internal evidence shows, was guided by nothing but a pure love of truth, and concerned himself very little with the philosophical or theological conclusions to which that truth might stand more or less related. Many of his followers partook of his spirit, and accepted his theory simply as the nearest approach which had yet been made to an explanation of the origin of specific forms. But from the first it has been clear that not a few delighted in it because they thought that Darwin had dispensed with God. There are not many things so curious as the joy with which some minds entertain any speculation which banishes from the world all relation with their own higher faculties of mind and will, although these faculties are unquestionably a part of nature, although they give to man his rank among other creatures, and although it is in virtue of these that he exercises over them a limited and delegated power. But so it is; and such is the joy which lent one great motive power to the hypothesis of Darwin. But beyond all question the steady growth of it as a widely accepted doctrine must be ascribed to certain elements in it of power and strength, together with the mass of facts marshalled by its author, the ingenuity of his reasoning, and the wealth of his illustrations. One great source of its strength lay in the place it assigned to ordinary generation as the one only known and efficient cause both of likeness and of difference. So far it was identical with the theory of Lamarck. But this was coupled with another and a comparatively adventitious source of strength which has not been sufficiently observed. Those only who have given special attention to the subject are at all aware of the great part which has been played by words, phrases, forms of expression, in imparting acceptability to new conceptions. Lamarck's theory had become identified with the word 'transmutation' as the expression of his idea. But this was a word which suggested conceptions altogether unfamiliar to ordinary experience and observation. No man had ever seen, or could ever see, one species being transmuted into another. The very word seemed to raise difficulties, objections, and even incongruities. The theory of Darwin, on the other hand, was from the first connected with the words 'development' or 'evolution.' Either of these was as easy and conciliatory to the popular understanding as the word 'transmutation' was difficult or antagonistic. Development was a familiar conception to the world for ages before Darwin

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was born. Every germ that grows into a seed, every seed that sends down a rootlet and sends up a shoot, every egg that is hatched into a chick, and every child that grows into a man, is an example of development. Nay, more, the word has meanings so large and various that it is as applicable to mental as to physical causation. The steam-engine and the watch, as well as a hundred other mechanical inventions, are all examples, and signal examples too, of the principle of development. All our inheritance from the past, whether mental or material, every step in the advance of science, and every step in the applications of it to the needs of life, every expansion of those needs and every change in the habits which they establish, down even to such details as the very shape of our garments and the traditional cuts and ornaments which they present—all these have their history, and that history is one of continuous modification—of a few central ideas, of some primary form, and of gradually adapted change. In the adoption, therefore, of the very words 'development' and 'evolution,' Darwin's theory had the immense advantage of alliance with conceptions as wide and general as the whole realms of nature and of art. Just as men may walk easily on a quicksand if they can attach to their feet some plank which covers a surface large enough to sustain them, so they can march fearlessly along the most incoherent passages of thought by the help of some general conception which has sufficiently numerous points of contact with various and loose analogies. The latest triple-expansion engine which drives our steamers across the ocean at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour is the lineal descendant of the lumbering Newcomen engine which pumped coalmines a hundred years ago. The latest form of domestic fowl, however hideous and aberrant, is not less the lineal descendant of some jungle-fowl which crowed and strutted on the slopes of the Himalaya in ages which lie behind us for perhaps more than a thousand generations. Both these are equally cases of development or evolution. It may be that there is some deep and profound connection between the innumerable aspects in which all things are thus related to each other under one ideal of sequence and of progress. But none the less is it certain that there are between them equally profound distinctions, and that any neglect of these distinctions, or any hiding of them in mere ambiguities of language, is quite sure to lead to fallacies. Especially when we are conducting investigations into the different kinds of sequence and the different kinds of agencies concerned in bringing about the steps of change, nothing can be more dangerous than to confound together under common formulas of speech the powers and processes which produce a new breed of animals, and those which produce a new type of engine or a new shape of coat.

The immense breadth of surface and of support which Darwin gave to the theory of Lamarck by thus linking it with the most

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miscellaneous associations, was an advantage still further increased by another appeal to analogy which was specially his own. He not only seized upon ordinary generation as the all-sufficient source both of likeness and of difference, but he professed to explain the particular method by which the powers of reproduction were enabled to initiate the steps of adaptive change. As men were enabled to breed new varieties of pigeon or new varieties of dog, so 'nature' was enabled to breed new species of animals. Selection is the word and the idea which expresses the operation as conducted by man. Why should not the same word be employed to express the process as conducted by Nature? Personifications are always convenient, and it was particularly convenient in this case to consider ordinary generation as under the same kind of guidance in forming new species, as when it is subordinated by man to produce a pouter or a fantail, a greyhound or a pug. Artificial selection was the method of man. Natural selection would convey the same idea when applied to the unknown and invisible agencies of the organic world. Here again, by the mere force of language and of its inseparable associations, Darwin enlisted in his support another whole group of familiar notions as universal as the possession of domestic animals, and as old as the spotted and unspotted kine of patriarchal flocks. Here again an immense area of support was derived from analogies which were vague and loose, but large, general, and easily transferable from one group of facts to another, however widely different. The new phrase seized on the popular imagination, including the populace of science, and secured for itself a vogue immediate and immense. Its innumerable points of contact with the analogies of experience and observation were continually being recognised in new facts, and in the new aspect which it gave to facts very old indeed. At last it has become a shibboleth —a formula under the surface of which men seldom care to look.

Perhaps there never was a phrase coined so rich in ambiguities. It included not only shades of some one meaning, but ideas sharply separated from and contrasted with each other by the whole width of fiercely antagonistic schools. There is no keener opposition in philosophy than between those who look for design in nature, and those who shout 'Away with it, away with it!' Yet natural selection could be used by both, and could be made to harmonise with either. Not only the word 'selection,' but the whole analogy on which the phrase was modelled, was the analogy of mental purpose directing material agencies to certain foreseen results. But, on the other hand, the insertion of the word 'natural' to qualify 'selection' was harmonious with the view which regards nature in its physical aspect only. Even a sincere and candid mind like that of Darwin himself might play, and be played with, between these double meanings—passing insensibly from one to the other, and gaining alternate sympathy and support from the preconceptions which belong

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to either. Even the word 'selection' has its alternative interpretations. Primarily it is mental in its associations, but secondarily it may be mechanical. A sieve selects matter into sizes by virtue of the corresponding sizes of its holes. The question who made the sieve, and the question how the sieve happened to be made, are both questions which lie behind, and can be forgotten or postponed. Then there is the chapter of accidents—and natural sieves are conceivable —pores, cracks, or passages which happen to let small things through, and keep out the bigger. Water is a natural sieve, and every pool or lake will assort the materials which fall into it according to a definite order which may fairly be called selective. Chemical affinity is essentially selective, and the order in which it constructs or builds up matter may be natural in one sense, and artificial in another. Altogether there is a wonderful variety and an admirable confusion among the ideas which are covered under that one famous phrase of natural selection. Darwin himself uses it with supreme indifference to its bearing on ultimate problems. In his innumerable and admirable illustrations, especially in his famous work on the fertilisation of orchids, he revels in the language of mental purpose and design. He traces how certain forms arise 'in order that' insects may get access to the nectary, and that in satisfying their own appetites they may be brought into contact with the pollen, and how all this again is done 'in order that' they may be loaded and primed for the fertilisation of another flower. Darwin's worshippers (as distinguished from his more intelligent admirers), who are animated by the passion which he had not, to expel such ideas from science as antiquated and superstitious, get rid of this language by explaining that it is purely metaphorical. They boast that the great triumph he achieved was the indication of methods strictly material and mechanical, in which each step in structure follows the step preceding solely by way of natural consequence. They insist that there is a fundamental distinction between his theory and all previous conceptions, inasmuch as for the first time it founded all development and evolution upon strictly physical causation, needing no help from such 'metaphors' as constructive purpose and intelligent design. These, according to them, it either rejects altogether, or relegates to theology. It sets forth, they say, a true and rational explanation of the origin of all specific and of all generic differences in organic forms, as the self-operating result of one great natural law and of one great physical cause.

But is it so? This is precisely the claim which cannot be admitted. It rests entirely upon those ambiguities of thought and of language which group under a single formula a vast variety of the most diverse conceptions. There is no true physical causation involved in natural selection—except the old and familiar one of heredity, or ordinary generation. In artificial selection, from which the formula is taken by

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analogy, the 'causa causans,' the initiating cause, is the human intelligence and will, working this physical cause of heredity under its own direction to certain desired results. In natural selection there is no substitute for this element of the breeder's will, except a personification of utility, which is supposed to 'select' accidental variations in proportion to their usefulness. Here again we have an appeal, and a widely successful appeal, to that kind of support which is so often secured by invoking a well-known and familiar word. A whole atmosphere of acceptable associations surrounds the very idea of utility. Its power in the science of morals has been long known. That which is right is also that which is most advantageous—if not in every particular case, yet in the long run—'at last, far off, at last to all.' On this the utilitarian theory of morals has been erected, with wide-spread sanction and success. The same preconceptions are all busy in its favour when it is applied to a theory of creation. The innumerable, intricate, and ever-wonderful adaptations of organic life to its own various needs, force the idea of utility upon us as a governing condition through the whole of its vast domains. Slovenly thought is always more easy than careful discrimination. It is very easy to forget that there are two significations of utility separated from each other more widely than the poles. There is the idea of utility acting as a motive upon mind; and there is the idea of utility in the sense of actual use, capable of perfecting and strengthening the tools employed. In the first of these senses utility recommends itself to us because of its perfect correlation and correspondence with our own experience. In the second of these senses it is also a familiar fact that the due use of organs is seen to strengthen them. But this kind of causation is very strictly confined within adapted limitations, and the more prominent fact is undoubtedly the destructive effects of use in the form of wear and tear. When we turn upon our own thoughts the light of analysis, we cannot fail to see that the power exercised over them by the idea of utility as a cause in creation, lies in the idea of utility acting upon mind as an object and an aim. Moreover, when we cast this light of analysis specially on the distinctions between the two meanings of utility, we cannot fail to see, further, that utility, not potential, but actual—utility not in the sense of adaptation to use, but in the sense of use already working and applied—cannot possibly be the physical cause of the origin of any implement or of any organ. The implement or the organ must have come into existence before it could be used. Nay, more, it must have not only come into existence as a germ or a rudiment, but it must have been already so far developed as to be capable of work. This is a self-evident proposition, as certain as any of the axioms of Euclid. But the moment it is clearly apprehended, we see that utility in the sense of actual use never can be the physical cause of any organism, or of any organ coming into the

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world. Within narrow limits it may tend to improve mechanisms which have already been designed, formed, and brought into actual use. But as a physical cause it can account for or explain the origin of nothing. Functional use never can be the physical cause, but must always be the physical consequence, of functional construction. And when we think of utility as the determining cause of that construction, we are thinking, whatever we may say, not of a physical cause acting upon matter, but of a prevailing and guiding motive acting upon mind.

On the other hand, when we envelop and conceal these distinctions under such a phrase as natural selection, it is easy to enlist in its favour all the elements of strength which belong to different and even opposite conceptions. Assuming organic structures already in existence—assuming, too, that they exhibit what Professor Huxley is obliged to call a 'plan'—assuming further the true physical cause of ordinary generation by which this plan is transmitted with occasional variations, all governed by utility as a directive agency, or as a mental purpose—then, indeed, the theory of Darwin becomes not so much a theory as a metaphorical expression for a whole group of unquestionable facts. It is a fact that in nature there is intense competition between organic forms—a competition so intense that it is most truly and graphically described as a struggle for existence. It is true that the slightest increase of utility, or, in other words, of adaptation in the original plan, if such increase ever does occur, would lead to victory on the part of the amended or strengthened creature over its own competitors. In these diverse elements, with all the immense and unnoticed preconceptions which they involve, lie all the power and acceptability of the Darwinian phrase. Those who boast of it as a successful reduction to physical causes of the creative work, and as a complete and adequate explanation of the complicated phenomena of the organic world, forget that it does not even attempt to account either for the fundamental 'plan' or for the germinal modifications of it which may arise from time to time by way of evolution. Darwin was himself compelled to treat such changes as accidental. But he did so with the express reservation that this treatment was merely provisional, arising of necessity out of our ignorance of the causes of variation. And as he did not pretend that his theory accounted for the inception of useful variations, so neither did he pretend that it gave any account at all of the first beginnings of the organic series. In contemplation of these beginnings he was as helpless as other men, or rather he was equally driven with them to assume as a necessity of thought the occurrence of some phenomena which he could only express in the old familiar metaphors which are our natural refuge when we think of creative acts. He looked back to the origin of the organic series as to be found in some limited number of germs into which there had been

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breathed the breath of life. His worshippers are not fond of referring to this passage. It is a lapse from the orthodoxy of their school, which teaches the all-sufficiency of purely physical causation in the interpretation of nature. But *litera scripta manet*. The passage is a memorable one. It ought to be made as conspicuous in our recollection as it is profound in its significance.

It has been, therefore, to a large extent in spite of Darwin, that his theory and the phrase in which he expressed it has been erected into a sort of intellectual idol before which all the world has been called to bow, as the one all-sufficient and all-embracing explanation of the origin of species. To some extent, perhaps, this irrational idea has been the reaction against fears and antipathies which, however excusable, were not discriminating. It was not seen at first what elements of strength the theory had in various and wide analogies. It was forgotten that the general idea and principle of development pervades everything both in nature and in art. In science, in literature, and in religion, the evidences of evolution, in some one or other of its many senses, are abundant and overpowering. We think of it in health. We think of it in disease. Death itself, the king of terrors, passes in the light of it into a calm and natural operation. Death is the development of those seeds of mortality which are inherited with the germs of life. In another sense the high teachings of the Christian Church are familiar with the idea and the doctrine of development. We think of it in the formation of character—in the training of mind—in the discipline of the spirit. Nothing seems alien to this great conception. And so it has come to pass that the points of weakness in Darwin's theory as one very special application of a general conception, have been, as it were, submerged under a rising tide of vague recognition and of loose acceptance. Evolution in many senses may be certainly true, when evolution in some particular sense may be as certainly erroneous. There have been all along in many minds a sense and a feeling of insufficiency and of incompleteness in Darwin's hypothesis as any adequate explanation of innumerable facts. But, with the growing prevalence of a nearly universal plebiscite, the doubters have seldom dared to speak. The pulpit has bowed before the shrine, and great preachers have thought it necessary to conciliate cultivated audiences by general professions of acceptance. It has become the fashion to deprecate even the suspicion of heresy on this cardinal tenet of the new philosophy. It has taken its place as the popular doctrine of the world; and the special claim set up on its behalf has been this, that whilst Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck, and Robert Chambers, and others less distinguished, have thought of, or imagined, the general idea of development through the agency of ordinary generation, Charles Darwin was the first to establish it on a really scientific basis. This he is represented to have done by reducing it to a

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system of true physical causation, adequate to explain the actual process and method of operation through which the infinite variety of organic forms has been gradually evolved—the process, namely, of natural selection.

Is it possible that some reaction has begun? We shall see in another paper.

ARGYLL.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this paper was written I have seen the attack made by Professor Huxley in the November number of this Review upon my previous article of September, 'A Great Lesson.' I cannot turn aside now from a much larger purpose to reply to an almost purely personal polemic. I hope to do so some other day. Meanwhile, I am not shaken in my belief that Darwin's famous theory on the origin of coral islands is a theory which has been now disproved, and that this fact does convey a great lesson. I am confirmed in my belief by observing that Professor Huxley takes great care not to commit himself in its support. He describes it as 'quite obviously alive and kicking at the surface.' This is an excellent description of its condition, and in this state of superficial and convulsive action I leave it for the present, with the indignant Professor standing on the shore and showing no disposition to help it in its dying struggles 'at the surface.'

A.

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MR. GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH UNION.

A Reply.

When I first heard that Mr. Gladstone was about to publish a criticism of my *History of the Irish Union*, I received the news with pleasure. I saw that the most unfavourable notice of the book coming from such a distinguished source must be a compliment to its author, and an additional evidence of what I had already reason to believe—that it had attracted the attention and was influencing the opinion of the public. When I read Mr. Gladstone's article my satisfaction was increased. From its impassioned and violent tone I could see that my facts and arguments had gone home. Mr. Gladstone may affect to make light of them; but one who is the head and director of a large and active party, and whose every moment is occupied, would not have devoted to my work the time and attention which an historical examination requires, if he really considered that work to be worthless, or even unimportant. An ex-premier who is busily preparing for his return to power does not lightly and without cause direct a long and vehement harangue against a book unless he feels that it is an obstruction in his path. The 'Greater Gods of' the political 'Olympus' do not descend upon the stage of discussion, and still more do not exhibit such passionate ardour, against an unknown personage, if they do not believe that there is a *dignus vindice nodus*.

An author has no right to be dissatisfied with an unfavourable review of his work. But that review ought to be abstract and impersonal, directed not against the author, but against the book. As a citizen of the republic of letters, where all stand on equal footing, and not merely on personal grounds, I protest against invective, and the use of such flowers of rhetoric as Mr. Gladstone has allowed himself. Encouraged by a writer of his eminence, inferior authors may outrun their master and teacher, and introduce a degraded style into the daily literature of our newspapers and magazines. It will be an evil outlook for English political polemics should Mr. Gladstone's example be followed, and the old system of literary warfare, which Swift has described by an unsavoury simile, be revived. Yet as the senator has stooped to the manners of the arena, and Laberius is

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voluntarily found among the mimes, Mr. Gladstone might justly expect to be treated with the licence of a farce. If I reply with decorum, it is not owing to Mr. Gladstone, but to the dignity of the subject of which I am speaking.

I am not a partisan opponent of Mr. Gladstone, though I uphold against him the opinion that the Irish Union was carried by fair and constitutional means, and that its enactment was as necessary in 1800 as its maintenance is now. Though a younger man than Mr. Gladstone, I was a Liberal, as I am now, before he had left the ranks of the Tories. I was a Radical, as I am now, before he had ceased to be a moderate Whig. When Mr. Gladstone issued his advice that the members of his party should make themselves acquainted with Irish history, I was leading a retired life, improving my small abilities by a close attention to Irish historical studies, perfectly independent of party and unsolicitous of office or employment. I turned my attention to an investigation of the Irish Union. When I entered upon this investigation, I believed, though I suspected exaggeration in the accounts, that the means by which the measure was carried could not be supported, and my only wish was to write a fair and impartial history of the event. In the progress of the investigation my opinion was changed; a change which in the first instance was produced by the refusal of the Anti-Unionists in the Irish Parliament to accept the repeated challenges of the Government, and to prove the corruption on which they were nightly declaiming; by the extravagances of the younger Grattan, and by the fanciful myths of Barrington, an author whom Mr. Gladstone himself gives up. When I had formed this opinion, it became in my humble judgment my duty to publish what, I was conscious, was an honest contribution to the consideration of a disputed question.

In the opening of Mr. Gladstone's article, to predispose his readers in his favour and to put their judgment asleep, he gravely narrates two cock and bull[1] stories, one from his own repertory, the other from the preface to the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, but so 'adapted' and improved as to be all his own. Here is the first.

> The records of the Irish Government for some thirty years or more before the Union are kept secret. It would be well if the present administration would earn for itself the credit of annulling a rule which has down to this time, I believe, been officially stereotyped in the Home Office. At least, I can say that a gentleman known to me, and bent upon a serious work of authorship, has been refused access to these documents.

Mr. Gladstone, be it observed, does not state positively that such a rule actually exists. He merely suggests that there must be such a regulation, because a gentleman known to himself was refused access to public documents. It is a pity that Mr. Gladstone has not told us the name of the gentleman, or said a word of the

[1] 'Cock and a bull, a phrase denoting tedious trifling stories.'—*Imperial Dict.*

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manner in which the application was made. My own experience is very different. I have not an official friend in the world, and when I made my application to the Record Office I had no letter of recommendation. Yet the requests of an unknown person were at once cordially and promptly complied with. The insinuation that there is such a rule, and the suggested charge against the present Government, are in Mr. Gladstone's best style. He forgets that he himself was more than once the head of an English administration, and that he took no steps to annul a rule which he says has been stereotyped for thirty years. The attempt to devolve on others the responsibility for neglect of a duty which he himself left unfulfilled is eminently characteristic. But in fact the whole story is a mistake. I am enabled to say that there is no body of papers of the ante-Union Irish Government in existence in any public repository which is not accessible to historical inquirers.

The second story is as follows:

> It was believed, and has been publicly alleged, that the Irish Government had ordered the destruction of many of their confidential and secret papers. But Mr. Ross confutes this statement, while he adds that through neglect many had been lost or inadvertently destroyed. But it is purposed, not inadvertent destruction, to which I have now to direct attention.

To prove the 'purposed' destruction of documents Mr. Gladstone quotes a paragraph from Mr. Ross.

> But upon investigation it appeared that such documents as might have thrown additional light on the history of those times, and especially of the Union, had been purposely destroyed. For instance, after a search instituted at Welbeck by the kindness of the Duke of Portland, it was ascertained that the late Duke had burnt all his father's political papers from 1780 to his death. In like manner the Chancellor (Lord Clare), Mr. Wickham, Mr. King, Sir Herbert Taylor, Sir Edward Littlehales, Mr. Marsden, the Knight of Kerry, and indeed almost all the persons officially concerned in carrying the Union, appear to have destroyed the whole of their papers.

(1) Mr. Gladstone has quietly assumed that Mr. Ross makes a positive statement that the papers he refers to have been destroyed. Mr. Ross does no such thing, with the single exception of the case of the Duke of Portland. He says merely that the others 'appear to have destroyed the whole of their papers.' But even if Mr. Ross had said that these gentlemen had destroyed all their papers, what conclusion could we come to, but that the inconveniences of preserving masses of papers were so great that they had to be destroyed? If their owners had destroyed the papers relating to the Union, and no others, a case of suspicion would have arisen, but nothing of this kind occurred, for Mr. Ross's words are 'the whole of their papers.' And the papers of the Duke were destroyed, not by himself, but by his son.

(2) Observe the manner in which Mr. Gladstone confuses purpose

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and motive. When a man throws a piece of paper into the fire, he does it purposely; his purpose is to throw it into the fire. But his motive for so doing is a very different thing. If these gentlemen destroyed their papers they did it purposely, but of their motives neither Mr. Gladstone nor anyone else knows or can know anything. An impartial man can, however, suggest many causes for their action; the inconvenience and expense attending the preservation of large masses of papers, their carriage to distant places, their removal to new houses, and a hundred incidents of a similar nature, may have necessitated their being destroyed or left behind. We know that such mischances have happened over and over again; and that most valuable public documents have been discovered in the shops of retail traders or in the work-rooms of trunk-makers and other artisans. That it was some such cause that induced these gentlemen to destroy their papers follows almost as a logical deduction from the fact that they destroyed 'the whole of their papers.' That is, of course, if the documents were destroyed at all, for the assertion that they were actually destroyed has never been made except in the single instance of the Duke of Portland.

Having attuned his readers to the proper pitch, Mr. Gladstone enters upon his main subject. He extracts propositions, six in number, from my book, and having erected his 'Aunt Sallys' in the manner which best suits him, he proceeds to discharge his hastily gathered bludgeons against them one by one. The plan of campaign which he has adopted evidently gives him an advantage. 'There is,' says a writer[2] in this Review, 'an immense advantage for controversial purposes in picking out special points to criticise in a large cumulative argument, which few even of those who in some measure consider it will find leisure and inclination to master.' But Mr. Gladstone does not see that in adopting such a mode of warfare he ceases to be a general at the head of a legion of arguments, and degenerates into the partisan making occasional and petty incursions. The position, however, of a defender of the Irish Union is so impregnable that he can allow his antagonist to choose his ground; he can even smile at the ardour of the attack. I accept Mr. Gladstone's conditions of combat. All I ask is, that he should state my opinions fairly and fully. This he has not done. He has mutilated, or rather cut off the half, of my first proposition, and in that which he produces as the sixth he has put a statement into my mouth which I never made.

I. My first proposition consisted of two parts: (1) that the experience of the Empire had shown, that the existence of two independent Parliaments was inconsistent with the safety of the State, and that the Irish Union was imperatively called for by the condition of Ireland and its relations to Great Britain; and (2) that an unbroken

[2] Mr. Edmund Gurney.

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series of the opinions of writers and thinkers for upwards of 120 years had recommended such a Union. Mr. Gladstone carefully avoids the first part of the proposition. I will not, says he, say a word on 'the merits of the Union.' That is to say, he refuses to consider the question whether the circumstances of the Empire necessitated a Union—whether that measure was imperatively called for by the requirements of both countries. It is evident to the most ordinary intelligence that this is the real and crucial question. In considering the annexation or union of one country with another, the first question is, was it necessary? was it inexorably called for by the wants and requirements of both nations? was it the result of those irresistible subterranean forces which shape the destinies of societies? This is the first and all-important consideration which ought to engage the attention of the philosophical inquirer. The other question, as to the manner in which, or the means by which, the annexation or Union was carried, is naturally subsequent and altogether subordinate to the first. Whether the annexation or Union, if it was necessary and inexorably demanded, was carried by blood and iron or by the more peaceful influences of inducement, is a consideration entirely subsidiary to that of its being a necessity. Mr. Gladstone has declined to enter upon this great preliminary question. Why? Because he was well aware that if he granted, what he cannot deny—that the Irish Union was imperatively necessary—no attention would be given to his special pleading as to the manner in which it was carried out. Nevertheless his abstention is so singular that it deserves a few additional remarks.

Ancient history is full of the accounts of annexations or unions which were as necessary in their time as was the Irish Union in 1800. The mind of man cannot conceive, much less can his pen describe, the sum of human misery which attended the incorporation of the kingdoms which surrounded the Mediterranean Sea into the Roman Empire. Does any student, does any historian or statesman, now doubt what the philosophy of history teaches, that this incorporation was necessary, or do they stop to shed tears over the means by which it was brought about? They do not; for they see that the true question is—was this incorporation necessary? The consequences of any union or annexation form no part of my present statement, which is, that in considering the policy of such a measure, the first and real question is, was it necessary? Yet some of the consequences of the Roman incorporation are of such transcendent importance to us all that they may be glanced at here. Without this movement Christianity could not have been promulgated; a Catholic Church would have been impossible; and European society, such as it is at present, could never have arisen.

Nor is it ancient history alone which is full of annexations and unions. With what tears and tragedies the thirty States which

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make up modern France were consolidated into the unity of an empire, none can tell. The three hundred communities of Germany were driven into the union of the Reich, not by the gentle influence of a Cornwallis, or the unanswerable logic of a Castlereagh, but by the sterner arguments of compulsion. Yet the French and German statesmen and historians do not spend their time in whimpering over the woes which attended a necessary transmutation. They recognise the mysterious ways of Providence, and bless the memories of the conquerors whose only reason was the sword.

Were it part of my case, it would be easy to show that the Irish Union has been justified by the beneficial consequences which have resulted from it. Witness, among many other things, Emancipation granted without civil war; an improvement in the condition of the Irish peasant, when compared with that which prevailed before 1800, almost miraculous;[3] a land code more favourable to the cultivator than any other in Europe. But all such considerations as these are excluded from the confined field which Mr. Gladstone has chosen to occupy. He will not look either before or after; or lift his eyes above the limited horizon which he has marked out. If, says a modern author, you take a domestic fowl, and having whirled it round once or twice you place it in a circle which you have drawn with chalk, the animal sits within as if enchanted, nor will it make an effort to pass the imaginary obstruction. In like manner Mr. Gladstone draws a line around himself. He narrows his view to the space of a span, and having done so he keeps moaning out his melancholy and monotonous wail over the infamy and blackguardism of the Irish Union.

Does Mr. Gladstone object to the correctness of the long list of distinguished writers and thinkers which I have given? Not at all. He merely encumbers it with a trivial remark on the collocation of words in my quotation from Bishop Berkeley. But he endeavours to lessen the authority of those writers by calling them 'enlightened economists,' and by stating that they limited themselves to the economical side of the question.

> He quotes them [my citations from these great citizens] as if they were declarations at large, and made on behalf of the whole Irish nation—the question we have now before us—that their interests as a whole would be served by a legislative incorporation with Great Britain. They are nothing of the kind. The witnesses called are chiefly enlightened economists, English more than Irish, who mostly, with the experience of Scotland before their eyes, regarded a legislative

[3] Compare this picture of the condition of the Irish peasant in 1793 with his present condition: 'Behold the Irish husbandman sally forth to his work barefoot and covered with rags; behold his ruinous hovel, built of mud, covered with weeds and pervious to every shower that falls and every pinching gale that blows. Behold him seated, after a hard day's labour, by a fire gleaned perhaps from the furze-brake that overspreads his lands, involved in smoke, surrounded by a naked offspring, and sharing among them his scanty meal.' (Crumpe, *Employment for the People.*)

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union as the natural and only means of putting an end to the ferocious persecution of Ireland by iniquitous commercial laws. The wider question was not before those writers.

We shall soon see that the wider question *was* before the writers whom I have quoted, and to whom I could have added many more. But in the meantime I would ask Mr. Gladstone two questions. What is the precise meaning he attaches to 'declarations at large'? All men know what the term 'declaration' means, but all kinds of meaning may be given to a vague and wandering expression such as 'declarations at large.' Mr. Gladstone would at the same time clear his own head, and lessen the labours of his opponents, if he would use defined and precise words. Were Molyneux, Arthur Young, and Dr. Campbell merely enlightened economists, and did they not give their opinions in favour of a Union upon the general grounds that the interests of Ireland as a whole, and in every way, would be served by this measure? This is the first time that I have heard that enlightened economists were not capable of giving a sound opinion on a political question. Does Mr. Gladstone forget that the works of Adam Smith and Mill are full of political disquisitions which are eagerly read and carefully weighed by statesmen? But he is mistaken in saying that what he calls the 'wider ground' was not before the writers I have quoted. It is not a fact that these enlightened economists founded their opinions in favour of a Union on economical grounds only. They rested them not merely on such considerations, but also on political and social grounds, and they estimated these latter as even of greater importance than the former. They actually subordinated the economical reasons to the more general ones of union and peace among the inhabitants of Ireland, equality of rights, freedom from oppression, and the advance and prosperity of the whole nation. Let us hear the voice of the greatest among them.

By a Union with Great Britain, Ireland would gain, besides the freedom of trade, *other advantages much more important*, and which would much more than compensate any increase of taxes that might accompany that Union. By the Union with England the middling and inferior ranks of people in Scotland gained a complete deliverance from the power of an aristocracy which had always before oppressed them. By a Union with Great Britain the greater part of the people of all ranks in Ireland would gain a complete deliverance from a much more oppressive aristocracy; an aristocracy not founded, as that of Scotland, in the natural and respectable distinctions of birth and fortune, but in the most odious of all distinctions, those of religious and political prejudices, distinctions which more than any other animate both the insolence of the oppressors, and the hatred and indignation of the oppressed, and which commonly render the inhabitants of the same country more hostile to one another than those of different countries ever are. Without a Union with Great Britain the inhabitants of Ireland are not likely for many ages to consider themselves as one people.

It is clear that Adam Smith rested his opinion chiefly upon two grounds—that a Union would free the people of Ireland from the

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ascendency of an oppressive aristocracy, and that it would tend to unite the two Irish communities into one people. It is remarkable that it was on these two grounds that the Catholics supported the Union. Their declarations and addresses harp on the idea that it alone could banish religious rancour and unite Catholics and Protestants. And we know from the letters of their leaders how passionately they desired the removal of the ascendency which galled them. Dr. Hussey, Bishop of Waterford, whom Mr. Gladstone elsewhere quotes, thus writes in 1799 or 1800:

> As to your Union, whatever my reason may tell me upon a cool inquiry, my feelings rejoice at it. I told the Chancellor of your Exchequer [4] here that I would prefer a union with the Beys and Mamelukes of Egypt to that of being under the iron rod of the Mamelukes of Ireland.[5]

The case of Molyneux was a difficult one to deal with. He at least was not an economist, and his authority is got rid of in a manner which leads Mr. Gladstone into an awkward blunder.

> He saw (says Mr. Gladstone) that such a Union would be the cheapest and most effectual defence of the ascendency against the real nation. . . . He saw that if Irish members were admitted to sit in the British Parliament, Great Britain would become responsible for holding down the Roman Catholic population, 'the wild ferocious natives of Ireland' as his editor of 1770 calls them.

The attempt to make Molyneux responsible for the expressions of one who edited his work seventy-two years after his death is one of 'pretty Fanny's ways.' But Mr. Gladstone does not see the drift of his own argument about Molyneux. Molyneux was the writer oftenest quoted by the Anti-Unionists in the Irish Parliament, and on whose authority they most relied. Molyneux, says Mr. Gladstone, was in favour of a Union because he considered it the best defence of ascendency. The Catholics supported that measure in the hopes of destroying ascendency. With Mr. Gladstone's help we are getting on and arriving at the truth. If the desire to preserve the ascendency induced Molyneux and his Protestant disciples to favour a Union, and if the wish to destroy the ascendency led the Catholics to the same conclusion, it may be asked what body of loyalists in the country was left to oppose it? But this is not all: the United Irishmen were also opposed to ascendency; hence it follows that if this body had not been driven on by their treasonable designs of separating from Great Britain and uniting with France, they also would have been in favour of a Union.

II. Mr. Gladstone opens his attack on my second proposition, viz. that the Union was carried by fair and constitutional means, with a misstatement and a suppression. The misstatement is, that I have not given a reference to Lord Cornwallis's denial that bribery was

[4] Sir John Parnell. [5] Madden's *United Irishmen*, first series, p. 197.

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resorted to by the Government.[6] The suppression is that of a part of a quotation I have made from Lord Cornwallis. The part suppressed is as follows:

> The leaders of the Opposition, who know and eagerly pursue their own little dirty interests, although they are so blind as not to see that they must be overwhelmed in the general wreck, have art enough to instil their own narrow and wicked sentiments into the thoughtless though selfish members, and in the hopes of getting 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year at a distant period, they will hazard as many thousands which they at present possess.

I inserted these words to show that in Lord Cornwallis's opinion the corruption was not on the side of the Government. Mr. Gladstone omits it, lest a shadow of blame should attach to a body which, if the Union was necessary, was pursuing a retrograde policy and fighting against the laws of nature.

Mr. Gladstone, when he wrote his review, was aware of two things: that the evidence of a pure-minded man, placed in a commanding position, and thoroughly acquainted with every circumstance connected with the event, outweighs a crowd of inferior witnesses, and that the only way to weaken the authority of such testimony was to blacken the character of the deponent. This he has done. He speaks of Lord Cornwallis's 'astounding confessions,' and describes him as 'a man whose moral sense was insufficiently sustained by a vigorous will.' Alas! to Mr. Gladstone is sacred neither the fame of the illustrious statesman nor the memory of the faithful dead. For as sure as Wallace died for Scotland, Cornwallis died for the Empire.

Refreshed by his attack, Mr. Gladstone here makes an accusation which the slightest consideration would have shown him to be futile.

> On the 19th of February, 1801, Lord Cornwallis sends to the Duke of Portland a list containing that portion of his promises which with all his pains he feared he would not be able before departing to redeem. This residuary list, says Mr. Rose, it is not considered advisable to publish, but he gives an account of the contents. Thirteen legal appointments, four steps in the peerage, thirty promises of salaried places from 400*l.* to 800*l.* or pensions of 300*l.* to 500*l.* Thirty-five of the persons mentioned in the list were members of Parliament, and had voted for the Union.

Was then the recommendation of thirteen future [for only five of them were carried out in Cornwallis's time [7]] legal promotions to the position of judges or assistant barristers too extensive at the conclusion of an embittered contest which had lasted two years, and during which the supporters of Government had been branded as apostates and traitors, and held up to the execration of their countrymen?[8] I do not think that any reasonable man will be of this opinion.

[6] The reference will be found at p. 192 of my book. [7] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 340.

[8] 'Nay, mortified at perceiving the change of public opinion, enraged to find those prejudices subsiding which alone concealed the weakness and deformity of their

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But Mr. Gladstone affects indignation at the fact that thirty Unionist members of Parliament were recommended for places or pensions. He forgets what he himself subsequently states, that there were 116 placemen in the Irish Parliament. At the time of the Union places were abolished, not in thirties but in fifties. In fact there was such a clearing out of the Augean stable of Irish officialdom as had never taken place before. Places in the Ordnance, in the Revenue, in the Law Courts, in the Castle, in the Houses of Parliament, patent places, and sinecures of every description were done away with. Alnagers, searchers, tasters of wine, customers of ports, craners, storekeepers, comptrollers, chirographers, and constables of castles, were sent to the right about in dozens. Would it have been just to abolish these places, and to refuse compensation to their holders, either by new appointments as places fell vacant, or by life pensions? And that too at a time when 200 members of the Irish Parliament were relegated to private life, and a most momentous national change was being effected. I give below the names of twenty-one Unionist members whose places were either abolished or greatly diminished in value in consequence of the Union, and who therefore received compensation in return; and also the names of some, and only some, of those who enjoyed sinecures, or offices the duties of which were performed by deputy.[9] Nor must we forget that Anti-Unionists who held such offices were treated with equal regard. Lord Brabourne disposes of this whole matter in a few lines: 'Then as regards pensions, it will be found that the great majority, if not the whole, of the pensions given were in respect of places in connection with the Parliament—of which there were a large number—which of course perished with the Parliament, but the holders of which were held to have a claim to be pensioned. The names of these persons—between 200 and 300 in number—will be found in a return ordered by the House of Commons, and dated 28th June, 1842.'[10]

Mr. Gladstone then quotes a passage from a letter of Lord Castlereagh, which, as it is the only rag of evidence against the purity of the Irish Union, I give in full.

cause—your party attempt to brand with the title of apostates all those who have listened to reason or reflection; who have magnanimously retracted a hasty opinion, and preferred encountering the obloquy of a faction to working the injury of their country.' (*Baron Smith, Letter to Grattan*, February 10, 1800.)

[9] Henry Alexander, St. George Daly, Edward Cooke, Thomas Pakenham, Charles Osborne, Marcus Beresford, Thomas Burgh, Stewart Bruce, James Galbraith, Ponsonby Tottenham, Isaac Corry, Sir J. Blaquiere, John Hobson, Robert Uniacke, William Smith, John Stewart, Robert Johnson, Monck Mason, Sir Chichester Fortescue, Henry Eustace, Henry Luttrell. Holders of sinecures, &c.: John Beresford, Henry Skeffington, John Longfield, Stephen Moore, John Staples, Robert Tighe, Francis Macnamara, Richard Neville, Sir George Shee, George Hatton, David Babington, Abraham Creighton, Richard F. Sharkey.

[10] *Facts and Fictions &c.* p. 60.

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It will be no secret what has been promised, and by what means the Union has been secured. Disappointment will encourage, not prevent, disclosure; and the only effect of such a proceeding on their part will be to add the weight of their testimony to that of the Anti-Unionists in proclaiming the profligacy of the means by which the measure has been accomplished.

Mr. Gladstone has not told us a word of the circumstances under which this letter was written. It was written on the 21st of June, 1800, to Mr. Cooke, under-secretary in the Home Office, of which the Duke of Portland was the head. Only a few days before the letter was sent, the Duke had written an ungracious letter refusing to carry out the promises of peerages which the Irish administration had made. Both Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh were indignant, and Lord Castlereagh, yielding to his indignation, wrote what Mr. Ross calls 'this long and vehement letter.' Three days before the letter was written he had intimated that both Lord Cornwallis and himself would resign.[11] Every fair-minded man must regard this letter as a mere angry threat directed through his under-secretary to the Duke, and warning him of the line that would be taken by the disappointed Unionists in conjunction with the enemies of the Union. This view is confirmed by a letter which Lord Castlereagh wrote in 1811 to the well-known Alexander Knox.

Mr. Gladstone is well acquainted with the name and character of Alexander Knox, whom many regard as the originator of the Tractarian movement. Knox was a remarkable man, eminently gifted both intellectually and morally. He was for some time private secretary to Lord Castlereagh, and had therefore better opportunities than Mr. Gladstone of becoming acquainted with that nobleman's character. His estimate of Lord Castlereagh is given below.[12] It was to such a man that Lord Castlereagh made the proposal that he should write the history of the Union. The letter is so important that I do not hesitate to give lengthy extracts from it.

The demons of the present day are at work to make those who carried the Union odious; as first having cruelly oppressed, and then sold their country. The world's forgetfulness of the events which are a few years gone by enables them to mislead numbers. I don't know whether the moment is yet come for giving to the

[11] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 266.

[12] 'I am gratified at being singled out as the confidential friend of the honestest and perhaps the ablest statesman that has been in Ireland for a century. I know of him what the world does not and cannot know, and what, if it did know, it most probably would not believe. His letters to England on the critically important business of this country pass through my hands frequently; and I am strongly inclined to think that to them we greatly owe the promptitude of England to assist us. Humane he is, and good-natured beyond the usual standard of men. In him it is not merely a habit or a natural quality, but it is a moral duty. And yet when firm decision is requisite, he can well exert it. There is no bloodshed for which he does not grieve, and yet he has no tendency to injudicious mercy. What is best of all, he is in reality what perhaps Secretary Craggs was only in the encomiastic verse of Pope, "Statesman, yet friend to truth."'—Knox, *Remains*, iv. 82.

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Empire a temperate history of both those great events [I mean the Rebellion and the Union], stripped of the virulence which characterises Musgrave and Duigenan on one side, and Plowden and Barrington on the other. Such a work would accelerate all the good effects of the measure, and would perpetuate the literary fame of the individual who executed it. I wish you would turn this suggestion in your mind. I know no person so equal to it as yourself. You have been not only the eye-witness of both transactions, but have reflected deeply, and written ably on them in their progress. You were besides in close habits of confidence with the surviving actors in both those events. The private papers, the official correspondence, in short all those sources which the future historian will look for in vain, would be opened to you without reserve. My own stock is great. Lord Camden and Lord Cornwallis, Cooke, and other friends could supply ample materials. And the latter would, I have no doubt, both animate and assist you in your labours. Such a work is essential to the public interest; I had almost said to the public safety. And I really think it would come with great advantage before the world in your name, as you are known to be incapable of stating what you do not believe to be true; whilst the confidential relations in which you stood toward those in government at that period must have afforded you an opportunity of knowing more than any of those who have professed to inform, but who have in fact deceived the nation, upon the true spirit and character of that interesting epoch in Irish history. The perversion of truth and the party-colouring which so obviously belong to every publication hitherto given to the public would furnish the intelligible motive for a candid exposition. . . . I feel confident that the intentions of Government for the public good will bear the strictest scrutiny. . . . I believe their measures when fully explained will stand equally the test of criticism; and that they may be shown to have combined humanity with vigour of administration when they had to watch over the preservation of the State; whilst in the conduct of the Union they pursued honestly the interests of Ireland, yielding not more to private interests than was requisite to disarm so mighty a change of any convulsive character.[13]

III. My third proposition was, that before the Union was adopted, the people of Ireland, both Protestant and Catholic, were decidedly in its favour.

It is not presumptuous to say that I have proved beyond doubt that the Union was gladly accepted by the Catholics of Ireland. The concurrent testimony of their peerage, their hierarchy, their clergy, and their laity, together with that of Grattan and Plowden, cannot be got over. In the face of such evidence Mr. Gladstone merely makes a statement remarkable for a confusion of dates,[14] and a forced allusion to the United Irishmen. But to get rid of the force of a proof which shows that four out of every five Irishmen, the Catholics being then four to one, were in favour of the Union, Mr. Gladstone surpasses himself. He draws up an indictment against a whole community, and makes a calumnious charge against their Church. He accuses the Catholic archbishops, bishops, and clergy of having entered into a base conspiracy against their country, and consented to barter what they believed to be her rights for a state provision for themselves. Such an imputation is refuted by the fact known to every sciolist in Irish history, that in rejecting the

[13] Knox, *Remains*, iv. 539.

[14] See middle of p. 455.

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veto, the Catholic hierarchy rejected the plan of an endowment for their Church.

I repeat the statement which I have made in my book, and which Mr. Gladstone has disputed, that there was not a single petition against the Union presented by any body of the Irish Catholics. The fact may be verified in an instant by a reference to the index of the *Commons Journals* for 1800. It is certain that if Mr. Gladstone could have produced one, he would have done so. I have found lately in the *Anti-Union* mention of three local declarations by Catholics against the Union, but they presented no petitions.

As for the Protestants, I have shown in my book that they were at first opposed to the idea of a Union; that only three weeks after the first mention of it in Parliament a marked change of opinion came over that community, a change which I have traced by evidence from every province through the months from March 1799 to January 1800; that this change outside Parliament was regularly attended by increasing majorities within in favour of the Government, from a majority of twenty in February 1799 to one of sixty-five in June 1800; that the Anti-Unionists, during two years of the contest, never scored a success in a division after the single occasion of the 24th of January, 1799, when they had a majority of five; that not a single petition was presented against the measure till an opposition was galvanised into action by aristocratic wire-pullers; that, in spite of the most seditious attempts to inflame the country, Ireland remained quiet. I have also shown that after the rising of the Parliament in June 1799, and the discussion of the subject, upwards of seventy-four addresses and county declarations were adopted adhering to the project; that Lord Cornwallis after his two tours declared that north and south were in favour of the measure; that in spite of an offer from the Anti-Unionists to bring forward a motion in favour of Emancipation, the Catholics refused to join them; that one of the violent Anti-Unionists declared in Parliament that the country had deserted them. Yet of all these things Mr. Gladstone does not say a word, nor a word of the remarkable cases of Galway and Wexford. He merely fastens on a criticism of mine on the credit due to a statement of the younger Grattan. I shall now show that that criticism was just. Grattan states:

> Only 7,000 individuals petitioned in favour of the Union, and 110,000 freeholders and 707,000 persons signed petitions against the measure.[15]

This statement is untrue in one part and misleading in the other. There were no petitions against the Union presented to Parliament before the 20th of January, 1800. On that day a circular was issued by three gentlemen to every part of Ireland

[15] Vol. v. 51.

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requesting that petitions against the measure should be drawn up and sent for presentation. This circular was issued by Lord Downshire, who exercised influence over twenty-two seats;[16] W. B. Ponsonby, the representative of a family which influenced as many;[17] and Lord Charlemont, the owner of a rotten borough. In answer to this demand forty-six[18] petitions were sent up. The whole of these petitions, except one from the Unionist city of Cork,[19] were presented before the 4th of March, 1800. On that day George Ponsonby, relying on these petitions, stated that the voice of the nation was against the Union. It was of the utmost importance to him to make the most of the numbers of the petitioners. Yet Mr. Ponsonby does not say a word of these 707,000 persons. Lord Cornwallis, whom Mr. Gladstone cites, is equally silent; so is the contemporaneous report of the debate in the *Belfast News-Letter*.[20] Nay, the *Anti-Union*, a newspaper started by the opposition in December 1799, and which reports the debate, does not say a word about these men in buckram.[21] There seems to be as little foundation for Mr. Grattan's allegation as to the 110,000 *freeholders*, as for the statement respecting the vast host of 707,000 other persons. Lord Cornwallis, who, it is likely, was not present at the debate, merely says that Ponsonby stated that the petitions were signed by 110,000 persons, and not by so many freeholders. But it is remarkable that neither the *Anti-Union* nor the *Belfast News-Letter* says a word of any number of signatures. These papers were published, the one in Dublin, the other in Belfast, and took different views of the question of Union; yet both are silent as to any numbers whatever. They both report Mr. Ponsonby's speech in similar phraseology; here are his words, which I copy from the *Anti-Union*. 'To me, Sir, it seems that on this occasion the people have found out this mode, of which the petitions on your table are sufficient proof. Of these, Sir, there are no less than twenty-six petitions from counties, exclusive of a great many from the principal towns and cities of Ireland. Here then is a circumstance declaratory of the public sentiment which was not known when His Majesty's message was sent to this House,' &c. But in truth this statement of Grattan about the 110,000 freeholders and 707,000 other persons, standing by itself, is incredible. The population of Ireland was then at the most 4½ millions; 707,000 + 110,000, allowing five persons to each household, would include the head of nearly every family existing in the country.

Grattan's allegation that only 7,000 petitioned in favour of the

[16] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 324.

[17] *Ibid.*

[18] Fifty-four in all, but five of them were merely prayers for protection to trades 'in case of a Union;' three came from private firms.—Index to *Commons Journals*.

[19] As early as January 1799, Cork city and county had declared for the Union.

[20] *B. N.-L.*, March 11, 1800.

[21] *Anti-Union*, March 6, 1800.

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Union is misleading. He carefully abstains from saying a word respecting the seventy-four declarations and addresses in support of that measure. I have stated in my book that only two petitions were presented to the Irish Parliament by the Unionists, as they preferred to make their sentiments known by means of declarations and addresses. Indeed it was impossible for them to do otherwise at the time when these declarations and addresses first commenced. This was in July 1799, when the Parliament was not sitting, as it had risen in the previous June. If Grattan means to convey that only 7,000 signed in favour of the Union, he is greatly mistaken. These declarations and addresses were signed by all varieties of numbers, from the limited body of a corporation to the thousands who signed in a large town or in a county. Thus the address of the Catholics of Longford was signed by 2,000 persons;[22] that of those of Wexford by above 3,000;[23] that of Tyrone by upwards of 3,000;[24] that of Donegal by 7,000;[25] that of the Catholics of Leitrim by 1,836;[26] that of the Catholics of Roscommon,[27] who signed separately from the Protestants, by 1,500. Whoever will wade through the two volumes of the *Belfast News-Letter* for 1799 and 1800, and through the single volume of the *Anti-Union*, will find that, with one exception, the signatures to the declarations and addresses are fully as numerous as those to the petitions. The exception is the petition from the county of Down, which was signed by 17,500 persons. But this came from the county where Lord Downshire was all-powerful, and where, as Wakefield tells us, he had divided and subdivided his enormous property into so many forty-shilling freeholds that it was a 'warren' of petty freeholders. There is, however, this essential difference between the petitions against the Union and the declarations and addresses in its favour, namely that there was not a single *spontaneous* petition against the measure from any collective body in Ireland. All that were presented were the results of aristocratic wire-pulling.

And now one word as to the authority of the younger Grattan. Much may be forgiven to filial piety and a son's partiality, but this writer fails in the two essential qualities of a historian, accuracy and judgment. We have already examined one of his facts. If further evidence of inaccuracy be required, let readers refer to his misrepresentation of the parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the Sheriff of the King's County and Major Rogers; in which case, though he knew that the amendment clearing these gentlemen was moved by no less an Anti-Unionist than Plunket, he does not give a word of the evidence in their favour;[28] or let them notice his suggestion that

[22] *Belfast N.-L.*, October 1, 1799.
[23] *Ibid.* November 19.
[24] *Ibid.* December 6.
[25] *Ibid.* December 20.
[26] Plowden, App. 323.
[27] *Cast. Corr.* iii. 222.
[28] Grattan's *Life*, v. 93.

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Lord Downshire was dismissed from his appointments for his opposition to the Union, and not for a grave breach of military discipline.[29] We shall hereafter come to even graver misrepresentations, which of course have been adopted by Mr. Gladstone. Grattan's capacity for judgment may be inferred from his character of Pitt.

> This guilty minister—baffled abroad and entailing ruin at home—with the brand of bribery on his hand, and the lash of the Gaul upon his back, stood forth, the shameless perpetrator of the basest deeds towards Ireland; and in everything relating to that country showed a fatal infirmity of thought and of action which ever accompanies a degradation of soul and a debasement of faculties consequent upon the dereliction of civil principles and of human virtue.

Is this English prose or the ravings of a lunatic?

Mr. Gladstone bolsters up the mad statements of this writer with the respectable name of Mr. Lecky. It is remarkable that his quotations for this purpose are taken, not from that gentleman's History, the fruit of his ripe judgment, but from his *Leaders of Public Opinion*, a work which Mr. Lecky published when he was twenty-three years of age. I have no doubt that when this historian brings his matured experience to an examination of the Irish Union, his verdict will be that it was honourable to the Government and not dishonourable to the Irish Parliament.

IV. The fourth proposition in my book which Mr. Gladstone questions was—that the compensation to the owners of boroughs was justifiable.

I have, for the first time, shown clearly that the money paid to the Irish proprietors of boroughs was compensation and not bribery; and that more than half of the whole sum, 1,260,000*l.*, was paid to Anti-Unionists, Englishmen, impersonal boroughs, ladies, the executors of testators, or the guardians of minors.[30] The charge of corruption connected with the compensation was a myth, promulgated by the so-called Nationalist orators and writers. So effectually was this myth diffused, that even such a writer as Mr. Green does not hesitate to say that 'the assent of the Irish Parliament was bought with a million of money.' I rejoice that I can claim Mr. Gladstone as a convert, though a late one, to the truth. 'Nor will I now,' says he, 'do battle with Mr. Ingram against the principle of such compensation.' But Mr. Gladstone never makes a full and unqualified admission. He is for ever acting like the selfish child who takes a previous bite out of the apple which he presents to his playmate. As Mr. Gladstone yields ungraciously, I shall bring to his remembrance instances of compensation before and since the Irish Union, in some of which at

[29] Grattan's *Life*, i. 57, iv. 443.

[30] 434,850*l.* to Anti-Unionists; 67,500*l.* to Englishmen; 60,000*l.* to boroughs; 18,750*l.* to ladies; 60,000*l.* to the executors of Colonel Bruen, Lord Kingston, and Lord Riversdale; 30,000*l.* to the guardians of the minor owners of Tulsk and Carlingford. (*Liber Munerum Publicorum Hib.* ii. part 7, p. 171.)

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least the claims of the recipients were far inferior to those of the Irish borough-owners.

It has been the almost invariable policy of England first, and of Great Britain subsequently, to compensate the owners of rights which have acquired strength from the custom of generations and the tacit acquiescence of the public. The only question asked on these occasions has been, were the rights long enjoyed? Nor in some cases has any objection been made to the compensation on the ground that the rights had no legal foundation, or were against public morality. At the time of the Scotch Union, 398,085*l.* was paid to compensate alleged losses by merchants and the members of the Darien Company. More than 500,000*l.* was given to the Athol family to compensate them for their claims as kings *in* Man. In 1785 Pitt proposed to buy out the English borough-owners with a million of money. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, eludes this instance by boldly saying that Pitt made no such 'proposal' to Parliament. Mr. Green's account of the matter is very different.

> One of his (Pitt's) first measures as minister was to bring in a Bill in 1785, which, while providing for the gradual extinction of all decayed boroughs, disfranchised thirty-six at once, and transferred their members to counties. He brought the King to abstain from opposition, and strove to buy off the boroughmongers, as the holders of rotten boroughs were called, by offering to compensate them for seats they lost at their market value.[31]

In 1748 a sum of 161,000*l.* was paid on the abolition of the private heritable jurisdictions in Scotland. But all other instances of compensation sink into insignificance when compared with two in which Mr. Gladstone took an active part, the one famous for the immensity of the amount paid under it, the other for the principle involved in it.

In 1833 more than half a century had elapsed since it had been declared by the English law that *property in man* was unknown to our Constitution. Yet in this year Mr. Gladstone, 'having a deep, though indirect, pecuniary interest'[32] in the question, boldly argued that property in slaves was within the limits of the Constitution.[33] Acting upon this view he urged and voted that twenty millions should be given to the slave-owners of the West India Islands, which sum was granted. In addition he advocated the advance of a further sum of ten millions as a loan to these proprietors on the ground that, as he naïvely told the representatives of the Empire, 'You should

[31] *Short History*, p. 770.

[32] Mr. Gladstone's words, *Mirror of Parl.*, 1833, ii. 2079.

[33] 'I do not view property as an abstract thing; it is the creation of civil society—by the legislature it is granted and by the legislature it is destroyed. The question is not whether slaves are property in the abstract nature of things, but whether this description of possession be not property within the limits of the Constitution.' (*Ibid.* 2081.)

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take upon yourselves a moderate percentage of the risk which is to be incurred.' I ask Mr. Gladstone, in one of his own phrases, why is he so squeamish? Why does he, who gave away twenty millions, drawn from the hard earnings of the people, to negro-owners, and proposed to jeopardise ten millions more, now object to the paltry sum of a million given to the Irish borough-owners? Why is it that he cannot or will not see that the claims of the Irish proprietors were infinitely superior to those of the traffickers in human flesh? Why will he shut his eyes to the justice of a compensation which even the United Irishmen recognised? [34]

The next instance of compensation in which we find Mr. Gladstone acting, is that consequent on the Irish Disestablishment Act, not yet twenty years old. Under this enactment the lay owners of three hundred livings were compensated for their rights of patronage.[35] Mr. Gladstone's defence of the provision and of the principle involved in it is simply wonderful. I should like to have seen the faces of the English Nonconformist clergymen and of the Scotch Free Church ministers who support Mr. Gladstone, when they read this defence for compensating laymen for their right of selling the nomination to a spiritual office. But let us hear this defence.

> For he [Mr. Ingram] either forgets or is ignorant of two vital facts—first, that the *Jus patronatus* is part of the Canon Law of at least the Western Church; and secondly, that the patron does not in law give the benefice to the presentee, which he only obtains by institution, but presents him to the bishop, whose duty it is to ascertain his competency in life, learning, and doctrine.

Here Mr. Gladstone carefully confuses the right of patronage with the selling and buying of that right. The canons of what he calls the Western Church have always recognised the right of presentation in a lay patron who founded or endowed a benefice. But they stopped there. They have always carefully provided against the sale of such rights to others. They have denounced this traffic in spirituals, and generations of good men have protested against it.

But the latter part of the defence is even more wonderful than the former. According to Mr. Gladstone, the patron has nothing to do *in law* with the real grant of the benefice. He merely presents the nominee to the bishop, 'whose duty it is to ascertain his competency &c.' What the patron accomplishes *in fact* Mr. Gladstone carefully avoids to notice. This attempt to free the patron of responsibility and to throw it all on the bishop is admirable. I know of nothing like it in all history except the effort made by persecuting ecclesiastics to shift their own responsibility on others. 'We condemn

[34] In 1792, the United Irishmen of Dublin, in their address to the people of Ireland, recommended that, in case of Reform, compensation should be given to the borough proprietors. (Madden's *United Irishmen*, first series, p. 238.)

[35] The number of such benefices may be seen in *Thom's Almanack*, 1871, in the ecclesiastical division. They are about 360.

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you,' said these judges to the martyrs, 'for entertaining opinions disapproved by the Church, but God forbid that we should stain our hands with blood; we merely hand you over to the civil power.' Mr. Gladstone's reasoning not only palters with the truth, but it is defective in statement; for donatives vest the benefice at once in the grantee without presentation, institution, or induction. If Mr. Gladstone's argument were sound, it would prove that he himself never made a bishop, or incurred any responsibility for such appointments.

V. That the dismissal of recalcitrant members of a Government is an established practice.

The truth of this is so obvious, that I shall not say a word about it. The only difference between ancient and modern practice is that now the rule is so well known that members of a Government who differ from their chief resign at once, instead of waiting for the dismissal which they know to be inevitable. Mr. Gladstone here makes a remark which well illustrates his strange incapacity for logical reasoning. I stated in my book that so late as 1839 Sir Robert Peel carried the principle of dismissal so far as to require the Queen to discharge her bedchamber women before he would undertake to form a ministry. Upon this Mr. Gladstone gravely remarks, 'But the ladies of the Queen's household in 1839 were not dismissed, and the question was, whether they were properly within the circle of political appointment.' The relevancy of this remark it is difficult to see.

VI. Hitherto we have had from Mr. Gladstone silly stories, purposely limited views, blunders about enlightened economists, defamation of individuals and bodies to weaken their testimony, &c., but something of a far more serious nature remains to be examined. In my researches I found mention of several small sums of money either promised or sent over from England to the Irish Government in 1799 or 1800. Mr. Gladstone accepts my explanation of the disposal of these sums, but he says, that is not sufficient; there were large sums available (a word which he foists upon me) by that Government in these years. He is not content with the solid ground of facts and proofs, but must have recourse to mere possibilities. He attempts to show that the Irish Government was in possession of large means disposable for corruption, or, in his own words, 'that in the three years 1799–1801 the Irish Government must, independently of all other pecuniary means, have had at its disposal in secret service money a capital of at least 300,000*l.*, a sum out of which must have been done large execution, even in the Irish House of Commons.' The way he arrives at this sum of 300,000*l.* is as follows:—

But Dr. Ingram is, as usual, entirely wrong in giving it to be understood that only 5,000*l.* was disposable in 1799. There was an ordinary Irish provision voted for secret service amounting to the enormous annual sum of 53,000*l.* And even

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this did not suffice; for an Act was passed in that year to supply the Viceroy with authority to grant further pensions for secret service to the amount of 1,500*l.* per annum, which I take as equivalent to a further sum of 30,000*l.* So that in lieu of 5,000*l.* for the year 1799, we have thus a total of 88,000*l.* When we pass on to 1800, and when, as we are told by this pseudo-history, all occasion for illegitimate expenditure had now passed away, the facts become yet more astonishing. The sum voted in Dublin for secret service in that year was 175,000*l.*; and even this did not suffice to clear the account, for no less than 75,000*l.* was voted in 1801.

There is not a single statement in this paragraph which is true. There was not an ordinary Irish provision for secret service of 53,000*l.*, or even a tenth of that sum. I need hardly say that Mr. Gladstone borrows this allegation from the younger Grattan.

(1) In his frantic rush against the Irish Union Mr. Gladstone is so blind that he does not see that the plethora of wealth which he attributes to the Irish Government is absolutely inconsistent with the fact upon which he himself dwells, viz. that that Government applied on several occasions in 1799 and 1800 to the English Treasury for the advance of small sums. As Mr. Gladstone is here talking about things he does not understand, I will state the true position of the Irish Government with regard to secret service money. Previous to 1793 there was no provision in Ireland for such a fund in the real sense of the expression.

There was indeed (says Mr. Lecky) a small fund, varying from 1,200*l.* to 2,000*l.* which bore this name, but its title was altogether a misnomer, for it was merely a fund for paying extra packet-boats, donations to foreigners in distress, illuminations, beer to the populace on the King's birthday, and such like expenses.[36]

And Mr. Eden, the Irish Secretary, tells us why no such fund existed in Ireland. 'As we have not the constitutional pretext of foreign service, we have not any means of carrying into Parliament a demand for a sum without accounting for its use.'[37] In 1793, two years after the foundation of the United Irishmen Society, an Act[38] was passed for the establishment of a secret service fund, limited to the amount of 5,000*l.* 'in any one year,' which sum was charged on the Irish Consolidated Fund. By another section of this Act, *any* sum might be paid to the principal secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant 'for secret service in detecting, preventing, or defeating treasonable or other dangerous societies.' But we may leave this latter section out of account; for (1) the secretary could only discharge himself from sums received under it by oath before one of the Barons of the Exchequer,[39] and (2) the record of every item received, and every payment made under this section happily survives. Its title is 'Account of Secret Service Money applied in detecting treasonable Conspiracies, pursuant to the provisions of

[36] *History of England*, iv. 519.
[37] *Ibid.* 520.
[38] 33 Geo. III. c. 34.
[39] Sec. 10.

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the Civil List Act, 1793.' It runs, after reference to former accounts, from the 21st of August, 1797, to March 1804, that is until after Emmett's rebellion.[40]

The next Act is the 39 Geo. III. c. 65, passed in June 1799, after the rebellion. It provided that His Majesty might grant secret annuities to the amount of 3,000*l.* to the under-secretaries, in trust for certain persons who had 'rendered essential service by making discoveries of the traitors concerned in contriving, and fomenting, and acting in the said rebellion.' The Act states that it was desirable to grant the annuities to the under-secretaries in trust, in order to secure the recipients 'from being objects of traitorous revenge.' In two subsequent sections it was provided that these annuities should be charged on the Consolidated Fund, and that no payments should be made except on the oath of the under-secretaries, or one of them. It is evident that the Irish Government had no power over these sums.

The last Act is the 40 Geo. III. c. 49 (1800), which provided that 'a further sum of 1,500*l.* per annum might be granted to His Majesty for secret annuities,' as the words of the Committee of Supply express it,

> to reward persons who, by their exertions in the discovery of the rebellion which has prevailed in this kingdom, have been instrumental in the preservation of the loyal inhabitants from massacre, and the state from destruction, and who by their services have exposed their persons to danger and sustained much injury in their properties.[41]

Every penny of this grant was expended as the Act directs, as will be seen by referring to the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, iii. 321.

We thus see that the only secret service money at the disposal of the Irish Government during the years 1793–1800 was the annual sum of 5,000*l.* appointed by the Act of 1793, and charged on the Consolidated Fund. In fact it was impossible that it should be otherwise, for, as Mr. Eden tells us, the Government had not the excuse of foreign service, and therefore no means of bringing before the Parliament a demand for such a fund. And we can now understand why it was that the Irish Government was obliged to apply for the advance of small sums from the English Treasury during the years 1799 and 1800.

(2) It is not true that the sum of 175,000*l.*, or any other sum whatever, was voted for secret service in Dublin in 1800. We have seen that the Irish Government had no pretext for approaching Parliament with a demand for such a fund. We must also remember that there was at this time a powerful opposition nightly declaiming on the

[40] This MS. is to be found in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. Dr. Madden makes great use of it, and quotes lengthy extracts from it in his *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, first series, Appendix.

[41] *Commons Journals*, June 19, 1800.

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corruption of the administration, and ready to seize on any excuse for an accusation. The Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, Corry, introduced his budget on the 28th of February, 1800. This budget was approved of by the Anti-Unionists. Sir J. Parnell said 'he liked the aspect of the taxes.' Colonels Barry and Wolfe 'made a few remarks principally levelled against the duty on wines.' No others spoke. In the report of the debate which is to be found in the *Anti-Union* of the 1st of March, or in the estimates given in that report, there is not a word of secret service. I have carefully gone through the resolutions of the Committee of Supply in the *Commons Journals*, and there is no mention of such a fund in any of them.

(3) It is not true that 75,000*l.*, or any other sum, was voted for secret service in Dublin in 1801. This was impossible, as the Irish Parliament had ceased to exist.

But it may be said, surely Mr. Gladstone had good authority for making such statements respecting enormous sums like 175,000*l.* and 75,000*l.* An ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer is not likely to blunder about money, nor is a statesman capable of misleading his hearers. The answer to this objection is simple. Mr. Gladstone had no authority at all.

To prove his extraordinary statements about these two sums, Mr. Gladstone refers us to the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, iii., 359. On turning to that page we find an extract from a letter, and a note appended to that extract. The extract and note are as follows :—

Alexander Marsden, Esq., to John King, Esq.

Dublin Castle : May 6, 1801.

. . . I am again under the necessity of entreating your aid to have our money matters settled. I have already informed you how distressingly I am, more than any one, embarked in this business, and since I wrote to you nothing has been received.

I wonder to see Mr. A.'s secret service money so limited this year.*

Cooke can fully explain to you our necessities and furnish you with our debts.

Very faithfully yours,

A. MARSDEN.

* The note appended is made by Mr. Ross : 'The sum voted in 1800 for secret service money was 175,000*l.*; in 1801, 75,000*l.*; in each case including 25,000*l.* from the Civil List.'

The Mr. A. of the letter is of course Mr. Addington, who was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in England on the 10th of February, 1801, three months before this letter was written. It is evident at once that the two sums of 175,000*l.* and 75,000*l.* were voted, if voted at all or anywhere, in the Parliament in London, and had no reference to Ireland. What takes place in effect is this. Marsden, writing from Dublin at a time when there was no Irish Parliament in existence, says, I wonder your

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Chancellor of the Exchequer has so small a secret service fund this year; and Mr. Ross, to show that this fund was really small, compares it with that for the previous year in England, for it would be absurd to compare it with an Irish one.

Here, then, we have the blunder of a schoolboy, for I do not wish to consider it a deliberate misrepresentation. But I must add that morality draws but a slender line between the sin of him who makes a statement knowing it to be false, and that of him who does so, not knowing or careless whether it be true. I confess I find some difficulty in extending the mantle of charity over one who scatters about his allegations with an audacity which is only equalled by the unveracity of the assertions.

It would be impossible within the bounds of this article to expose the numerous misstatements which Mr. Gladstone has made. I shall therefore limit myself to those contained in a single page (460).

I have stated in my book that only seven officials were dismissed during the long period of the Union contest. Mr. Gladstone endeavours to show that ten were dismissed on account of their opposition to the Union. To establish this he gives what he considers three additional names, but one of these, Colonel Wolfe, was already mentioned by me as having been dismissed from his Commissionership in the Revenue. To prove his case Mr. Gladstone furnishes us with the following remarks:—

> But he [Mr. Ingram] is wrong in his 'only seven;' he has omitted to state that there were other dismissals of members of the Opposition which were in principle even far worse than these. We read in the well-known Red and Black Lists that Lord Corry was dismissed from his regiment in the army, and Colonel O'Donnell and Colonel Wolfe from their respective colonelcies of militia in Mayo and Wicklow.

Mr. Gladstone does not even understand the meaning of the expression 'Red and Black Lists.' It was the custom in the Irish Parliament, on every important division, to publish lists of the Ayes and Noes, and in the Union debates of 1799 and 1800 this custom was observed. These lists were invariably printed in red and black. Barrington has compounded the several lists of 1799 and 1800 into two, which he impudently calls Original Lists. That they are not original is seen at once from the fact that they speak of events which did not take place for more than twenty years after the Union. Thus they speak of Charles Bushe as 'now Chief Justice of Ireland,' and of Colonel Barry as 'now Lord Farnham.' Bushe was not appointed Chief Justice till February 1822, and Barry did not become Lord Farnham till July 1823. These lists of Barrington were adopted by Grattan junior, and transferred into his Life of his father. It is from these lists that Mr. Gladstone composes the paragraph just quoted. Let us see what truth there is in it, and what credit is due to the

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statements of the respectable trio of Barrington, Grattan, and Gladstone.

(1) Lord Corry was not dismissed from his regiment in the army. He was never in the army at all. Lord Corry succeeded in 1798 Lord Abercorn in the command of the Tyrone Militia. He was never dismissed from this command, which he resigned in 1804.[42]

(2) Colonel O'Donnell was not dismissed from the command of the Mayo Militia for his opposition to the Union. He was dismissed for having made a most seditious speech in the House of Commons on the 22nd of January, 1799. In this speech Colonel O'Donnell threatened, that if the Union was passed, he would take the field at the head of his regiment 'to resist rebels in rich clothes with as much energy as he had ever resisted rebels in rags.' Even Barrington states this in the body of his work,[43] though in 'the well-known Red and Black Lists' we only find this notice, 'dismissed from his regiment.'

(3) Colonel Wolfe was not dismissed from the command of the Wicklow Militia. He was not colonel of the Wicklow, but of the Kildare Militia,[44] and was not dismissed from the latter command.

A little lower down in the same page Mr. Gladstone tells us that Colonel Cole was member for Louth, and then goes on to misrepresent the refusal of the Irish Government to grant this gentleman the escheatorship of Munster to enable him to vacate his seat. Colonel, afterwards General Sir Lowry Cole, was not member for Louth, he was member for Enniskillen.[45] When he applied for the escheatorship he informed Lord Castlereagh that he intended to have his seat transferred to Mr. Balfour.[46] Mr. Balfour was his brother-in-law and was the gentleman who at a public meeting moved the following resolution: 'That if a union be enacted by the legislature of this kingdom, either contrary to, or without the advice of the assembled freeholders and burgesses, the submission of the people of Ireland thereto will be a matter of prudence and not of duty.'[47] The escheatorship was at first refused to Colonel Cole, because Lord Cornwallis thought it unreasonable that Colonel Cole should desire to bring into Parliament a person who had laid down 'a recurrence to *first principles* as justifiable if the Parliament should adopt a measure which had been recommended from the throne.' Colonel Cole could not have been a very strong opponent of the Union, for on the 18th of January, 1800, he vacated his seat on being appointed to the office of Gentleman at Large.[48]

After dealing in the way I have described with my six propo-

[42] *Parliamentary Memoirs of Fermanagh and Tyrone*, p. 313 [by Lord Belmore, a grandson of Lord Corry].

[43] *Rise and Fall*, one vol. edition, p. 417.

[44] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 30.

[45] *Parliamentary Memoirs*, &c., p. 74.

[46] *Corn. Corr.* iii. 97.

[47] *Ibid.*; and *Parl. Memoirs*, 75.

[48] *Parl. Memoirs*, 75.

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sitions, Mr. Gladstone invites me to enter on the discussion whether the barbarities of the revolted Irish were equalled or surpassed by those inflicted on them by the Yeomanry and Militia. I refuse to consider such a question. I am not fitted for the nice discrimination of atrocities, or for the accurate weighing of murders and massacres. I am incapable of determining on which side the balance of crime kicks the beam. But were I able to do so, I should decline to enter upon such an examination with a man who palliates, if he does not justify, the fires of Scullabogue and the horrors of Wexford Bridge. Nor do I envy the condition of mind of one who, like a modern Old Mortality, prowls among the tombs of the victims, not for the purpose of restoring to our love the memories of our martyrs, but to renew and re-chisel the letters of blood which the kindly hand of time had more than half obliterated.

The tone and language of Mr. Gladstone's review certainly did not entitle him to very courteous treatment at my hands. But I have endeavoured to reply with due moderation. His controversial acerbities (to use no stronger word) affect me but little. It is the spirit of his recent public speech and action which is the adequate and just object of indignation. Yet even the 'strange doings' which were long since predicted by a sagacious observer, I view in sorrow rather than in anger. When I see him—an aged Lear, discrowned by his own rash and headstrong act—contradicting his whole past, in the effort to recover what he has thrown away, my predominant sentiment is one of commiseration—a pale reflex of the respect I once felt for him, but, in common with many others, now feel no more.

T. Dunbar Ingram.

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MOHAMMEDANISM IN AFRICA.

In the month of June last, I received a pressing and often repeated invitation from the Bishop of Lichfield, and the organising secretaries of the Church Congress, to read a paper, during the October session of that body, on the subject of Mohammedanism in Africa. There was much that was attractive to me in the proposal. It was a question which I had studied long and deeply. I was alive to its profound interest and importance. More than this, I had published, thirteen years previously, in my lectures on 'Mohammed and Mohammedanism,' certain views upon the subject, which had only dawned upon me gradually in the course of my inquiries, and were many of them, at that time, new, or almost new, to the Christian world. They were truths—if truths indeed they turn out to be—many of which had not then risen above the horizon. And though the book which contained them was, to my surprise as well as pleasure, welcomed by Orientalists everywhere, and received the honour of elaborate and appreciative notices from such high authorities as Dr. G. P. Badger, Professor Palmer, Professor Noldeke, Mr. Albert Réville and Mr. Blyden, yet, as I fully expected, it was received with a chorus of condemnation by, I think, the whole of the religious newspapers and periodicals in the country, with the solitary exception of the *Guardian*. The views I had put forward on Mohammedanism in Africa came in for a special portion of this vituperation, and I well remember that the leading missionary periodical of the day devoted some twenty pages to their 'annihilation.' Under these circumstances, the invitation addressed to me by men who must have had a full knowledge of my views, and a deep sense of responsibility in the selection of their speakers, seemed to me such a sign of the times, and so striking a proof, among very many others, of the extent to which, during the last few years, the Church of England, without breaking for a moment with her immemorial past, or throwing over even a fragment of her time-honoured and sacred title-deeds, had been able to move with the age, and to expand in moral and religious sympathy, no less than in practical benevolence and multifarious energy, that I was strongly tempted to spring at the proposal.

After much consideration I declined it. I did so entirely on the

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ground that, during the twenty minutes allowed by the inexorable laws of the Congress, it would be impossible to give even the barest outline of the facts of Mohammedan progress in Africa, much less to draw the inferences which I should wish to draw from them, and to hedge them in with all the qualifications and reserves which so complex and so sacred a subject must needs suggest to any serious mind. By flinging the bare conclusions, at which I had ultimately arrived, at the heads of my hearers, without indicating the processes by which I had arrived at them, I should give needless offence. I should be misunderstood and misrepresented, and, what was much more important, the cause which I had most at heart, the sympathetic appreciation of a great and, after all, a kindred religion, would be retarded rather than advanced.

I gave up the project with much reluctance, and I am bound to say that that regret was intensified when, a few days ago, I came across the report, given in the newspapers, of the epigrammatic and telling paper by Canon Isaac Taylor of York, to whom, as I presume, the invitation had, on my declining it, been transferred by the authorities of the Congress. I could see, at a glance, that without, so far as appeared, any adequate preparation or study of the subject at first hand, he had rushed with headlong heedlessness upon all the dangers which had deterred or daunted me; and, what more nearly concerned me, that, while the views which he thrust on a sensitive and excited audience were as nearly as possible identical with those which, thirteen years ago, I had promulgated in my book *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*, they were couched in an exaggerated form, and without any of the modifications or explanations which I should have thought essential.

Whatever Canon Isaac Taylor's intentions, the net result of his paper has been well expressed by one of his critics who has long lived in Algeria thus:—'Canon Taylor has constructed, at the expense of Christianity, a rose-coloured picture of Islam, by a process of comparison in which Christianity is arraigned for failures in practice, of which Christendom is deeply and penitently conscious, no account being taken of Christian precept; while Islam is judged by its better precepts only, no account being taken of the frightful shortcomings in Mohammedan practice, even from the standard of the Koran.' One good result, though it is difficult, under the circumstances, for me to feel any gratitude to Canon Taylor for it, may, no doubt, indirectly follow from the crudities which he promulgated before so influential a gathering. More attention has been and will be called to the subject, and out of the heated discussion which is now going on, we may hope that the truth will ultimately emerge. But even this advantage has, in the meantime, its serious drawbacks, for thoughtless and vehement eulogy naturally provokes an equally vehement and unreasoning detraction.

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And now, with the kind permission of the editor of this Review, I will endeavour to do here what I could not have done in the twenty minutes allowed me by the Church Congress, and set forth, in outline at least, what I conceive to be the main facts connected with the progress of Islam in Africa; what, as appears to me, it has done, is doing, and can do—what also it cannot do—for the Negro race; what Christendom or Christianity—for the two are not, as Canon Taylor appears often to imagine, synonymous and convertible terms—have done, or not done, or may yet do for them; what attitude, in view of these facts and inferences, should be taken by Christians in reference to the great opposing, and yet kindred, creed, and how, in particular, Christian missions will be affected thereby. If I often appear to agree with Canon Taylor in his statements and conclusions, it is little wonder, for, in so doing, I am only agreeing with myself, and seem to be hearing my own book of years past read aloud to me. If I differ from him, as I sometimes shall, it is, partly, for the reasons which I have already indicated; partly also, because, in the thirteen years which have passed since the first edition of my book appeared, I have, as far as possible, amid other permanent occupations and special studies, not shut my eyes or ears to what was going on in Africa. As the result of what I then wrote on the subject, it has been my happiness to receive many private communications, and to form many intimate friendships with Negro missionaries, Negro philanthropists, and Negro princes. In particular, I have been in frequent communication, both by letter and in person, with Mr. Edward Blyden, whom I regard as one of the most remarkable men, and whose book, entitled *Christianity, Mohammedanism, and the Negro Race*, which has recently appeared, I regard, taking into consideration all the circumstances, as one of the most remarkable books I have ever met.

Many scattered lights have, no doubt, been thrown upon the complex questions connected with the condition of Africa and its religious future by the long line of enterprising travellers, of self-sacrificing missionaries, of earnest philanthropists who have visited the country, from the times of Ibn Batuta or Leo Africanus down to those of Mungo Park or Barth, Moffat or Livingstone. These men have gone to Africa, have travelled or lived among the natives, have studied their manners, have endeavoured to sympathise with and understand them, and have come back to their homes, laden with the guesses, the hopes, or the fears, the difficulties, the dangers, or the disappointments, which any attempt to grapple with so vast a problem must needs involve. But, hitherto, no light has shone, no voice has come, audible at all events to the outer world, from Africa itself. It is in the pages of Mr. Blyden's book that the great dumb, dark continent has, at last, begun to speak, and in tones which, if I mistake not, even those who most differ from his conclusions will

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be glad to listen to and wise to ponder. The essays they contain have been written at very different times and cover widely different portions of the African field, but they are all inspired by a common purpose, and converge towards the same conclusions, and in their pathos and their passion, their patriotic enthusiasm and their philosophic calm, their range of sympathy and their genuine reserve of power, they will, I think, quite irrespective of the importance of the questions which they handle, arrest the attention of even the most casual reader. If ever any one spoke upon his special subject with a right to be heard upon it, it is Mr. Blyden, and, for this simple reason, that his whole life has been a preparation for it. With physical energy, and literary ability, and general intellectual power, which, had he been a European, would have enabled him to fill and to adorn almost any public post, a great traveller and an accomplished linguist, equally familiar with Hebrew and Arabic, with Greek and Latin, with five European and with several African languages, he has deliberately chosen to consecrate all his gifts to what must, once and again in his career, have seemed to him an almost thankless and hopeless task, the elevation and regeneration of his race. A Negro of the Negroes, and keenly alive to their sufferings, their shortcomings and their vices, he has, nevertheless, an unwavering belief in their future; and that future, who can say how much his single efforts may, with the help of those whom his book may, now and hereafter, influence, go far to secure? He has studied the Negro wherever he is to be found—in the West Indies, where he was himself born; in the United States, both before and since emancipation; in the English settlement of Sierra Leone, and in the republic of Liberia, where a thin varnish of European civilisation often serves only to mask or to destroy his individuality; and, in the Muslim and Pagan communities of the interior, where a white face has been but rarely seen. His book may make its way slowly at first; but I venture to think it will form a new starting-point in the history of his race, and will seriously and permanently modify the views which Europeans have hitherto held of them and of their future. I wish I had space to quote largely from his pages, but must content myself here by referring those who are interested in the subject to the work itself; and, meanwhile, not content to say with Pontius Pilate that 'what I have written, I have written,' and, availing myself of the advantages to which I have referred, I would endeavour to handle again the subject of Islam in Africa, modifying, or strengthening, or unsaying any statements which, in the light of longer study and a wider knowledge, may appear to me to require it.

First, then, what are the leading facts as regards the geographical extent of Islam in Africa? They are very imperfectly realised, even now, by many of those who speak and write upon the subject. Ever since the conqueror Akbar swept in one sweep of unbroken conquest

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from the Nile to the Pillars of Hercules, and spurred his horse into the waves of the Atlantic, indignant that he could carry the Koran no further in that direction, Islam has kept its grip—for over twelve hundred years, that is—on the whole of the Barbary States; in other words, on the whole of the regions which, in ancient times, served as the only connecting link between Africa and the outer world, the field of Egyptian and of Phœnician, of Roman and of Vandal civilisation; the headquarters of African and the birthplace of Latin Christianity, as the great names of Tertullian and of Cyprian, of Arnobius and of Augustine, may well remind us. Turned southward by the bend of the continent, Islam next crossed the Great Desert, asserting its sway over the wild nomad races, who had never owned any other control, moral, political, or religious—the Berbers, the Touaricks, and the Tibbus. Wherever in this vast expanse, this waterless ocean, three times as large as the Mediterranean, there is a salt-mine, a spring of brackish water or a few palm-trees, there are to be found the uncouth followers of the Prophet. In the larger oases of Aderer and Agades, Tafilet or Tidikelt, Wargla and Ghadames, Bilma and Tibesti, they are to be found in numbers, and the great caravans which pass and repass the desert, twice in each year, from Morocco to Timbuctoo, or from Tripoli to Lake Tchad, exchanging the hardware and cotton stuffs of England with the ground-nuts, or gold dust, or ostrich feathers, or slaves of the Soudan, are managed by Muslims only, and pass, from none but Muslim, to none but Muslim countries.

South of the Sahara, Islam holds almost exclusive possession of the most fertile and the most populous region of Africa, the enormous stretch of country called Negroland, or the Soudan, extending from the Niger to the Nile, or, to speak more accurately, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and including the powerful, and organised, or at least, semi-civilised, governments of Futa Jallon, of Bambarra, of Massena, of Gando, of Sokoto, of Bornu, of Baghirmi, of Wadai, of Darfur, of Khordofan, and of Sennaar. Beyond this region, towards the Gulf of Guinea, some of the most widely extended and vigorous and intelligent Negro tribes—tribes whose prowess we have experienced, whether fighting on our side or fighting against us, in the Ashantee or other wars—the Mandingoes and the Foulahs, the Jollofs and the Haussas, are, to a man almost, Mohammedan. And, even along the coast-line, where various European powers, the French, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Danes, the English, the Spaniards, or the Germans, have, at various times, planted their commercial settlements, and where they can boast of a narrow and superficial fringe of Christianity and civilisation as the result, the trader-missionaries, or missionary-traders of Islam—for, in Africa, they are, generally, both in one—are pushing their encroachments, and manage to make many converts, alike from the Pagan and the semi-Christian-

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ised natives. Sierra Leone and Lagos, the two chief English settlements, where Islam had been, till within a few years ago, quite unknown, now possess large and flourishing and self-supporting Muslim communities.

Nor is this all. The great Eastern horn of Africa has been, for centuries, peopled by Mohammedan races, ferocious and fanatical, such as the Somalis and the Gallas. Far to the south, Mohammedanism is dominant along the whole extent of the Suaheli coast, in the Arab Sultanate of Zanzibar. The followers of the Prophet are settled in considerable numbers in Northern Madagascar and in Mozambique; and far inland—chiefly, it is sad to say, as slave-traders—around all the great lakes, and along all the upper reaches of the Congo; and, southward of this again, they are to be found scattered here and there, always anxious to propagate their creed, even among the 'unbelieving' Kaffirs and, still further afield, in Cape Colony. It is hardly too much to say that one-half of the whole of Africa is already dominated by Islam, while, of the remaining half, one-quarter is leavened and another threatened by it. Such is the amazing, the portentous problem which Christianity and Civilisation have to face in Africa, and to which neither of them seems, as yet, half awake.

And, now, what is the character of the religion which is thus extending itself by leaps and bounds over the most backward and unfortunate and ill-treated of all the continents of the earth, and what is the nature of the change which, speaking with the necessary breadth of view, it produces in the inhabitants? So persistent and so gross are the misconceptions which cling, like serpents' eggs together, about the creed and the founder of Islam, that, not even in the century which has witnessed the birth and growth of the Science of Comparative Religion, and not even among the readers of this Review, which has done so much to help that study forward, is it quite safe to assume a knowledge of even the simpler and more salient facts.

And, first, I would remark that the name which we commonly give to the religion is a misnomer. To call a follower of the Prophet a 'Mohammedan' is to offer him the same kind of insult that it is to call a devout Catholic, a Papist. 'Is it Mohammed,' cried Abu Bakr, the most faithful of the Prophet's followers, to the fierce Omar, who, in the agony of his grief, swore that he would strike off the head of the first man who dared to say that the Prophet was dead—the Prophet could not be dead—'is it Mohammed or the God of Mohammed that he taught you to worship?' The creed is not 'Mohammedanism,' but 'Islam'—a verbal noun, derived from a root which means submission to and faith in God—and the believer who so submits himself, calls himself not a Mohammedan, but a 'Muslim'—a word derived from the same root, and also connected with 'Salim,' peace and 'Salym,' healthy.

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'Allahu Akbar,' 'God is most great, and there is nothing else great,' this is the Mussulman creed; 'Islam,' that is, man must submit to God and find his greatest happiness in so doing, this is the Mussulman life. Mohammed claimed to be a divinely inspired Prophet, who came to deliver these two messages to those who believed in neither the one nor the other; nothing less, but nothing more. These are the two doctrines which are propagated everywhere by the missionaries of the faith, and these are they which an African tribe, sunk in polytheism or fetishism of the most degraded kind, with all its attendant superstitions and abominations, accepts, or professes to accept, when it embraces Mohammedanism. Of the other leading doctrines of the Muslim faith, the written revelation of the Koran, the existence of angels, the succession of prophets, the responsibility of man, the future life, the resurrection and the final judgment, or of its four chief practical duties, almsgiving, fasting, prayer, and pilgrimage, I have no space to give any account here, nor is it necessary for my purpose. But two passages from a single chapter of the Koran, one of the last delivered by the Prophet, and therefore, probably, containing his deepest and his final convictions, I must quote, one of them as giving the noblest summary of its theology, the other of its morality:—

God, there is no God but He, the Living, the Eternal. Slumber doth not overtake Him, neither sleep; to Him belongeth all that is in heaven and earth. Who is he that can intercede with Him but by His own permission? He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto men, and they shall not comprehend anything of His knowledge but so far as He pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth and the upholding of both is no burden unto Him; He is the Lofty and the Great.

Such is the theology of the Koran; and here is its morality:—

There is no piety in turning your faces to the East and the West; but he is pious who believeth in God, and the Last Day, and the Angels and the Scriptures, and the Prophets; who, for the love of God, disburseth his wealth to his kindred and to the orphans, and to the needy, and to the wayfarer, and to those who ask aid for ransoming, who observeth prayer and payeth the legal alms, and who is of those who are faithful to their engagements, when they have engaged in them, and is patient under ills and hardships, and in time of trouble; these are they who are just and who fear the Lord.

It may be observed that the primary message delivered by Mohammed to the Arabs had been given in almost the same words, in almost the same country, to a people in almost the same stage of civilisation, by the great Hebrew lawgiver, some two thousand years earlier. 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One God.' Mohammed never professed to be giving what was new, only to be restoring what was old. But there was this all-important difference between the two. The message of the Hebrew prophet was confined, with rare exceptions, to his own people; the message of the Arabian prophet

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was to be conveyed by his hearers, in whatever way they best could, to the world at large—in other words, the Israelites might seem to be forfeiting their birthright, if they communicated the message to any other people; the Arabs forfeited theirs, if they did not do so.

Now what is the effect politically, socially, morally, and religiously upon a Negro tribe, when it receives and embraces the message I have described? Is it for evil or for good? No one will be so foolish as to suppose that a tribe throws off at once all traces of its old beliefs, all its primeval superstitions, all the sanguinary rites which the new religion, in its authoritative documents, condemns. Such a revolution, even if it were possible—which it is not—would not be real or lasting. Did the barbarian races who overran the fairest portions of Europe, the Ostro-Goths, the Visi-Goths, the Vandals, the Burgundians, the Franks, the Magyars, the Northmen, at once throw off their barbarism when they accepted Christianity, and rise to an altogether higher life? Take two illustrations only. When the fierce warrior Clovis first heard the story of the sufferings of the Saviour on the cross, it was the burning desire to avenge His injuries, not to follow His example, that filled his heart; and he would have been more or less than human if it had not been so. When the body of Rolf the Ganger, who had accepted Neustria and Christianity together, for himself and for his roving Norse followers, was being buried, the gifts to the monasteries for the repose of his soul were accompanied by a sacrifice of one hundred human victims! But, I am persuaded from a vast consensus of testimony which has come to me in ever-increasing volume, from native Christian missionaries, whose testimony is not likely to be biassed on the side of Islam, no less than from European travellers and officials, that the moral elevation in an African tribe which accepts Islam is a most marked one.

The worst evils which, there is reason to believe, prevailed at one time over the whole of Africa, and which are still to be found in many parts of it, and those, too, not far from the West Coast and from our own settlements—cannibalism and human sacrifice and the burial of living infants—disappear at once and for ever. Natives who have hitherto lived in a state of nakedness, or nearly so, begin to dress, and that neatly; natives who have never washed before begin to wash, and that frequently; for ablutions are commanded in the Sacred law, and it is an ordinance which does not involve too severe a strain on their natural instincts. The tribal organisation tends to give place to something which has a wider basis. In other words, tribes coalesce into nations, and, with the increase of energy and intelligence, nations into empires. Many such instances could be adduced from the history of the Soudan and the adjoining countries during the last hundred years. If the warlike spirit is thus stimulated, the centres from which war springs are fewer in

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number and further apart. War is better organised, and is under some form of restraint; quarrels are not picked for nothing; there is less indiscriminate plundering and greater security for property and life. Elementary schools, like those described by Mungo Park a century ago, spring up, and, even if they only teach their scholars to recite the Koran, they are worth something in themselves, and may be a step to much more. The well-built and neatly-kept mosque, with its call to prayer repeated five times a day, its Mecca-pointing niche, its Imam and its weekly service, becomes the centre of the village, instead of the ghastly fetish or Juju house. The worship of one God, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, and compassionate, is an immeasurable advance upon anything which the native has been taught to worship before. The Arabic language, in which the Mussulman scriptures are always written, is a language of extraordinary copiousness and beauty; once learned, it becomes a *lingua franca* to the tribes of half the continent, and serves as an introduction to literature, or rather, it is a literature in itself. It substitutes, moreover, a written code of law for the arbitrary caprice of a chieftain—a change which is, in itself, an immense advance in civilisation. Manufactures and commerce spring up, not the dumb trading or the elementary bartering of raw products which we know from Herodotus to have existed from the earliest times in Africa, nor the cowrie shells, or gunpowder, or tobacco, or rum, which still serve as a chief medium of exchange all along the coast, but manufactures involving considerable skill, and a commerce which is elaborately organised; and under their influence, and that of the more settled government which Islam brings in its train, there have arisen those great cities of Negroland whose very existence, when first they were described by European travellers, could not but be half discredited. Such are Sego, the capital of Bambarra, a walled town of 30,000 inhabitants, with its square houses and Moorish mosques, its richly cultivated fields, and its fleets of canoes plying for hire on the majestic river Niger, which stirred into a burst of admiration and surprise the heart of Mungo Park, the first great traveller in Negroland, a century ago. Such is Kuka, the capital of Bornu, on Lake Tchad, a town first visited and described by Denham and Clapperton, and, subsequently, by Barth, and Rohlfs, and Nachtigal, and containing a population of 60,000 souls, with its huge market well stocked, every day, with cattle and horses, sheep and camels, butter and eggs, wheat and leather, ivory and indigo—everything, in fact, which indicates a life of, at least, semi-civilisation and security; such is Kano, the Manchester, as it has been called, of Negroland, with its manufacture of blue cotton cloth, 1,500 camel-loads of which are transported annually, on the backs of camels, across the Sahara to the towns of Barbary; and such, once more, amongst many others, is Ilorin, in the Yoruba country, recently visited by Rohlfs in his venturesome

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journey across Africa, with its 60,000 inhabitants, its wide streets, its little market squares, and its many mosques.

I am far from saying that the religion is the sole cause of all this comparative prosperity. I only say it is consistent with it, and it encourages it. Climatic conditions and various other influences co-operate towards the result; but what has Pagan Africa, even where the conditions are very similar, to compare with it?

As regards the individual, it is admitted on all hands that Islam gives to its new Negro converts an energy, a dignity, a self-reliance, and a self-respect which is all too rarely found in their Pagan or their Christian fellow-countrymen.

These are no slight benefits, but there is something more. There are in Africa two evils, widely prevalent and which are specially characteristic, the one, of all those parts of Africa which have been brought, however superficially, under the influence of European civilisation, the other, of that much larger part of it which is still Pagan—intemperance and the belief in witchcraft. Take intemperance first.

Wherever the European trader comes, he brings his rum bottle; he drinks to excess himself, and, for his own selfish purposes, he encourages the natives to do the same. They fall victims to this desolating flood of ardent spirits with terrible rapidity, and the trader thus manages to introduce into Africa on an extensive scale, not only a vice which, in itself, is bestial, but the innumerable other crimes and miseries which follow in its train.[1] 'O true believers!' said Mohammed, 'surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows are an abomination and the work of Satan; therefore avoid them that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God and from prayer. Will ye not therefore abstain from them?' By this absolute prohibition in its Sacred Book, Islam has established, once and for ever, a 'total abstinence association' in all the countries that own its sway; in other words, in those parts of the world which least need the stimulus of alcoholic liquors, and in which indulgence in them would be most fatal. In Africa, as I have already shown, this association now stretches right across the continent, from sea to sea.

The other evil is much more widely spread, and far more deeply rooted—the belief in sorcery and fetishes. What is this belief? It is one which, not many centuries ago, was prevalent, in various

[1] It has been calculated by a committee of experts that 8,751,527 gallons of spirits are imported annually into Africa from Europe and America, and that of these 3,000,000 gallons of rum and gin are annually consumed along the various mouths of the Niger and adjoining rivers, Brass, Calabar, Bonny, &c.; in other words, that 20,000 tuns are consumed on a coast of some 250 miles! The Germans are the worst offenders. (*Church Missionary Report* for 1887, p. 27.)

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shapes, in many countries of Europe, and, in the most remote districts, is not wholly extinct even now; but so fast has the civilised world moved on from the atmosphere in which such beliefs luxuriate, that it is difficult, now, either thoroughly to understand them oneself, or to make them intelligible to others. The African believes that there are everywhere evil spirits who are amenable to charms or incantations, or, as he calls them, 'fetishes,' and that certain unknown or half-known persons whom he calls wizards, are acquainted with these charms, and use their occult knowledge for nefarious purposes. He believes, further, that certain other persons are gifted with the power of tracking or 'smelling out' the offenders. So universal is this belief that almost every village of Pagan Africa, particularly towards the West Coast, has its fetish-house, a grim and ghastly building, often ranged round with human skulls in every stage of decomposition, and a fetish-man who is its high priest. No human being, surely, ever had a more terrific power committed to him, and few have used it more unsparingly or unscrupulously. The fetish-man is bound by no law; he recognises no rules of evidence. Anything which happens, even in the most ordinary course of nature, he may pronounce to be the work of a fetish or a wizard, and to need his assistance to ferret it out. A heavy rainfall or a drought, a murrain among the cattle, a pestilence or a conflagration, a child devoured by a wild animal, an illness or a death, each and all of these may be pronounced to be 'fetish'—somebody has done it, and he must be detected. So possessed are the natives by this belief, it so forms part of their being, that it never occurs to any one of them, though he knows that his own turn may come next, to question the reality of this uncanny power; and, in the panic terror which waits upon the movements of the fetish-man and his decisions, the Negro loses, for a time, some of his most essential and amiable characteristics, his frivolity, his light-heartedness, even his family affection. A son will join in putting his father to death; a brother will help to tear in pieces a brother. If the accused dares to deny the charge—which he seldom does, however preposterous or impossible it may be—he has to submit to some terrible Ordeal, such as the running at full speed under an avenue of hooped arches about half his height, when, if he stumbles, or rather, as soon as he stumbles, he is hacked to death; or the drinking of some deadly decoction, such as the Casca-bark, when his one chance of escape is handsomely to bribe the fetish-man to give him the exact quantity or quality which will make him desperately sick, before the poison has well begun its deadly work. In Ashantee and Dahomey, at Bonny and Calabar, in the Fan country and throughout Angola, this terrible belief prevails, and, as may well be imagined, it ramifies out into every kind of villainy and crime.

It was my happiness, last year, to have staying with me at Harrow

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a highly enlightened Negro chief, Tetteh Agamazong by name, the hereditary chief of Quiah, a region to the north-east of Sierra Leone, and inhabited by a branch of the great Timneh tribe, the people from whom we originally purchased the peninsula on which Free Town stands, and who, though within a few miles of our settlements, are all Pagans and all, heart and soul, believers in the fetish-man. Himself a Christian, who had served the English government, in various capacities, at various points along the West Coast, he was about to return to his own country and assume the full sovereignty, in the hope that he might be able gradually to introduce some few elements of Civilisation and Christianity among his people. One incident, told me by him, will illustrate better than many pages of disquisition, the intractable nature of this belief in fetishes, and the terrible impediment that it is to all improvement. His people believe that certain of their number have the power of changing themselves into crocodiles—an animal which is numerous and destructive in the rivers of his country—and, in that shape, carry off those against whom they have any grudge. One day, a man was brought before him as king, charged with this offence:—'I shot at and killed a crocodile the other day,' said the accuser, 'and this man, who was lying asleep in a hammock near, tumbled out of it at the moment when I shot. He must therefore have been inside the crocodile, and must be put to death.' In vain did the king represent that, if the accused was in the hammock, he could not have been in the crocodile, and, if the crocodile was killed when the prisoner was concealed within it, he must have been killed too, and he could not therefore have been, at the same time, alive in his hammock. It was no use. 'Why,' asked the accuser triumphantly, 'did he tumble out of his hammock when I shot the crocodile, if he and the crocodile were not one and the same?' And, strangest thing of all, the accused agreed with the accuser, and confessed his guilt! What could be done? *Habemus confitentem reum.* The king could not bring himself to put to death a man for doing that of which he knew him to be innocent; nor did he dare to acquit him of having done what he had himself confessed, and what his neighbours were now more than ever convinced he had often done before. He adjourned the matter till his visit to England should be over, in the faint, and I fear the forlorn, hope that something or other might, in the meantime, 'turn up' to save the unhappy man. Now this stubborn and intractable belief, with all the horrors and loss of life which follow in its train, loss of life probably only second to that caused, at the present day, by the slave-trade itself, Islam has, somehow or other, over a large portion of North Africa, succeeded in eradicating.[2]

[2] The shape in which it survives, where it survives at all, is, chiefly, the comparatively harmless one of charm-making. The charm generally consists of a bit of paper

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And here, before I pass on from the subject of the terrible loss of life involved in many of the beliefs and customs of the Pagan Negro, I must guard myself against an inference which some might be tempted to draw from what I have said, that there is any inherent or extraordinary depravity, any 'double dose of original sin,' in the Negro race as a whole. There is nothing of the kind, and it is well that it is not so; for, while many other native races are dying out before the encroachments or the mere presence of the white man, the Negro gives no sign of so doing. His race vitality is equal to that of any race in existence, and he has many and marked virtues of his own. His receptivity, his simplicity, his kindliness, his family affection have been borne emphatic testimony to, by every great African traveller, from Adamson or Mungo Park down to Livingstone. The customs of a primitive and barbarous people are not to be judged by a European standard. There is all the difference in the world between cruelty for the sake of cruelty—the cruelty which is an end in itself—and cruel deeds done, as a solemn duty, in obedience to a supposed supernatural sanction. The one argues original depravity, the other does nothing of the sort; and under this last head fall the human sacrifices of Ashantee, and the annual 'customs' of Dahomey. The stories circulated by early travellers as to a wild Saturnalia of slaughter and canoes swimming in human blood have happily turned out to be, at all events, exaggerated. The victims sacrificed at the death of a king are, often, captives or criminals, and are supposed to become his servants in another world. Those killed at intervals afterwards are supposed to be messengers to him from this. Their despatch is considered by each successive king of Dahomey to be incumbent upon him as a matter of duty alike to his father, to the state, and to the gods. He walks about among the messengers, delivers to them his messages, and talks amicably to each of them upon the subject, as another authentic anecdote, inimitable in its humour, told me by Tetteh Agamazong will show.

One day, in going his rounds, the king came to a remarkably fine-looking man, a native of the Yoruba country, and said to him, 'Well, you have got to go; tell my father I am getting along pretty well, and am governing the people as he would wish me to do.' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I have got to go, but I want to tell you one thing first.' 'What is that?' asked the king. 'I want to tell you, replied the man, 'that I will not deliver your message.' 'Not

with mysterious Arabic characters or passages from the Koran scribbled thereon, which is worn, or sometimes swallowed, as a preservative from most of the ills to which flesh is heir. It need hardly be remarked of these charms that, if they do not cure, neither do they kill; a sufficient difference between them and the Pagan beliefs which they have supplanted. Sometimes the charm is soaked in water till the ink is obliterated, and the Koranic mixture, well shaken before it is taken, is swallowed by the patient; a decoction, probably, when received with faith, neither more nor less salubrious than much of the doctors' medicine that is taken in England.

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deliver my message?' exclaimed the king. 'No, I will not!' 'Why not?' asked his Majesty. 'First,' replied the victim, 'because I don't want to go, and I don't see why I should deliver it for you; and, secondly, because I am a Yoruba man and he is of Dahomey, and the Yoruba people do not see or talk to the Dahomey people here, nor do they up there; therefore, I neither can nor will deliver your message.' The king looked astonished, and turning to the executioner, who was ready to begin his bloody work and despatch the messenger, if not the message, simply said, 'He is a bad messenger—don't send him.' And the man was let go scot-free; rather a dangerous precedent, one would think, under such circumstances, for the future!

Are there any drawbacks to the great and, as they appear to me, indisputable benefits conferred by Islam on those who receive it? I think that there are, although they are practically ignored in Canon Taylor's paper, and, probably, for the simple reason that it did not fall within the scope of the work which he has so closely followed, to dwell at length upon them. In the new-born enthusiasm for a noble subject, and under the influence of the revelations, which each day, when I was studying it, seemed to bring me, I was, as I can now see, looking back with older and sadder, if not wiser eyes, neither very able nor very anxious to look out for the darker spots, or to bring into strong relief the shortcomings which might have been detected in what seemed to me then, and seems to me still, upon the whole, to have been so beneficent a revival of Eastern life, and thought, and energy. In any case, others had done that part of the work sufficiently before me, and some are doing it still, though in a much more temperate spirit, as the controversy awakened by Canon Taylor's paper proves.

My subject now, however, definitely calls for an estimate of the losses as well as the gains caused by the spread of Mohammedanism in Africa. Let me enumerate some of them, always bearing in mind that it is easy to be too severe on the shortcomings of a religion which deals with a civilisation so widely different from our own, and that it is also easy to forget how many of the misdeeds of Mohammedan nations have had their counterpart among Christians, at no distant time.

First then comes the slave-trade, that 'open sore of the world,' as Dr. Livingstone called it, and which remains open in Africa still, chiefly because Mohammedan nations support and practise it. It is quite true that no European nation is clean-handed in the matter. It is also true that European nations have sinned against infinitely greater light, and with infinitely less temptation, and, therefore, any condemnation which they may be inclined to mete out to African and Asiatic nations must be tempered with bitter self-humiliation. Yet it is a matter of fact that the slave-trade is now abandoned and con-

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demned by every Christian nation, and, what is more important, is hateful to every individual who has any right to call himself a Christian. It may be true again, as reported by Tradition, that Mohammed said that 'the worst of men was the seller of men,' but, so far, no sign of any strenuous or concerted effort has been shown on the part of Mussulman rulers or Mussulman doctors to bring the traffic to an end. I am afraid that they consider, with however little reason, that they are only carrying out the Prophet's law, and doing what is inherently right and for the good of both parties, in enslaving the unbeliever. No Greek philosopher was ever more firmly convinced that the barbarian was φύσει δοῦλος—marked out by nature to be his slave—than, in defiance of the general course of History, is the Muslim convinced that such is the natural destiny of the Pagan and the Christian. What is the loss of human life, the waste of human energy, the sum total of human misery, which are involved in the slave-trade, some slight notion may be obtained from the works of Dr. Livingstone, or from the narrative of any African traveller, whose painful duty it has been to follow in the footsteps of the slave-trader. It is some satisfaction, on the other hand, to remember that the more Islam spreads over Africa, the more is the area for slave-hunting curtailed—for it is forbidden to enslave the true believer—and it is indisputable that the condition of the domestic slave in most Muslim countries is much better than it used to be in most Christian. The example and precept of Mohammed are at one on this head. 'See that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves, and clothe them with the dress ye yourselves wear, for they are the servants of the Lord and not to be tormented.' 'How many times a day,' asked a follower of Mohammed, 'ought I to forgive a slave who displeases me?' 'Seventy times a day,' replied the Prophet.

Secondly, and closely connected with the former, Muslims, like other people, have the defects of their good qualities, and, if it be true that the reception of Islam by a Negro gives him that personal dignity and self-respect on which I have enlarged, and enrols him as one of a superior caste, all of whose members are equal and are equally eligible for all offices in the state, it is no less true that he tends to look down upon all who are outside the fold as so much dirt beneath his feet; they are Pariahs without the pale, in almost the Hindu sense of the word. There is, probably, no scorn which is so sublime, and, I would add, so withering, and so anti-social, as that with which the worshipper of the One God looks down upon the worshipper of the many.

Thirdly, religious wars. The doctrine that it ever can be right to use the sword as an instrument of conversion is one which has given rise to the most terrible wars in all history. Here, again, Christian nations cannot afford to throw stones at Muslim; but there

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is this enormous difference between the two, that such wars are explicitly sanctioned by the founder of Islam, they are explicitly condemned by the Founder of Christianity. It may well have seemed to Mohammed that a war of religious propagandism, if an evil at all, was a less evil than the state of things which it was intended to supersede, and it may well seem so now to those half-military, half-religious geniuses, like Schamyl or Abd-el-kader, in better known Mussulman countries, or like Soni Heli-Ischia or Omaru-al-Haj, or, later still, like the Imam Samadu in the heart of the Soudan,[3] whom Islam in all its stages, in its decadence no less than in its vigorous youth, seems capable of throwing off. Gibbon has somewhere remarked that the use and abuse of religion are feeble to stem, they are irresistible to impel, the stream of national manners. Mohammed gave a religious sanction to some at least of the Arab national proclivities—the appetite for war, for plunder, and for adventure—just as, four centuries later, the popes enjoined upon the Christian chivalry of Europe as a penance, what they themselves regarded as a pastime, the armed pilgrimages to the Holy Land; and, in either case, the result was a sublime outburst of national and religious enthusiasm which it would have baffled all the cool calculations of a philosopher to anticipate, and all the received maxims of the art of war to resist. But, here again, the fact remains that religious wars are now scouted by all Christian nations. They are sanctioned, in theory at least, by all Muslim nations; and the theory passes into fact whenever, as in Africa, circumstances are favourable. The Muslim missionaries may carry the Koran in one hand, and many, perhaps most, of the conversions to Islam in Africa are now effected by it alone; but, potentially, at least, he carries the sword in the other, and, for many centuries, Islam has thus been a fertile source of war in Africa on a large scale.

Fourthly, and most important of all, Polygamy and its attendant evils. Mohammed did something, according to his light, for the condition of women; but it was not very much. The limitation of the number of authorised wives to four, does not go far if, practically, there is unlimited freedom of divorce, and if, at the same time, the whole of a Muslim master's female slaves are, by the Muslim law, placed at his absolute disposal. That woman is regarded as a chattel and nothing more, is painfully evident throughout the Muslim world, and chastity, as was pointed out in a very able article in the *Spectator* the other day, is not, therefore, in any higher sense of the word, a Muslim virtue. It is impossible to discuss the subject adequately here. Polygamy is a gigantic evil, corrupting society at the fountain-head. How can society be even tolerably pure when the family, which is the source and school of all the gentler, all the more saintly, all the less self-regarding virtues is tainted? Eliminate from Christendom

[3] See Blyden's *Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race*, pp. 10 and 358–360.

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all that the mother, the wife, the sister, and the daughter have done for it, and what would the residuum be like? The manly virtues, which are unquestionably inculcated by Islam, lose half their value, and more than half their beauty, when they are not set off and relieved by the gentler. How then can Christianity, however hopeless, at times, the struggle may appear, be expected to retire from it, and, contentedly, to acquiesce in the possession by Islam of so large a portion of the earth, when Islam leaves half of all its votaries—the whole female sex, that is—almost in the position in which it found them?

I now pass on to the second division of my subject, What Christianity has done, or may do, for Africa; and how, in view of the above facts and influences, she ought to regard the great kindred religion. And I shall be able to treat this part of the subject more briefly than I have done the first, partly, because much that I might be disposed to enlarge on, follows naturally from what I have already said, and partly, because I have discussed the whole subject fully, and in a spirit and with objects from which I have, as yet, seen no good reason to depart, in my lectures on 'Mohammed and Mohammedanism.'

There is no disguising the fact that, hitherto, with the exception of one or two isolated spots, such as Abbeokuta and Kuruman, Christian effort has been anything but markedly successful in Africa. No benefits comparable in extent or character to those which I have pointed out as the result of Mohammedanism have been, as yet, conferred on Africa by Christianity; and, on the other hand, the sufferings inflicted, at all events in past times, on this the most backward and the most heavily weighted, by geographical and other peculiarities, of all the great divisions of the world, by nations calling themselves Christian, bear only too close an analogy to those which have been, and still are, inflicted on them by Muslims. For many centuries, the maritime and commercial nations of Europe have torn away tens of thousands of Africans from their homes, with every circumstance of atrocity, and carried them off to a living death in the new world. The horrors of the 'middle passage' and of the cotton plantation may well be set against those of the inland slave traffic in the hands of Muslims, and intemperance in the matter of intoxicating liquors, which extends exactly so far as European influence extends, may be regarded as, at least, a partial set-off to the degradation of women, and to the sensuality which, too often, accompanies Mohammedanism. Christianity is in no sense to blame for this, but Christian nations are. If Christian philanthropy, in which England has taken the leading part, has, at last, succeeded in abolishing the Oceanic slave-trade, it has only succeeded in undoing what Christian nations themselves began; and, as our sad experience in Ireland shows, it is easier far to remove abuses than to undo the impression which those abuses have created, and which has been burned into the souls of the

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sufferers. What wonder, as Mr. Blyden remarks, that no single African tribe as a tribe, and no leading African chief as a chief, has, as yet, been converted to Christianity on the West Coast of Africa? Not that there has been any want of effort during the last hundred years. There is hardly a nation or a denomination in Christendom which has not done its little something towards wiping out the stain. Protestant missionaries have vied with Catholic, Nonconformists of every type with Episcopalians, Americans with Swiss, and Scotchmen with Englishmen. In no country in the world has that 'enthusiasm of humanity' which, whether it is acknowledged or not, is, except in rare and isolated cases, the result of Christianity and Christianity alone, manifested itself in nobler individual efforts for the good of the suffering and the degraded. Moffat and Livingstone and Krapf and Rebmann in the front rank of all, and Bishops Mackenzie, and Steere, and Hannington, in the second, are but the better known and more brilliant examples of a long succession of Christian philanthropists, who, filled with burning love to man and unfaltering faith in God, and flinging to the winds all considerations of wealth, and ease, and social position, and worldly honour, have left behind them house and home, and friends and country, and everything which is ordinarily supposed to make life worth having, if, haply, they might help forward into light some of the inhabitants of the dark continent.

Why, then, has Christianity failed? If we can discover the causes of the failure, then, as Lord Bacon is fond of pointing out, unless the causes are altogether intractable and irremovable, we have great 'grounds of hope' for the future; and, on this subject, I would, once again, take the opportunity of begging every one who is interested in it, to study the first three essays of Mr. Blyden's volume. The first on 'Mohammedanism and the Negro Race' is perhaps the most striking of the three, and the gem of the whole volume. I need do little more, in this part of my paper, than epitomise and reproduce, *mutatis mutandis*, some of his points.

First and foremost, then, Christianity has come to the Negro—if I may use a phrase which is all too familiar to Englishmen at present, and with all too little reason—in a 'foreign garb.' Mohammedanism, though it had the sword to back it, first reached the Negro when he was in his own country, when he was amidst his own surroundings, and when he was master of himself. It was not till it had acclimatised itself and taken root in the soil of Africa, that it was handed on to others, and then, no longer exclusively by Arab warriors or missionaries, but by men of the Negro's own race, his own proclivities, his own colour. It was a call to *all* who received it to come up higher, politically, socially, morally, religiously; to elevate themselves above their surroundings, and then, in turn, to elevate them. It was able to accommodate itself, as it has been able amongst other races who have embraced it—the Arabs, the Syrians, the Persians, the

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Afghans, the Hindus, the Malays, the East India Islanders, the Chinese, the Turks, the Turcomans, the Egyptians, and the Moors—to many of the customs and peculiarities of the Negro race. It thus, in time, became amalgamated with those customs, and passed on to fresh and ever-fresh tribes, with an ever-increasing momentum and prestige. Christianity, on the other hand, first reached the Negro when he was a slave in a foreign land. It was, or appeared to be, the creed, not of his friends, his well-wishers, his kindred, but of his masters and his oppressors. His teachers differed from him in education, in manners, in colour, in civilisation. An immeasurable gap yawned between them. However humane his purpose, his Christian instructor evidently regarded him with something of that instinctive feeling of race repulsion which has been felt even by the warmest Abolitionists, and makes itself painfully evident wherever the black man comes in contact with the white. Thus, when the Negro in America accepted Christianity, it was chiefly that side of it which bids men look to a better world to right the wrongs and woes of this; and the practical duties most forcibly impressed upon him —as some of the still existing catechisms quoted by Mr. Blyden show—were those of humility, of submission, of contentment with that not very desirable condition of life, to which it was assumed that it had pleased God to call him. The other side of Christianity—the side which has produced the most active and noblest heroism, side by side with the saintly virtues, the heroism of Polycarp and the monk Telemachus, of St. Boniface and St. Bernard, of King Alfred and King Louis the Ninth, of Las Casas and St. Francis Xavier, of Gustavus Adolphus and Admiral Coligny, of Henry Martin and William Wilberforce, of Henry and John Lawrence, of General Gordon and Father Damien—was almost a closed book to him.

Secondly, Christianity came to the Negro, not as a development from within, but as a system from without. The white man's religion was a part of the white man's civilisation which, as far as possible, was to be swallowed with it; and therefore it is, as Mr. Blyden points out, that, everywhere in Christian lands, the Negro plays, at the present moment, the part of the slave, the ape, or the puppet. His efforts to conform to the canons of taste suggested indirectly by Christian art, as well as directly by Christian teaching, have undermined and destroyed his individuality and his self-respect, and made him the stunted spiritless creature with which we are all familiar. Thus, Mr. Blyden himself heard a Negro at one of those prayer meetings which form so large and so happy a part of the Negro's life in the United States, pray to the Deity 'to stretch out His *lily-white* hands' to his worshippers; while another, preaching on the words 'We shall be like Him,' exclaimed, 'Brethren, imagine a beautiful white man with blue eyes, rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, and *we shall be like him.*' If the idiosyncrasies of race are, as I believe them to

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be, the most precious heritage of man, and, therefore, deserve to be guarded with the tenderest and the most jealous care; if a lower development on the lines indicated by Nature is more genuine, more real, more lasting than a higher development which is, at the time, altogether alien to them, then, there is something radically wrong in the way in which Christianity has hitherto been presented to the Negro in Christian lands.

From the lessons he every day receives [says Mr. Blyden] the Negro unconsciously imbibes the conviction that, to be a good man, he must be like the white man. He is not brought up—however he may deserve it—to be the companion, the equal, the comrade of the white man, but his imitator and his parasite. To be himself in a country where everything ridicules him is to be nothing—less, worse than nothing. To be as like the white man as possible, to copy his outward appearance, his peculiarities, his manners, the arrangement of his toilet, this is the aim of the Christian Negro, his aspiration. The only virtues which under the circumstances he acquires are the parasitical. Imitation is not discipleship. The Mohammedan Negro is a much better Mohammedan than the Christian Negro is a Christian, because the Muslim Negro as a learner is a disciple, not an imitator. A disciple, when freed from leading-strings, may become a producer; an imitator never rises above a mere copyist. With the disciple progress is from within; the imitator grows by accretion from without. The learning required by a disciple gives him capacity; that gained by an imitator terminates in itself; the one becomes a capable man, the other is a mere sciolist. This explains the difference between the Mohammedan and the Christian Negro.

Thirdly, Christianity has hitherto come to the Negro weighted with the shortcomings and the crimes of its professors. Rum and gunpowder supplied, in unlimited quantities, to races in the condition of the West African Negro speak for themselves, and are a poor recommendation for the efforts of Christian missionaries. Selfishness, cruelty, and immorality have been the distinguishing marks of the European traders of all nations dealing with the West Coast, and the alliances which we have been in the habit of contracting, for purposes of our own, with the weaker races on the sea-board—with the Fantees, for instance—cutting off the more manly races of the interior, such as the Ashantees, from the natural outlet for their energies and commerce, have been a fertile source of those 'little wars' which are anything but 'little' in the hatreds which they engender, and the ill effects which they leave behind them. The Portuguese have occupied extensive settlements along hundreds of miles of coast on each side of Africa, for more than 300 years; and, during the whole of that time, they have not taken one single step to elevate the natives. As slave-traders, according to the explicit and repeated statements of Dr. Livingstone, they have shown themselves to be more heartless and more brutal than the Arabs themselves. Remove them from Africa to-morrow and, with the exception of a few fine buildings, not one beneficent trace of their 300 years of rule will they leave behind them. All the world over—in India, in China, in the South Sea Islands, in New Zealand—the most fatal hindrance to the spread of

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Christianity is the lives of those who profess it, and nowhere is this more the case—I think I might say, so much the case—as on the coast of Africa.

Fourthly, Christianity has, as yet, been offered, chiefly, to the least promising of the races of Africa, and that, too, under the least promising physical conditions. How is this? Almost all round Africa, and, most markedly so, along the coast of Guinea, there runs, for the breadth of from 20 to 150 miles inland from the coast, a belt of malarious country, consisting of low-lying plains and vast mangrove swamps, which are covered with masses of decaying vegetation. The climate is hot and moist, the sun beats fiercely down, and the foul fog which it draws up from the stagnant waters, is charged with death. If it does not destroy life at once, at least, like opium-eating, it slowly saps all the vital forces. The nobler beasts of burden themselves sicken and die in this pestilential atmosphere. No amount of care enables them to live out their natural term. Woe to the European visitor who leaves his vessel and incautiously passes a night upon the shore! He, sometimes, falls a victim at once, or, worse still, he carries about, henceforward, a sentence of death within himself. Sierra Leone itself has long been known as 'the white man's grave.' Those Europeans who manage, somehow or other, to acclimatise themselves, are generally the least favourable specimens of their race. It is not, as Mr. Blyden points out, the 'fittest,' but the 'unfittest,' who survive. The finer and more manly African races who live behind the coast ranges of mountains and within the central plateau, with its more moderate temperature and invigorating air, when they venture down to this fever-stricken region, themselves gradually degenerate, physically and morally, even as did the hardy Samnites of old, when they pressed down from their mountain fastnesses in the Central Apennines to the luxurious shores of Campania. With noble self-devotion, but, it must be added, with strange short-sightedness, European missionaries have thrown themselves into this hopeless region, and, with rapidly enfeebling bodies and minds, have laboured on among a people who are physically incapacitated, even if Christianised, for any vigorous exertion, till death released them. Not a single missionary settlement, except the few struggling stations along the pestilential Lower Niger, has, I believe, yet been planted a hundred miles from the West African coast, among those nobler races, such as the Mandingoes or the Fulahs, one convert from among whom would be worth, as a centre of new influence, and as an omen of hope for the future, any number of natives of the coast.

Lastly, and most important of all, Christianity has, with very few exceptions, hitherto been offered to the Negro by the European missionary, not in its native simplicity, not as it must have appeared to the Disciples when they were following about their Master from

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place to place, listening to His words of gentle wisdom, watching His acts of mercy and of love among the outcast, the poor and the bereaved, and only very gradually gathering,—and some of them not till the very end,—truer and wider notions of His Divine mission, but as a complex whole, with the dust of circumstances and controversies and centuries around it, with its Prayer Book and its Thirty-nine Articles, with its orders and degrees, with all that it has done for civilisation, and with all that civilisation, for good or for evil, has added to it. As such, it is altogether too complicated, too mysterious, too metaphysical, too vast for the native mind. Would it not be well then to 'try back,' to bear in mind as the first and most fundamental truth of all, that meat is suitable for grown men, that milk is suitable for babes, and to apply, in its simple and far-reaching wisdom, the old maxim of the Moravian missionaries, that it was wise to teach their converts to count the number three before they talked to them of the doctrine of the Trinity? When a monk of Iona, who had been sent to preach the Gospel to the heathens of Northumbria, had returned disheartened to his native country, reporting that success was hopeless among a people so stubborn and so barbarous, 'Was it their stubbornness or your severity?' asked another monk, who was sitting by. 'Did you forget God's word to give them the milk first and then the meat?' The speaker was Aidan, who afterwards became first Bishop of Lindisfarne, and whose wise maxims, carried out by himself and a generation or two of men like him, were the means of Christianising the whole of northern England. '*I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.*' The golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by can surely reach the most untutored intellect. The Divine beauty of the central character of Christianity can surely touch the hardest heart.

The obstacles I have enumerated to the spread of Christianity among the African Negroes need only to be stated, to make it clear that some of them no longer exist to the extent to which they once did, and that others are removable or capable of indefinite modification, as Christendom becomes, and exactly in proportion as she becomes, worthy of herself. Of course there are other and more fundamental difficulties, such as the appearance of Tritheism which Christianity, in the shape in which it is often presented, must needs wear in the eyes of a stern Monotheist, who owes his whole mental and moral elevation, such as it is, to his rejection of the many and the worship of the One God. On this I might have much to say, but will only remark here that the short chapter of the Koran, which Muslims look upon as equal in value to a third of the whole,

> Say there is one God alone,
> God the Eternal.
> He begetteth not and He is not begotten,
> And there is none like Him,

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and other passages in which Mohammed fulminated against what he supposed to be the Christian doctrine, are directed against notions which Christians, no less than Muslims, would reject. For it has been pointed out by Dr. Badger in an able article on my book, in a former number of this Review, that the word 'Walada,' used by Mohammed in these passages, involves notions of sex and of physical generation in their grosser form, and that it was against these that he hurled his anathemas. It was natural that he should do so; for, in Arabia, the Christian doctrine of the Trinity was usually believed to be a Trinity of a father, a mother, and a son! In one passage of the Koran, Mohammed represents the Almighty as apostrophising Jesus—whom, it should be remembered, he no less than St. John calls 'The Word of God,' and, sometimes also, a 'Spirit of God'[4] with the question, 'Hast thou indeed said unto men, Take Me and My mother Mary for two Gods beside God?' Once make this clear to Christians as well as Muslims, and to Muslims as well as Christians, and what a host of misconceptions will gradually disappear, and how much room be left for mutual approximation, or it may be, 'at last far off, at last for all,' even for complete amalgamation and union.

Mohammedanism presents special difficulties to Christian missionaries everywhere, but some of these difficulties have been created, and all have been intensified by the fact that Christians have, all too often, failed to recognise the true greatness of the founder of Islam and the vast amount of good contained in the system which he founded. This tone of mind is now rapidly improving, as my recollections of thirteen years ago convince me. The case of Mohammedanism in Africa is, in many respects, peculiar, and it affords special grounds of hope, if the right steps are taken, and taken soon, that many of those who now call themselves Mohammedans will be able to rise to something better. It is perfectly true, as Canon Taylor remarks, that no Pagan tribe in Africa which has accepted Islam, has, ever yet, fallen back on Paganism, or has, ever yet, advanced to Christianity. But this is only another way of stating the fact that Islam raises the natives too much to allow of their reverting to the one; it does not raise them high enough to make them wish of themselves to rise still further to the other. Highly competent observers, like Mr. Blyden, tell us that Mohammedanism sits, as yet, very lightly on many African tribes. It is not so stereotyped into the mind and character of the African as it always has been into that of the Asiatic; and the very fact that there are millions of Negroes in America and the West India Islands who not only call themselves Christians, but many of whom are men of cultivation, and lead more or less Christian lives, is proof positive that there is no insuperable impediment of race. Is there not room to hope that many of these men, returning to their own country and

[4] *Koran*, Sura iv. 169.

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finding a unique base of operations ready to their hand in the Negro and Christian republic of Liberia, may be able to present Christianity to their fellow-countrymen in a shape in which it has never yet been presented—in which it would be very difficult for Europeans or Americans ever to succeed in presenting it—to them, and may, so, develope a type of Christianity and Civilisation combined, which shall be neither American nor European, but African, redolent alike of the people and of the soil? Men like Mr. Blyden of Liberia, like the Rev. James Johnson of Lagos, like the hereditary prince of Quiah, Tetteh Agamazong—all of whom it is my privilege to know well—and I might add, too, Bishop Crowther of the Niger Mission, whom I do not know—seem to me, in point of sympathy, of zeal, of intellectual culture, and of ardent patriotism to be the very type of men that is wanted for the work. They are ready for it; others will follow their example; and, under their teaching, if I may quote a few words that I have written elsewhere upon this subject, I can see no reason why African Mohammedans, whilst they cling as strongly as ever to their rigid Monotheism, and to their unfaltering belief in the divine mission of their Prophet, should not, as they grow in knowledge of the real character of the Christian faith, be able to recognise that the Christ of the gospels was something ineffably above the Christ of those Christians from whom alone Mohammed drew his notions of Him, that He was a perfect mirror of that one primary attribute of the Eternal of which Mohammed could catch only a far-off glance, and which, had it been shown to him as it really was, must needs have taken possession of his soul. In this way, and in this way best, can Christianity, at present, act upon Mohammedanism, not by a rough and rude attempt to sweep it into oblivion, for what of truth there is in it—and I have shown that there is an immense amount of truth—can never die, but by gradually and, perhaps, almost imperceptibly, breathing into its vast and still vigorous frame a newer, a purer, and a diviner life.

In any case, I would remark, in conclusion, that difficulties, and dangers, and discouragements have, throughout her history, served rather to stimulate than to depress the energies of the Christian Church; and, looking at what Christianity has, even in these latter days, in spite of all the obstacles to which I have alluded, been able to accomplish with the South Sea Islanders, who have embraced it in large numbers, with the New Zealanders, with the Negroes in America and the West Indies, with the natives of isolated regions like Abbeokuta and Bechuana Land in Africa, or like Tinnevelly and Travancore in India, I can see no reason for withdrawing from the contest and giving it up in despair. Is the case of a missionary going, for the first time, among the Ashantees or the inhabitants of Uganda more hopeless, or are the people in a worse state of barbarism, than were the Anglo-Saxons when they first received the visit of

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Augustine, the Suevians the visits of Columban and St. Gall, the Teutonic tribes of St. Boniface, the Bulgarians of Cyril and Methodius, the Northmen of St. Anschar? The resources of Christianity are not yet exhausted. A religion which does not attempt to propagate itself is only half-alive. It exists, it does not live; and who will say that Christianity is only half-alive, or that every honourable motive which leads a devout Mussulman to wish to propagate his Creed, ought not to operate with tenfold force in the breast of every devout Christian? The resemblances between the two Creeds are indeed many and striking, as I have implied throughout; but, if I may, once more, quote a few words which I have used elsewhere in dealing with this question, the contrasts are even more striking than the resemblances. The religion of Christ contains whole fields of morality and whole realms of thought which are all but outside the religion of Mohammed. It opens humility, purity of heart, forgiveness of injuries, sacrifice of self, to man's moral nature; it gives scope for toleration, development, boundless progress to his mind; its motive power is stronger even as a friend is better than a king, and love higher than obedience. Its realised ideals in the various paths of human greatness have been more commanding, more many-sided, more holy, as Averroes is below Newton, Harun below Alfred, and Ali below St. Paul. Finally, the ideal life of all is far more elevating, far more majestic, far more inspiring, even as the life of the founder of Mohammedanism is below the life of the Founder of Christianity.

If, then, we believe Christianity to be truer and purer in itself than Islam and than any other religion, we must needs wish others to be partakers of it; and the effort to propagate it is thrice blessed—it blesses him that offers, no less than him who accepts it; nay, it often blesses him who accepts it not. The last words of a dying friend are apt to linger in the chambers of the heart till the heart itself has ceased to beat; and the last recorded words of the Founder of Christianity are not likely to pass from the memory of His Church till that Church has done its work. They are the marching orders of the Christian army; the consolation for every past and present failure; the earnest and the warrant, in some shape or other, of ultimate success. The value of a Christian mission is not, therefore, to be measured by the number of its converts. The presence in a heathen or a Muslim district of a single man who, filled with the missionary spirit, exhibits in his preaching and, so far as may be, in his life, the self-denying and the Christian virtues, who is charged with sympathy for those among whom his lot is cast, who is patient of disappointment, and of failure, and of the sneers of the ignorant or the irreligious, and who works steadily on with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, is, of itself, an influence for good, and a centre from which it radiates, wholly independent of the number of converts he is able to enlist.

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There is a vast number of such men engaged in mission work all over the world, and our best Indian statesmen, some of whom, for obvious reasons, have been hostile to direct proselytising efforts, are unanimous as to the quantity and quality of the services they render. Nothing, therefore, can be more shallow, or more disingenuous, or more misleading, than to attempt to disparage Christian missions by pitting the bare number of converts whom they claim against the number of converts claimed by Islam. The numbers are, of course, enormously in favour of Islam. But does conversion mean the same, or anything like the same, thing in each? Is it *in pari materia*, and if not, is the comparison worth the paper on which it is written? The submission to the rite of circumcision and the repetition of a confession of faith, however noble and however elevating in its ultimate effect, do not necessitate, they do not even necessarily tend towards what a Christian means by a change of heart. It is the characteristic of Mohammedanism to deal with batches and with masses. It is the characteristic of Christianity to speak straight to the individual conscience. The conversion of a whole Pagan community to Islam need not imply more effort, more sincerity, or more vital change, than the conversion of a single individual to Christianity. The Christianity accepted wholesale by Clovis and his fierce warriors, in the flush of victory, on the field of battle, or by the Russian peasants, when they were driven by the Cossack whips into the Dnieper, and baptized there by force—these are truer parallels to the tribal conversions to Mohammedanism in Africa at the present day. And, whatever may have been their beneficial effects in the march of the centuries, they are not the Christianity of Christ, nor are they the methods or the objects at which a Christian missionary of the present day would dream of aiming. A Christian missionary could not thus bring over a Pagan or a Muslim tribe to Christianity, even if he would; he ought not to try thus to bring them over, even if he could. 'Missionary work,' as remarked by an able writer in the *Spectator* the other day, 'is sowing, not reaping, and the sowing of a plant which is slow to bear.' At times, the difficulties and discouragements may daunt the stoutest heart and the most living faith. But God is greater than our hearts and wider than our thoughts, and, if we are able to believe in Him at all, we must also believe that the ultimate triumph of Christianity—and by Christianity I mean not the comparatively narrow creed of this or that particular Church, but the Divine Spirit of its Founder, that Spirit which, exactly in proportion as they are true to their name, informs, and animates, and underlies, and overlies them all—is not problematical, but certain, and in His good time, across the lapse of ages, will prove to be, not local but universal, not partial but complete, not evanescent but eternal.

R. Bosworth Smith.

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PICTURE-HANGING AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE recent extension of our National Gallery presented not only a fitting occasion for a rearrangement of the pictures which it contains, but also an opportunity for classifying them on a principle more definite in aim and more systematic in detail than had previously been possible. While the original nucleus of the collection remained in Mr. Angerstein's house, or in the tenement to which it was afterwards transferred in a somewhat amplified form, the number and range of the works were too limited to render any assortment necessary. Even after their removal to the then newly erected building in Trafalgar Square, which was opened to the public in 1838, a general division of the pictures into British and Foreign Schools seems to have been all that was attempted for some years. As, however, the collection slowly and steadily increased, the desirability of grouping together the examples of specific schools became apparent.

Here, however, the authorities of the Gallery had to contend with this difficulty—that the wall-space at their disposal rendered it impossible to maintain consistently, and for any length of time, a proper subdivision of the pictures. The Vernon collection, acquired in 1847, had to remain for some time at the donor's own residence, and was subsequently transferred to Marlborough House. In 1853 all the pictures contained in the National Gallery appear to have been taken down and rearranged. The Venetian works were hung together on one side of a room, while examples of other Italian Schools occupied the rest. Dutch and Flemish pictures had a room to themselves, but this distinction could not yet be accorded to the Spanish School, and then, as now, the stern conditions of Turner's will required the juxtaposition of his two well-known works, 'The Sun rising in a Mist' and 'Dido building Carthage,' with Claude's landscapes, while the contents of other rooms remained unclassified.

In 1856 a further rearrangement took place, but a large proportion of Turner's pictures, then recently acquired by bequest, had to be consigned to Marlborough House. During the following year the National Gallery became possessed of a fine work by Paolo Veronese, viz. the 'Family of Darius before Alexander,' but for want of space

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this was hung in the same room with Flemish pictures. And though an attempt was made to group together some of the earlier examples of Italian art in a *quattrocento* room, the ultimate result of this was to relegate several pictures of the German School, with some others, to a passage and vestibule.

In 1859 that portion of the national collection which had been temporarily placed in Marlborough House was removed to the South Kensington Museum, the building in Trafalgar Square being still too small for its reception, and being occupied almost exclusively by works of the Old Masters. These last, however, were subjected to a stricter classification than had hitherto been observed, though the assortment seems to have been more chronological than scholastic, and involved the temporary banishment of certain works to Brompton. In 1860 a large screen fixed in the north room of the National Gallery was devised as a temporary relief to the overcrowded walls; but the want of adequate accommodation was still severely felt, and constantly occupied the attention of the authorities.

At length the alterations in the building made from the designs of Mr. Pennethorne secured more space, and in 1861 the Turners were removed to Trafalgar Square. The next year found the Gallery relieved of certain pictures, which, with the sanction of Her Majesty's Treasury, were selected for loan to other institutions, and which, though scarcely reaching the standard of excellence required for our metropolitan collection, proved acceptable additions to the National Galleries of Ireland and Scotland and to the contents of the South Kensington Museum, where they were deposited on loan. But notwithstanding this elimination, the wall-space gained in Trafalgar Square was found wholly insufficient for its purpose, and consequently more screens were provided.

Even that expedient did not prevent many valuable works from being 'skyed' for want of room, while the plan of classification now aimed at was in more than one instance interrupted or abandoned for the same reason. This evil naturally increased as fresh acquisitions were made, and in 1866 Rembrandts were reluctantly placed in juxtaposition with Italian pictures, French and Flemish works commingled, and some examples of the early Florentine School were removed, under real necessity, to the Entrance Hall.

At length an important episode occurred in the history of the National Gallery, which for a while promised, and went some way to secure, the additional space so long and earnestly desired. Up to this period the Royal Academy had occupied half the building in Trafalgar Square. But that progressive and prosperous institution had long found its old quarters too restricted in size for its well-filled Schools and annually increasing display of pictures. Burlington House was placed by Government at the disposal of the corporate body, and was soon remodelled to an extent which at that time

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sufficed for their object. On the 8th of February, 1869, the President and Council formally gave up the tenure which they had so long held, and, for the first time since its erection, the whole of the building from Pall Mall East to St. Martin's Church was devoted to the reception of pictures belonging to the National Gallery.

But notwithstanding the cession of the Royal Academy rooms, the Gallery in Trafalgar Square was soon found quite inadequate in capacity for the collection within its walls, and the Government, to whose attention this fact had been frequently called, at length came to the rescue. A plot of ground lying on the north-east of the building was acquired for the purpose of its extension. The new structure was commenced in 1872 from the designs of the late Mr. Edward Barry, R.A. It occupied four years in erection, and on the 9th of August, 1876, seven additional rooms were opened to the public. Once more a rearrangement took place, and the extra space thus acquired afforded facilities for a far more methodical and satisfactory assortment of the pictures than had been hitherto attempted. Those works which had still remained at South Kensington were transferred to Trafalgar Square, and at last the whole collection was housed in one building.

In the same year the National Gallery acquired, through the bequest of Mr. Wynn-Ellis, a miscellaneous collection, which, though belonging to various schools, including the works of Dutch, Flemish, German, Italian, and French masters, were obliged, under the terms of the testator's will, to be kept together in one room for ten years. This condition, which was strictly observed for the period above mentioned, necessarily prevented during that interval any systematic classification of the works in question, but they are now distributed in appropriate order.

The Peel collection, purchased in 1871, was, and still remains (though for reasons of a different nature) for the most part grouped in one room; but in this case the pictures, with the exception of a few works, belong to one School, viz. the Dutch, and therefore their isolation presents no obstacle to the present plan of arrangement.

The exceptional outlay required for the purchase of this collection—cheaply though it had been acquired considering its brilliant excellence—induced the Government to suspend for a while the annual Parliamentary grant made to the National Gallery for the purchase of pictures. But as soon as the grant was renewed, fresh acquisitions were made, and it was soon found impossible to maintain even the partial classification which had been previously attempted. Once more a *triage de médiocrités* was proposed as a remedy. In 1883 an Act of Parliament was passed which enabled the Trustees and Director to lend to various provincial institutions certain examples of the British School which were hardly important enough to remain in Trafalgar Square; while a series of portraits, chiefly

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interesting from the fact that they represented English persons of note, were transferred to an appropriate resting-place at the National Portrait Gallery, and the collection was again rearranged.

But the removal of these pictures from a collection which by this time included 1,200 works did little more than prevent actual 'jamming,' and although two apartments in the ground floor were, as a makeshift, converted into a gallery for the reception of British cabinet pictures of the modern school, the urgent necessity for further space again became apparent. Representations to that effect were made in the proper quarter, and happily with a good result.

With the sanction of Her Majesty's Treasury, plans were prepared for such an extension of the building as would not only secure five new rooms (two large, and three of more moderate dimensions), but would also provide a spacious and central staircase, which had long been regarded as a *desideratum*. It so happened that the room in which the larger works of Turner had hitherto been hung occupied a central position on the south side of the building. It was badly lighted, and had long been pronounced unsuitable for its purpose. The authorities determined to devote the space occupied by this room to the new staircase. How admirably this was managed—how ingeniously the old and new buildings were connected and fused, so to speak, into one general plan, will be acknowledged by all who remember the structural difficulties with which the architect (Mr. J. Taylor, of Her Majesty's Office of Works) had to deal in executing his commission. The foundations were laid in 1884, and towards the close of May in the present year the new rooms were nearly out of the hands of the workmen.

The hanging of a large picture gallery is, it need scarcely be said, at all times a serious undertaking. But when the building, not designed from the first in its entirety, has been piecened and enlarged from time to time, the very nature of its plan is such as to present peculiar difficulties to those on whom the duty devolves. The relative importance of this or that school represented in the collection, the number of examples which it may include, the sequence or order in which it may be desirable to dispose them, are all important elements in the task, which, however desirable to keep in view, are not easily reconcilable with the accommodation which the building affords.

Apart, however, from the special conditions thus imposed, the first question to be settled is the general principle on which a large and public collection should be arranged. Assuming that the pictures are to be classified, what should be the nature of the classification?

That a primary or national division should be observed, sufficient to separate examples of Italian art from those of Dutch or Flemish,

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German from French, and French from Spanish, is too obvious a postulate to need discussion. But the progress of art in Italy, for instance, may be traced through a dozen distinct schools, each possessing its own characteristics, from the earliest and most archaic examples down to work of a comparatively modern period. If these distinctions are ignored, it may indeed be possible to arrange the pictures of any collection in order of date; but most connoisseurs will admit that to group in the same room Venetian, Tuscan, and Ferrarese works might often introduce a chromatic discord from which many a *chef d'œuvre* would assuredly suffer. Of course, in an ideal gallery of exceptionally large area and unlimited wall-space, pictures could be disposed in such a manner as to indicate the gradual development of each local school distinct from that of others. Even then it may be doubted whether, taking into consideration the varying size and character of the works, such an arrangement would prove satisfactory. But when the choice lies between a miscellaneous chronological assortment and a scholastic subdivision, there can be little doubt that the latter system appears at once the more rational and the more advantageous for study.

It was on this assumption that the most recent arrangement of pictures at the National Gallery was undertaken. But the adoption of a general principle often leaves a host of minor questions unsettled, and in the present case these had to be recognised and considered before any definite plan of classification could be followed. For instance, the total number of exhibition rooms, inclusive of those lately added to the Gallery, is but twenty-two. Of these, seven were required for old and modern British pictures, leaving only fifteen available for the foreign schools, whereas strictly speaking the latter might have been classed under perhaps twenty different heads.

Moreover, while the great preponderance of Florentine and Venetian examples rendered it imperative to occupy in each case more than one room for their display, such schools as those of the Romagna, of Siena, of Parma, and Cremona are so scantily represented that to appropriate a room to each would have been an obvious waste of space.

In these circumstances it became necessary to decide which schools could be most appropriately grouped together. In a gallery of limited size it would have been almost pedantic to draw a distinction—if indeed it were possible to do so with accuracy—between the great Florentine masters and those of provincial Tuscany. On the other hand, even a common nationality would not warrant the juxtaposition of works separated by so long an interval of time as those, for instance, of Orcagna and Pontormo.

Room I. (the first entered from the new central staircase) was therefore appropriated to Tuscan pictures executed towards the close of the fifteenth and the earlier part of the sixteenth centuries,

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including those by Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto. But its contents were allowed to overflow into an adjoining cabinet, where the interesting but less sophisticated productions of Botticelli, Fra Filippo Lippi, and Paolo Uccello are associated.

From this we pass to a third room, devoted to more archaic examples of Florentine art, beginning with Margaritone d'Arezzo; while other early but more refined examples of the same school, including the small but precious works of Fra Angelico, share a fourth room with the few Sienese pictures possessed by the Gallery. Thus we have in close contiguity, and as methodically assorted as circumstances permit, one main group of the works by old Italian masters in our national collection.

Among other questions which presented themselves while the plan of rearrangement remained under consideration, was whether it would be desirable to exhibit such pictures as the Blenheim Raphael, Lionardo da Vinci's 'Vierge aux Rochers,' and similar works of high class in a room by themselves. This expedient has been often adopted in foreign collections. At Dresden, for instance, the Madonna di San Sisto is placed apart from other pictures. At the Louvre in Paris the Salon Carré forms a sort of select cabinet, where some of the most precious examples of ancient art are grouped together irrespectively of school or date; and the practice of retaining a *tribuna*, or special chamber for a like purpose, in the great galleries of Italy is well known. But the truth is that the *raison d'être* of this custom on the Continent can hardly be said to exist in London. The very magnitude of foreign collections, and the fact that many of them include among their rich contents a large number of works which do not rise above the level of mediocrity, suggest the propriety of singling out certain works for a position of distinctive honour.

Our English National Gallery, on the other hand, though comparatively small, contains but few examples of the Old Masters which do not belong to a high rank in art. To set apart a room for the display of choice specimens selected from a collection in which nearly all are choice would seem almost invidious, and might create a false impression regarding the standard of excellence which it has become a tradition in our Gallery to maintain. It can scarcely be regretted, therefore, that, for the present at least, the adoption of a *tribuna* has been abandoned.

The accidental association of the Ferrarese and Bolognese schools, between which Lorenzo Costa forms a connecting link in the history of Italian art, is a sufficient plea for their collocation in a gallery which does not possess many examples of either. It so happened that Room V., an apartment of moderate size, placed between two larger ones on the central axis of the building, afforded just sufficient space for the convenient reception of those pictures by Cosimo Tura,

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Ercole Grandi, Garofalo, Dosso Dossi, and L'Ortolano on the one hand, and by Francia, Marco Zoppo, and Costa on the other, which form part of our national collection. To complete the Bolognese group by admiting the works of far later painters, such as the Carracci, Domenichino, Guido, and Guercino, would have been undesirable even if space had allowed, and they were therefore placed in another room which will be mentioned hereafter.

The Umbrian School, though worthily represented at the National Gallery, yields in point of actual numbers to the Venetian and Florentine pictures included in the same collection.

When, therefore, it was decided to hang the specimens of that school in one of the larger rooms recently added to the building, a choice which happily tended to secure for the 'Ansidei' Raphael a central and conspicuous position, it became necessary to supplement the contents of Room VI. with a few other works which, though not strictly Umbrian, possessed sufficient affinity to Umbrian art to justify that course.

Among these may be mentioned a 'Deposition' by Marco Palmezzano, and two panel pictures by Francesco Ubertini (Il Bacchiacca). Even with these additions and the retention of Raphael's later works (which could not reasonably have been separated from the others), the room at first sight appears thinly hung. But no one is likely to complain of this who remembers the immense superiority in effect which every picture gains by comparative isolation on the walls. There is probably no room in the Gallery where the works displayed are seen to such advantage.

The large size of the adjoining room (No. VII.), which once formed the north-west limit of the building, and where the famous picture by Sebastian del Piombo had long given the keynote to its surroundings, seemed to suggest, if not to demand, the appropriation of this room to the Venetian School. The examples of Florentine and Lombard art, which had once occupied the south and east walls, were therefore removed, and a rearrangement was effected which not only enabled the reunion in this room of several important Venetian pictures previously hung elsewhere, but also secured a space of several inches between frame and frame. The Veronese works were allowed to remain here, but the Crivellis and Mantegnas were grouped together in the adjoining ante-chamber (No. VIII.).

Even after an abstraction which the special character of these works no less than the restricted space required, no area could be found on the walls for a few Venetian panels of what may be called cabinet size. These were, therefore, placed on screens in Room VII.; and although that expedient may be regarded with disfavour by persons who enjoy the uninterrupted vista of a long gallery, there can be little doubt that, for the purpose of close examination and study, small pictures thus placed are better seen than when hung in

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close association with larger works, by which they are, so to speak, often overwhelmed and rendered insignificant in scale.

The Lombard pictures in our national collection, though including examples of Parmese, Cremonese, and Milanese art, are not numerous, and they were therefore conveniently hung, without crowding, in the north-east room (No. IX.). With this group the list of earlier Italian Schools represented at the Gallery may be said to terminate. The rooms in which they are arranged are all contiguous, and the visitor may now pass from one to another in uninterrupted sequence.

The Dutch and later Flemish pictures contained in Room X. had been so recently rehung that little rearrangement was necessary there beyond that involved by the introduction of certain works selected from the Wynn-Ellis collection, which, under the terms of the generous donor's will, had been kept together for a period of ten years. That period had now expired, and the collection, being a miscellaneous one, was assorted in such a manner as to secure the transfer of several pictures to their proper places on the present plan of classification.

The admirable Peel collection, partly on account of its unique character, and partly on other grounds, was placed by itself in Room XI.[1]

The early Flemish pictures, which lately occupied a small cabinet at the top of the eastern staircase, are now grouped on two sides of Room XII., the other sides of which are hung with later works by Flemish and Dutch masters.

For many years past it has been deemed advisable to devote one room in the Gallery to the reception of pictures by those later Italian painters whose style has but little affinity to those of their predecessors. In this category may be included the productions of Guido, Guercino, Zampiero, and the Carracci among Bolognese artists; Tiepolo, Guardi, and Canale among the Venetians; Caravaggio, Sassoferrato, and Carlo Maratti, who belong to the so-called Roman School. These, with a few other works of the same class, are now collated in Room XIII.

By a partial rearrangement of the adjoining apartment, space was found for the fine Claude and two studies by Greuze belonging to the Wynn-Ellis collection. The French pictures are now hung all together in RoomXIV., while the Spanish School pictures remain as heretofore in Room XV.

Two rooms were then left free on the east side of the new central staircase for the reception of British pictures. In the smaller one, No. XVII., were placed the Hogarths, the Wilsons, and a few other pictures of the Old English School. The larger room, No. XVI., is

[1] With the exception of a few portraits by Reynolds, which are hung with the other works by that painter in Room XVI.

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almost entirely filled with the works of Reynolds and Gainsborough, while other examples of the same painters will be found in the well-lighted vestibules which bound the central staircase.

The west wing of the Gallery, including the rooms numbered from XVIII. to XXII., is entirely given up to the remaining portion of the British School, beginning with the works of Copley, Crome, Blake, Wright of Derby, Constable, and their contemporaries down to pictures of comparatively modern date, arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order, though the largest of Turner's landscapes were necessarily reserved for the last room, which from its size is the only one in the west wing capable of containing them.

Those English cabinet pictures which, for want of space, had been temporarily exhibited in a ground-floor room, have been brought upstairs, and now take their proper place in the national collection.

The total number of rooms containing oil paintings at the National Gallery is now twenty-two. Of these, five are new and had to be filled with pictures, while thirteen of the others had to be either entirely or partially rehung. The work was begun early in May and was completed before the end of June. During that period the Gallery was kept open daily to the public, with the exception of the particular room or rooms which happened for the time to be dismantled.

Those who have had some experience of the difficulties which attend the arrangement of a private collection will best appreciate the care and attention required in executing the same task for a public gallery containing about 1,200 works, many being of exceptionally large size.

It is generally admitted that a symmetrical disposition of pictures, when practicable, is more agreeable to the eye than when they are hung in a haphazard fashion, and if mathematical uniformity of grouping were the only object in view, that object, in dealing with a miscellaneous collection, might easily be secured. But whenever pictures are classified under 'Schools,' the possibility of ranging them according to size is at once greatly restricted. Nor is this all. When two or more of similar dimensions have been selected for a group, it not unfrequently happens that the nature of the subjects treated, the chromatic quality of the works, or the style of their execution, is such as to render their juxtaposition incongruous. A brilliant and gaily coloured picture hung near one which is painted in a sober key will sometimes take all life out of the latter, and reduce it to the level of a work in monochrome. On the other hand, to group together a series of sombre-toned pictures is apt to produce a gloomy effect, and the hanger has therefore to steer between two extremes. Again, for the purpose of study, it is no doubt convenient that the works of a particular master should hang side by side. But the varying scale of such works, their dissimilarity of shape—hori-

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zontal, upright, square, circular, oblong, or arch-headed, for instance —will often present obstacles to such a plan.

And even where conditions of size, colour, and subject are favourable to the close association of certain pictures, it may happen that while some of them deserve the best place that can be found on the walls, one at least of the group is of inferior quality, and cannot be allowed to occupy space which may justly be claimed for a work of higher merit though less consonant in style.

Last, though not least, the requirements of students have to be borne in mind. The pictures which they select to copy may not be always in the first rank of art, but they are generally popular works, and when the object in view is to produce a saleable copy, or perhaps to execute a commission, some pardonable dissatisfaction would ensue if the original were to be hung in an inconvenient place. In the British School, therefore, a careful adjustment was necessary to prevent the chance of a grievance on that score.

When all these various demands have been met, or at least considered, there remains the most formidable problem of all—how to satisfy that inevitable variance of taste which characterises a critical public. Enthusiastic admirers of a special School or particular Master are apt to disregard the importance of works which represent other phases in the history of pictorial art, and probably no two persons would agree as to the relative merits of even a dozen pictures.

To attempt the arrangement of a large collection in such a manner as to gain the approval of every individual connoisseur would indeed be to undertake a hopeless task. In this and similar cases, all that can be deemed possible is to accomplish the work with such due regard for consistency of purpose as will disarm criticism from those who, recognising the aim in view, and aware of the impediments to its fulfilment, are best qualified to judge of the result.

CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

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THE TIME IT TAKES TO THINK.

ALL science is partly descriptive and partly theoretical. Care must, however, be taken lest too much theory be built up without sufficient foundation of fact, or there is danger of erecting pseudo-sciences, such as astrology and alchemy. The theories of the conservation of energy and of the evolution of species are more interesting to us than the separate facts of physics and biology, but facts should be gathered before theories are made. The way of truth is a long way, and short cuts are apt to waste more time than they save. Psychology is the last of the sciences, and its present business seems to be the investigation of the facts of consciousness by means of observation and experiment. Everywhere in science experiment is worth more than observation; it is said that the evidence in pathology is so contradictory, that almost anything can be proved by clinical cases. Psychology, owing to its very nature, must always depend largely on observation for its facts, and some progress has been made in spite of the difficulties lying in the way of introspection and the correct interpretation of the actions of others. The application of experimental methods to the study of mind is, however, an important step in advance, and would seem to be a conclusive answer to those who, with Kant, hold that psychology can never become an exact science. I propose explaining here how we can measure the time it takes to think, and hope this example may show that the firstfruits of experimental psychology are not altogether insignificant or uninteresting. Just as the astronomer measures the distance to the stars and the chemist finds atomic weights, so the psychologist can determine the time taken up by our mental processes. It seems to me the psychical facts are not less important than the physical; for it must be borne in mind that the faster we think, the more we live in the same number of years.[1]

It is not possible directly to measure the time taken up by mental processes, for we cannot record the moment either of their

[1] The results I am about to give are based on experiments, detailed accounts of which I have printed in recent volumes of *Mind*, *Brain*, and *Philosophische Studien*.

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beginning or of their end. We must determine the interval between the production of some external change which excites mental processes, and a movement made after these processes have taken place. Thus, if people join hands in a circle, and one of them, A, presses the hand of his neighbour B, and he as soon as possible afterwards the hand of C, and so on round and round, the second pressure will be felt by each of the persons at an interval after the first, the time depending on the number of people in the circle. After the hand of one of the persons has been pressed an interval very nearly constant in length passes before he can press the hand of his neighbour. This interval, which we may call the reaction-time, is made up of a number of factors. A period elapses before the pressure is changed into a nervous message or impulse. This time is very short in the case of touch; but light working on the retina seems to effect chemical changes in it, and these take up some little time, probably about $\frac{1}{50}$ sec. After a nervous impulse has been generated it moves along the nerve and spinal cord to the brain, not travelling with immense rapidity like light, but at the rate of an express train. In the brain it must move on to a centre having to do with sensation, where changes are brought about, through which a further impulse is sent on to a centre having to do with motion, and a motor impulse having been prepared there is sent down to the hand. Another pause, $\frac{1}{200}$ to $\frac{1}{100}$ sec., now occurs, while the muscle is being excited, after which the fingers are contracted and the reaction is complete. The entire time required is usually from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{5}$ sec. The reaction-time varies in length with different individuals and for the several senses, but as long as the conditions remain the same the times are very constant, only varying a few thousandths of a second from each other. One may wonder how it is possible to measure such short times and with such great accuracy. It would not be easy if we had not the aid of electricity; but when it is called to mind that a movement made in London is almost instantaneously registered in Edinburgh, it will not seem inconceivable that we can record to the thousandth of a second the instant a sense-stimulus is produced and the instant a movement is made. The time passing between these two events can be measured by letting a tuning-fork write on a revolving drum. The tuning-fork can be regulated to vibrate with great exactness, say five hundred times a second; it writes a wavy line on the drum, each undulation long enough to be divided into twenty equal parts, and thus time can be measured to the ten-thousandth of a second.

The psychologist is chiefly interested in what goes on in the brain and mind. It seems that about one-half of the entire reaction-time is spent while brain changes take place, but we know very little as to these changes, or as to how the time is to be allotted among them. It is probable that in the case of the simple reaction

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the movement can be initiated before the nature of the impression has been perceived. We can, however, so arrange the conditions of experiment that the observer must know what he has seen, or heard, or felt, before he makes the movement. He can, for example, be shown one of a number of colours, and not knowing beforehand which to expect, be required to lift his finger only when red is presented. By making certain analyses and subtracting the time of the simple reaction from the time in the more complex case, it is possible to determine with considerable accuracy the time it takes to *perceive*, that is, the time passing from the moment at which an impression has reached consciousness until the moment at which we know what it is. In my own case about $\frac{1}{20}$ sec. is needed to see a white light, $\frac{1}{10}$ sec. to see a colour or picture, $\frac{1}{8}$ sec. to see a letter, and $\frac{1}{7}$ sec. to see a word. It takes longer to see a rare word than to see a common one, or a word in a foreign language than one in our native tongue. It even takes longer to see some letters than others.

The time taken up in choosing a motion, the 'will-time,' can be measured as well as the time taken up in perceiving. If I do not know which of two coloured lights is to be presented, and must lift my right hand if it be red and my left hand if it be blue, I need about $\frac{1}{13}$ sec. to initiate the correct motion. I have also been able to register the sound waves made in the air by speaking, and thus have determined that in order to call up the name belonging to a printed word I need about $\frac{1}{9}$ sec., to a letter $\frac{1}{6}$ sec., to a picture $\frac{1}{4}$ sec., and to a colour $\frac{1}{3}$ sec. A letter can be seen more quickly than a word, but we are so used to reading aloud that the process has become quite automatic, and a word can be read with greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. The same experiments made on other persons give times differing but little from my own. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged, and in the uneducated.

It is possible, further, to measure the time taken up in remembering, in forming a judgment, and in the association of ideas. Though familiar with German, I need on the average $\frac{1}{7}$ sec. longer to name an object in that language that in English. I need about $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.[2] to translate a word from German into English, and $\frac{1}{20}$ sec. longer to translate in the reverse direction. This shows that foreign languages take up much time even after they have been learned, and may lead us once more to weigh the gain and loss of a polyglot mental life. It takes about $\frac{2}{3}$ sec. to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated, or the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the name of next month in half the time we need to think of the name of last month. It takes on the average $\frac{1}{3}$ sec. to add numbers consisting of one digit, and

[2] In all cases the time of association only is given, the time needed to see the one word and name the other having been subtracted.

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$\frac{1}{5}$ sec. to multiply them. Such experiments give us considerable insight into the mind. Those used to reckoning can add two to three in less time than others; those familiar with literature can remember more quickly than others that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. In the cases which we have just been considering a question was asked admitting of but one answer, the mental process being simply an act of memory. It is also possible to ask a question that allows of several answers, and in this case a little more time is needed; it takes longer to mention a month when a season has been given than to say to what month a season belongs. The mind can also be given still further liberty; for example, a quality of a substantive, of a subject or object for a verb, can be required. It takes about $\frac{1}{10}$ sec. longer to find a subject than to find an object; in our ordinary thinking and talking we go on from the verb to the object. If a particular example of a class of objects has to be found, as 'Thames' when 'river' is given, on the average a little more than $\frac{1}{5}$ sec. is needed. In this case one nearly always mentions an object immediately at hand, or one identified with one's early home; this shows that the mind is apt to recur either to very recent or to early associations. Again, I need one second to find a rhyme, $\frac{1}{5}$ sec. longer to find an alliteration. The time taken up in pronouncing an opinion or judgment proved to be shorter than I had expected; I need only about $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. to estimate the length of a line, or to say which of two eminent men I think is the greater.

Our thoughts do not come and go at random, but one idea suggests another, according to laws which are probably no less fixed than the laws prevailing in the physical world. Conditions somewhat similar to those of our ordinary thinking are obtained, if on seeing or hearing a word we say what it suggests to us. We can note the nature of the association and measure the time it takes up, and thus get results more definite and of greater scientific value than would be possible through mere introspection or observation. By making a large number of experiments, data for laws of association can be collected. Thus if a thousand persons say what idea is suggested to them by the word 'Art,' the results may be so classified that both the nature of the association and the time it occupies throw much light on the way people usually think. Such experiments are useful in studying the development of the child's mind; they help us to understand the differences in thought brought about by various methods of education and modes of life, and in many ways they put the facts of mind into the great order which is the world.

J. McK. CATTELL.

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DORIS.

DORIS is dead—really dead! Not 'dead ere her prime,' for she had known the glories of more than eighty summers, and the blaze of their sunlight had not tanned her cheek nor much dimmed the fire of her glowing eye. Grown men and women who had all their lives felt a shrinking fear of Doris found it hard to believe that she had verily and indeed breathed her last. The immense, exuberant vitality of the woman, her audacity, her wicked joyousness, her ready caustic tongue, her terrible beauty, her immeasurable self-reliance, had made her name and her presence a dread to little children in our streets and lanes. 'Somehow we were all afraid of Doris years ago,' men say: 'we got out of her way; we ran and hid from her. Is she really dead?' Yes, dead at last! Even Doris.

I am—I know not how or why—I am constrained to speak of Doris. Why have great painters, time and again, taken brush in hand and—fascinated, *possessed*, by some ghastly image that would not pass from them night or day—found no rest till they put the haunting face upon the canvas—left it there to awake a shudder of horror or disgust for all who should gaze hereafter upon it? Who of us has not felt angered now and then by such ghastly pictures—I need not name them—and found himself exclaiming, 'This is too revolting; it is the prostitution of art'? Well! if the artist used his skill merely to display to us a *tour de force*, he was guilty of a crime; at any rate that is what I hold to be true. But, if he could not choose but get rid of the phantoms that would rise up and stay and glare at him, scowling, threatening, making mows at him and ceasing not; if there was no hope, no help for it; if with their dumb insistence they demanded to be shown to a vulgar crowd; if he knew and felt in the depths of him that all visions of loveliness and peace were lost to him till this dream of horror and villany were hurled out of the way by being fixed in colour and form, and so sent from him—what shall we say then? Do you think that Velasquez, when he painted that awful picture of the scourging of the Man of Sorrows that hangs in our National Gallery, could have felt any joy as the overwhelming dreadfulness of his work grew into ever more and more ghastly distinctness? Do you think that Ezekiel's cheek

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was not of a deadly pallor, or that his knees smote not one against the other, when he stared with parted lips and wide-open eyes at the dead men's bones that lay in the valley, and saw them, heard them, coming together bone to his bone? He did not *choose* to go upon that dread errand; the hand of the Lord was upon him, and carried him there whether he would or no.

You poets, how I envy you! Men *forgive you*, applaud *you*, render *you* almost adoring thanks for your utterances because you sing to them in your majestic verse, sweet, strong, all harmony; because you sweep the strings which we of the common herd can never touch without a discord. And yet for us, the beasts of burden of common prose, because we have no wings and cannot soar to your empyrean, we are told to know our place and never, never to step out of our sphere. You ride in your chariots of fire; we must keep between the shafts of the carts and wains that lumber along the common roads of the common world. Yet I cannot choose but write of Doris!

Doris was born at Nestané. Let that suffice. At Nestané there stands, or there stood, a little while ago a windmill, and, before this century began, the miller who had worked it had risen to be its owner. He prospered after a fashion—a shrewd, sagacious, grasping man, tradition says. He had a son and daughter. The son was a riotous, dissipated rake. The miller was growing old; the son broke his father's heart, spent his money, robbed him. The old man moped, grew morbid, half silly, mortgaged his little property, the mill, some few acres here and there, a row of houses at Tegea. What was the daughter doing? I gather that she was a high-spirited, passionate lass, full-blooded, impetuous, with a restless soul. She held things together. Why should she not manage the mill? She kept the books and drew up the accounts as it was. No sooner, however, had she contrived to get things straight at this point or at that, and money matters were beginning to look brighter again, than that hulking brother of hers would stroll in, bully and cajole the whimpering old father, and make off with the last little hoard—the sot! It was unbearable. She would marry the first man that asked her, come what might.

There was a jaunty young shoemaker in the next village, tall and strong. In those days there was a small settlement of shoemakers at Phæzen, the next parish to Nestané. The little row of four shanties (one room above, one below, in neither of which can a tall man stand up with his hat on) still stands where it did, and as it did, nearly a hundred years ago; the four shanties still hold four families, one of them a family of nine, three grown men, two grown women, five growing boys and girls, the youngest ten years old. The shoemakers were all in full work, and in the employment of a master shoemaker who took small contracts for the shopkeepers at Mega-

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lopolis. Jaunty Jem was a good workman, stuck to his last, and was an average sort of rustic.

'Folks say as you'll marry the first man as asks you. Will you marry me?' The girl was in a fury when Jem came to her in this straightforward fashion; her brother had just slunk away with another haul from the old man's purse, which purse his daughter had only managed to fill the day before. How would it end? 'Marry you? You can't write your name. I know you well enough. I want a husband to help me keep the mill. You'd be no good. And yet . . . .' She hesitated and was lost. She thought, 'Jem is a proper man. I'll teach him to read and write—it'll keep him at home o' nights; he'll take to milling. Oh, heart of mine, how it beats!. shall I give it to Jaunty Jem?'

So they were married. Alas! Things went on worse and worse. Jem grew idle; the lonely life of the mill bored him; the old father's drivel he could not away with. He took to deeper and more frequent potations of beer. Doris was born, then other children came. What would not many a peer give for such babies as they, heavy as the cubs of a lioness, noisy, strong and dauntless, but with appetites that were frightful! One day the old miller, sitting in his chair 'among the gooseberry bushes,' as Doris said, was more than ordinarily restless and querulous. He would see his *peeaypers*—the lawyers had not got them all, not they; he had still something he could call his own. They brought him a box full of small conveyances. He could not read a word of them, not he; but he mumbled out that they were damp, they must be dried. Fingering them in a drivelling way, one by one, as he sat in the sunshine, nothing would do but he must have them spread out upon the gooseberry bushes. There they stuck crinkling in the noonday. Doris remembered it. Suddenly a wind arose—a whirlwind. The parchments were tossed up by the squall hither and thither, a wondrous sport to the chubby children, a quite extraordinary game of kite-flying. Doris had a notion that this was the ruin of grandfather, some suspicion that the lawyers had got hold of they peeaypers—not without help of the devil, the tutelar deity and favourer of lawyers.

A few days after this the miller died. There was no will, but the old man had made over the row of houses, aforesaid, to Mrs. Jem, and all that was left—mill and lands, heavily encumbered—came to the brother. What was the end of the brother? 'Lawk, I don't know; and what's more, I don't care; why should I?' said Doris. Why need we care?

Farewell to the mill. Jaunty Jem took his wife and four sturdy toddlers to Tegea 'to look after the property,' as he phrased it, and to soak himself in beer. He had occasional fits of industry, but the drink took hold of him. The unhappy wife and mother had a sad

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life of it, sinking deeper and deeper—she was quite beaten at last, all the spirit in her crushed. Only one pathetic scene had fixed itself in Doris's memory. She had never learnt to read, but the mother had kept one relic of the old prosperity, which she clung to, I know not why. It was a book, and a big one.

'Possible you might have a History of England?' said Doris to me, abruptly, a year or so ago. Yes! I had such a work. 'Ah! so had my mother. It was a great big book, as big as that table. I remember when she hadn't much else—for 'most all the furniture and sich was gone—she used to show it us of a Sunday. There was a sight of *gays* (illustrations) in that there great book, and she'd tell us about 'em. I mind one day she was showing 'em to us, and I looked up and she was a-crying. "What are you a-crying for, mother?" says I, and she never said not a word, but she shut the great history book, as she used to call it. I never heard what became of that great book. That was all the learning we had!'

Jaunty Jem's career was not a long one. One day, when Doris was just fourteen, Jem rolled into the gutter, staggered out, lurched against a loaded cart, which passed over him, crawled home, and next day Mrs. Jem was a ragged widow, with eight ragged, shoeless children, hungry, defiant and clamorous, demanding victuals. Without more ado they were bundled off to the workhouse. Such a workhouse! I pass it frequently. It is a ramshackle block, now divided into six or eight tenements, looking picturesquely squalid, noisome and filthy. Slums you people of the towns call them. It is always a subject of not unspoken thankfulness to the Great Disposer of our paths that that dreary old workhouse is outside the boundaries of my parish.

Doris was now fourteen. She was at once apprenticed by the parish authorities to somebody who wanted a maid-of-all-work. Note that this was about seventy years ago. The girl was started in life, with the scantiest of wardrobes, but probably more clothes on her back than she had worn for years. She made a good servant, they say. With her prodigious energy, quickness, and intelligence she could never be idle; but, let her mistress have been what she might, Doris must have been a 'handful.' Before she had been at her place six months, master and mistress left her in the house with the children to see to. It was winter-time. There had been heavy snow; now there was a sloppy thaw. There were troops of gaunt, lean men out of work, begging from door to door. One of them stopped at Doris's door. 'Doris! I'm almost dropping: you know me; look at my arms!' The starving wretch was a limping skeleton. The girl dashed into the house, snatched a loaf from the cupboard, thrust it into the bony hand, and burst into a storm of furious railing against all things in heaven and earth. The children were frightened; and to add to the horror of the incident (from their point

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of view) they were put upon short commons till their parents' return. Then there was a scene. 'Take my children's bread and give it to a tramp?' Doris recriminated; her young blood was up. 'Thief,' was she? 'God's wrath upon you, skinflints that you are! Give the brats stones to suck once a day in these cruel times; they'll be none the worse. But let the fathers that earn the bread starve? Never!' Would she promise never to do it again? Not she. Jail! Who cares for jail? They might as well have tried to deal with Ætna in eruption. The lava stream of glowing speech went billowing on, carrying all before it. Passion rouses passion, and the weaker and the beaten of two combatants is for the most part the most vindictive and implacable. The end of it was that Doris was carried before the magistrates, and sent for a month to Swaffham Bridewell!

'Good fortune departs, and disaster's behind.'
Hark, the wind with its wants and its infinite wail!

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Swaffham Bridewell—that's a real name this time. I was going to call it Pandemonium, but that would have been a poor feeble word for the thing signified. Twenty years or so before this time Howard had paid a visit to Swaffham Bridewell. This is what he found there:—

Three rooms below; one of which, a lodging-room for men, is too close (10 feet 9 inches by 7 feet 9 inches); a work-room, 17 feet by 15, but no employment; and four rooms above. Court enlarged, now 28 feet square, but no pump. . . . Keeper's salary, 16*l.*, and twenty shillings a year for straw. Clauses against spirituous liquors hung up; license for beer. . . . Prisoners, eleven, *including the lunatic.*

One pound per annum allowed for providing straw for all the prisoners. The court—in which alone the wretched jail birds could exercise their wasted limbs for a few minutes at a time, by special grace of the keeper, salaried at 16*l.* a year—when *enlarged* measured 28 feet square; and no pump. The howling lunatic—the ruffians in their fetters—the filth—the blasphemy—the ferocity—the despair. Think of it! Did 'their Dante of the dread Inferno' ever image a horribler den than this?

Six or seven years ago, when the Salvationists were strong and vociferous in Tegea, a band of them marching down the street met Doris as she was trudging along jocund and contemptuous. 'You're a-going to hell! You're a-going to hell!' cried voice after voice, and the Mænad who led the motley procession stopped her walking backwards, faced about, and halted. The very drummer held his hand and ceased his thumping. 'You're a-going to hell! You're a-going to hell! Doris! you're a-going to hell!' echoed again and again. Doris stood still, and the twinkle in her laughing eye meant anything but fear. 'Hell! What do you know about hell, ye sillies? I've been in hell, I have—spent a month

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there fifty years ago. Sin' I got out, many's the time I've danced all night and larked all day, and I'd do it again now if I could. Hell? Go on wi' you! wi' your drumming, and your bumming, and your tootling! That there hell's been pulled down sin' I was there. *You* ain't a-going to build that up again—for all your fal-lals. Go on wi' you!'

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Dreadful gleams of the after life were flashed upon me now and then. Doris would now and then drop a hint or something more. The old people too have sometimes told me scraps of their reminiscences in a shy, shamefaced way. What staggered them, almost frightened them, was the glaring, irresistible beauty of the woman—her immeasurable force—her masterful insolent fluency—her never-failing wit and drollery. 'She was a wicked woman!' says one; 'leastways folks said so. But lawk! I dunno much about her. Early or late she was gay as a peacock. Seemed as if no one never saw her what you may call *down*. She was that fresh-coloured as I've heard say she never blushed and she never blenched. She might ha' married a dozen on 'em; but no! she couldn't abide being bound. When she took up wi' Joe Bickers she'd found her master, but she'd never marry him. Beautiful? Well! I don't understand that. But she was that handsome as she was a wonder to look at.' My predecessor in this benefice tried hard to induce her to marry Joe Bickers. 'Tain't no use your talking,' said Joe impatiently; 'I've been trying to make her marry me for all forty years—'tain't likely you're a-going to talk her over!'

When I made her acquaintance first, Joe Bickers, who was some fifteen years older than Doris, had grown blind and useless. He soon took to his bed, where his habit was to bellow snatches of old songs—hunting songs—poaching songs—sea songs. 'Hold your noise, ye old fool!' I've heard her cry; 'there's the parson coming along.' The fierce old ruffian used to like my coming to him, but he had no more conscience than a carrot. It seemed impossible to arouse the faintest response to any appeal to the moral sense. My heart used to die within me sometimes. The only occasion on which I noticed anything like an approach to gentleness was when he said to me once, with signs of vexation that he had been brought to unbend so far, 'You're a good sort, anyhow! and God A'mighty will reward you, I don't doubt. But what's the use of your a-talking to me? I ain't fit for no other place than this. Soul? If you could see my soul, you'd see such a dirty un as you ain't often met. Who's a-going to save a rotten tater? 'tain't worth it!' But the ascendency which Joe Bickers had acquired, and retained for over forty years, over Doris was unbounded. She was his slave. The secret of it, I doubt not, was that she had a heart and he had none—a cruel, noisy, jovial, boisterous, reckless giant, of the stuff that the old buccaneers were

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made of. But marry him she never would, and never did. She never would marry anyone. It was not for want of asking. 'Why, there was one of 'em that wild he come and plumpt down on his knees and swore he'd never get up till I'd marry him. He'd a given me thousands!' 'Why in the world did you not take him, Doris?' 'What, marry a man that had flopped on his marrow bones and squealed like a pig? Yah! 'Twarn't likely! Why, if I'd married one of 'em, you see, I should ha' belonged to him. Then—possible—I'd have got tired of him.'

During those months when I used to go and visit fierce old Bickers—though he was as hard as the nether millstone—there came a gradual change over Doris. The strange couple lived in a ruinous hovel, which was one of two when I first knew it; the other house (?) grew so dangerous that the owner dismantled it, used some of the rafters to prop up Joe Bickers's tottering wall, sold the tiles for a few shillings, and patched up some holes in the roof. In this miserable ruin the old ruffian died. While he lay there, fading away, it was my business to drop in and sit with him.

They had abandoned the upper room, where the bats hid under the tiles and flew in and out at pleasure, and the wind whistled and the snowflakes found an easy entrance; and they had put up their big four-post bedstead on the ground floor. It was a tight fit. They did not lack for covering, and there were lumps of various dimensions which in the aggregate constituted a mattress, and there lay Joe Bickers. Once as I was speaking in my feeble way of Him who came to seek and to save them that were lost, Doris, with her back turned, sat huddling over the apology for a fire, pretending to take no notice. Suddenly, Joe burst out into a coarse laugh. 'My toes, if she ain't a-crying!' Doris started up, turning her face away, and flung herself out of the house. 'What a brute you are to laugh at the woman!' I exclaimed, for I was roused. 'You're blind. It was a lie. You couldn't have seen her if she had cried!' He laughed again. 'My toes! Many's the time I've give her a black eye, but I never see her blubbering for all that. But see or no see, she's been blubbering now. Think I don't know! I tell you she's a-crying!' I saw no more of her that day. Next time she began by being as reckless as usual. The old reprobate was evidently sinking. For the first time she condescended to consult me. 'I don't know what to make of him. He keeps calling out he'll be shaved. He won't die, he says, unless he's shaved, and I don't want him to die. I want to keep him. Do you think, sir, as I ought to have him shaved?' There was a grotesque pathos about the question. Doris dreaded the thought of hastening his end.

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Doris was left alone. She had still a great deal of vigour and infinite pluck. She had her donkey, too, and her cart, and she con-

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trived, literally, to pick up a livelihood. She never begged; she had many friends here and there, who were always ready with a shilling. People who condemned her irregular life were ready to cast a veil over her antecedents. She was proud as Lucifer in her way, and scorned to apologise for what she had not scorned to commit. She rather made the worst of herself than the best. She forgot nothing; she knew everybody—especially all their old peccadilloes. Truly a formidable personage, whom prudence suggested should be best left alone to go her own way. The donkey cart grew very rickety. She took it to the wheelwright, a kindly man in his way. 'Mr. ——, I want you to mend this cart; what will it cost? What will it cost *you*, that's my meaning; for you must mend it up and I shan't pay you for it. Leastways I don't think I ever shall!' The cart was mended. Doris went on in the old way, doing little jobs, getting shillings, scraps, and small doles. Then the donkey broke down. One day we missed the patient little brute. 'Where's the dickey, Doris?' Simon, the knacker, had gone to her to buy it. What for? For somebody's kennel. What would he give? Half-a-crown. What would he charge for shooting it? A shilling. And dig the hole too? Yes, he didn't mind that. Doris stood by as he dug the hole, then she pulled out her shilling. 'Now you may shoot him. I ain't a-going to have my dickey feed the dogs!' The old dickey rolled into his grave, and the two covered him over. Doris was desolate. 'I've had three on 'em—this last one better nor twenty years. He fared as if he looked at me that morning, and said Good-bye!'

Men and women who are absolutely fearless always have a power over animals. Doris would have laughed at a mad bull, and the monster would have turned away from her; the fiercest dog would trot up to her, thrust his nose into her hand, and caper round her. Quite recently I was complaining to a good woman that there were no hedgehogs to be found. 'Begging your pardon, sir, Doris could find you a hedgehog any day; she says they come out to look at her!' In fact, a week before she had taken a young hedgehog to one of our cottagers a mile off and given it to her. Some time afterwards she had dropt in to inquire about the hedgehog. The little creature had not taken kindly to its new home, had hidden away, and only came out in the evening when the black-beetles emerged from their holes. As the two women were gossiping—lo! in the broad noonday there appeared the hedgehog. It ran up to Doris, crooning softly, as their wont is, and seeming to ask to be noticed.

When the donkey was gone, Doris—still living in the old hovel—had to trust to her own feet. Coming back every evening, weary, often wet and hungry, no fire in the grate and scanty provisions in

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the cupboard, the hard life began to tell upon her. She had never had an hour's illness. Her hair had grown grey, but there were still tangled masses of it shadowing the broad, square, powerful forehead. Till within a month of her death her full lips were red as a girl's; the brilliant colour of her cheek was a delicate carmine, the smaller vessels still distinct with the blood that circulated through them regularly as it had done seventy years before. Doris bowed her head at last—bowed her heart, too. 'I suppose I'm a dier,' she said to me; 'I used to think I never should die. I never thought I was the same as other folks. Nothing never did me no harm. I've known hundreds of diers—what was that to me?'

At last she got an allowance from the parish—went out no more—then she took to her bed. All her life she appears to have put away from herself anything but the present hour. When she could no longer trudge about the old roads and lanes, she fiercely resented the faintest suggestion that she would be better cared for in the Union. 'I never set my foot in the Union yet, and they sha'n't make me. I don't want no taking care of. Let 'em leave me alone. I'm best alone. Who's a-going to look after me—a-peeping and a-picking and a-sniffing about?' So we had to make the best of it. But Doris grew feebler; she found it harder and harder to fetch her pail of water from the well; she hadn't strength or spirit to wash up her things or put them away, or even light her fire. I used to drop in more frequently, though it was not always easy, for she lived a couple of miles off. The woman's heart was evidently softening, but she fought against it in impatient, defiant outbreaks. She was thinking. Clearly the memories of the past were haunting her: there were the signs not so much of weak and puling regret as of a bitter and acrimonious disgust. 'Yah! I see it all now; I didn't see it then. There ain't no one to blame but myself. Yah!' Now and then her abruptness took me at a disadvantage, when she, evidently speaking out what had been turning over and over in her mind for nights and days, would hurl at me some sad question as though it were a missile she was burning to throw from her. 'What puts me out,' she said one day, 'is what such as you come to such as me for. You ain't got nothing to gain by it—you ain't obliged to—you ain't a-going to tell me as you like it—here you are wet and dry. What do you do it for? That there woman over the way, she wouldn't come near me if it wasn't for you. Ah! as if I don't know!' She laughed a feeble, cunning laugh and tried to look sly. 'Doris! when the old dickey was alive you used to take messages, didn't you, whether you liked it or not? Perhaps that's my way!' 'Go on wi' you! you ain't got no master, and you don't want no shillings—I did!' 'Ah! Doris! Doris! but I *have* a Master, and that's just where it is.' She looked at me, said nothing, tossed about on the bed, sat

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up again, then half wearily, half petulantly, 'Well, you can't like it anyhow. He never comes to see you; and if He did, possible as you could do without Him!'

. . . . . .

Another time she broke out, 'Mrs. Dash came here yesterday; she brought me a bit of chicken. She hadn't no call to come; she wouldn't ha' come if you hadn't sent her. I had to eat her victuals, though it kind o' choked me; she wanted 'em more'n I did, and they'd ha' done her more good!' Then she went on to say that Mrs. Dash had in the old days always been good for a sixpence, an egg, a cup of milk, or some scraps. Four years before this time her husband had 'broken.' Doris had called at the door some days afterwards and found her old friend in tears—the bailiffs had been in the house. Mechanically she had gone to look for something for Doris—there was nothing. 'Never mind, Doris!' she had said with a wan smile, there's twopence for you!' Doris took it, shambled off, and swore a big oath that she'd never go near that door again. 'I'd have given it back, and more too,' said Doris, 'but I knew her well; she wouldn't ha' liked it; but I never went there no more!'

The shadows were deepening. We got a kind neighbour to go in two or three times a day to look after Doris, and very kind and considerate she was; but Doris at first resented the intrusion. In a little while she submitted, and ended by expressing a reluctant sort of gratitude; but in the presence of this extemporised *sœur de charité* when I called she was obstinately silent. The good creature noticed it, and had the tact and delicacy always to retire when I came in to pay my visits. 'I'm a dier!' said Doris. 'Not just yet, though; don't you be afraid. Possible you'd write a letter for me?' Write a letter for Doris! Whom to? Then came a strange story. Fifty years ago, when Doris had first taken up with Joe Bickers—who was then earning a great deal of money doing odd jobs of drilling and carting—Joe wanted more help. Doris thereupon went to the workhouse and took out her youngest brother, a lad of twelve or fourteen. 'And I brought him up,' said Doris.

The strong, affectionate nature of the lad, his strange thoughtfulness, his intelligence, his somewhat melancholy temperament, had come, you may be sure, not from Jaunty Jem, but from the other side of the house. He conceived a deep horror and loathing of the life into which he was plunged. 'He couldn't a-bear the drink, and he couldn't abide my old man!' The lad grew very strong, but he was no match at all for old Joe. He sullenly submitted to the ruffian's brutal violence for three or four years; then when he found he could do no good, and that it was faring worse and worse with his sister, one day he disappeared. 'He always said he should go away some day, and if he did he'd never come back. "Come along wi' me, Doris," he said one night afore he went off; "I'll never marry till you

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do; I'll work my fingers to the bone to keep you respectable; come along and leave it all. Don't you be dragged in the mud no more!"'

But no! With the obstinate infatuation of the woman, she refused to move. She never slept a night in her life ten miles from the place of her birth. There she would live and there she would die.

Once, when I was in the jolly twenties, a merry band of us had been out shooting. Just as we turned homewards the sun sank down and it was twilight. Up rose a partridge: some one fired; the bird was hit. A shot, I conjecture, had passed through one of its eyes and lodged in the brain. In the waning light we saw it wheeling round us in a regular circle—round and round and round. It was getting dark as we fired one after another; but we missed. The bird flew round and round; at last one chance shot ended it all. I often think of the poor partridge; and when I do I think of Doris too, fluttering round and round and round in an enchanted circle—dropping at last!

I wrote that letter and the brother came. A serious, broad-shouldered, thriving miner with a vast hand that took mine into its mighty grasp while his lip quivered, and his words came slowly, 'I've come to fetch Doris, but she won't go, sir. Suppose I was to take her up and carry her off in a first-class carriage. Do you think she'd stand it? There's a train at 4.15 this afternoon.' He'd been travelling all the night, fourteen hours of it. It was now mid-day. I told him the thing was not to be done—impossible. 'Then I'd best get back. My wife's been paralysed. There's two shops to look after. I must get back!' He stayed a few hours, amazed the *sœur de charité* by his profuseness, left money behind him, and orders that his sister should want for nothing, and was gone; the poor wife was calling to him, and the two shops and the work he had left in the coal pit. How he managed his various occupations who shall say? A man of few words and slow of speech, he left only one message behind him. 'Give my love to his reverence. Mind, I say my love! I mean it.' The 4.15 train took him back to his wife, who wrote an urgent, pleading letter to Doris. Let her come. 'Oh, come to us for the love of God!' She was past railway journeyings by this time. 'I knew he'd come if I sent for him,' said Doris; 'he was always a good sort of boy. I brought him up, and he's a good boy now!'—aged sixty years or thereabouts!

You ladies and gentlemen of the leisure classes who subscribe to Mudie's and religiously visit the Royal Academy, I have noticed a superstition among you which is rather widely prevalent. I have heard many of you express unbounded astonishment that romance, sentiment, pure nobleness, and the simple heroism of self-surrender should be found among the masses in the squalor of the alleys or of the cottage in the lane. I am inclined myself to fall into exactly the opposite superstition, and to doubt whether the before-mentioned

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articles are to be found anywhere *except* in the before-mentioned spots.

'Well! he's been and gone, my poor boy! There's another thing you might do for me now!' For perhaps the first and only time in her life a deep blush rose to her cheek, mantling all her brow with crimson. It was some time before she could bring it out. She recovered herself. 'Are you a-going? 'Cause I'll tell you when you're going!' I silently took up my hat; with my hand upon the latch I paused, turning my back on her as she lay.

'Will you be so good as ask 'em in your church next Sunday . . . just to . . . all on 'em . . . just to . . . say a prayer for a bad woman as has lived as she hadn't ought to . . . ? Possible He may look in and hear 'em!' Can you guess who He was?

Of course I gave the message almost in her very words. The pathetic notice produced a profound impression. Everybody was talking about it. A wild rumour, extensively circulated and repeated in the markets, went about that Doris had confessed to being concerned in a murder committed fifty years before. The Pharisees were greatly exercised. One of them must needs go and look into the matter. 'Is it true, Doris?' Some of the old fierceness of scorn came back to her. 'Get out wi' you! I ain't so bad but I know this house is my own. Who wants you in here? I know all about you—you and yours, they're a mucky lot! I never done no night poaching same as you. Who are you to come in here with your horking and your snivelling? Get out wi' you!' The fellow slunk away and gave in a report to those that sent him that Doris was 'a-going to hell!'

She was past caring now what people said of her; the old contempt of the world's censure helped her now. Let them—they had cause for it!

I rarely *read* anything to Doris. I used to trust to my memory for the most part, and *tell* her what I thought it was good to tell. She was sitting up in her bed huddled together, her arms clasped round her knees, on her head a *magenta* [is that the word?] handkerchief tied under her chin, faded crimson petticoat, and crimson stockings, an old blanket gathered round her shoulders. Somehow—I forget how it came about—I told her of one whom they brought to Him, how they were very hard upon her; how they could not help being hard—it would not do *not* to be hard against some sins, some wrongs, some evil-doers—how they said this and that; how He was never hard; how He was so very, very sorry for her. Doris utterly broke down. Clutching her knees, she looked at me, the wide eyes filled with the big drops that rolled down her cheeks. I never saw a human being sob before without the least attempt at stopping or hiding the spasms of emotion. I hope I shall never see it again. What did she say? What did I answer? Nay! Nay! Hush!

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Next day and the next I could not go to her. Doris was very restless. 'I can't ease her,' said our *sœur de charité* when I did come at last; 'she keeps telling me to read to her "about the woman," and I don't know what woman — I've been trying ever so!' Her trying consisted in reading about the lost piece of silver, the judgment of Solomon, St. Paul's advice to wives. Finally (when all these failed to satisfy Doris) somebody dropped in who suggested the 17th chapter of the Revelation of St. John!

Doris tried to raise herself the next time she heard my voice .... We had our last interview. That night she died. A week or two before she had sent for Mrs. Dash. By the help of careful instructions Mrs. Dash found, in a hole in the chimney, a little hoard of seventeen shillings. It had been stored up against the day of her burial. Doris had no fears now, for her 'boy' would save her from a pauper's grave; but the money was his, and he'd better have it. The brother came again, and brought his sadly crippled wife with him too. They gave away the few things that were in the house. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could make them understand that there was no fee to pay, that they owed me nothing. They went their way, strangely sorrowing, when they had laid their sister in her grave.

And this was the end of Doris!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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THE FRENCH SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

By a curious coincidence the first published manifesto of the new English Association of Incorporated Authors, whose president is Lord Tennyson, makes its appearance at the very moment when the French society, over which Victor Hugo so long presided, and on whose lines it has been formed, is celebrating its jubilee. On the 10th of the present month the Société des Gens de Lettres will have existed for half a century, and the occasion seems opportune, for those who believe that the English society is destined to perform a great work, to point out what the French society has done in fifty years. Some record, however brief and incomplete, of the success which has attended our French brethren, may stimulate British authors to support with more warmth and confidence a scheme which has started favourably in this country, and which means to march on and conquer, but which would be sped more gaily on its course if the half-hearted and the suspicious could but subdue their scruples and believe in the brilliance of its future. Here in England all composite movements are apt to be thwarted, if not entirely checked, by two fine insular virtues pushed so far as to become vices—that is to say, by the morbid independence which makes it impossible for us to learn to walk *à la queue*, and by the morbid modesty which forbids us to think that anything the existing generation does can be worth consideration or protection. The original attempt, in which the first Lord Lytton and Mr. Carlyle were engaged, to form an incorporated society of British authors, failed from these two errors of national character; the very members of the committee could not agree on a common course of action, or feign any sort of interest in one another's literary property. Perhaps we may succeed in being more unanimous this time, if we observe that they order these matters better in France.

The originator of the French Société des Gens de Lettres was that energetic and untiring journalist Louis Desnoyers. If any published history of the society exists, I at least have been unable to procure it. The fullest account of its early career which I have come across is in a memoir of Louis Desnoyers, who died in 1868. I observe it stated that the executors of the late Emmanuel Gonzalès have discovered an account of the vicissitudes through which the Société

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passed among that author's papers, and it is to be hoped that this or some other authoritative record of what was not less than a crisis in French literary history will be given to the world. At present we have to fall back upon stray pieces of information, and anecdotes scattered hither and thither in letters and biographies. Louis Desnoyers was stung by personal suffering into forming a confederation for the rights of authors. He was the editor and proprietor under the Restoration of a sort of society-journal—a newspaper which defies bibliography under a variety of such names as *Le Sylphe*, *Le Trilby*, and *Le Lutin*. This ephemeral creation had the boldness, in 1830, to put forth claws and a beak, and to appear as *L'Aigle*. In the course of the autumn the criticisms of this audacious bird could no longer be endured by the Government, and *L'Aigle* was confiscated. Desnoyers, then a young man of twenty-eight, was not long in recovering from the effects of this blow, but anger rankled within him, and with characteristic persistence he did not cease to plan the liberation of the pen. He had what his biographer calls a monomania for starting things, and he was one of those men who are born to induce others to act in concert. He carried his passion so far as, through absence of mind, to pass his wedding-night in a printing-office, seeing his last new venture, the first number of *Charivari*, through the press.

Such a man was evidently marked from his cradle to be the founder of an incorporated society of authors, and the objections with which his earliest proposals in this direction were met fell but as so much fuel on the flame of his energy. He was already eager about it, when Louis Blanc magisterially announced that the idea was preposterous. This was quite enough for Desnoyers; from that time forward he was pushing the scheme through with unflagging zeal. He delivered lectures on the subject, he approached the masters of literature with his irresistible charm of persuasive enthusiasm, he set all the bells of the press ringing with his notions, and gradually resistance faded before him. It is not quite clear to me whether it was on December 10, 1837, that the first meeting of his committee took place, or whether a later and more final completion of the society is that which is to be celebrated this month. In any case, the earliest gathering seems to have been small but select; it consisted of nine persons, including Desnoyers, and among these nine were Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Thierry, Villemain, and Arago. Desnoyers was elected president, but with equal tact and foresight he insisted on withdrawing in favour of a more eminent man, and induced his colleagues to select the young but already distinguished historian and statesman, Villemain, for the presidency. At the second committee meeting, Balzac, Henri Martin, and George Sand were elected, and the Société des Gens de Lettres started with all sails set. The

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original members were 234 in number, and contained, in addition to those already mentioned, the names of such illustrious persons as Théophile Gautier, Sandeau, Eugène Sue, and the bibliophile Jacob. Of these foundation-members there were but sixteen left last October, when Emmanuel Gonzalès died, and since that time more than one has passed away. No doubt a very special and pathetic note of welcome awaits those few survivors who are able to attend the meeting of the 10th of this month.

Those who are passing through the labour and heat of the day in England, however, need not suppose that the French Société des Gens de Lettres arrived by any primrose path at its final prosperity. The illustrious members of its first committee had to give a great deal of thought and time to the chase of that wild animal the five-pound note, and it was on the question of finance that the society was most nearly wrecked. Again and again the committee, in a fit of despair, was on the point of winding up the whole concern, and each time it was the enthusiasm and ardent hopefulness of Balzac which rallied the members once more around the council-table. The condition of copyright in France at that time laid the writers and editors of periodicals open to almost any predatory attacks from the provincial journals and magazines. The author's property in reproduced matter was nominally protected by the law, but the collection of what was due to him was in the highest degree difficult. A busy man had no time to spare in obliging piratical editors to disgorge, and the universal practice of the latter was not to pay unless they were forced to do so. This was the crying burden under which Parisian authorship groaned. Desnoyers, as a very popular journalist, had suffered from it personally and severely, and he made it the first business of the new society to create an agency which should be empowered to act on behalf of members, and which should in fact hold a power of attorney enabling its officers to collect the payments for right of reproduction. That this was no unimportant matter may be conceived from the fact that in the first thirty years of its existence the Société collected the sum of 1,243,000 francs, all but a small percentage of which went straight into the pockets of French authors. Not a penny of this would, in any probability, have been volunteered, and it may be therefore said that the professional authors of France were enriched during that time by more than 40,000 francs per annum. Since 1868 the gains of the Société have vastly increased, but the figures are not in my possession.

How uncertain the finances of the Société were in its earliest years may be illustrated by an anecdote. During our own recent conferences, a lady arose and sternly rebuked us for supposing that the business instincts of women required any protection. I fancy she was right. At all events, it is entertaining to find that the most perilous strait into which the young Société des Gens de Lettres fell was entirely owing

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to the development of the business instinct in woman. George Sand, although a member of the committee, was a perfect Shylock in demanding her last ounce of flesh. On one occasion, when funds were very low in the little office at the Rue de Provence, Desnoyers was appalled to receive a visit from the *homme d'affaires* of Madame Sand. The man claimed the dues of reproduction collected on behalf of that eminent novelist, and no consideration would induce him to allow the debt to stand over. Finally, in the name of his fair and resolute client, he put a distrainer on the furniture of the office of the Société. Desnoyers flew to throw himself at the feet of George Sand, but the fair one prided herself on her business instinct, and she hardened her heart like marble. At last it occurred to Desnoyers to point out to her that, as a member of the committee of the Société, she was co-proprietor of these tables and chairs which she was trying to seize. This was a fresh point of view; the lady saw the absurdity of distraining herself, and smiled. The Société des Gens de Lettres had survived its worst hour, yet in the face of this story it certainly does seem needless to be unduly solicitous about helping woman to protect the rights of her intellectual property.

But when, on next Saturday week, the Société, some five hundred in number, with its president, M. Jules Clarétie, at its head, marches through Paris to inaugurate M. Crauk's statue of Edmond About, and, after a pilgrimage to the tomb of Louis Desnoyers, returns to a banquet at the Hôtel Continental, these dangers and terrors of the past will be entirely forgotten, or will reappear only to give the contrast of a pleasant bitterness to the full sweets of to-day. The Société des Gens de Lettres has enjoyed a complete success. It has revolutionised the professional life of the French writer. It has doubled the receipts of his labours, it has given repose to his anxieties, it has deprived him of the sense of nakedness and isolation. It is only right to acknowledge that in this country we have possessed, for nearly one hundred years, a wealthy institution which undertakes part of the duties which have made the Société justly popular—namely, the Royal Literary Fund. This institution is one which no man of letters should ever mention without recognition of its vast services to the profession. But the Société des Gens de Lettres, like our own Incorporated Society of Authors, was not started as a benevolent association of patrons, but as a guild of professional workers bound together for purposes of mutual protection. The distinction is a very important one. The creation of a fund out of which deserving literary merit in distress may receive confidential support has followed on the general success of the French society, but it was no part of its original design, nor, to the present day, is the administration of this fund more than a supplement to its activity. Enriched as it has been by gifts and bequests of large sums of money, the Société has so invested this wealth as to have at its command a con-

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siderable pensioning-power, but it scarcely regards itself, even now, as a benevolent institution. In the recent publication of the English society, we have given a succinct account of the rules of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and have suggested those parts of them which we think specially applicable to English requirements and to the conditions of the law of this country. I need here only repeat what are the most prominent of the advantages which accrue to a French author who joins that Société. The first, which swallows up the others, is that it provides him, without expense, with an extremely powerful machinery for obtaining all the rights, direct or indirect, which are legally his as a producer of literary property. It does not improve his work, of course, or find a market for it, or interfere in any way with the legitimate conditions of contract, but it annuls the accidental disadvantages of his poverty, his isolation and his inexperience, and puts him in a position to secure whatever his particular gifts and energy have given him a legal right to enjoy. It settles questions of litigation which he would be too poor to venture on raising. It has a hundred agents, that serve as eyes, watching for piracies which he would never hear of. In short, it deprives literary life of that element of anxiety and suspicion, that constant fear of being cheated, which gives so unwholesome a flavour to the professional literary atmosphere of England.

One of the most important functions which the Société des Gens de Lettres is called to fill, and one that we should specially like to see added to those of our English body, is that of arbitration. It acts as a species of family tribunal, before which disputes between members of the society can be brought and tried, without any public washing of dirty linen. The Société, as an unprejudiced friend, settles many a quarrel between choleric French authors, and amicably prevents a lawsuit or a duel. I understand that it was Balzac who introduced this happy notion to his colleagues, and it was tried unofficially with so much success, that since 1865 the committee has formed a regularly recognised syndical chamber, with authority to act as an arbiter. The committee, it may be added, consists of twenty-four persons, elected at a general meeting, and on this board almost all the leading writers of France, for the last fifty years, have at one time or another served.

In all this I hope the absence of any indignation against publishers will be noted. I am personally a little sorry that circumstances should have forced our own earliest manifestoes to take so much the appearance of polemics against a class. The idea of the internecine struggle between publisher and author amuses the public, and we must hope that from the sensational we may pass to the normal and the peaceful. But I am sure that I speak for those of more authority than myself, for my friend Mr. Walter Besant in particular, when I say that we look upon a balancing of the relations

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of author to publisher as very far from limiting the aims of our society. Our friends the outsiders are really too truculent. When, in our late conferences, I ventured to deprecate the mere Berserker attitude, a London newspaper reproved me because, 'with characteristic dislike of blood,' I waved a white flag. I fail to see why any reasonable person should desire carnage for its own sake. If all the streets ran purple with the blood of publishers, we should sell our books no better. The conditions under which the contract between publisher and writer is formed in England appear to require revision. Let them be revised, for the sake of the former no less than of the latter, but do not let us plunge into a professional *vendetta*. Above all, do not let us frighten decent people away from our body by a parade of indignation. I do not think we can hope to do better than put before the writers of England the benefits which accrue to Frenchmen of their class from the eminently successful society on which our own is based. If all the English writers of any position were banded together, without distinction of class or clique, on the mere common basis of their similarity of production, to help one another in protecting and developing their intellectual property, half the misery, half the heartburnings and jealousies which now distress the profession of letters would pass into the limbo of Alsatia and of Grub Street.

EDMUND GOSSE.

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CATHOLICITY AND REASON.

THE article which Sir James Stephen has done me the honour to write in the October number of this Review, brings vividly before my mind many a pleasant reminiscence of evenings passed at the Metaphysical Club a dozen years ago. There it was my fate now and again to encounter vigorous and unsparing, yet withal kindly, criticism from the same acute and powerful mind which now compels me somewhat reluctantly to write upon a question which cannot but be largely a personal one. Yet I do not on the whole regret this compulsion, on account of the importance of the questions raised and the opportunity it affords of removing difficulties and misunderstandings. It shall be my endeavour to reply to my critic with entire candour and as fully as the space at my disposal will permit. Before addressing myself, however, to this not altogether unwelcome task, I desire to express my grateful sense of the kindness and courtesy shown to me by my opponent, as well as the gratification I feel at finding in how many important matters we agree, wide as may be our divergence in others certainly of not less moment. There is one sentence of Sir James Stephen which, in my opinion, deserves to be written up in every school, reading-room, and library in England: I refer to that in which he tells us[1] that 'the whole question of the present and future state of religion' is one of 'awful importance.' As to our points of agreement, I, in the first place, most cordially agree with my critic in reprobating the use of 'a double standard of truth'—a practice I, with him, consider 'absolutely fatal to common sense, to common honesty, and to all simplicity and directness of mind.' I repudiate with all my heart the affirmation that anything can be at the same time false scientifically and true theologically. As a Catholic I am emphatically authorised to repudiate it, since it has been expressly condemned by the definition made, against Pomponatius, in the Eighth Session of the Fifth Council of Lateran (A.D. 1513), by an Encyclical of Gregory the Sixteenth against Hermes, and by the late Pope.[2] I also agree in deprecating an ambiguous use of the term 'belief,' and to avoid misunderstandings shall be careful not myself to use the word save when I

[1] P. 594.

[2] In his Encyclical '*cum pluribus*' (1846) condemning the followers of Hermes in the very words before used by Leo the Tenth against Pomponatius.

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mean to exclude doubt. It is manifest, however, that we may adhere 'without doubt' to different propositions with very different degrees of energy. Thus, if I have sufficient evidence to exclude doubt that some stranger, accused of a theft, did not commit it, I believe in his innocence. If, instead of a stranger, the man accused is my intimate friend of whose high character I have had many years' experience, I also believe in his innocence, but far more energetically. I agree again with my opponent as to his assertion [3] that 'the truth of doctrines constitutes the only reasonable ground for wishing to propagate them.' The fact that some belief seems beautiful, or that we deem it likely to promote practices we approve of, does not, to my mind, justify anyone who has no belief in its truth in seeking to diffuse it. I also further cordially concur in saying [4] that, with respect to matters of religion, 'every sort of conscious and voluntary romance is out of place. . .' 'romance or poetry, understood to be such, ought to be a servant and not a master;' as also that 'doctrines ought to stand or fall according to their own intrinsic' [or extrinsic] 'powers of persuasion and command.' No real beauty, no lasting goodness can, in my belief, result from anything which is not true. Religion is worth nothing in my eyes as a mere sentiment or taste, unsupported by calm and solid reason. I have, and have always had, a profound contempt for a 'religion of emotion,' and Sir James Stephen may possibly recollect one of my papers for the Metaphysical Club, written expressly to ridicule that most inane religion. But while I thus deprecate mere sentiment and feeling, I would by no means be understood as denying the influence of the will on religious belief. I do not mean that the will either has or ought to have any direct control over our intellectual perceptions; I mean only that experience has intimately convinced me that the attitude of the will towards ethical precepts has a great, though indirect and unconscious, effect upon a man's convictions. But when I say this I am anxious not to be misunderstood. In these days religious belief is far from being the simple easy matter which once it was. Our intellectual conditions are very different from those which existed in the days of the Apostles, when non-theists were 'without excuse,' and from those of the eleventh century, when disbelief meant extreme rashness and presumption. I cannot doubt but that many a man who now feels himself unable to affirm his belief in a personal God, yet worships with an unconscious but acceptable homage through his devotion to what he deems to be good and true—especially if, as is often the case, he abounds in charity [5] to his

[3] P. 600. [4] P. 600.

[5] Ten years ago I published in a Catholic periodical the following words: 'No one has a stronger sense than I have of the estimable qualities of many of our English "advanced" thinkers, both in their civil and their domestic relations. I have had personal experience of and bear most willing testimony to the self-denying philanthropy and purity of life of men whom I cannot claim as brother Theists, but to whom for these reasons I cannot but look up with sincere admiration.' (*Dublin Review* for October 1876.

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fellows. I cannot doubt but that such an unconscious worship will bring with it its own exceeding great reward.

After noticing these points of agreement with my critic I must, before commencing my reply, call attention to certain other statements of his with which I am so far from agreeing that they almost take my breath away with amazement. Sir James Stephen avows with so much modesty his inability to judge concerning Catholic doctrine, that it is with great unwillingness I proceed to accentuate that avowal. But he has fallen into a mistake so profound and so fundamental, that I am constrained to declare it shows him hardly qualified to express a judgment about it. He says[6]:

> Endless argument on the existence and attributes of God has taken place, and at this moment the results arrived at operate powerfully on innumerable minds. How are these speculations to be dealt with? If their weight is to be determined by reason, then the existence of God is a question on which reason is competent to decide, and to overrule authority. . . . Without a previous belief in God on independent grounds, the Church is inconceivable . . . the Church, therefore, rests ultimately upon a conclusion of reason.

But *of course* the existence of God is a question to be determined by reason. *Of course*, without a previous belief in God on independent grounds, no man can be expected to bow to the authority of the Church. *Of course* the Church rests ultimately and must rest for every inquirer upon a conclusion of reason. My critic seems to consider that these truths cannot be held consistently with Catholic orthodoxy, yet they are truths universally and constantly taught, not by this or that school of theology, but by all Catholic theologians without exception.

If Sir James Stephen had only consulted the first priest he happened to meet in the street, he would certainly have been told that the prolegomena of faith do not repose upon authority, but upon reason only. In this sense, then, it is most true, as my critic says, that 'ordinary human reason in the last resort is the supreme judge of all controversies whatever.' It is, according to Catholic teaching, the legitimate and unquestionable province of ordinary human reason to judge, not only as to the existence of God, but also as to whether God has or has not granted us a revelation. Reason judges legitimately both as to the evidence of a revelation and as to its credibility. It has the right to judge of its credibility by seeing whether it is or is not self-contradictory, and whether it does or does not contradict any self-evident truth. Such contradictions, did they exist, would, of course, prove the asserted revelation to be a mere absurdity, and no revelation at all. But, though reason can decide whether it does or does not violate the law of contradiction,[7] it by no

[6] P. 589.

[7] The law that nothing can both be and not be at the same time and in the same sense.

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means follows that reason can decide as to the truth of propositions which contain no apparent contradiction, but which it has no positive means of forming any opinion about. It is plain that a Divine revelation, if granted, may, and probably will, contain truths beyond the reach of unaided reason, though not *contrary* to it. Such truths, for example, would be revelations concerning the nature of God Himself. It is most true, as my opponent says, that 'no one but a madman can reject the use of reason;' but it is also true that no one but a madman would declare God's nature to be incomprehensible and at the same time affirm the validity of his reason for judging as to the truth of doctrines concerning it which contain no contradiction. Such doctrines he should admit to be possibly true or false, and their value to depend on that of the authority from whence they emanate. Thus, then, when Sir James Stephen says, 'No one who admits the authority of reason in any department of affairs can deny its absolute supremacy in all, as the one guide of truth,' he probably means no more than that, according to our nature, all beliefs rest ultimately on a conclusion of reason. He can hardly mean more, since it is evident that, if a witness makes statements which are incapable of verification—such as statements about his own feelings—reason may decide as to his probable trustworthiness, but cannot otherwise judge as to the truth or falsehood of statements which by their nature are necessarily beyond its reach. There is then no inconsistency in accepting propositions both on reason and on faith, and such propositions need not be held, as my critic represents [8] them to be held, 'upon two conflicting principles,' but upon two concordant principles. Thus, for example, if we need to understand some difficult point of Indian law, which we have no means ourselves of forming a trustworthy judgment about, and if the best use we can make of our reason in the matter shows us that Sir James Stephen is the highest authority within our reach, then surely we may most reasonably hold to a judgment about it, both on reason and on faith—on reason in so far as our intellect guides us to our authority, on faith in so far as we believe that authority's (Sir James Stephen's) decision on the point in question. Similarly, it is surely conceivable, reason may show us that a Divine revelation has been vouchsafed, and that thereupon we may accept non-contradictory doctrines on its authority. Such doctrines will then be most reasonably held on two most distinct and unequal grounds—namely, on the ground that they have been promulgated by authority and on the ground that reason, on independent evidence, declares such authority to be Divine.

These introductory matters being disposed of, and it being agreed that we shall be led to religion (if it is to be worth anything) through a rational assent, and that our act of acceptance of it must repose ultimately on ordinary human reason, I will proceed without further

[8] P. 591.

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preface to answer my opponent's questions. Sir James Stephen asks how the position I have taken up can possibly be reconcilable with Catholic faith, and how anyone holding such opinions as I hold can be otherwise than in a 'most false' position in the Roman Church? My critic evidently thinks I must, no doubt unconsciously, be[9] 'playing fast and loose with reason.' He especially desires to know how such a free handling of the Old Testament as I have ventured to bring forward for consideration, and such an uncompromising assertion of the claims and rights of science and scientific men as I have made, can accord with an honest acceptance of the creeds by a Catholic? I flatter myself I shall have little difficulty in showing that an honest Catholic can make such assertions, and can take up such a position; but before attempting to do so I must remind my critic what my exact position is. The first of the two papers criticised was called forth by the attack of an Irish priest upon me and upon the arguments I had ventured, not without approval,[10] to bring forward in support of the harmony I believed to exist between science and revealed religion. 'Having,' I said,[11] 'ventured to assume the responsible position of peacemaker upon certain very definite grounds, I should feel bound in honour and honesty to withdraw my apology and confess myself to have been mistaken, if, through new scientific discoveries or fresh dogmatic decisions, those grounds ceased in my opinion to be capable of sustaining my argument.' There has existed of late years amongst Catholics, we have the authority of Cardinal Newman for saying, 'an insolent and aggressive faction,' and, as my Very Reverend correspondent declared,[12] there are men in it whose 'shallowness, inconsistency, aggressiveness, and haughtiness are simply appalling.' Attempts have now and again been made to compel individual Catholics to accept the decisions of various divines, synods, and congregations, almost as if they were infallible decrees, and to exaggerate their importance in a very oppressive manner. It was for this reason I so insisted that it was not to such authorities, but to the patient labours of men of science, that God had revealed the truths of natural and historical knowledge. Greatly discouraged and subdued as those men have been since the accession of Leo the Thirteenth, we have from time to time evidence that the faction has been only scotched and not killed, and one evidence of the kind was the appearance of the obscurantist essay which called forth my first article. I was, as I said, moved to write it by my knowledge that many most estimable persons were in a state of great mental anxiety and distress on the subject to which I felt bound to address myself. The advice of theologians I consulted showed me that the liberty I

[9] P. 591.

[10] It was after I had published those arguments, and had laid them at the feet of the Supreme Pontiff, that Pius the Ninth sent me the Roman Doctorate.

[11] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1885, p. 32. [12] *Ibid.* 1887, p. 32.

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sought to make manifest was even greater than I had at first supposed, while the need of vindicating that liberty became every day more pressing. I desired to make 'elbow-room' for my brethren as to matters of biology, and I succeeded. It was strongly pressed upon me that elbow-room 'in the matter of Biblical criticism' was still more needed, and, after respectfully waiting two years, I addressed myself to the latter task. But in so doing I was careful to have every word I published examined and passed by skilled theologians. As I have said,[13] 'nothing but a conviction of imperative duty and the *advice of learned theologians*' that there was need of a vigorous protest would have led me to call attention in the way I did to the results of modern criticism. Sir James Stephen can hardly suppose that 'skilled and learned theologians' would have advised me to publish what was not capable of reconciliation with orthodox Catholic doctrine. After all, the question about Scripture is but a question of degree. The *principle* I contended for has been fully admitted, not only in the published works of living writers such as Bishop Clifford and Cardinal Newman, but three hundred and fifty years ago in those of Cardinal Cajetan and many centuries before in those of St. Augustin, who taught that the 89th psalm was never written by Moses, as, from its title, it had been supposed to be. The late Bishop of Speyer has put forward very free, but quite uncensured, views about the Book of Daniel. That principle is then incontestably established. The extent to which it should practically be carried is a question for the most qualified experts. As my critic truly remarks, I 'do not of course pledge myself to details.' I had distinctly said[14] that, not only would I not be understood to accept and endorse all the views I presented to my readers, but that I was 'inclined strongly to suspect that many of them 'would be found to require much modification in detail,' and that 'some portions of them might be rash, exaggerated, or even quite erroneous.' Nevertheless I said, and I repeat, that in my opinion there could be 'little doubt that, in the main, they represent the truth, and are indefinitely nearer the truth than are the older beliefs,' and I compared the results of criticism to the piecing together of a broken mosaic. The convictions I expressed I hold, but my object was once more to make 'elbow-room' for my brethren, and my position was, and is, that of an advocate, not of a judge, skilled to decide 'about dates and details of authorship and nice points of scholarship.' But no one has said, or I believe can say, that anything in my second article is heretical. I am informed that it has been examined with a view to see if heresy could be detected, and has passed successfully through the ordeal, in spite of my having stated an extreme case as to the conceivable limits of inspiration the better to show my meaning. Sir James Stephen may be quite sure that, if I had written heresy, I should have heard of

[13] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1887, p. 42. [14] Also at p. 42.

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it very quickly. It is a simple fact that no infallible or *ex-cathedra* declaration as yet binds Catholics in these matters, and, as I before said, 'I have what seems to me sufficient evidence that broad views, as such, are not in disfavour at the Vatican.' In the absence of *ex-cathedra* declarations, Christianity is not weakened by such modern criticism of Scripture. No Catholic dogma is even touched by it. The Catholic Church does not repose upon the Old Testament. But my critic objects (not unnaturally from his point of view) you cannot consistently impugn in this way the Old Testament without also impugning the New. Such principles, therefore, are essentially anti-Catholic, because they cut through the very roots of Christianity. I am asked[15] 'how I can object to add the names of Strauss and Renan to those of Kuenen, Wellhausen, and Colenso.' 'How hard,' exclaims Sir James,[16] 'it must be to join with and repeat all that Colenso and many others have said about the Old Testament, and to try in vain to draw any sort of line between these well-known criticisms and those made in the same spirit and by the same method about the New Testament!' Hard indeed, I reply; but what need is there to try and draw it? The New Testament has, as a matter of course, to undergo the ordeal of the sharpest and most exhaustive criticism. I have, then, not the least objection to add the names of Strauss and Renan to those of the Old Testament critics, and I fully and freely admit that, if any efforts of theirs or of other critics in sympathy with them can prove that the historical or other statements of the Creeds are not true, there would in that case be an end of dogmatic Christianity. If they, or anyone else, could demonstrate that there is no knowable, personal First Cause; that no prototypal design from eternity preceded the stages of the orderly evolution of the universe in time; if it could be proved that death, which certainly stops intellectual action as we experience it, necessarily renders all intellectual action impossible; if it could show that Christ was not God as well as man and that no providential guidance influenced the evolution of His Church—then, indeed, the triumph of such science would but be another name for the annihilation of Christianity. It would be impossible for the Church to own itself mistaken in any matter declared by unquestionably supreme authority to be of faith and yet to keep up a claim to be the Church; and the articles of the Creeds have been thus declared to be of faith. But to disprove such assertions is just what Sir James Stephen himself declares[17] 'cannot be done.' Let us, for argument's sake, make the very largest admissions as to New Testament criticism and investigations into the history of the primitive Church, in spite of the comparative discredit into

[15] *Nineteenth Century*, October 1887, p. 585. [16] P. 596.

[17] P. 585. The reflections suggested by modern criticism, he says, 'do not directly contradict the received history; they do not absolutely displace it and replace it by another account, as is sometimes the case in historical inquiries.'

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which, as I am informed, the Tübingen school has now fallen; let us suppose the unhistorical character of large portions of the Gospels and the apocryphal nature of various Epistles to have been demonstrated; let us suppose it to have been unanswerably proved that St. John the Apostle and St. Luke had neither of them anything to do with the Gospels generally attributed to them; that the history of the birth, resurrection, and ascension of Our Lord presents various legendary features, and that the later accounts are fuller and more circumstantial than the earlier ones, resembling, in so far, the more or less similar legends which have arisen in past ages about other persons 'whose lives have deeply stirred the sympathies of men,' and that the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ has the appearance of having grown in such a way that earlier statements are most difficult to reconcile with Nicene views. Let us also allow, for argument's sake, that evidence tends to show the Church of the first century to have differed profoundly in aspect from that of the third—which latter every competent person knows to be essentially the same as the Catholic Church of to-day. Let it also be similarly admitted that there was at first no distinction between bishops and priests, and that various clerical offices (prophets, evangelists, &c.) existed which wholly disappeared subsequently. Let us admit that primitive services were sometimes accompanied by the utterances of an irrational jargon claiming to be a gift of tongues, that epileptics were taken to be persons possessed of devils, and that, instead of the modern Mass, there was a service consisting in part of a common meal, in partaking of which great abuses and excesses occurred. Would such admissions as these be destructive to Catholic faith or be fatal to the authoritative character of the Church as the exponent of a divine, supernatural revelation? Sir James Stephen of course thinks they would be thus fatal. He asks:

> If a true Catholic is at liberty to believe that historical criticism rightly concludes that the four Gospels only represent the traditions collected long after Christ's death by unknown persons, and that therefore it is wholly uncertain whether particular words which they attribute to Christ were ever spoken by Him, how can he be sure that a doctrine resting only on hearsay was ever really revealed by Christ? If the foundation is admittedly unsound, how can absolute confidence in the superstructure be justified? [18]

How indeed? But here we have another great mistake made by my critic. The Gospels are not, as he says, the 'foundation' of the faith. The Church existed, and the tradition of Christianity grew and was diffused, before any written Gospel existed. As I said in my article: 'It must never be forgotten that the position of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to Scripture is different from that of any Protestant body. She claims to have existed before a line of the New Testament was written, to have had authority to determine

[18] P. 587.

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what was and what was not "canonical" and "inspired," and she still claims full power to place her own interpretation on whatever may therein be contained.'[19] My opponent unconsciously regards the matter from the Protestant standpoint. But a Catholic is only bound to accept dogmas as revealed to the Church, and on her authority, not because they may be gathered from Scripture or because they are therein expressed in the way they are. The Church insists (and by some persons it is made a reproach to her) far more on the acceptance of her Divine authority than upon an accurate apprehension of various dogmas, an implicit belief in which is deemed sufficient. Very few Catholics indeed could draw out an accurate, detailed statement of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, but that in no way interferes with their holding it with sufficient practical accuracy on the bare word of the Church. The Creeds repose upon a primitive tradition which has been handed down, and might have been handed down had the New Testament never been written. The Holy Gospels contain, as Sir James Stephen says, 'the earliest accounts of the life of Jesus Christ now extant.' They are therefore of priceless value, and most fittingly does the Church show her profound reverence for them by her precepts, by her use of them in testimony, and by the attitude of respect in which they are proclaimed and listened to, with stately ceremonial observances of lights, incense, and profound obeisance when they are solemnly sung in her Liturgy. Nevertheless, though there can be no comparison between their historical accuracy and that of the Old Testament, the principle that not everything contained in them is free from error and historically true is admitted without dispute, and it is a fact that in some respects certain dogmas of the Christian religion would be freer from difficulties had they never been written, in spite of their inestimable value in all other respects. The amount of human imperfection contained in them is a matter to be ascertained as far as possible by the help of patient and persevering research, and that authority by which alone we can know that any portion is inspired at all. Such investigations, then, however sacred and important, can by no means involve the real foundations of the Catholic faith. My critic says:[20]

> Logically, it is not impossible that all the evidence for a conclusion may be false, and the conclusion itself be true; but it is in practice as idle to put forward such a possibility as to contend that if the walls of a house are pulled down the roof will not fall, it being possible that it may be otherwise supported.

But it would be by no means 'idle' for anyone so to contend who knew that the roof rested upon solid iron pillars enclosed within the apparently supporting walls, but independent of them. Such must indeed be affirmed to be really the case by those who hold that such 'iron pillars' represent an authoritative tradition supporting, instead

[19] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1887, p. 47. [20] P. 586.

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of depending upon, those written 'walls' the adoption and use of which, when they had come to be written, traditional authority sanctioned. My critic shows that he has an inkling of this view when he observes:[21]

> It is often said that the Church itself is a witness superior in weight to all others of these matters, but Mr. Mivart cannot say so, for it is emphatically a question of history whether the Church existed as an organised body in the first century, and what were its means of knowledge and the value of its testimony.

But it is not to the Church of the 'first century' that the Catholic appeals, but to the Church of the year 1887. If the Church ever had any authority, it has that authority now; and at the very least it has as much rational evidence to bring forward in support of its claims in the present day as it had when the New Testament was being written—rather, it has an infinitely greater amount of such evidence to bring forward. The position here assumed may seem the acmé of unreason to Sir James Stephen; but if it does so appear to him, the cause is that we approach the subject from two altogether different points of view—small wonder, then, if our conclusions differ widely.

In approaching the examination of what professes to be revealed religion, I come with a profound, absolute conviction that the universe is ruled by a personal God who has ordained that we shall, every one of us, in a future life find an individual, conscious existence in exact accordance with our deserts. This conviction of mine is not one due to emotional feelings and sentiments, and still less to any declarations of authority. It reposes on what appear to me to be the evident dictates of calm and solid reason. I have carefully considered to the best of my ability the arguments put forward by those who disclaim Theism—amongst the number, the arguments of our Agnostics, Comtists, and of such positive disbelievers as was the late lamented Professor Clifford—and I can conscientiously affirm that the more I have considered them, the more utterly unreasonable do they appear to me to be. As to the world about us, while fully admitting that, on account of the imperfection of our faculties and the poverty of our powers of imagination, it is practically convenient and useful to express as far as possible the sequences of phenomena in terms of matter and motion, and fully admitting that they are calculable by science, I none the less regard a real belief in a mechanical philosophy of nature as a superstition and a baseless chimera. For me the physical universe is pervaded by a Divine activity, which only so far shrouds itself as not to force men to recognise it, whether they will or no. I further approach the subject with a conviction of the real freedom of the human will—that, whereas the whole irrational world is bound in adamantine bonds of necessity, man is endowed

[21] P. 587.

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with the wonderful power of freely intervening in the chain of events, and so changing the whole subsequent course of physical causation. This power may, compared with every other power known to us in nature, be spoken of as, in a sense, miraculous. I see about me living organic bodies (animals) which are devoid of conscious intelligence, while I know there are other living organic bodies (men) which possess conscious intelligence. My belief in a future life convinces me that conscious intelligences may exist without bodies, and therefore, since I know there are such multitudes of bodies which never had a conscious intelligence, I am prepared to admit there may be multitudes of intelligences which never had a body. Again, since we men can only think in human terms, we must, if God is not to be considered as less than man, think and speak of Him in such terms, declaring them all the while to be utterly inadequate symbols, though the best we can make use of. Thus my reason compels me to affirm as existing in God attributes analogous to the highest qualities I know to exist in man. Inadequate as such affirmations must necessarily be, it is none the less certain that they are truth itself as compared with the absolute negation of such attributes. The term 'goodness' as applied to God is immeasurably inadequate, but it is infinitely more true than 'badness.' Similarly, even 'existence' in God and creatures, is indescribably and incomprehensibly different, yet we can clearly comprehend that a denial of His existence is infinitely farther from the truth. If, then, man thus has, through his free will, the power of working what, in a sense, may be termed miracles, what must not be the analogous power in God? If man has a certain amount of benevolence and goodness, what may we not expect from the analogous Divine attributes? Thus it seems to be likely *a priori* that God either has vouchsafed, or, when the proper hour arrives, will vouchsafe, some revelation of Himself to man, more definite, complete, and harmonising better with our aspirations and what seem to be our needs, than is the revelation of Him made to us through the mere exercise of unaided reason. It seems to me that such a revelation may be reasonably anticipated, because, though simple Theism affords a sufficient religious pabulum for many of the choicest minds, experience plainly shows us that it does not suffice for the multitude, and also shows us that it does not suffice even for many choice minds. Though reason is enough to make Theism manifest to us, the *θεός* is vague, most abstract, unpractical, and reached after effectually but by very few without the aid of some more positive religion. Moreover, it is of little use as a rule of life, and affords no clear and certain information as to how we are to approach and address God. He is too inscrutable for us to learn clearly and certainly, by reason alone, how to serve Him, and love is difficult. Again simple Theism does not yet seem so far to have inspired much apostolic fervour. How many

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enthusiastic simple Theists are there who, disdaining this world's goods, go forth ardently preaching their gospel to the poor and offering its consolations to the afflicted? It seems, then, almost certain that some emphatic reassertion of Theism is needed.

As it is evident to me that no final cause can be assigned to the material creation, except an ethical[22] cause (moral advance), it seems also evident that any revelation must above all be an ethical one. I should expect it not only to enjoin whatever may be morally necessary, but also to hold up to us a very lofty ideal suited to the aspirations of the most perfect natures. It also seems plain to me that since no ethical progress is possible for us without self-denial, and since a pursuit of virtue means often a voluntary acceptance of disadvantage, of pain, and of suffering, a revelation might be expected to set before us some realised ideal of devotion and voluntary abnegation capable of affording heartfelt consolation to those who suffer, and of encouraging those who may be disposed to turn back from what is so often the painful path of virtue. Moreover, since I cannot question but that no part of our duty is comparable, for the degree of its obligation, with our duty to God, the mode of serving Him directly might well be expected to come within its scope, and that it should set before us principles and precepts as to Divine worship—a matter we all feel to be so hopeless when left to the mere taste and inventive faculty of individual men. A revelation to be acceptable must be one both capable of satisfying the intellectual and æsthetic requirements of the cultivated minority, and also of reaching simple, uneducated minds—successfully appealing to the feelings of the multitude. It ought to be able to satisfy at the same time the aspirations of the most cultured and the most unlettered of mankind. It should likewise stimulate the affections and quicken the will; while, if it is to be in harmony with nature, it should be no rose-water system, but have its terrible and appalling side. I should be prepared to find accidentally mixed up with such a revealed system, if it has endured through many centuries and spread over many lands, a multitude of superstitious and childish practices inherited from inferior intellectual conditions, and I should be abundantly satisfied if only I found that such things were not imposed and enjoined by supreme authority. Indeed, I should anticipate that in this and in other ways the will would be put on its trial in its relation to the intellect, as well as to conflicting sentiments. For since our reason makes God so far known to us as to enable us to appreciate His utter incomprehensibility—since it is only God who can know what the word 'God' really means—it might surely be anticipated that no revelation could express to us fully and adequately His essential nature or His relations with His creation. These things as known to God Himself—that is to say, 'objective

[22] See the papers respectively entitled 'The Meaning of Life' and the 'Government of Life' in the *Nineteenth Century* for March and April 1879.

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religion'—cannot evidently be communicated to us except by the help of more or less remote analogies congruous with our nature and faculties. Any revelation, therefore, might surely be expected to contain matters very different from those conveyed to us by our unaided powers of imagination and reason, nor should I, for one, be surprised to meet therein with statements barely intelligible to me, and seeming almost to involve, but never really involving, absolute contradictions.

Animated by such convictions and anticipations, I survey the world to see what signs there are that any such Divine authoritative revelation has been vouchsafed. I find but one body which claims the right to speak authoritatively in God's name as the one exclusive organ of such a revelation—I need hardly say I mean the Catholic Church. The next task of the inquirer, after satisfying himself that there is *prima facie* evidence in favour of that Church, is to examine whether the doctrines it proclaims to be necessary for belief are self-contradictory or whether they seem to contradict any truths which are self-evident or can be demonstrated to be certainly true. If he does not find such to be the case, he will then proceed to examine the positive arguments which may justify him in accepting a revelation he has been looking for and is already disposed to accept if the judgment of his calm reason will sanction his so doing. Of course no one would be so unreasonable as to pretend that the mere absence of contradictions was a sufficient evidence of truth. There must also be positive arguments producing a conviction that the key has been found to open a most complex lock. But it is manifestly impossible here to draw out the positive arguments which lead to the acceptance of the Christian religion as a true revelation. An entire article would, of course, be needed for such a subject; here I can but try to show how, Christianity being accepted, the views I have put forward are not necessarily inconsistent with such acceptance. Now, as Sir James Stephen says:[23] 'The assertions that Jesus Christ was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, and rose again from the dead the third day, and that He ascended into heaven,' are distinct 'historical statements,' and they are certainly of the very essence of orthodox Catholic belief. Anyone who does not really believe them and the whole of the four Creeds[24] (Apostles', Nicene, the Athanasian, and that of St. Pius the Fifth), or who is not prepared to submit to and allow the Church's authority in such matters, cannot really remain a member

[23] P. 584.

[24] Sir James Stephen says (p. 591) that I 'want to be free to explain away the creation.' If by this he means the absolutely historical character, as generally understood, of the Biblical narrative, he is quite correct; but if he means that I in any way have intended to deny God's attribute of 'Creator of Heaven and earth and all that in them is,' he is entirely mistaken.

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of the Church of Rome; and the position of any such man therein certainly would be, as my critic says, 'in every respect false.' Similarly anyone who does not really believe in the Divine presence in the Holy Eucharist as defined at Trent, or who does not accept and bow to Papal supremacy, cannot consistently continue to profess himself a Catholic. As to Papal rule, it has manifestly for centuries been of the essence of Catholicity. The final decree of the Vatican Council seems to me only the natural, and indeed necessary, development and outcome of what had been long developing it antecedently, just as the absolute adoration of the Host practised in the modern Church, is unquestionably the logical and legitimate evolution of the doctrine always held by the Greeks, though their intense conservatism has hindered them from developing it in the same fashion. A real acceptance, not only of the articles of the Creeds, but also of the teaching authority of the Church—[25] I do not refer to judgments of Congregations, but to *supreme* authority—is of the very essence of Church-membership. But authority and revelation do not extend by any means as far as is often supposed. Most men are tempted to more or less 'magnify their office,' and ecclesiastics are not exempt from the temptation. But it is not only the teachers, it is also not a few of the taught, who tend to enlarge unduly the domain of authority. Many of the taught, as my critic observes,[26] are eager for the guidance of an infallible authority in all the details of life and to find, as has been said, 'a fresh infallible decree every morning on their breakfast-table.' I have heard of one rather prominent politician who was near being received into the Church, but drew back because he could not get an authoritative decision as to whether the Crimean war ought or ought not to be undertaken. Whether we do or do not desire more guidance than we have, it is a fact that but a minimum of revelation has been granted, just enough to attain its end while allowing free play for human efforts in the attainment of truths by natural means. A few intensely luminous points have been set before us, each surrounded by a halo or penumbra of twilight becoming rapidly less illuminating as it recedes from the radiant centre. This is the arena in which the intellect has full play and where there is the most complete freedom for all the inductive sciences. Thus, therefore, I repeat what I have twice before declared[27]—namely, that freedom has now been happily gained for Catholics: 'for all science—geology, biology, sociology, political economy, history, and Biblical criticism—for whatever, in

[25] Sir James Stephen makes a mistake (at p. 583) when he represents me as saying that the decrees of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican are to be questioned and not respectfully acquiesced in.

[26] P. 598 he says: 'Strange as it seems to most of us, there are men who long to be taken command of.'

[27] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1885, p. 41, and July 1887, p. 42.

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fact, comes within the reach of human inductive research and is capable of verification.'

But the dogmas of revelation do not, and cannot, come within the scope of such research. If any physicist were so foolish as to say that Christ's birth from a Virgin or His resurrection was impossible on account of physiological data, or that His presence in the Eucharist could not be real for chemical reasons, or that the Pope could not be divinely guided in his official, *ex-cathedra* decisions [28] on account of the laws of psychology, or that all miracles are impossible because contradicting the laws of nature, then such a pretension would be most legitimately condemned and overruled as intrinsically absurd. On the other hand, I do not for a moment pretend to affirm that the doctrines here referred to are not difficult to accept and, as I said before, much more difficult to accept now than they were in the middle ages. Nevertheless, however difficult they may be, they are not contradictory and cannot with any show of reason be declared to be impossible and necessarily false. As to Christ's birth from a Virgin mother, the difficulty is even somewhat less now than it was a century ago; since the more recent advances in the study of biology seem rather to make it a matter of wonder that any sexual process should ever be necessary, considering the frequent and reiterated occurrence of virgin reproduction. The dogma of the resurrection must mean something very different from what is ordinarily imagined; for, according to Catholic doctrine, had the body of Our Lord been reduced by fire to its ultimate chemical elements, and had those elements entered into the most diverse and complex

[28] Sir James Stephen says (p. 589), 'Every dogma has its history, made up of all sorts of elements, theoretical, political, personal, literary, and scientific . . . the result of which is that it is as difficult to feel fully satisfied with either party in any controversy, as it is for a rational and fair man to sympathise absolutely with either Henry the Eighth or Queen Mary, with Charles the First or the Long Parliament, with the *Ancien Régime* or the French Revolution. Would Mr. Mivart accept that result? If no, he goes back from the first principle. If yes, he practically gives up the infallibility of both the Church and the Pope, in any intelligible sense of the words. At the very least he cannot refuse to own that competent judges, using legitimate means of ascertaining the fact, may and do deny its existence; and the Church of which he speaks so much becomes the shadow of a shade, "the ghost"—to use Hobbes's memorable words—"of the old Roman Empire, sitting on the grave thereof."' To this I reply—It is most true that every dogma and controversy has its history, and that it is impossible to be fully and entirely satisfied with the conduct of either party in any controversy so far as I know, and most certainly this is the case with respect to the conflicts which occurred in the reigns of all the Tudors and Stuarts and all the sovereigns of the House of Bourbon. But I cannot see how this assertion in any way affects the question of the infallibility of the Church. In almost every controversy, if not in every single one, either party, if honest and sincere, holds to and combats for a truth he sees, while the mistaken one ignores some other complementary truth, and so comes to take a mistaken, because one-sided, view. A Catholic is bound to accept a dogma decreed by supreme authority as true, in the sense of being the truest and least inadequate representation attainable. But that acceptance does not require him to be 'entirely satisfied' with all, each, or any of the theologians, Councils, or Popes who have been the means of defining it.

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combinations with other kinds of matter, such a circumstance would not in the least have impeded the 'resurrection on the third day.' We must recollect it is the dogma of the resurrection, not the mental picture framed by our imaginations from the Gospel narrative, that Catholics are bound to accept as expressing the truth. Similarly, the article of the Creed which declares 'He ascended into Heaven' does not require the acceptance of any mental picture of the imagination, but the affirmation of the truth of an intellectual conception. Any person who believes that Christ really rose—in whatever true sense—from the dead, and was for a time manifest on earth afterwards, must (since no one denies that manifestation to have now ceased, since 'Heaven' is the expression denoting supernal bliss, and since 'upwards' is a symbol adopted as less inapplicable to it than 'downwards') admit His 'ascension into Heaven.'

I do not, however, wish it to be understood that I could accept these doctrines as true except inasmuch as acquiescence in them is a necessary condition for the acceptance of a revelation the truth of which is evident to me on other grounds. Were I asked to believe in a Virgin birth, a real resurrection from the dead, or an ascension into Heaven, on only such evidence as that afforded by the 'written word,' I should find it utterly impossible to do so, and I can quite understand and sympathise with the impatience which many a man of science feels when asked to listen to any arguments in their favour. Nevertheless there are some most estimable men of science, and also men as eminent in law and jurisprudence as is my critic, who do not feel this, and who are satisfied with such evidence. I have nothing to say as to their view, except that it is not and never (since I was seventeen years of age) was mine. I never did and never could so accept those doctrines, and it seems to me not only natural but inevitable that they will, sooner or later, be rejected by the overwhelming majority of those who do receive them only on that evidence, and apart from any actual living authoritative and traditional revelation, the truth of which they have accepted on rational but independent grounds.

It is of course true that a more or less miraculous birth is the common character of a variety of legendary heroes. It is true that the birth of our Lord has some appearance of being a magnified version of that of Samson. It is true that a Divine Incarnation might have taken place as well with as without the intervention of a human father; but no considerations of this kind force us to deny the possibility of an occurrence the evidence for which is of a quite different character. No one can deny that Christianity being, if true, a kind of new creation of mankind, might be expected *a priori* to present a sort of new creation at its origin; but there is another more indisputable consideration which makes it most congruous and

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fitting on very different grounds. It may be said at once to strike the key-note, as it were, of the Church's whole attitude towards sexual morality—its conspicuous inculcation of chastity and often of celibacy, and its respect for virginity. This is an object of dislike and disapprobation to many persons who do not consider the need there is that a lofty ideal and a very high aim should, by any revealed religion, be set before such beings as men in the concrete actually are. If there is one instinct which is imperious and exacting, it is the sexual instinct. If there is one form of human activity which more than another needs regulating by a sense of duty, it is the reproductive faculty. Only a large experience of the facts of human life can lead to a just and adequate appreciation of the absolute need of the presentation of an ideal the very opposite in its nature to that evil which is the most copious source of human woe and suffering. A man needs to aim high if he would not shoot below the mark. What ideal can be so high as the one which the Catholic Church sets before us in this respect? Its social result, when faithfully corresponded with, is sexual love transfigured by the highest ideas of duty and the perfect realisation of that ideal to which the revolutionary enemies of religion are most violently opposed—the ideal of the Christian family.

The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is one which is of course very difficult of comprehension, but surely nothing could well be more absurd than objections made on that ground by men who say that God is not only (as we say) incomprehensible, but absolutely unknowable! Such men ought surely to affirm the *a priori* probability, that were a revelation of God's nature possible, it would be one most difficult to express in any human terms. For my own part, I must confess that, though unaided reason could never have attained to a perception of the Christian Trinity, yet a Trinitarian doctrine appears to my mind to be more probable and less incongruous with the declarations of my intellect than the Unitarian doctrine. For if we attribute, as reason compels us to attribute, to God from all eternity, characters which are faintly expressed by the analogical terms knowledge, beauty, will and love, then these characters can be far better conceived of as existing in a being which in some mysterious way has elements of conscious diversity within it than in one which is an absolute and simple unity, and therefore cannot have any internal relations whatsoever.

It seems hardly necessary to me to refer to any other Christian doctrines. As to that concerning the Eucharistic presence, I should think every educated person now understood that, by its very definition, it is and must be a matter beyond the reach of any physical investigation, and is necessarily incapable of any such proof or disproof.

But if the Church is a divinely sustained and governed body,

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authoritatively enunciating and from time to time defining[29] such doctrines as these; if it has the right of governing and directing outside what can be demonstrated through 'human inductive' research and verification; if it is the authorised administrator of sacraments which are the ordinary channels of a more perfect life, then it is itself a greater sacrament, and can have no cause to fear humiliation or degradation, and is far indeed from being a 'repeater of old fables' and 'a performer of curious old ceremonies.' Thus I claim at one and the same time both to uphold the dignity and authority of the Church, above all of its supreme head, and also to maintain the rights of scientific men to perfect liberty in the investigation and promulgation[30] of what they are convinced is the very truth in each and every branch of inductive research. I would further reinforce this claim by calling attention to the truly wonderful circumstance that not only supreme Church authority should not have committed itself to decrees and definitions which render it unable to accept what the present Biblical criticism may demonstrate to be true, but should even have admitted the very principles needed to enable it to assimilate the results of such inquiry. Here, then, I may repeat with emphasis words I employed some years ago with reference to the question of biological evolution. I said[31] and I repeat: 'It is surely a noteworthy fact that the Church should have unconsciously provided for the reception of modern theories by the emission of faithful principles and far-reaching definitions centuries before such theories were promulgated, and when views directly contradicting them were held universally, and even by those very men themselves who laid down the principles and definitions referred to. Circumstances so remarkable, such undesigned coincidences, which, as facts, cannot be denied, must be allowed to have been "pre-ordained" by those who,

[29] Sir James Stephen challenges me (p. 588) to specify any single point in which any ecclesiastical authority could really decide, consistently with my principles about historical inquiry. If my critic refers to questions really historical, but which cannot now be determined by scientific inquiry—such *e.g.* as the circumstances attending and following the death of Christ's mother—then there can be no difficulty in bringing forward a number of such points. If, however, he refers to questions which are capable of being decided by ordinary research and inquiry, then such questions do not form a part of revelation which is intended to supplement—and only to the minimum degree necessary—what science can independently ascertain. 'Mundum tradidit disputationi eorum.' Ecclesiastes iii. 11.

[30] It is the present liberty of promulgation I insist upon. I did not and do not mean to affirm that Church authorities in past times had never the right or even the duty to check the dissemination of views which, true or not, might at some given place and time have been dangerous. No one can deny that it is often wrong to say even what is true, under all circumstances, indiscriminately. Moreover, the present liberty I claim is an orderly and reasonable liberty. To propagate, amongst the ignorant, truths so uttered as to favour, by suggestion, materialism and atheism, is unquestionably a most pernicious action, and in saying this I only say that with which every sincere and reverent Theist must agree.

[31] *Lessons from Nature* (John Murray), p. 449.

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being Theists, assert that a "purpose" runs through the whole process of cosmical evolution. Such Theists must admit that, however arising or with whatever end, a prescience has so far watched over the Church's definitions, and that she has been herein so guided in her teaching as to be able to harmonise and assimilate with her doctrines the most recent theories of science.'

But my critic will probably say: 'If the Church has not yet committed itself to the denial of any proved scientific truth through any decree of supreme authority, what will you do if on some future occasion it does so commit itself? What will you say if supreme authority should ever dogmatically affirm anything which can conclusively be demonstrated by science to be false?' This question I have already considered and answered[32] in the words of St. Paul: 'Then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.' If I ever became convinced that such a contradiction had at any time occurred, and on the, practically idle, hypothesis that I was absolutely certain of the scientific truth supposed to be contradicted, then I should be driven to conclude that my antecedent judgment to the effect that God had granted an authoritative, supernatural revelation was a mistaken juddment, and that in fact we had no such revelation. Since revelation supposes reason, and, as I have before said, is accepted on grounds of independent reason, I cannot, naturally, be more certain of the truths of my past judgment about revelation than I am of the antecedent data of reason on the strength of which I accepted it. I became a Catholic on what I deemed to be good grounds, and were I to find that those grounds were not good, and could I obtain no other grounds as good, or better, in their place, then, of course, a Catholic I could not remain. My critic may be surprised to be told that anyone so circumstanced would be bound by Catholic principles not to remain a Catholic; for every Catholic theologian without exception would tell him that he must follow his conscience and adhere to truth, and that, if he had really come to disbelieve in the truths of Catholicity, and therefore really felt it his duty to leave it, he could not continue to profess himself a Catholic without grave detriment to his soul's health.

But in affirming that we cannot be more certain of the truth of revelation than of the data of reason which led us to accept it, I would by no means be understood to say that we cannot be more certain of the truth of revelation now than we were at the time when we first accepted it. There is an enormous difference between any comprehension of the Church and her life which can be obtained by non-Catholics and the results of experience on those who have lived in church-membership. The difference has been aptly compared[33] to looking at a fair stained-glass window from without and from within

[32] *Nineteenth Century*, July 1885, p. 46.

[33] I think, by the late Cardinal Wiseman.

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the building it adorns. We are justly said to have 'faculties' of feeling and volition as well as of intellect, but we are nevertheless each of us a unity, and as we never make an act of will without the intervention of feeling and intellect, so also in our intellectual acts a certain amount of volition and feeling have each also their part, however subordinate that part may be. The vastly increased evidence of the truth of revelation which such experience as is above referred to may furnish, will inevitably and most legitimately[34] intensify both the feeling favourable to it and the will to adhere to it. A Catholic who is also a man of science must of course be ready to scientifically examine and weigh whatever seemingly important evidence may be freshly brought to light against his religion, but nothing less than a demonstration of its untruth will lead him to abandon it. Especially suspicious will he be of his suspicions against it, and doubtful of his difficulties, if a careful examination of conscience shows him that the ethical requirements of Catholicity strongly conflict with his inclinations.

A Catholic who is so unhappy as to have become anyhow convinced that the essentials of his religion are untrue, cannot of course consistently make any further profession of Catholicity. At the same time, while remaining a Theist, he must admit that Christianity and the Catholic Church have been the greatest agents in the religious education of the best part of the human race, and that Christianity has so far every appearance of being the culminating religion of mankind. Thus Christian Theism may remain for him the best possible religion attainable. Whether such a man may refrain from expressing his views, and silently and passively continue an apparent member of the Catholic Church, it is not for me to say—each individual so circumstanced must determine that matter for himself. But it certainly is not a position which commends itself in any way to my judgment, and a man who assumes it is not only unfaithful to the dogmatic requirements of the Church to which he appears to belong, but to its ethical spirit also—as already pointed out. His whole conduct appears to me to be so glaringly inconsistent that it might well be called what my critic, quoting Dr. Pusey, terms 'a moral miracle.'

The Catholic Church is essentially an authoritative, dogmatic Church, and can in no way confess its supreme authority to have ever laid down as of faith what is in reality false. But Sir James Stephen observes[35] that the Church of England could assume such a position 'with infinitely better grace' than the Church of Rome. This I have myself before affirmed.[36] The Church of England as understood by the late Dean Stanley, practically free even as regards the decrees of Nice and Chalcedon, might well become a refuge and home for

[34] I hope on some future occasion to try and draw out these distinctions fully and clearly, and to point out what in my judgment are sins of belief and sins of unbelief.

[35] P. 599. [36] *Dublin Review* for July 1884, p. 77.

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Christian Theists who desired a refined worship not freshly invented but traditional, and to be free from ceremonies or obligations in any way oppressive. To take this position, however, the Anglican Church would need to dispense its ministers not only from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, but also from express acceptance of the Creeds, and to content itself with a willingness on their part to perform the services contained in the beautiful Book of Common Prayer. But this does not appear to be the direction in which the Church of England is now moving. The 'Broad Church,' I am told, is more and more giving way to the 'High Church,' while, in the most elevated regions of the latter, imitations of Rome are carried to a degree which shocks some Catholics who are really friendly to and sympathetic with the Ritualist clergy, for whom, ethically, they feel a high esteem. But, in spite of the undeniably increased life and vigour of the Church of England, and the apparent certainty that it will continue to increase in vigour for a considerable time, yet I have sufficient faith in the ultimate force of logic to feel confident that the development of sacerdotalism within it, and the assumption of a tone of dogmatism and authority, can only end in one way. The attempt at the same time to dethrone authority at Rome and to enthrone it at Canterbury is an attempt which—unless I am greatly mistaken—pitiless logic inexorably foredooms to failure.

But the object I have at present in view concerns not the Church of England, but the Church of Rome, and especially the complete and entire scientific freedom of its members. This freedom I have, I venture to believe, demonstrated in a most practical manner. That some things I thought necessary to write could not but give pain and offence to most estimable people I only too well knew, and I deeply regretted it. The pain, however, I was convinced would be but of very short duration, while the beneficial effects I was advised would be great and lasting. It is my hope—my conviction—that they will be so, and that such a happy result will ensue from that special manifestation of the Church's essential spirit in which I have been encouraged to co-operate. For my own part, I feel greatly consoled by the course which events have so far taken, and am more impressed now than I have been at any time since I first began to write on the subject with the profound concord and harmony which exists, and I am persuaded will continue to exist, between the authority of Rome and the authority of the human intellect, and with the essential unity which underlies the superficial diversities between the illuminating action of those two lights set before us by God in the intellectual firmament—Catholicity and Reason.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

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BELIEF AND DOUBT.

THE October number of this Review contains an article by Mr. Justice Stephen entitled 'Mr. Mivart's Modern Catholicism.' So far as the article is concerned with endeavouring to bring home to Mr. Mivart the difficulties in which, as a Roman Catholic, he has involved himself, it has probably no great interest for persons who do not own the Roman allegiance, and who, therefore, are not bound to vindicate the Roman position; except so far as it emphasises the fact that there are men, even within the Roman pale, who are prepared to follow the leadings of reason and to accept the results of scientific demonstration, and who, at the same time, are not willing to abandon their position as believers.

But there is much of the article which goes beyond the question of what a Roman Catholic may hold, or what he may do, with reference to reason and to scientific conclusions. There is much that affects believers of all kinds. Some of the blows aimed at Mr. Mivart strike at every person who repeats the Apostles' Creed. Many of the criticisms, as might be expected, have no special bearing upon 'Mr. Mivart's Modern Catholicism,' but assail every school of Christian thought, and affect all Christians alike. The result to myself in reading the article has, in fact, been, that I have almost forgotten Mr. Mivart in consideration of the broad issues raised, and that I have been led to put together some thoughts concerning Christian belief, which I venture to submit as worthy of general attention.

I begin with a general complaint concerning the manner in which Sir James Stephen has treated his subject. He seems to me virtually to have confounded *believing* with *knowing*. Thus he writes:—

> What you call belief I call doubt, if not disbelief. The meaning of doubt, to me, is the state of mind to which I am reduced by what on full consideration appears to me to be conflicting evidence. The meaning of disbelief is the state of mind to which I am reduced by a great preponderance of evidence against a given conclusion. If you use the word 'believe' in a sense which is consistent with doubt or disbelief, I have no more to say.

I certainly could not argue that belief was consistent with disbelief: each of these conditions of mind seems by the very force of

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the term to be antagonistic to the other. I would, however, submit not only that belief is consistent with doubt, but that the presence of the element of doubt is almost if not quite necessary, in order to render possible belief properly so called. If demonstration be possible, you may have sure and certain *knowledge*, but *belief* is out of place. There was undeniably doubt in the mind of the man who said with tears, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!' And belief may have degrees; our Lord speaks of 'faith as a grain of mustard seed;' and the very existence of degrees in faith or belief implies the possible co-existence of doubt; what else but doubt can fill the void space which is left by the insufficiency of faith to occupy the whole mind?

Let me illustrate what seems to me to be the true idea of belief, and exhibit the possibility of co-existent doubt, by reference to the case of an ordinary trial by judge and jury.

The judge at the close of a trial will explain to the jury any point of law which may be involved; and here there is no room for doubt or question: the judge is, so far as the jury and the case before them are concerned, absolutely infallible: what he tells them they do not doubt or merely believe, they know it beyond all doubt. But with regard to the evidence laid before them there is usually room for some amount of reasonable doubt: and the judge helps the jury to weigh the evidence. The witness A said this or that. This evidence was to a certain extent corroborated by B. An attempt had been made to shake the evidence of B by such or such allegations. But then it must be remembered that the witness C had given important evidence which tended to corroborate B; and so on. Every one who has been in a court of justice knows how the whole evidence is sifted and arranged by a skilful judge. No one would do it better than Mr. Justice Stephen. And then the verdict expresses the belief to which the jury have come. Of course there may be cases in which the evidence may be said to amount to demonstration: credible witnesses may have seen the crime committed, or in other ways there may be proof positive: but in most cases there can in the nature of things be no real demonstration, and in such cases there can only be belief: and if only belief, there will be doubt: sometimes a doubt may, according to a maxim upon which the clemency of English courts lays much stress, save a prisoner, when every juryman believes that he is in fact guilty.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that where there is belief there must be the possibility of doubt, than that there must be doubt itself: the feeling of doubt on the part of any particular mind is, to a great extent, subjective; with the same evidence before them two persons will be very differently affected—one will feel no doubt whatever, the other will experience as many doubts as Lord Eldon: there are some who never, even in religious matters, were

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conscious of a doubt, there are others who are tortured by a chronic condition of involuntary scepticism. But the possibility of doubt is independent of idiosyncrasies; and where doubt may possibly exist, there, and there only, is to be found a dwelling-place for belief, properly so called.

It is in this way, I suppose, that Tertullian's paradoxical epigram, *Credo quia impossibile*, is to be understood. By the impossible he cannot well mean that which the word ordinarily implies; he does not mean to outrage common sense by saying that he is prepared to accept as true that which can be demonstrated to be false; but he means (so at least I understand him) that when you reach the region which transcends experience and proof, then you arrive at the higher region of faith: you cannot prove a thing to be true, but you are told, on authority which you cannot put on one side, that it is so; therefore you *believe*, and that is all that you can do. 'Faith is the evidence of things not seen,' writes the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. 'Believing where we cannot prove,' writes Lord Tennyson.

As the words 'I believe' stand at the head of the Creed of Christendom, and are to every Christian the foundation of his spiritual life, it may be well for a moment to turn to Bishop Pearson and note what he says about them.

That is properly credible (writes Bishop Pearson) which is not apparent of itself, nor certainly to be collected, either antecedently by its cause, or reversely by its effect, and yet, though by none of these ways, hath the attestation of a truth. For those things which are apparent of themselves, are either so in respect of our sense, as that snow is white, and fire is hot; or in respect of our understanding, as that the whole of anything is greater than any one part of the whole, that everything imaginable either is, or is not. The first kind of which being propounded to our senses, one to the sight, the other to the touch, appear of themselves immediately true, and therefore are not termed credible, but evident to sense; as the latter kind, propounded to the understanding, are immediately embraced and acknowledged as truths apparent in themselves, and therefore are not called credible, but evident to the understanding. And so these things which are apparent, are not said properly to be believed, but to be known.

Again, other things, though not immediately apparent in themselves, may yet appear most certain and evidently true, by an immediate and necessary connection with something formerly known. For, since every natural cause actually applied doth necessarily produce its own natural effect, and every natural effect wholly dependeth upon, and absolutely presupposeth its own proper cause; therefore there must be an immediate connection between a cause and its effect. From whence it follows, that, if the connection be once clearly perceived, the effect will be known in the cause, and the cause by the effect. And by these ways, proceeding from principles evidently known by consequences certainly concluding, we come to the knowledge of propositions in mathematics, and conclusions in other sciences: which propositions and conclusions are not said to be credible, but scientifical; and the comprehension of them is not Faith but Science.

Besides, some things there are, which, though not evident of themselves, nor seen by any necessary connection to their causes or effects, notwithstanding appear to most as true by some external relations to other truths but yet so as the

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appearing truth still leaves a possibility of falsehood with it, and therefore doth but incline to an assent. In which case, whatsoever is thus apprehended, if it depend upon real arguments, is not yet called credible, but probable; and an assent to such a truth is not properly Faith, but Opinion.

But when anything propounded to us is neither apparent to our senses, nor evident to our understanding, in and of itself, neither certainly to be collected from any clear and necessary connection with the cause from which it proceedeth, or the effects which it naturally produceth, nor is taken up upon any real arguments, or reference to other acknowledged truths, and yet notwithstanding appeareth to us true, not by a manifestation, but attestation of the truth, and so moveth us to assent, not of itself, but by virtue of the testimony given to it; this is said properly to be credible, and an assent unto, upon such credibility, is, in the proper notion, Faith or Belief.[1]

I could not very well shorten this extract without spoiling it. In its completeness it strikes me as a very clear and dignified statement of what should be meant by anyone who repeats the Creed, and of what should be attributed by others to those who thus make profession of their faith. According to Bishop Pearson, believers do not mean to say that the propositions of the Creed are evidently true, or that they are capable of such demonstration as that of which mathematical and scientific truths admit, or that certain arguments can be adduced such as to make their truth probable; but they mean to say that the articles of the Creed rest upon such testimony as justifies those who hold it in believing them on the strength of the said testimony.

It may be well to add to this general conception of belief as applicable to the Christian Creed, that it must not be taken to exclude other grounds for belief in certain particulars. Belief in God, for example, rests upon a very general widespreading deeply-set foundation which can scarcely be described as testimony. On the other hand, the historical truth that our Lord was crucified under Pontius Pilate may be spoken of as scarcely an article of *belief* at all, as it is one of those uncontradicted facts, like the death of Julius Cæsar, or the battle of Cannæ, or the siege of Jerusalem, which no one doubts. With this qualification I accept Bishop Pearson's definition; and I cannot but regard it as being well worthy of attention, because it tends to get rid of some confusion of thought which not unfrequently comes to the surface; especially it emphasises the consideration that belief is not knowledge, is not mathematical certainty, and that therefore the assertion of an act of faith postulates the possibility of reasonable doubts.

I now pass on to offer a few remarks upon the Christian Creed, in connection with certain criticisms made by Sir James Stephen.

1. The Christian says, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.'

Upon this Sir James Stephen writes:

[1] *Exposition of the Creed*, vol. i. p. 4 (Oxford, 1833).

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A man who repeats this and declares its truth in the most solemn and unqualified way will agree with and eagerly sympathise with every sort of speculation, which shows that, whether there is or is not any meaning in the words 'God the Father Almighty,' *it is an absurd error and a mere piece of ignorance to suppose that heaven and earth were ever made at all.* He will say that, if the matter is properly looked at, 'heaven and earth,' in the sense of the physical universe, the various heavenly bodies, and the spaces which contain them, will be perceived to be, not a product consciously designed and put together by an intelligent being, but an ultimate fact which has assumed its present shape according to what he will call certain 'laws' of development and evolution behind which he cannot get, and which we can trace only in an imperfect, and to a great extent, conjectural way. Upon these he will discourse with the utmost interest and vivacity, and will (in my experience) be ready to go beyond what he can prove, to show himself more or less credulous, enthusiastic, and willing to supply by his own imagination gaps in the evidence by which his conclusions are supported or suggested.

As Sir James Stephen refers in this passage to his own experience, by which I conclude we are to understand that he has met with one or more persons who have behaved in the manner described, it is of course impossible to deny that such persons and such behaviour are to be found. But I venture to repudiate the behaviour most earnestly on behalf of many, who are quite willing to accept all the conclusions which science can establish, and who yet hold fast the first article of the Apostles' Creed. Nor do I quite see what right Sir James Stephen has to express himself in the language of the phrase which I have italicised. If it be asserted that some one within the writer's experience has accepted the Apostles' Creed, and has also regarded it as 'an absurd error and a mere piece of ignorance to suppose that heaven and earth were ever made at all,' no more important conclusion need be drawn than this, that there are very eccentric people in the world; but if it be intended to suggest that men in general do this, I venture to doubt the fact; and if it be further intended to imply that all those who have followed the progress of science are incapable of accepting the first article of the Apostles' Creed, I deny the implication with entire confidence. It would, in fact, be a grievous insult to many men standing high in the world of science, whose names I could easily mention, to impute to them the hypocrisy of holding it to be 'an absurd error and a mere piece of ignorance to suppose that the heaven and earth were ever made,' and of, at the same time, cherishing the Apostles' Creed as their most precious possession. And what is the ground for branding the assertion of the Creed as 'an absurd error and a mere piece of ignorance'? What is substituted in the place of this error? The truth substituted is, that the heaven and the earth are 'not a product consciously designed and put together by an intelligent being, *but* an ultimate fact which has assumed its present shape according to what he will call certain "laws" of development and evolution behind which he cannot get.' I have italicised the word *but* in this extract, because it seems to me to contain the key to a

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great underlying error. It implies that a man who has traced the present condition of the heaven and the earth to development and evolution, according to certain laws, is thereby reduced to the conclusion that the said heaven and earth are not a product consciously designed and put together by an intelligent being; in other words, an intelligent being cannot act according to laws. Why not? At any rate the difficulty of believing in the 'intelligent being' has not begun with the discovery of laws of development and of evolution; the laws of gravitation and chemistry and life, which have been brought to light by generations of discoverers, would seem to be quite as fatal to the conception of the intelligent being, if action according to laws is to be regarded as fatal. But again I say, Why not? Why may not the supreme intelligent being, if he exist, act according to laws? and may we not examine the laws according to which he does act, without imperilling our belief in his existence?

The fact seems to me to be that in the extract which is printed above there is a confusion between the sphere of science and those of philosophy and faith. The scientific investigator is busied with the discovery of natural facts and natural laws; so far as he is a scientific investigator he cannot 'get behind' those laws; he has nothing to do with intelligent beings, or with will or design. But then scientific investigation is not everything; certain minds are tempted to try and get behind phenomena and the laws which govern them; it is a different field of investigation, and it is comparatively seldom that the same mind scores triumphs in both fields. Nevertheless when the philosopher takes up the subject of laws he cannot regard them as ultimate facts; they are ultimate to the physical investigator, but not to him; they are, on the other hand, the starting-point of his investigation, and it may be that the philosopher will find himself compelled to conceive of an infinite will as the underlying condition of phenomena and of law, and to recognise an intelligent being as the possessor of that will and therefore the designer and maker of all things. And whatever may be the case with the philosopher, the course of the Christian believer is clear; he cannot but adopt the ancient belief, which was not invented for, but was incorporated with, the Apostles' Creed. He believes in a Maker of heaven and earth; he believes also that all the manifestations of physical law, which he sees round about him, are ordered by His Almighty will and are slowly working out His purposes.

But, after all, the emphasis of the first article of the Apostles' Creed is to be placed, not so much upon the words 'Maker of heaven and earth,' as upon those other words, 'Father Almighty.' If it were a mere question of the origin of the physical universe, the Christian believer might perhaps leave the answer to be settled between the physical and the philosophical schools. He would have little doubt as to the result which must be reached, and would be satisfied that

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the deepest pondering of the human mind would ultimately arrive at the spontaneous conclusion of almost universal humanity in favour of the being of a God. The point which much more nearly concerns him is the relation in which this mighty Being stands to himself. Is He a mere will? or a force or combination of forces? or the origin of physical life? or the soul of the universe? or the poetical personification of phenomena? Any one of these hypotheses might conceivably satisfy the philosopher, and not be capable of refutation by the physical investigator. But the Christian creed gives to the 'intelligent being' a character which transcends all philosophical and physical speculation, and describes Him as the Almighty Father. It is unnecessary to expand or explain these words; I am not writing a sermon; but I appeal to any reasonable and candid mind, whether, if a man believes that the Maker of heaven and earth stands to him and to all mankind in a relation which can be reasonably described as that of a father, this belief is not worth both holding and asserting? and whether it is not rightly precious to the man who holds it beyond almost all other articles of belief? It is but an assertion, in the form of a Creed, of the privilege which we claim in prayer, when we say, according to the precept of our great Teacher, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.'

In the paragraph following that which I have recently quoted, Sir James Stephen represents the theologian as apologising for the inconsistency between his religious faith and his scientific knowledge. 'This and that may possibly be explained. Probably "maker" does not mean maker in the ordinary sense.' To which one may reply, What *is* the ordinary sense? Is it the sense in which a man makes a box, or a poem, or a picture, or a law, or a constitution? Here are a number of different senses in which we speak of makers, and some of the senses may be nearer to that in which the word is used in the Creed than others; but I apprehend that no one will suppose that any 'ordinary sense' of the word 'make' can correspond to the transcendental operation by which the physical universe came into existence: sometimes the word *create* is used instead of *make* in order to mark the truth that God is *not* described as a maker in any 'ordinary sense;' but whatever word we use, it is manifest that the Divine operation (if there be such a thing), in virtue of which the heaven and the earth came into being, must be of a kind that can only be expressed by the use of human terms, which are, at best, only hints and suggestions of the superhuman and supernatural reality. Is this a subterfuge to get rid of a difficulty? or is it not the simplest dictate of reason? At all events it falls in with the views of a very ancient writer, who was not troubled by any anxiety to make his theology square with his science. I mean the writer of the 148th Psalm, who writes concerning the sun and the moon, 'He spake the word and they were made: He commanded and they were

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created;' in which magnificent language he is only quoting the original formula of creation, 'God said . . . and it was so.' He who makes suns and moons by His word is undoubtedly not a 'maker in the ordinary sense.'

Once more. In the next paragraph Sir James Stephen writes: 'Science does not suggest the interpretation given to the words "Maker of heaven and earth." Science agrees with theology as to the meaning of the words, but says that they are false.' When and where has science said anything of the kind? What I understand science—that is, the verdict of scientific men—to say, is this, that the facts of nature can be traced up to a certain point, and that then comes a veil behind which science cannot go. What is behind that veil, science knows her own business too well even to guess. I have seen, as most of us have, an automatic image do wonderful things, play at cards, and perform all kinds of movements in obedience to the human voice. I have puzzled my brains as to the means by which all this is done; I have utterly failed; so apparently have all the many observers who have seen the automaton at work. Yet I am quite certain that there *is* a hand behind the veil, and that that automaton and its motions are somehow the result of a human will. And this humble analogy may help to make clear what I mean to say concerning the great cosmos which we call the heaven and the earth. I cannot conceive the origin of this cosmos, and it does not help me much to say that it has gradually attained its present condition by a process of evolution or growth; neither can I conceive why it is that the various constituent elements of the cosmos comport themselves as they do, and all the discoveries of Newton, Laplace, Dalton, Joule, and others, do not at all relieve my difficulty. There is a veil behind which I cannot see; but I feel confident that there is a hand behind that veil; I acknowledge an Almighty, creating, guiding, governing will; and science has no right and no power, and, I believe, no wish, to say that my confidence deceives me.

2. In the Apostles' Creed the Christian expresses his belief in Jesus Christ the only Son of God, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, and rose again from the dead the third day, and ascended into heaven.

Sir James Stephen compares these statements with the accounts given in the Book of Genesis of the flood, the creation, and the formation of Eve. I object to the comparison. It is obvious that the account given of creation does not pretend to be historical in any ordinary sense; to say that the visible universe was created 'by the word of God,' and that God 'breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life,' is to make theological statements of the most important kind; but no one should wish to call it history. The account of the

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formation of Eve, in like manner, may have an important moral meaning; but I should apprehend that it never could have been regarded by thinking men as a literal scientific statement of the origin of the sexes. And the account of the flood is a very precious tradition, full of valuable teaching, and I doubt not recording some great event of actual occurrence; but I confess that until Bishop Colenso brought his arithmetic to bear upon it and some other portions of Old Testament history, I was quite under the impression that the common sense of Christians abstained from criticising this ancient record by the canons applicable to ordinary history. Moreover, the Apostles' Creed refers in no way to the flood, or to the formation of Eve, or to the details of creation; and so it places these subjects upon an absolutely different footing from those great facts of the history of the Lord Jesus Christ which constitute the basis of the Christian faith. Christians accept the books of the Old Testament as part of the Canon of Scripture which the Church recognises; ordinary Christians find in these books much that is most precious; the Christian scholar studies them with devout labour and attention; but a line must be drawn between the Book of Genesis, for example, and the Gospels; we are Christians, and it is the Gospels, and not Genesis, which tell us concerning Christ; and indeed we cannot but feel that there is still some force in the remark of Paley, when he complained that there were those who were ready to make Christianity answer with its life for any errors which might be found to exist in the sacred books of the Jews.

But to follow Sir James Stephen into some of the details of his attack upon the faith which a Christian professes concerning the Lord Jesus Christ in the Apostles' Creed.

Concerning the four Gospels, this is the statement made:

> These accounts are wholly unsatisfactory. It is wholly uncertain who were the authors of the Gospels, and when they were written. Matthew, Mark, and Luke must have been either copied, with additions and modifications, from each other, or from some earlier original which has been lost. There is no proof that the Gospel of John was written by John the Apostle. There are very good reasons for thinking it was not, and he is the only Evangelist who professes to have been an eyewitness of what he relates. Luke is admittedly a compilation. The title of the Gospel according to St. Matthew suggests an unknown author. The statements of the Gospels are therefore uncertified hearsay. They are not, and do not pretend to be, the statements of eyewitnesses of the facts related, and intrinsically these facts are as far removed from the common standards of probability as the history of the creation or the flood.

In this indictment against the four Gospels it is obvious to remark, that they are dealt with as if they were four manuscripts which had been discovered within the last twelvemonth, and concerning which there was a fresh open field for argument; the fact is left out of sight that with regard to the most important portion of their contents, specially that one sovereign event of the death and

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resurrection of the Lord, a number of men who were contemporaries and companions of Jesus of Nazareth were willing to bear testimony, and did bear testimony sealed with their life's blood. So that if the four Gospels had been lost in early times, though the loss would have been incalculable and even as a matter of literature it would scarcely be possible to name a greater, still the belief in Jesus Christ as embodied in the Creed would not of necessity have been obliterated. Persons are apt to think of the four Gospels as of books out of which the Creed has been extracted, and upon which the Church stands as upon four foundation-stones: in a certain sense they are foundation-stones; but perhaps it would be more correct to say that they are four buttresses to a building already constructed, and that they explain a belief which existed in the world independently of them. In fact, in the case of St. Luke, we have the distinct assertion that his primary intention was to make known to the person to whom the book was addressed 'the certainty of the things in which he had been instructed.' The oral catechising came first, the written Gospel afterwards; and though Theophilus would gratefully appreciate the help which St. Luke had given him, he would have been equally a believer in Christ if St. Luke had never written a line.

But to go a little more into particulars. Is it quite within the mark to say, that 'it is wholly uncertain who were the authors of the Gospels, and when they were written'? It is easy to make a general assertion of this kind, and the complete answer involves a lengthened argument which might be extended to volumes; but when we bear in mind the early reception of the Gospels as records standing by themselves, the unique position universally accorded to them, and the absolute and undeniable distinction between these four documents and the apocryphal Gospels as they are termed—documents which it would be well for anyone to study, who wishes to form a just view of the character to be ascribed to the utterances of the four Evangelists—we seem to be driven to the conclusion that the four Gospels, as we have them now, are not materially different from those records which were in circulation in the primitive days. Perhaps I may venture to refer the reader, for one of the most recent and readable discussions of the Gospel controversy, to Professor Salmon's *Historical Introduction to the Study of the Books of the New Testament*; he will find there the conclusions of a hard-headed mathematician, who is also manifestly painstaking and scholarly. I shall be much surprised if any one rises from the study of that learned, but bright and popular volume, without coming to a conclusion very different from that which Sir James Stephen propounds for his adoption. For myself I will say that a careful and daily examination of the Synoptic Gospels which I undertook long ago, and which extended through some years, brought me to the conclusion, that the Gospel of

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St. Luke was almost demonstrably the work of the 'beloved physician,' the companion of St. Paul; that the phenomena of the Second Gospel squared very well with the tradition, that the Gospel represents the account of our Lord's life as delivered by St. Peter to Mark, his 'interpreter;' and that in the First Gospel we have the work of Matthew the publican, though apparently not in the exact condition in which it originally came from his hand. I also arrived at a very distinct conclusion, that no one of the three had ever seen the work of the other two. I set down these results as indicating that I am writing upon a subject to which I have given not a little consideration, and that I am not merely repeating supposed orthodox opinions. I quite admit that the whole question of the mutual relations of the Synoptists is a complicated one, and I have not yet seen any hypothesis which appears to get rid of every difficulty; but as to the general result, namely, that we have in the first three Gospels original and independent testimonies to the works and doings of the same man, known as Jesus of Nazareth, I have no shadow of doubt. When therefore I find it stated in a tone of disparagement, that 'Luke is admittedly a compilation,' St. Luke having himself told us that he had taken pains to procure accurate information; when I come upon the curious statement that the title of 'the Gospel according to St. Matthew' suggests an unknown author; and when I see the final conclusion that 'the statements of the Gospels are uncertified hearsay,' I confess that I stand amazed.

With regard to the fourth Gospel, no doubt there has been plausible ground for controversy as to the authorship. I will only add to the statement 'there are very good grounds for thinking that it was not written by John the Apostle,' the opposite or supplementary statement, 'there are also very good grounds for thinking that it was.' Certainly the argument for the Johannine authorship has recently been on the winning side; and I may refer with satisfaction to the earliest work of one, whose theological position is now recognised, Professor Sanday, entitled *The Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel*, as containing, after a careful, and (as it seems to me) a candid argument, an affirmative answer to the following four questions: 'Was the author of the fourth Gospel a Jew? Was he a member of the original Christian circle? Was he an eye-witness? Was he the son of Zebedee?'[2]

I feel that it is only by such remarks and references as those which I have above given, that I can adequately in a few sentences meet the sweeping charges which Sir James Stephen makes. It is easy in a single sentence to brand the statements of the Gospels as

[2] It would be endless to refer to all recent contributions on the subject of the authorship of the Gospels; but I will venture to mention the late Mr. Smith's (of Jordanhill) volume entitled *A Dissertation on the Origin and Connection of the Gospels*, because it seems to me to be as valuable as it is apparently little known and appreciated.

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'uncertified hearsay;' it would require the perusal of volumes, and a large amount of careful personal study, in order to have an adequate conception of the cruelty and injustice which, to the mind of a Christian student, are involved in these two words. Hence, so far as the general argument is concerned, I will not attempt to do more than I have done; but I will add just two remarks, one upon the miraculous conception, the other upon the Ascension.

Concerning the first Sir James Stephen tells us:

> The evidence of the miraculous birth must, from the nature of the case, be ultimately that of Mary herself, and it is nowhere said that she ever said anything about it. The only writer who professes to have been intimate with her, the author who calls himself John, does not mention it.

Can any one doubt as to the person from whom St. Luke obtained those particulars which constitute what has been beautifully called 'The Gospel of the Infancy'? Does not the little sentence, 'His mother kept all these sayings in her heart,' reveal the authority almost as clearly as if St. Mary had signed the documents with her name? And as to the silence of St. John, is it not fair to remember that he never refers in any way to the birth, either as natural or as supernatural? But can any one doubt which kind of birth best falls in with the spirit of that Gospel, which, soaring above all questions of the kind, commences by telling us that 'in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God'? Whatever may be the truth as concerns the birth of our Lord, the omission of all reference to its character by St. John is clearly no argument against that which St. Luke has recorded, and which is embodied in the Apostles' Creed.

With regard to the Ascension, we read as follows:

> The Ascension, though mentioned in the Acts, is not mentioned at all in the Gospels, except in what is regarded, on independent grounds, as a spurious addition to St. Mark.

I will not argue as to the genuineness of the closing verses of St. Mark's Gospel, and will only say concerning them, that if they be, as I think is not improbable, by another hand, they nevertheless undoubtedly represent the general belief of primitive times. When Sir James Stephen says that the Ascension is not mentioned in the Gospels, I presume he has made a slip; because we read in St. Luke xxiv. 51, 'It came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.'[3] But besides this, St. Matthew may be said to imply the truth; because, without some such event being supposed, his Gospel closes without any account of the Lord's

[3] Some authorities omit the words 'and carried into heaven;' but it seems clear that the phrase 'He was parted from them' implies something different from an ordinary parting.

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final departure from His disciples. He appoints them to meet Him on a certain mountain: they do so: they worship, though some doubt. He gives them a charge; and then—what? What could have happened except some supernatural removal, such as all Christians were taught before their baptism to believe? As for St. John, writing as he did later on, when the ordinary facts of Christianity were everywhere known, and when his manifest purpose was to supplement the Gospels already written and received, there is nothing more surprising in his omission of the Ascension than there is in his omission of the birth. On the whole, instead of saying that the Ascension is not mentioned in the Gospels, except in a spurious addition to St. Mark, I should be disposed to put it thus, that the Ascension is mentioned either expressly or by implication in each of the Synoptic Gospels, though in the case of the second there may be some reason to believe that the record is by another hand.

3. Having now written all that appears to me to be immediately necessary with regard to the expression of belief in 'God the Father Almighty' and in 'Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord,' it would seem to tend towards theological completeness that something should be added concerning 'the Holy Ghost.' I the rather make this addition, though a brief one, because Sir James Stephen assumes 'that the doctrine of the Trinity has ceased to interest the great mass of mankind.' This may in a certain sense be true; that is to say, it may be true that a scholastic argument concerning the precise relation of the Persons of the Blessed Trinity, an attempt to revive the Arian or any other early controversy, or a discussion of the double procession, would probably not excite any general interest; though even this assertion would require to be made with some considerable reservation; but it seems to be forgotten in the words above quoted, that the doctrine of the Trinity, in the form in which the mental movements of the present century bring it before the minds of thinking people, is a most living and energetic thing. Scores of contributions to current literature, of which Sir James Stephen's is one, prove that this is so. For the question is not concerning some dry definition; but it is whether men are in living relation, by creation, redemption and sanctification, with an Eternal Almighty unspeakable Author of 'things visible and invisible,' or whether they are not. Certain men of unquestionable scientific standing and ability answer this question in the negative; and an awful negative it is! We, who hold the Apostles' Creed, answer it in the affirmative; we cling to the affirmation as to something dearer to us than life itself; even if it be true that difficulties can be raised concerning this or that portion of our belief, even if it be possible to throw a cloud of obscurity, especially for minds of a certain class, over the whole question of accepting on faith that which we cannot

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prove or propound as knowledge, still we believe and confess God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

In saying which I trust that I shall not be accused of having 'two standards of truth.' This is a charge which Sir James Stephen brings against some theologians, and, for anything that I know to the contrary, with justice. He speaks of 'having a double standard of truth, of using the word truth in its ordinary sense upon all other occasions, but in reference to one particular class of subjects, the extent of which is determined from time to time by the Church, in the sense of "that which is according to the doctrine of the Church."' This state of mind, Sir James Stephen adds, 'is perhaps best illustrated by a saying ascribed, justly or otherwise, to Cardinal Newman in one of his sermons at Oxford: "In science the earth goes round the sun; in theology the sun goes round the earth."' The saying to which reference is apparently here made has been long familiar to me; it was spoken of at the time of its utterance as having produced a prodigious effect upon the mind of Oxford. I am glad to have the opportunity of declaring how utterly I myself, in company I believe with most reasonable men, abjure the temper of mind which such a saying appears to indicate. The saying, however, is not quoted quite correctly: here is the passage as it appears in the sermon on 'The Theory of Developments in Religious Doctrine,' being the last in the famous volume of 'Sermons on the Theory of Religious Belief':

> Scripture says that the sun moves and the earth is stationary; and science, that the earth moves, and the sun is comparatively at rest. How can we determine which of these opposite statements is the very truth, till we know what motion is?

I do not wonder that, in the next paragraph of the sermon, Cardinal Newman should have endeavoured to meet the objections of those who 'fear lest thoughts such as these should tend to a dreary and hopeless scepticism.' Who will venture to say that they do not at least tend in that direction? Of course it is obvious to answer, that Scripture and science do *not* make the assertions respectively attributed to them: and it is equally obvious to assert, that the very truth concerning the motion of the heavenly bodies *can* be ascertained without waiting for any more knowledge as to what motion is than we have at present. But I do not wish to say more about the passage than that, having been familiar with it and some similar passages for many years, I have constantly wondered at them and deplored them, and, moreover, have thought that I could discover in the existence of such passages a clue to the enigma of the writer's life. What I wish to do, however, just now is to point out the possibility of religious belief and scientific certainty having each its appropriate province, without that kind of confusion which Cardinal Newman seems to admit, and which Sir James Stephen criticises. There can be no question of a proposition being true in theology but not in

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science; truth is truth, and there is nothing more to be said; but it may be that there are truths which are seen ἐν αἰνίγματι, 'in a glass darkly,' that, in Cardinal Newman's language, 'we are allowed such an approximation to the truth as earthly images and figures may supply to us;' and I will venture to add, that the apprehension and embodiment of spiritual truths may therefore vary from one generation to another, according to the growth of physical or other knowledge, and the consequent store of facts upon which such earthly images and figures depend.

And such truths must be acknowledged 'in a sense which is consistent with doubt'—not with 'disbelief,' as I have already said, but with 'doubt'—that is to say, with that kind of doubt which is implied by the absence of positive proof. Bishop Butler has taught us long ago that 'probability is the very guide of life;' the same great teacher also would have forbidden us to give up alleged truths, for which great weight and authority could be claimed, on the ground of difficulties raised by a certain section of scientific men; he would probably have told us that the very fact of the Christian formula being 'I believe,' and not 'I know,' implies the concession that difficulties may be raised, and does not assure us that those difficulties can certainly be annihilated and cast into oblivion. But he who believes in 'the life everlasting' can afford to wait; and he can believe—though even in this matter doubt may sometimes throw its cold shadow upon his belief—that he will one day 'see face to face,' and 'know even as he is known.'

On the whole then, leaving Mr. Mivart and his co-religionists to deal with Sir James Stephen's strictures in such manner as they may think fit, I would earnestly submit that no case has been made out for maintaining any inconsistency of conduct on the part of those who accept loyally scientific conclusions and at the same time subscribe to the Apostles' Creed. We can believe without being hypocritical, or disloyal to our intellectual convictions; we can sympathise with and rejoice in the advance of science, and yet hold fast to the 'faith once delivered to the saints;' we can believe in the great future of knowledge and recognise in the possibility of that future one of the chief marks of man's supremacy, and yet can perceive how poor and unsatisfactory that future is unless it be enlightened by 'a hope full of immortality' and by the light which shines on the world through Jesus Christ.

H. CARLISLE.

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FLAMINGOES AT HOME.

I DO not know if much has been written on the subject of the breeding of flamingoes, or if their habits have been closely examined; but I have a distinct recollection of a print in a book on Natural History read by me many years ago, where the flamingo is depicted straddling on a very high nest with the legs hanging down on either side. I have always thought this to be rather a peculiar way of sitting during incubation, and, finding that the birds bred in large numbers in the islands of Inagua, Andros, and Abaco, I determined to satisfy myself by personal observation as to the manner in which these birds sit on their eggs while hatching.

The flamingoes are very shy, and are only found in the remote and rarely visited lagoons. When seen in flocks of some hundreds standing in long lines, they look at a distance like battalions of British troops on parade, their brilliant pink plumage showing up well against the dark-green mangroves with which the lagoons are generally fringed.

In May they begin to repair the old nests, or to raise new ones, which is done by scooping up the surrounding mud with the beak, while they stand on the nest and pat it into shape and proper consistency with the foot. It is no mere treading on the mud, but one foot is used at a time, and the sounding slaps, with which the cones of mud are got into shape, can be heard at a considerable distance.

The nests are always grouped close together, sometimes as many as four hundred being found in a 'rookery.' They stand from three to four feet apart, the area occupied by each nest being about twelve square feet. The birds do not always return to the same breeding-place, and, if disturbed much while breeding, or if the very young birds are taken from the nest, they will probably breed next year in some other rookery, many of which are to be found in the least accessible parts of the great stretches of swamps.

Having settled upon their breeding-ground for the year, the old nests are at once taken possession of by the oldest or strongest birds, who proceed to repair them by adding to the top the inch or more washed off by the rains since last tenanted. If the nest is very low, four or five inches may be added, and sticks, shells, or anything else that may be lying about the base, are scooped up and worked in without any apparent arrangement, just as if the soft mud with the

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débris contained in it were lifted with a trowel and placed on the top. There is no preparation made for the new repair of the old nest, and if an addled egg remains, it is simply covered over with the fresh stuff and built into the cone. I measured some scores of nests. The highest was fifteen inches, the lowest eight inches, the latter being the height of the nests in the first year. The nests were about eighteen inches in diameter at the bottom, and nine to eleven inches on the top. The concavity was very slight. In a few cases about half a dozen feathers were found on the nest, but in general the eggs were laid on the bare mud. I said 'eggs,' but out of some hundreds of nests examined by me in June, there were not half a dozen which contained two eggs, one being the usual number. As some of those taken at the time were in an advanced stage of incubation it is probable that at each breeding season but one egg is usually laid.

The nesting season is from the middle to the end of May. The young birds are hatched about the end of June or beginning of July, and about the first week in August are so fully fledged that, while some can fly, almost all are capable of taking care of themselves. It is at this time that the young birds are taken, sometimes by scores. As the nests are in places so difficult of access, and the birds could not be carried without danger of breaking their slender legs, the problem of getting them to the shore for shipment would be difficult to solve were it not that a flock of young birds are easily driven. When they are first approached, those who can fly get up and circle overhead, but in a very short time they pitch with the other young birds now being driven away, and they do not fly again. The entire lot are then driven like a flock of sheep over the flat banks of marl or through the shallow lagoons. In the moulting season the old birds are sometimes thus driven, as they cannot then fly.

I left Nassau on the 3rd of June, and, having called at several places on the way, dropped anchor at Bustick Point on the evening of Monday, the 6th of June. Bustick Point is on the island of Abaco, the eastern side of which is fringed with a line of bays forming an almost uninterrupted belt of land, with a few deep passages through which ships can enter. On two of these bays are built the settlements of Hope Town and Green Turtle Bay, the principal towns of Abaco. Between the bays and the shore of the island the beautifully clear water of the Bahamas is always smooth, and the sailing is delightful, the changing views of island and bays affording constant interest.

We had arranged with two guides to meet us, and at 5 A.M. on the 7th of June we landed. I was accompanied by Lord George Fitz-Gerald, and Lieutenant Robertson, 2nd West India Regiment. The air was still, but the morning was fresh and bright, and the walk across the island was most enjoyable. The ground was picturesquely rugged, and the path led up and down and around low hills planted

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with pineapples, of which great heaps of the full, but green, fruit were piled upon the shore ready for shipment, while the golden hue of the fruit with which the trees were still crowned showed that much of the crop was already too ripe to bear the voyage to a foreign market. All the care of cultivation could not keep down the creepers of all kinds that covered every available stump; white and purple passion-flowers and wild grape vine fringed the path. Convolvuli of various hues opened their bell-shaped flowers to the morning sun, while the broad green leaves of the bananas planted here and there were jewelled along the edges with sparkling dew-drops.

Beyond the pine-field we entered a thick wood, completely carpeted with maiden-hair and other ferns, while almost every tree was laden with orchids. Over the crest of the hill the scene changed. The wood ended and the path plunged downwards through bracken so thick and so high that the morning glory climbed the stem to thrust its bright blue bells into the fresh morning air. One expected to see the deer start from its lair, and nothing was wanting, save the melody from the woods, to fancy one's self in an English park on a summer morning.

Beneath us the broad, lake-like lagoon stretched away to the dim distance. Not a ripple ruffled its surface, and on its calm breast as in a mirror were reflected two rocky islets whose precipitous sides were crowned with a tropical wealth of vegetation, while over them wheeled in graceful circles a pair of 'johnny crows' found in the Bahamas on the islands of Abaco, Andros, and Bahama only. Away on the horizon to the west were low clumps of mangroves showing where the flat banks of marl begin, among the lagoons of which the flamingoes build.

Fastened among the great mangrove-trees that here fringe the lake we found a boat belonging to William Albury, one of our guides, and pulled away for the western shore. The lake, or lagoon, is here about five feet deep, the bottom soft, and covered with slimy weed. Albury, who is a keen old sportsman informed us that the wild pigeon breeds about the lake, and in the season he shoots large numbers of them. If, however, they fall into the water there is an end of them, as the lagoon is infested by numbers of small sharks, which not only snap up the birds, but are particularly bold—so much so that to swim for the pigeons would probably result in a serious bite, if not worse. I confess that I received this information with a certain amount of reserve, my experience being that sharks are very cowardly in these waters, so that even large ones rarely attack men. However, about two hours later, when we had pulled to the other side, where the waters were so shallow that all hands were obliged to wade, and drag the boat over the sharp rocks, covered with small univalve shell-fish, on which the flamingoes feed, I had ocular demonstration of their boldness. We had observed the ripple caused by a shoal of bone-fish when suddenly a small shark by which

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they were being chased turned and came straight for the bare black legs of Edgar Archer, our second guide. He flung an oar at it which missed it, but caused it to sheer off. The fish was only about two and a half feet long, but the determination to try the flavour of Archer's legs was unmistakable.

Hauling the boat high and dry, we started for the nests. By this time the sun was very strong, and as the soft marl banks, sparsely clothed with dwarf mangrove and button wood, afforded no shade, the walking was decidedly hot. The banks are penetrated in every direction with the arms of the lagoon, now almost dry, but after south-westerly winds they fill so that a boat will float in them. The nests are always built in these lagoons or on their brink, so that when the water rises the nests are almost awash. Indeed in rough weather the eggs are sometimes washed out of them. The birds can thus feed while sitting.

A walk of about an hour brought us to a small clump of trees, from behind which we carefully reconnoitred, and there, within half a mile, we saw the birds. Very lovely the pink mass looked in the bright sunlight. There were three separate clusters of nests, every one of which was occupied, while the male birds stood around, their heads raised high, as they evidently suspected mischief. As I could not clearly make out with my glasses the position of the legs of the sitting birds, there was nothing for it but a long stalk over the intervening slob, and with the blazing sun now almost vertical. The first quarter of a mile was comparatively easy, as we could creep on our hands and knees; but then we came to a point where nothing but vermicular motion could avail us, and for real hard work let me recommend it to those who are content with very active exercise without attaining a high rate of progression. The tropical sun beat down upon us, hatless as we now were, from a cloudless sky; but I suppose that our profuse perspiration saved us from any ill-effects, the rapid evaporation counteracting the sun's heat. It may be that I was too anxious about reaching a favourable point of observation to think of it, but I cannot say that I even suffered any inconvenience.

At length, having crawled under the roots of the dwarf mangroves that covered the slob like a network of croquet-hoops, we found ourselves at the edge of the marl, and within one hundred and fifty yards of the birds, who were still undisturbed. Here, with my glasses, I could see every feather, note the colour of the eyes, and watch every movement. There were, we calculated, between seven hundred and a thousand birds, and a continuous low goose-like cackling was kept up. Never did I see a more beautiful mass of colour. The male birds had now all got together, standing about five feet high, and with necks extended and heads erect were evidently watching events, preserving in the meantime a masterly inactivity. Now and again one would stretch out his great black and

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scarlet wings, but the general effect was the most exquisite shade of pink, as the feathers of the breast and back are much lighter than those of the wings.

The hens sat on the nests, and some were sitting down in the muddy lagoon. I watched them carefully for nearly an hour, and looked at every nest to see if the legs were extended along the side. In no case did I see a leg. I saw the birds go on to the nest and sit down. I saw them get up, and step down from the nest. In every instance the legs were folded under the bird in the usual manner. In my opinion my observation settles the point as to the mode of sitting; for even if, as I had been assured, the birds sit both ways, it is improbable that among the hundreds then sitting not one would have extended the legs. Remembering the great length of the flamingo's legs, it is evident that on a new nest, not more than eight inches high, the hen could not thus sit, nor would even the highest nest allow of the legs being extended while the bird sat upon it.

After having watched the birds for the time named, we showed ourselves; but whether they had observed us before, and become somewhat accustomed to our presence, or that when sitting they are more easy to approach than I thought, the only effect was that the hens left the nest, and, joining the male birds, prepared for eventualities, nor did they take wing until we had begun to walk up to the rookery. While we were examining it, the birds flew round us within forty yards, so that we could have shot them easily. Of course we did not do so. To prevent the destruction of flamingoes and pigeons by their wholesale slaughter during the breeding season, the Bahamas Legislature passed in 1885 a Wild Birds' Protection Act, from which I hope for good results.

Having taken a few eggs as specimens, and lifted carefully on to a board a nest destined for presentation to the Zoological Society, which was carried safely to the ship on the head of Edgar Archer, but unfortunately broken afterwards by a clumsy sailor, we started for the yacht. On our way back across the lagoon we pulled to a high clump of mangroves, in which the frigate-birds build every year. There were some scores of them sitting among the branches, but no nests had yet been built; nor could we discover in the clefts of the small rocky island near the landing-place the nest of the 'johnny crow,' which breeds there every year.

In due course we wended our way back through the sturdy bracken and the silent woods. The morning glory had already changed its blue coat for one of deep purple, and the leaves looked thirsting for their nightly draught of dew. We quenched our thirst with the warm juice of the pineapples cut fresh from the trees, and a plunge overboard into the clear cool water soon removed every trace of fatigue.

HENRY A. BLAKE.

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IRISH LAND PURCHASE.

A Reply to my Critics.

The short period which has elapsed since the publication of my suggestions for dealing with the Irish land difficulty has sufficed to supply me with an expression of public opinion which is as gratifying as it was totally unexpected. My plan has been criticised, in some instances with severity; its author has received some hard knocks from which he will probably recover; but criticism and abuse have been alike overwhelmed in the flood of friendly and appreciative opinions which have reached me from every part of the kingdom, and which emanate in many cases from quarters where I had very little reason to expect support.

I am fairly amazed at the response which my proposal has called forth; and the very nature of the criticisms which it has met with is a source of great encouragement to me. The critics naturally divide themselves into three classes—the abusive, the misinformed, and the *bona fide*. The first-named is practically limited to two of the extreme Parnellite journals, the *Cork Examiner* and the *Daily News*. I dare say the rather oddly worded scoldings in which they indulge are well deserved, and I have no doubt I shall duly profit by them. But they are none the less to be regretted because they leave practically no space for rational criticism of the material parts of my plan.[1]

Among the misinformed critics I venture to include those who have been prevented from acquainting themselves with my proposals as they actually appeared in this Review, and who have been content to accept in their stead the very incomplete and misleading summaries which have appeared in some quarters.

I have endeavoured elsewhere to correct one or two of the errors which have naturally grown out of this incomplete acquaintance with the scheme as actually stated by me. To avoid further misapprehension, and to win, if possible, the support that has been denied me by those who have misunderstood my proposals, I will state in a few sentences that I am not responsible for any of the following pro-

[1] I am glad to say that this hostile attitude is by no means representative of the Home Rule press generally.

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positions, which have all been attributed to me, and which have been controverted with much ingenuity by critics of my scheme.

I do *not* propose to tax the necessaries of life and to leave spirits untaxed. On the contrary, I propose that whisky should be the first and most important subject of taxation.

I do *not* propose to tax steam coal, and thus to 'ruin the manufactures of Ulster.' I do *not* propose to allow Tipperary and Cork to repudiate their debts at the cost of Ulster. I do *not* propose to impose taxes for a couple of months and then to remove them. I do *not* propose to relieve any individual from the payment of his just debts; on the contrary, I propose to improve the machinery whereby he may be compelled to pay. I do *not*, as one critic is kind enough to suggest, desire to see the administration of the civil law superseded by an organised system of moonlighting. I do not propose any protective duty whatever.

And, lastly, I do not propound my scheme as an ideal perfect, or even as being free from grave objections. All I claim for it is, that it is, as far as I know, the only practical method which has been proposed in the face of a great emergency, and that it *does* satisfy the two essential demands of the situation: it checkmates resistance to the law, and it relieves the English taxpayer. I have denied my responsibility for all the strange propositions mentioned above because in one quarter or another they have all been fathered upon me. I will now very briefly refer to what I have termed the *bona fide* objections to my plans, and will say what I can in reply to the case of the objectors. The criticisms divide themselves under seven distinct heads, which I propose to deal with seriatim.

Ulster.

Loyal and honest Ulster will object to being taxed for the benefit of dishonest and disloyal Munster. As far as I know, this objection has been made for Ulster and not by Ulster. I have the best reasons for knowing that more than one important representative of Ulster opinion anticipates neither injury nor injustice from the plan I suggest. In support of such a view I would again venture to point out that, granted that any change whatever be laid upon Ireland in order to relieve her of her secular troubles, there is no method other than that which I propose by which money can be raised without taxing the wealth and property of Ulster. In the worst event, under my plan loyal Ulster will pay upon the one thing in which she is unhappily deficient, on her numbers. But what is the chance of even this small burden being imposed? It has been alleged that it will be within the power, as doubtless it would be within the will, of a southern county to compel wealthy Ulster to pay for the repudiation of Munster. Such a result is possible, but on one inexorable condition, that from every halfpenny contributed for

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Ulster the remainder of Ireland *must* contribute twopence. I say that under these circumstances the idea of vindictive repudiation is altogether out of the question.

England ought to pay.

It is most remarkable that by far the larger number of objectors to my scheme condemn it on the ground that the British taxpayer should be compelled to contribute. To all those who take this line I would simply reply that, in principle, I absolutely agree with them, and that theoretically I make a most complete surrender, both to their logic and to their sentiment. If only they will furnish me with any sort of reason for believing that the English taxpayer can in fact be induced to pay, I shall be truly indebted to them; meanwhile I confess I do not see the advantage of merely asserting an abstract proposition which will certainly not be allowed to influence the ultimate solution of the question.

Expense and Difficulty of Collection.

It is stated in a quarter which I am bound to respect that the cost of collecting customs duties must be so enormous that to rely upon these duties as a source of revenue is out of the question. I venture to differ from this conclusion for various reasons. In the first place, what is the standard of expense by which we are to make our comparison?

I admit that were we living in the Golden Age, or legislating for the Islands of the Blesssed, the collection of revenue by specially imposed customs duties might seem a wasteful and costly process; but we are legislating as a matter of fact for Ireland, a country in which at the present time the collection of an ordinary civil debt has over and over again been enforced, with all the appliances of an army in the field and at a cost infinitely in excess of the amount to be recovered.

I need hardly add that the indirect loss arising from such proceedings is infinitely in excess of the actual expenditure by the authorities and the creditor. It would be hard, therefore, to imagine a system which would be more costly than that which we are at present compelled to adopt, and which under existing circumstances seems likely to receive an indefinite extension.

But what, after all, would be the cost of the collection of the extra duties? If, in the first place, any sums required were raised upon spirits, the addition to the staff of the excise would be practically *nil*. If, in the very improbable event of a large sum being required, it were found necessary to tax any of the other articles mentioned in my schedule, I admit of course that it would be necessary to increase

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the customs staff; but a glance at the Irish shipping returns is sufficient to show how infinitesimal would be the hardship inflicted by naming some dozen ports as the sole ports of entry for the dutiable articles. As to smuggling, that is not a serious question in these days of steamships, especially when the articles concerned are imported in quantities of 23,376,000 lbs. or 2,826,856 cwt. It may seem a serious thing to impose a custom-house examination upon vessels arriving at Irish ports, but I would remind my readers that in so doing we should be merely assimilating the practice of the Irish to that of the English ports. Take a strip of the English coast—that, for instance, between the port of London and the Isle of Wight—and it will be found that every day some scores of vessels arrive in the various ports which it contains, of which ninety-nine per cent. are examined by the customs as a matter of course. In Ireland the case is reversed, and, owing to the fact that the vast majority of the vessels entering Irish ports come from Great Britain, a customs examination is at present a rarity. Great Britain trades with the world, Ireland with Great Britain, the result of which has been hitherto an enormous balance of convenience in favour of Ireland with regard to the question of customs examination. To place arrivals in Dublin, Waterford, and Cork upon the same footing as arrivals in Portsmouth, Folkestone, and Dover, may be undesirable, but can in no way be represented as an intolerable hardship.

And here I would add a suggestion which has been made to me by a very high authority, and which I believe would be a most valuable addition to the proposals already made. It is certain that, from a variety of causes, small deficits must inevitably arise for which no serious blame can be attached to anybody. The congested districts in the west will no doubt have to be dealt with, and small portions of the rent charge are certain to fall into arrear separately under this or any other plan. It would be most undesirable, both on grounds of expediency and principle, to put in operation the full machinery of the Act for the recovery of small sums. To avoid doing so it would only be necessary to provide some small fund in the nature of 'caution money,' payment of which would commence from the time of the passing of the Bill. There are many ways in which this fund could be raised. Probably the most simple would be by the imposition of a small tax upon the transfer and registration of all estates. In case the fund were not drawn upon, it would be easy to return it by a reduction of taxation.

Protection.

It has been suggested that the proposed tariff is protective. This is not so. It is purely a tariff for revenue such as has existed in the United Kingdom since the adoption of free trade.

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The Loyal would pay for the Disloyal.

I think there is some misapprehension on this point. No scheme can be proposed which does not involve the introduction of a security in case of failure on the part of the original debtor; but a security is in fact a third party who has not received full consideration for the contract. This must always be so, and I contend that under the suggested scheme the share of the risk borne by the well-disposed will be smaller than under any other conceivable plan.

The Plan is Mr. Gladstone's.

It has been stated that my plan is simply that of Mr. Gladstone with an undesirable addition, and the supposed fact is made the occasion of taunting the Unionist party and the landlords of Ireland with their non-acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's proposals. There is a grave misunderstanding here. As far as I am aware, the true objection was not to Mr. Gladstone's proposals in themselves, but to a proviso contained in his Bill which appears to have been forgotten by the Gladstonian party: the sting of the Bill lay in its tail. 'This Bill shall only become law on the passage of the Bill for the better government of Ireland.' In other words, we offer you, the landlords, a bribe in cash on the simple condition that you give us a receipt in full of all demands, that you abandon your principles, that you consent to legislation which you believe to be disastrous to your country, that you desert every man who has trusted you and stood by you—in a word, on condition that you sell yourselves, honour, principle, and conviction. If you do this, we on our part will fulfil an honourable obligation and not rob you. It is possible to disapprove of this condition without being considered an enemy of Mr. Gladstone's Bill.

There is no Need for a Land Purchase Bill at all.

To this I would merely reply that if that be so my suggestions of course are beside the mark. I have throughout assumed that a Purchase Bill was actually contemplated, and I have contented myself with pointing out a method by which such a Bill might be made a success. If the majority of the electors think that the state of things in Ireland is so promising that it is best to go on 'pegging away' on the present lines, there is no more to be said. Personally I should not in such an event form one of the majority. With sincere respect to Mr. Bright's high authority, I do not believe that we have left the landlords either sufficient power or sufficient responsibility to allow them to become a good and useful element under present conditions in Ireland. If I saw a reasonable prospect of the people of the United Kingdom so acting as to enable the landlords to maintain the

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rights the law gives them, I should doubtless change my opinion; but I do not see such a prospect, nor do I see in anything Mr. Bright says any sign of an intention to put things back on a footing on which the landlords can act with any advantage. An Irish landlord cannot raise his rent; he cannot sell his holding; he has no inducement to spend money in improving his estate when the whole amount may be practically confiscated by the decision of a semi-judicial court the next day. We have prevented him performing any useful duty—doubtless for very good reasons—and we cannot now reasonably expect him to fill a place from which we have for eight years been trying to oust him. I venture to believe that Mr. Bright does not fully realise the wreck that has been made by the Land Acts. If I had a wishing-cap, I would wish what Mr. Bright wishes; but we have to deal with what is possible, not with what is desirable.

In conclusion let me point out that the scheme I have suggested is bounded by no hard and fast lines as to application. It is consistent with Home Rule, and it is consistent with the continuance of present arrangements. It may be applied to a part or to the whole of the Irish rents. The figures I have given may be varied; the incidence of the taxes may be altered; but I contend that the main point will be untouched. At the outset I put before myself this question: 'Can a scheme be devised by which dual ownership can be put an end to in Ireland, by which law-breaking can be overcome, by which the English tax-payer can be relieved from liability, and which shall be economically sound?'

I claim to have given a correct answer to the problem, and I maintain in addition that hitherto no rival plan has been suggested which even approximately fulfils the essential conditions.

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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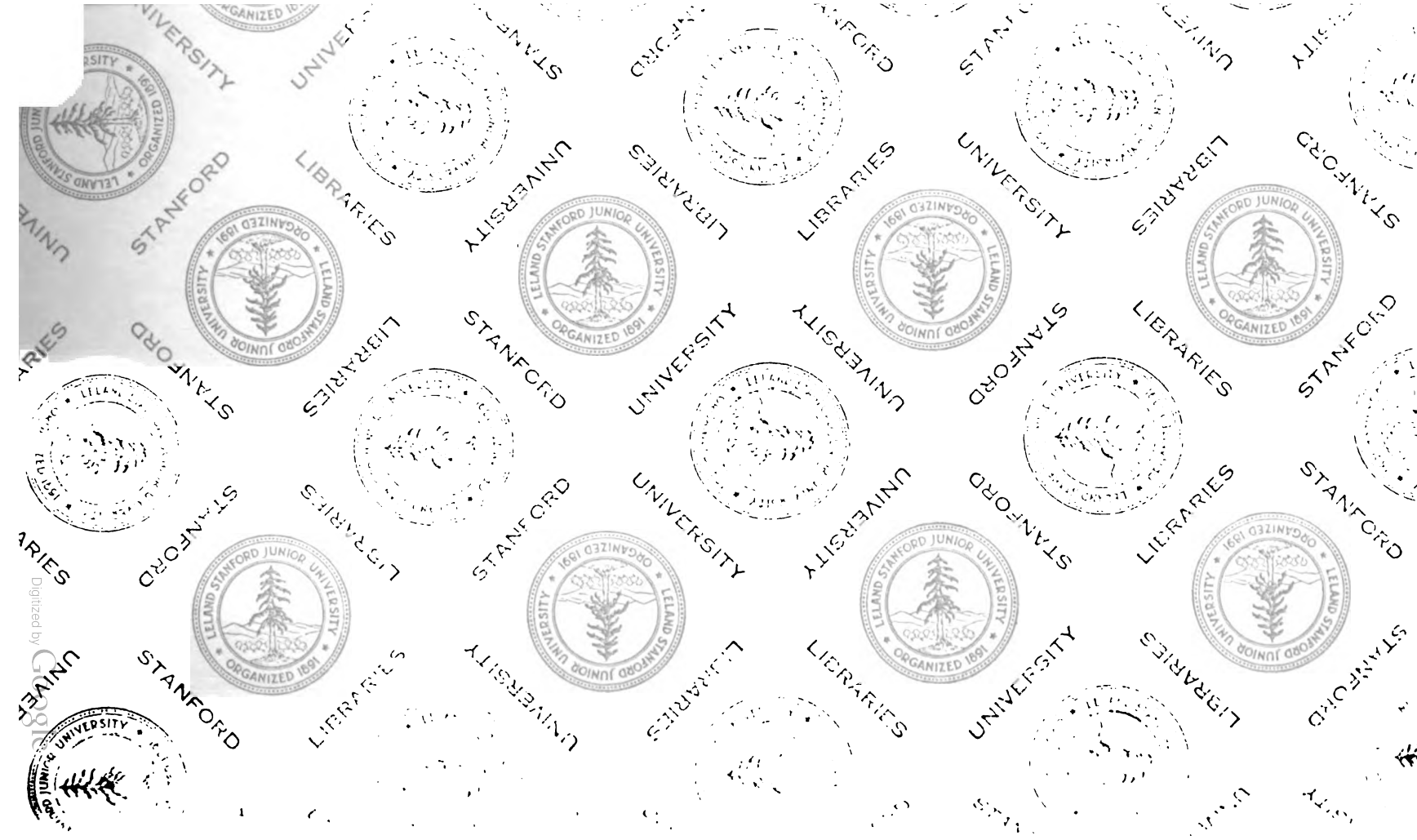

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